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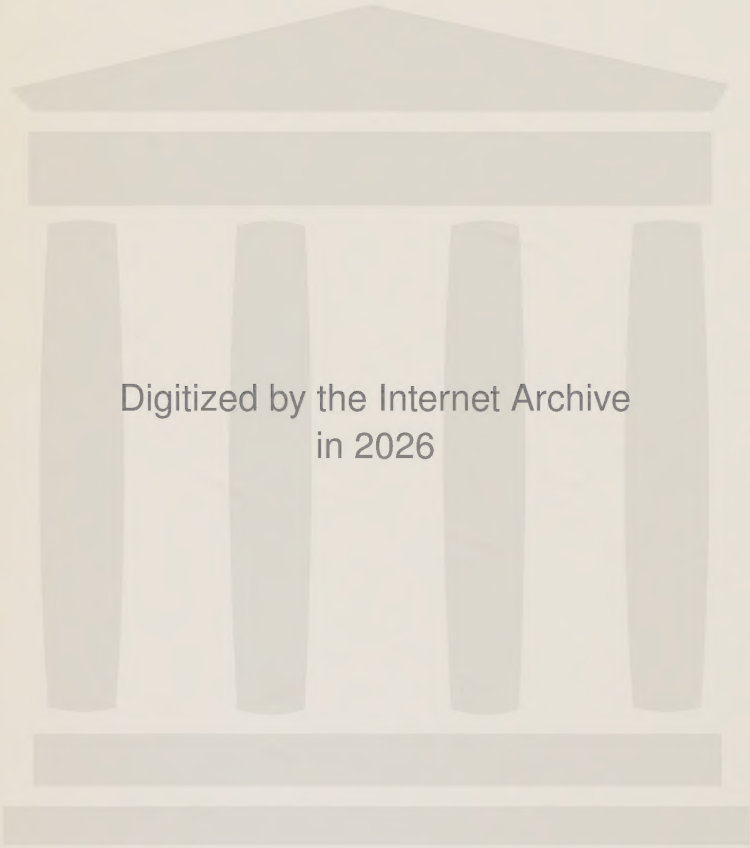
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HARPER'S
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THE ANNUNCIATION.

CHRISTMAS CARILLONS.

TWELVE CHIMES—CHRISTMAS TO TWELFTH-NIGHT.

I.—THE ANNUNCIATION.

"All-hail!"
The angel greets the Virgin mild;
"Hail, Mary, full of grace! thy Child
The Son of God shall be."
Ring out o'er land and sea,
Glad bells, All-hail!
Immanuel comes to you and me.
O Babe new-born
This happy morn,
O Flower from thorn,
All-hail!
We sing, with radiant Gabriel,
All-hail to our Immanuel!

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II.—THE SALUTATION.

"All-hail!"
The Virgin bids Elizabeth;
And at the magic of her breath
The unborn Baptist leaps to greet
The unborn Christ he comes to meet.
"My soul
Doth magnify the Lord!"
Repeat the gracious word
From pole to pole;
Magnificat with Mary sing,
Hail, Key of David, hail, our King!
Ring, happy bell,
Thrice-hail to our Immanuel!

III.—THE NATIVITY: HOMAGE OF THE BEASTS.

Noël!
"My soul and life, stand up and see
Who lies in yonder crib of tree."
Bal—loo—la—lo!
Ye happy bells, ring low!
The ox, the ass, the lamb, adore
This Child upon the stable floor.
Bal—loo—la—lo!
Ring soft, ring low,
And with the kneeling cattle say
The holy *Benedicite.*
Noël! Noël!
God with us, our Immanuel!

IV.—THE HOMAGE OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Noël!
The shepherds see the angel bright
Who sings to them at dead of night;
They leave the sleeping flock,
And follow on, with joyful feet,
To see the Child, the Mother sweet,
The manger in the rock.
Noël! Noël!
Venite with the shepherds sing,
Venite adoremus ring.
Noël! Noël!
All-hail to our Immanuel!

V.—THE HOMAGE OF THE THREE KINGS.

Noël!
The skies the wondrous story tell;
The Orient Kings afar
Obey the herald star;

They bring their gifts to Jesus' shrine:
Melchior, the gold to crown Him king;
Jasper, the priestly incense fine;
Balthasar, myrrh for suffering.
King, Priest, Redeemer! Ring, each holy bell,
Sing with the Kings of Orient and the star,
Noël! Noël!
All-hail to our Immanuel!

"THE SHEPHERDS SEE THE ANGEL BRIGHT."

VI.—THE HOMAGE OF THE ANGELIC CHOIRS.

Noël!
The captains of the cohorts nine
Come down to lead the song divine:
"Glory to God in highest heaven,
And peace on earth to men be given!"
Ring out, and never cease,
O happy bell,
And with the angels sing the Song of Peace:
The *Gloria in excelsis* ring,
Hosanna to the new-born King!
Noël! Noël!
He brings us Peace, Immanuel!

VII.—THE WARDOUR'S CRY OF GOOD-WILL.

Noël!
Good-will toward men! Ye wardours four
Go, call, with brazen horn,
Thief, robber, magdalen, outcast poor,
This happy morn:
"A-yule! a-yule!" Send forth the *girth*
To all the corners of the earth;
"The city gates wide open be;
Come in! Immanuel sets you free!"
Ring, holy bell,
A-yule! Noël!
He brings good-will, Immanuel!

VIII.—HOUSE-DECKING.

Noël!
Bar out the master from the school;
Mirth comes with Peace. Bring in the yule.
Ye lads and lasses, go,
Fetch ivy, holly, mistletoe,
For hall and mews;
If Jock refuse,
Then steal his Sunday breeches, Kate,
And nail them to the gate.
Noël! Noël!
Sing, lads and lasses, sing Noël!
He brings us Mirth, Immanuel!

IX.—THE WASSAIL BOWL.

Was-haile!
Sire Christmas brings the wreathèd cup,
With apples, ale, and spice filled up.
Was-haile!
Each ancient grief and grudge we drown;
The Lamb's-wool smooths the roughest frown;
Drink-haile!
Peal, merry bells, peal out apace,
We pledge Immanuel's day of grace.
Was-haile! Noël!
He brings us joy, Immanuel!

X.—THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Was-haile!
Bring in, upon his silver tray,
With minstrelsie,
The Boar's head, armed with garlands gay
And rosemarie;
The lemon in his tuskèd mo',
He laughs amain "Noël!" I trow.

"YE LADS AND LASSES, GO, FETCH IVY, HOLLY, MISTLETOE."

Was-haile!
Be gay, ye lordlings, more and less,
The Boar's head leads the Christmas mess.
Was-haile! Noël!
Give thanks to our Immanuel!

XI.—THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

Was-haile!
Bring next the meats with mickle pride;
The plover and the partridge pied,

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Woodcock and heron fine,
Good drink thereto, the Gascon wine;
Was-haile!
And then, whiles pipe and tabor ply,
The best of all, the shridded pie.
Drink-haile!
Without the door let Sorrow lie!
And gif she die,
We'll shroud her in the Christmas Pie.
Was-haile! Noël!
He brings good cheer, Immanuel!

XII.—TWELFTH-NIGHT: CHOOSING KING AND QUEEN.

Was-haile!
Your places, lads and lasses, take,
To find your fortune in the cake.

Was-haile!
Jock gets the bean,
And chooses Kate for queen.
Drink-haile!
Now foot it in the reel,
Each frolic heel;
Ye maskers, that a-mumming go,
Stay yet, and point the toe;
"Bounce, buckram, velvets dear,
For Christmas comes but once a year!"
Was-haile! Drink-haile! Noël!
Good-night! Sleep well!
God keep us all, Immanuel!

THE ENGLISH LAKES AND THEIR GENII.

WINDERMERE.

IN the midwinter of an exceptionally dismal and unhappy year for England, the writer hereof was one of a company assembled in the studio of an eminent artist in London to listen to an essay written and read by a young literary lady. The company numbered about sixty, and consisted chiefly of poets, artists, and literary critics. The subject selected by our essayist was the old poem "Tristan," by Gottfried von Strasburg. The authoress by finest artistic touches brought before us the simple pathos and sweetness of that most passionate of mediæval love stories, and with learning treated comparatively the variations of a legend found in many regions, each of which now claims to have originated it. What a picture did old Gottfried bring before us of the enchanted valley to which the hapless Queen Iseult and her lover wandered when driven forth from the palace of the King of Cornwall! A valley green and flower-gemmed, with every tree pleasant for shade or fruit; there is a grove of olive-trees in which nightingales sing, and a wondrous fountain leaping to a diamond-tree in the sunshine, and singing in the moonlight, which seems never to wane for the lovers—who dwell there three years in a grot beauti-

Wm Wordsworth

ful enough to have been sculptured for fairies.

For our little assembly in Fitzroy Square this dream of beauty had the background of the most dark and dismal winter known under the reign of Victoria. Snows, rains, fogs, and freezing winds had persisted through months in giving some physical corollary to a moral season of frauds and failures, depression in trade, and consequent strikes and starvation, miserable wars upon foreign tribes, and angry political discords at home. As against this blackness was set the picture of the olive grove and nightingales, the fountain, flowers, and fairy grot, with even the side suggestion of a genial climate in Iseult's single garment, "through which her limbs were displayed as much as was seemly," one might almost have expected that the poetic and artistic company would rise up with a determination to adjourn in a body to some southern land where the citron blooms, and the orange lights up the leafy glooms. But mark what followed. No sooner was the delightful paper concluded than the comments and criticisms of those present began. The main question raised was as to the country in which the legend originated; and what was my surprise to find nearly all claiming it as a purely British-Celt poem! There might be a question whether it were an Irish, Scotch, or Cornish legend; but not even the olive-trees seemed to stagger the general conviction that the paradise was evolved on these islands, and the philtre surviving in the penny love-drops still bought by Highland lassies in remote districts. One scholar present ventured to suggest an Oriental origin, but no one seconded him. As for myself, I sat silent. I thought I knew the far region of fairy grots and fountains, but would not mention it, for it was with an admiration akin to awe that I witnessed the simple faith of these cultured gentlemen and ladies in the paradisaic resources of their country. I had no heart to express my misgivings that the three sweet years of the lovers would have been cut short in any British valley where they might attempt to dwell in such a primitive way; that there are only a few mud-holes called caves in this country, which it would require extra fairy-power to transform into lovers' grots; that the

leaping fountain would have to be reversed and made to fall from the sky before it could resemble anything known to the British landscape. What is all that scenery compared with the power of the poetic imagination to see it where it does not exist? Here was a pleasant illustration of the especial character of the English poet; the intensity of his inner life; his power of second-sight, so to say, and of seeing his picture under a light that never was on sea or land. The beautiful scenery of Great Britain has been so largely evolved out of the inner consciousness of poets that it would be an interesting experiment to take an imaginative American on a tour of the English lakes under an impression that he was travelling in Wales. The American who has seen the best mountain and lake scenery of his own country might pronounce the Welsh scenery more grand than that of the English lakes; that is, supposing he could see the two as so much combination of land and water; but that he can not do: he must see these English lakes as exalted and spiritualized in a poetic mirage. Never again can one look upon mere Rydal Water; he must see therein the reflected vault of Wordsworth's pure reason. Nevermore will Lodore dash down its flood and foam save with the rhythm of Southey. East winds will not bite so keen as we pass through the woodland where Felicia Hemans found repose; and the pelting storm of a week will have to let some sunshine through when one is wandering after the zigzag track of cheery Christopher North.

The scenery is all picturesque, and sometimes sublime. But its chief charm of decoration is that which the poets have given it. One finds not here the quaint white turrets lanced from the river-side hills of France, or the graceful chalets which give an air of culture to the Italian lakes. Art has done nothing for the English lakes, and, I am sorry to say, Religion has done rather worse, in surrounding some of them with remarkably ugly churches—the ugliest, perhaps, being that at Ambleside, of which Harriet Martineau wrote, "There have been various reductions of the beauty of the valley within twenty years or so; but this is the worst, because the most conspicuous." The weather is rarely beautiful, and "seeing the lakes" sometimes means glimpsing lunettes between the points of an umbrella. Here are no peasants dancing in gay dresses, nor merry fairs surviving from that mythical realm, "merrie old England." The traveller finds here beautiful Nature unadorned but not inanimate; through reverent genius a subtle life-giving breath has gone abroad, and invested hill, dale, and lake with mystical groves and grots and fountains, beside which even the enchanted valley of Tristan is somewhat theatrical.

SEEING THE LAKES.

The train from London touches the

Lake District first at Windermere. The village that begins to bear that name is a recent accretion around the station. The knowing traveller does not stop there, but at Bowness, where he finds the hotel "Old England," which more than merits its name. Its beautiful garden slopes to the waters of Windermere, and one may there eat the finest fish of the country—or what he will think such just after travelling from London—the "char," while watching the fisherman with his sail, who is netting the next. Agassiz identified this strange fish, found in five of these lakes, and nowhere else in the country, with the *Ombre chevalier* of Lake Geneva, and it is surmised that the Romans introduced it into these waters. If so, there are few Roman remains which the traveller will find so interesting in this region as this pretty foot-long char, with its golden flesh beneath silvery raiment. Why it is called a "char" I can not say, unless it be that like chores and char-women it comes round at a certain time.

There are other things also found at the lakes which observe the like periodicity—the organ-grinders, for instance, and "the Poet Close." Every year during the tourist season Close leaves his distant home, and settles himself at Bowness to sell what he calls poetry. He is the son of a Westmoreland butcher, who left his vocation to butcher the Queen's English like a Zulu. On the occasion of the marriage of the late Lord Lonsdale, Close sent him some verses, of which here is a specimen:

> "The Honorable William Lowther,
> Our Secretary at Berlin, he,
> Respected much at Prussia's court,
> Kept up our dignity.
> His nephew, now Lord Lonsdale,
> Upon his wedding day,
> We wish all health and happiness,
> All heartily we pray."

Alfred Tennyson never made more money by his finest lyric than Close by the lines I have just quoted. It may be that the Hon. William Lowther, fresh from the country of Goethe, did not read the verses, but only the appeals for help accompanying them; at any rate, he used his influence with Lord Palmerston, who placed the name of "John Close, Poet," on the Pension List. Poor Palmerston never heard the last of it. Sir William Sterling Maxwell, M.P., insisted that the pension should be withdrawn, and so it was, but not until "the Poet Close" had received a hundred pounds in addition to his first pension payments.

"Poet Close" sends his poems to all royal and titled folk in the world, and makes the most of any formal acknowledgment of their receipt which may be returned to him. In response to a remark made to him on the rare advantage which tourists and residents at Bowness have in seeing a poet selling his works in a book-stall, when so many other poets—the Laureate, for instance—are shy of the public, he answered, grandly, "No man in England, or the wide, wide world, ever did what I have done and am now doing—selling my own books, ay, and corresponding with crowned heads, the late Majesty of France, and England's glorious Queen, and also her future King!" So passeth the glory of Wordsworthshire! There is not now a poet on all that hallowed ground, and straight uprises Close to style himself "the Bard of Westmoreland." The only compensation for this which I found at Bowness was when a really good player on the harp came to our hotel door, accompanied by a young Westmoreland woman who sang sweetly some old Border ballads. Like the Scotch, they are mainly in the sad minor key, as is apt to be the case with songs of a people whose local patriotic memories are hopeless traditions of the past, and survive only in their songs. On the Border even these have become few, but there have been imitations of them, and most of the tunes are somewhat modified Scotch airs.

There was another sign at Bowness of the passing away of ancient glories from the earth. The only interesting building there is a church of respectable antiquity, dedicated to St. Martin, and now the parish church. But from this old church every trace of St. Martin has so utterly passed away that the intelligent young girl who showed us the interior did not seem even to have heard the dear old saint's name. There are fairly preserved remains of a finely stained chancel window (brought from Furness Abbey), in which one may discern the Crucifixion, with the Virgin on one side and St. John on the other, the arms of France and England quartered above, and a group of monks beneath; there are two mitred abbots, and a St. George slaying the dragon. But though around this window and in various parts of the church there are armorial bearings of old families in the

WINDERMERE FERRY.

neighborhood, notably the Flemings, I could find no vestige of the saint who divided his cloak with the beggar, and after whom the first Christian church in England—still standing at Canterbury—was named. The decline of St. Martin before the dragon-slayer is a curious fact. In 1837 the republic of Buenos Ayres came to the conclusion that St. Martin, the patron saint of that country, had not adequately responded to the attentions of the citizens, and they voted his dismission, awarding him, however, as a pension for his ancient services, four wax candles of one pound each and a mass in the cathedral per annum. They elected Ignatius Loyola to the office of patron saint in his place. In England something of the same kind appears to have gradually taken place. Perhaps Martin, being the special weather saint, allowed so much rain-fall that the people gradually gave him up, though whether they got much by it any one who has passed recent years in England may have doubts. The church-yard at Bowness holds the tomb of one good and learned man: it is inscribed "Ricardi Watson, Episcopi Landavensis, cineribus sacrum, obiit Julii 1, A.D. 1816, ætatis 72." This Bishop of Llandaff, author of *The Apology for the Bible*, resided at Calgarth Park, near by. His father taught school at Haversham, Westmoreland, forty years. The bishop was the most vigorous opponent of Thomas Paine, and in their controversy his learning was graced by a charity little known at that time, and which caused him to remark on the sublimity of Paine's writing concerning the attributes of the Deity.

The rose-window of the dawn was flashing its tints all over Windermere on that July morning when I first gazed upon that beautiful lake. It was like the fairest dream. Green islets made up of trees sat upon it, their foliage perfectly reflected in the translucent surface. Here and there small snowy sails were seen, and the curving wooded shores up and down gave a perfect fringe to the opalescent water. A long range of dark blue hills made a frame for the picture. It was a fascination that drew my friend and me without a word to the edge of the water; and I suspect it was only because we found a boat there, prepared for such fascinations, that my young comrade, an artist, was rescued from the probable result of a mad impulse to swim the lake to Belle Isle. We had soon glided over to it, and were surprised to find no sirens there. But we found them presently, and heard them: a

choir of birds, lilies, and oracular oaks, still rehearsing the "prelude" they sang to a boy there a hundred years ago.

"When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourne
Was now an island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown
With lilies-of-the-valley like a field;
And now a third small island, where survived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites."
—WORDSWORTH. *Prelude*, ii.

It appears rather droll at first thought to find that a solid Manchester manufacturer has purchased this island and its pleasant mansion. In ancient times it would have been the home of some saintly hermit—some Godric or Cuthbert—seeking a lonely paradise. One would expect a poet to dwell here. (What an ideal home it would have been for Wordsworth!) But on reflection it is just as pleasant to think of the Manchester man coming all the way up here, and investing so much of his gold in a summer solitude. This is his way of keeping, amid the murky air and moil of Manchester, one window open to the azure. The poets already have their inward Belle Isle, and can better spare this visible one.

At some distance onward, near the southern end of the isle, two swans showed themselves for a moment, then vanished. We rowed that way, but did not see them again. But we presently saw a charming tanglewood and a solitary tower, inhabited by a beautiful maiden and her sharp-eyed female guardian; and, according to all orthodox folk-lore in the world, the swans must have turned into these. That they were Swan-maidens was further suggested by the fact that their tower was close to a ferry, bearing the name of Ferry Nab. The name "Nab" is given to pointed mountainous projections in this neighborhood, as Ben and Pen are used in Scotland and Wales and elsewhere; but in the name of Grimm I repudiate such an explanation of this Nab, which has no more right to be named after a sharp mountain peak than the *nib* of my pen. The mountain nab and the pen nib both come from Anglo-Saxon *nebbe*, a nose. Now anciently, throughout Scotland and all this region, imps, consequently witches, were supposed to have long noses, and were called "long-nebbed." A venerable friend tells me that he remembers to have heard grace before meat in Scotland in these words: "Frae witches an' warlocks an' a' lang-nebbed creatures, guid Lord deliver us!" I remarked to my comrade that there ought to be some weird legend about this ferry; but our boatman had never heard of any, and of course the Swan-maidens would not confess to any. Nevertheless, in the evening, when we spoke of going over the ferry by moonlight, they told us that under no circumstances did the ferry-boat ever stir after sunset; and on exploring this fact, I found covered up underneath it a tradition that once upon a time a ferryman had responded to a call in the night, and on his return was gloomy, would not say what he had seen, and soon went mad and died. It was a long time ago, and I hope the shade of the poor ferryman will forgive me the satisfaction with which I heard this saga of the Nab, though this is tempered with regret that he left no description of the Nose of the traveller who summoned him at night, and fastened the boat to its moorings for all subsequent nights.

Possibly the phantom by which the ferryman was pursued was the same that pursued young Wordsworth when he was a school-boy in the neighborhood. "It was an act of stealth and troubled pleasure," he tells us, in the "Prelude" (ii.), when one summer evening, finding a boat tied to a willow, he unloosed it, and pushed from shore, fixing his eye upon a craggy summit, *i. e.*, a Nab.

"She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep, till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck, and struck again,
And growing still in stature, the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own,
And measured motion, like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow-tree.
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness—call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes

A SWAN-MAIDEN.

Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colors of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams."

Subtract from Wordsworth his power to analyze such an experience as this, his power to detach it from himself and give it body and life in a poem; let the refined scholar relapse into the peasant of the past; and what have you? A superstitious ferryman, with a bad conscience,

conjuring a phantom out of yon dark mountain, and losing his wits.

The tower near the ferry is called the "station." It has been built merely as an outlook, and is owned by the proprietor of Belle Isle. The more elderly of the Swan-maidens took us to the upper room of this commonplace edifice, and showed us how the lake and landscape looked through different-colored glasses. The windows, which occupied nearly all of three walls, were of variously colored glass. Looking through one and another of these we were assured we should see the scenery as it appeared in each of the seasons. But my friend the artist was absurdly fastidious; pronounced the autumnal scene a "huckleberry view," and almost dislocated his neck to get at some colorless glass through which he might see the unadorned Windermere. Fortunately the elderly Swan-maiden had no idea of the meaning of huckleberry, and the artist is so suave even in his execrations that we escaped being ourselves transformed. We found the younger Swan-maiden, in the absence of the other, a very merry witch, and were not surprised to learn that she was the rustic belle of the neighborhood—or had been, for she had just plighted her troth to a youth who had won a prize in a walking match.

"Are you not sometimes lonely over here?" we had asked this Swan-maiden.

"Do I look so?" she answered, archly, as she wrung with her white hands a white something from the wash-tub (no doubt part of her plumage).

"Not particularly," we admitted, "but in winter, when it is cold, frozen, snowy, and no tourists pass, and—"

"Ah, we manage to be comfortable even in the winter, and without the tourists."

Then she glanced around the room with a blushing satisfaction, and sure enough it was an abode where happiness might well nestle. Everything was neat and in order, albeit on a washing-day; the tall mahogany clock told true time; the shelves were fairly set with books; and in the cupboard was some blue china which tempted one to covet.

"What do you do on Sundays?"

"Go to church at Satterthwaite."

"Good preacher there?"

For the first time the young Swan-maiden was floated out of her depth.

"Good?" she said, pausing over the tub. "Yes, he's good."

"Oh, I didn't mean that; I meant his preaching—is that good? is he eloquent, interesting, talented?"

It was but too plain that on this young life had never before been pressed the idea of distinguishing between parson and parson. The arrival of the elderly dame from the tower saved her the necessity of entering upon a criticism of the Satterthwaite clergyman. We went off with a pleasant feeling of having interviewed one of those pretty wild flowers of which Wordsworth made so much, and of which there is reason to suspect he sometimes made flowers much more simple and lowly than the originals before they were subjected to his poeticulture.

An example of this may be cited from the "Excursion." One of the sweetest pictures of humble idyllic life in that poem relates to Jonathan and Betty Yewdale, who lived at Little Langdale. Some readers of that passage may suppose that Yewdale is a fancy name, since a beautiful vale near this is so called from its venerable yew-tree, popularly believed to be coeval with the Deluge. But the Yewdales were real people. Wordsworth was lost and benighted in that region, and the only guidance he found was a single light. It seemed to him too high to proceed from a human habitation, yet he climbed toward it and found a cottage. The wife had set the light to guide her husband. He was hospitably welcomed. The husband when he arrived impressed the poet by his manners—"so graceful in his gentleness"—and he thought he must be descended from some illustrious race. Betty's account of their life must be quoted at length:

"'Three dark midwinter months
Pass,' said the matron, 'and I never see,
Save when the Sabbath brings its kind release,
My helpmate's face by light of day. He quits
His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain the bread
For which we pray, and for the wants provide
Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many, many friends,
Dependents, comforters—my wheel, my fire,
All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,
And the wild birds that gather round my porch;
This honest sheep-dog's countenance I read,
With him can talk, nor seldom waste a word
On creature less intelligent and shrewd.
And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds
Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
And makes me pastime when our tempers suit;
But above all my thoughts are my support.'"

WINDERMERE, SOUTHWARD VIEW.

Very charming. But some years ago Mr. Gibson, F.S.A., being in the neighborhood, made some inquiries about Jonathan and Betty, and found the latter to be a heroine of a very different kind from what he had gathered from the poet's page. The most vivid reminiscence was given him by an old lady of how Jonathan was brought back home by his wife from a "funeral fray" or festivity at Coniston, where he had remained all night. "Off she set i' t' rooad till Cūnniston. On i' t' efterneeun she co' back, driving Jonathan afooer her wi' a lang hezle stick—an' he sartly was a sairy object. His Sūnda' cleeas leeūk't as if he'd been sleepin' i' them on t' top of a durty fluer." Passing over the further graphic description of Jonathan's sorry appearance, crowned with a hat which "hed gitten bulged in at t' side," and also Betty's account of how she had made the funeral meats fly when she found the carousers, I must quote the conclusion of the story. "'Dud iver yè see sike a pictur?' 'Why, nay! nit sa offen, indeed,' says I. 'Well,' says Betty, 'as I wodn't be seen i' t' rooads wi' him, we hed to teeak t' fields for't, an', as it wosn't seeaf ut let him climm t' wo's, I meead him creep t' hog-holes; an' when I gat him in an' his legs out, I did switch him.'"

As we gained the height beyond Bowness, on the road to Ambleside, we paused for some time; and while my comrade the artist—I will call him the Abbé, though he is not in the least sacerdotal—passes an hour of ecstasy over the southward view of Windermere, my eyes were dwelling on an ancient farm and homestead over against the northward water, with which is associated one of the weird legends of this region. Calgarth is the name of it, and it is not picturesque enough for the guide-books to do more than mention it. Miss Martineau praises the owner for leaving depressions in his walls in order that travellers may look across his estate to the scenery beyond, and mentions that the arms of the Phillipsons are still there in the kitchen, carved amid a profusion of arabesque devices over the ample fire-place. But none of our professional guides appear to have got hold of the story of the place as it is known to the more aged peasants. It runs that Calgarth (which seems to be from O. N. *kálgarde*, a vegetable garden) was a bit of ground owned by a humble farmer named Kraster Cook and his good wife Dorothy. But their little inheritance was coveted by the chief aristocrat and magistrate of the neighborhood, Myles Phillipson. The Phillipsons were a great and wealthy family, but they could not induce Kraster and Dorothy to sell them this piece of ground to complete their estate. Myles Phillipson swore he'd have that ground, be they "live or deead;" but as time went on he appeared to be more gracious, and once he gave a great Christmas banquet to the neighbors, to which Kraster and Dorothy were invited. It was a dear feast for them. Phillipson pretended they had stolen a silver cup, and sure enough it was found in Kraster's house—a "plant," of course. The offense was then capital; and as Phillipson was the

magistrate, Kraster and Dorothy were sentenced to death. In the court-room Dorothy arose, glowered at the magistrate, and said, with words that rung through the building: "Guard thyself, Myles Phillipson! Thou thinkest thou hast managed grandly; but that tiny lump of land is the dearest a Phillipson has ever bought or stolen; for you will never prosper, neither your breed; whatever scheme you undertake will wither in your hand; the side you take will always lose; the time shall come no Phillipson will own an inch of land; and while Calgarth walls shall stand, we'll haunt it night and day—never will ye be rid of us!" Thenceforth the Phillipsons had for their guests two skulls. They were found at Christmas at the head of a stairway; they were buried in a distant region, but they turned up in the old house again. The two skulls were burned again and again; they were brayed to dust and cast to the wind; they were several years sunk in the lake; but the Phillipsons never could get rid of them. Meanwhile old Dorothy's weird went on to its fulfillment, until the family sank into poverty, and at length disappeared.

The only other famous occupant of Calgarth was the Bishop of Llandaff, already mentioned. This worthy Dr. Watson, who tells us that when he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at Oxford he had never seen any work on that subject, was quite accomplished in the science of ghost-laying. He realized, when he retired to Calgarth for the purpose of learned gardening, that two dead skulls existed in the folk-imagination, and must be laid to rest by the wit of a living skull. So he seems to have done something solemn over an old wall, after which it was agreed that Kraster and Dorothy had consented, in consideration of so good a man, to rest quiet for the future. The present holder of Calgarth is Lieutenant-Colonel Watson, a magistrate, but not of the Phillipson kind, who has gained the good-will of all by his thoughtfulness in keeping open the view through his grounds.

It is strange to find lingering in these northern counties, along with so many Scandinavian and German names and words, the ancient Teutonic idea of the divining power of woman. Tacitus mentions the German custom of consulting the women as oracles. There were times when women alone knew how to read and write, the men being too much engaged with their spears to respect anything done with the pen; but the proverbial miraculousness of the unknown made them ready to regard a mysterious combination of letters as a *spell*. May not many a poor little wife have utilized the tendency to superstition in her huge master by encouraging the notion that a power superior to his lay in her mystic letters? The spae-wife, or spy-wife, seems to have inherited some of the characters of the Parcæ too: her curse could never be reversed.

It is a pity that Sir Walter Scott could not have visited this neighborhood earlier in life than he did. It was only seven years before his death that he made his memorable visit to Christopher North at Elleray, and his knack of getting at good old stories was nearly gone. The Wizard had, however, heard at Abbotsford the chief story of one of these famous Phillipsons, and reproduced it in "Rokeby." Belle Isle, which we have already visited, and which from Elleray appears as a superb emerald on the breast of Windermere, belonged to Colonel Phillipson at the time of the civil war between Charles I. and Parliament. He and his younger brother, a major, were bold champions of the royal cause, and the major went by the name of Robin the Devil. Colonel Briggs, of Cromwell's army, undertook to capture this major, who had taken refuge in his brother's house on Belle Isle. His brother was absent, and the major confirmed his title of "the Devil" by successfully resisting a siege of eight months. His brother having come to his relief, Colonel Briggs was compelled to withdraw from before Belle Isle. But Major Phillipson resolved to avenge the insult, and with a small band of horse went over to Kendal, where Colonel Briggs was stationed. Hearing that the colonel was at church—it was Sunday morning—he posted his men at the church door, and dashed down the aisle on horseback! The colonel was not there. The congregation, at first terror-stricken, made an attempt to arrest the intruder, who galloped down another aisle, but in making his exit struck his head violently against the arch of the doorway. Though his helmet was struck off, and his saddle girth gave way, the stunned warrior struggled with those who tried to capture him, and made his escape. His helmet still hangs in Kendal church. There Sir Walter saw it, and

PROFESSOR WILSON'S COTTAGE AT ELLERAY.

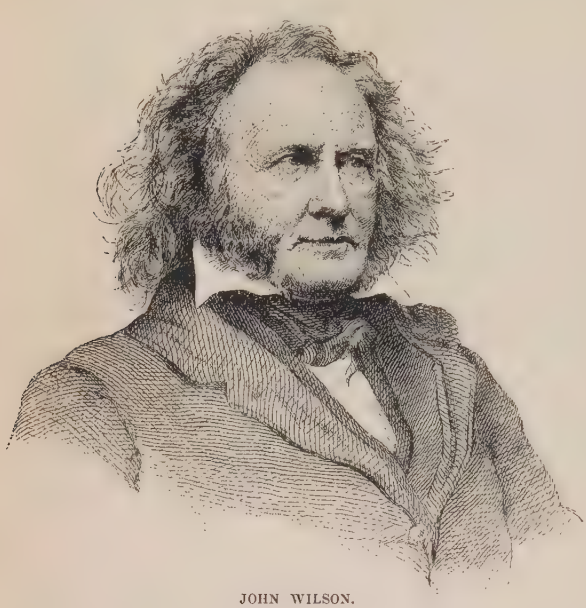
told it of Bertram Risingham, in the sixth canto of "Rokeby."

It may even be that the legend of the Calgarth skulls—for Calgarth then belonged to the Phillipsons—is a mere saga that grew out of the nickname Robin the Devil.

The "Race of Giants," as Christopher North called the mountains seen from his door, and the lakes, needed sorely among their genii one who could preserve their popular traditions. One can hardly forgive Southey for wandering far away into the East to get tales for his poems, when similar ones were growing all around him here. It excites a smile now to find him writing to Coleridge in this way: "I was, and am still, utterly at a loss to devise by what possible means fictions so perfectly like the Arabian tales in character, and yet so indisputably of Cimric growth, should have grown up in Wales." He put some of the Welsh mythology into Madoc, so transferring them to the American aborigines; but he never learned that Dorothy's curse of Calgarth was a better subject for him than the curse of Kehama. As a result of this primitive state of mind among those lords of the Lake, the guide-books are sadly barren of these early romances. The tourist here finds himself much beguided: Wordsworth has written a guide, and Harriet Martineau also. Wordsworth's is, curiously enough, out of print; Harriet Martineau has been so re-done—I will not say edited—that while her reader discovers that, contrary to the general impression, she was a good Christian, he can not give her an equal credential for ready observation of those human characteristics of the neighborhood to which she might have been supposed particularly alive. She does, indeed, mention a haunted house; but unless her invisible re-doer has strangely supplemented her work, she also actually believed in it!

Well, if these worthies did not gather very well the primitive romance of the Lakes, they extemporized a good deal for them which in the course of time will be transformed into a pretty enough mythology. Christopher North was himself a kind of Thor and Baldur in one, with a touch of the frost-giant in him to boot. Now we find him daring dangerous Windermere in a snow-storm, in darkness too, vainly trying for hours to recover shore, and nearly dying of cold. "Master was well-nigh frozen to death," reported his man Billy, "and had icicles a finger long hanging from his hair and beard." Next

evening, like as not, he is at Charles Lloyd's fine mansion dancing with the belle of the Lakes—gracefulest dancer he in the district! And when the first breath of spring has called out the wild



JOHN WILSON.

flowers, lo! he is amid them, perhaps calling the Greek Meleager to his aid to tell them how lovely they are, and then how perfect must she be who is lovelier—that aforesaid Belle of Brathay!*

How many diligent readers nowadays know Christopher North? The question "reminds me of a little story." In the last days of the old antislavery agitation, when it was supposed by Boston roughs and their inspirers that a few abolitionists' heads thrown to the South would dissolve the nascent Confederacy, there was a furious mob in the Music Hall. The uproar was continuous, deafening. The saintly face of Garrison beamed on the crowd, but his voice was unheard; the stately form of Phillips uprose, but not a syllable could be caught even by those on the platform. All efforts at gaining silence having failed, all orators having given up, Wendell Phillips espied in a distant nook the serene face of Emerson. The idea struck him that perhaps that calm face might have some effect. Emerson was persuaded, and advanced to the front. The mob did not know him, and the noise very slightly abated, because some were asking who he was. Emerson began his speech with these words: "Christopher North—of course you all know Christopher North—" These were magic words. Whether it was the compliment to their intelligence, or whether the startling wildness of the proposition that they had ever heard of him, the crowd was instantly hushed, and the mob was chilled and foiled. Emerson went on with a capital speech, and he began it with the story of Christopher North, when rebuked for his anger and violence toward two scamps, declaring that he had treated them with the utmost self-restraint—he had "only pitched them out of the window." Emerson based on that his assertion that the abolitionists had exercised even more self-command under more tempting circumstances; they had been peaceful when it might have been expected they would be revolutionists. But the main force of the speech was in its gentle parenthesis, "Of course you all know Christopher North."

Few indeed are they who know that man, and none who know him only as Professor Wilson, or as a writer. The real man was never got between the arms of a college chair, nor between the covers of a book. He was a character rather than a thinker; a great, handsome, healthy, whole-hearted, generous, heroic soul; a natural noble; one of whom—

* The translation alluded to is so beautiful that I must quote it:

"'Tis now that the white violets steal out the spring to greet,
And that among his longed-for showers Narcissus smiles so sweet.
'Tis now that lilies, upland born, frequent the slopes of green,
And that the flowers that lovers love, of all the flowers the queen,
Without an equal anywhere, in full-blown beauty glows;
Thou know'st it well, Zenophilè—Persuasion's flower, the Rose.
Ah! why, ye hills and meadows, does bright laughter thus illume
Your leafy haunts? so lavish why, and prodigal of bloom?
Not all the wreaths of all the flowers that Spring herself might cull
As mine own Virgin e'er could be one-half so beautiful!"

reading his life, and the good stories of him, and his works too—we may imagine Krishna as saying to Arjoon, "He my servant is dear unto me who is free from enmity, the friend of all nature; he is my beloved of whom mankind are not afraid, and who of mankind is not afraid." Probably they alone who saw Christopher North amid these lakes and mountains ever really saw him at all. "More than one person," wrote Harriet Martineau, "has said that Wilson reminded them of the first man Adam, so full was his large frame of vitality, force, and sentience. His tread seemed to shake the ground, and his glance to pierce through stone walls; and as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. In his hours of emotion he swept away all hearts whithersoever he would. Not less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as he was seen when steering the packet-boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the tiller, in the presence of journeymen and market-women, his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing, and his mouth closed above his beard, as if he meant never to speak again, he was quite as impressive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his moral philosophy class, or to the comrades of his jovial hours. He was known, and with reverence and affection, beside the trout stream and the mountain tarn, and amidst the deep gloom of Elleray, where he could not bring himself to let a sprig be lopped that his wife had loved. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame, among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He made others happy by being intensely happy himself, when his brighter moods were on him; and when he was mournful, no one desired to be gay. He has gone with his joy and his grief; and the region is so much darker in a thousand eyes." Miss Martineau became a poet whenever she wrote about the professor, whose health she drank in the first spring breath, and pledged him in the sparkling thunder-shower. "Blessings above all on Christopher North!" she exclaims again; "we can not but wonder whether he ever cast a thought upon such as we are when breasting the breeze on the moors, or pressing up the mountain-side, or watching beside the trout stream .... Whether he is now conscious of the fact or not, his spirit has come many a time, while his tired body slept, and opened our prison doors, and led us a long flight over mountain and moor, lake and lea, and dropped us again in our beds, refreshed and soothed, to dream, at least, of having felt the long-lost sensation of health once more."

Elleray Cottage, with its "several roofs shelving away there in the lustre of loveliest lichens, each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons preening their pinions in the morning pleasaunce," remains, and over it the tutelary sycamore—that sycamore of which Christopher wrote, "Never in this well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another tree; it would be easier to suppose two Shakspeares." Here Wilson passed the eight brightest years of his life; to this spot he brought his bride for the never-waning honey-moon; and though the loss of his little fortune by the dishonesty of an uncle compelled him to leave this cottage (1815), enough was won back when eight years later he was able to take up his summer quarters here again. "He was in a position," writes his daughter, "once more to take up his summer quarters in his beautiful villa of Elleray, the place which he loved above all others on earth; and in the summer of 1823 we find him there, with his wife and children again under the old roof-tree." "He was in the habit of sauntering the whole day long among the woods and walks of Elleray." In one of those fond letters of his to his wife, which hardly bear printing, he says: "The country now is in perfect beauty; and I think of one who has been a kind and affectionate and good wife to me, at all hours. If I do not, may the beauty of nature pass away from my eyes!" It was years after when Jane passed away, and sure enough with her the beauty of Elleray. "Sadly," writes the daughter, "comes the confession from his lips of the dreariness which fell upon him at Elleray, a place at one time as enjoyable as paradise." He tried to go there again, but when he slept at the Bowness hotel "the silence and loneliness of the night to him were not to be borne." He went off, and saw Elleray no more.

Christopher North, in the history of the Lakes, occupies the place of a Prospero;

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

all that this region has known in the way of pageants and revels is associated with his wand. Of these the most notable was that which occurred on the occasion when Sir Walter Scott and Canning came to be the guests of Mr. Bolton, a merchant, at Storrs Hall on Windermere. The host threw his house open to all the literary men —Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, and the rest—and they staid there night and day. "It would have been difficult," says Lockhart, "to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was 'high discourse,' intermingled with as gay flashings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed; and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy, transient pleasantries in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day Professor Wilson ('the Admiral of the Lakes,' as Canning called him) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the professor's radiant procession when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honor the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The three bards of the Lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators."

"There were giants on the earth in those days." Such was our not very original but sincere remark as we drove on through deep and shady roads toward Troutbeck. "Yes," broke in our driver; "he lived over there," pointing with his whip. "Who?" we asked. "The giant," said the driver, with a look of surprise. He was a taciturn driver, silent as a Trappist; this was his first venture, and, with a view to encourage it, I said, "Oh yes, of course, the giant." We were all expectation, but the driver had no more to say. "Let's see, what was his name, driver?" "Hugh Hird." "He was a tremendous fellow, wasn't he?" "Could lift as much as ten men, and eat a whole sheep." That was all we could get out of our driver concerning the Troutbeck giant. Miss Martineau's account of him is as follows: "Tradition tells of a giant, 'a man of amazing strength,' who lived in Troutbeck Park, in the time of Henry IV. He begged from house to house till he came there, but finding an empty dwelling, he took possession. This house had been forfeited to the crown, and was of so little value that he remained for a time undisturbed. At last a tenant was found, and came to take possession; but the giant, who was 'quite uncivilized, and knew no law but strength,' prevented him. Upon this he was sent to London, where he so pleased the king by his feats of strength that he was promised anything he might ask for. His petition was the

house in Troutbeck, the paddock behind it to get peat for fuel, and liberty to cut wood in Troutbeck Park. It is said the king asked him what he lived upon, and his reply was, 'Thick pottage and milk, that a mouse might walk upon dry-shod, for breakfast, and the sunny side of a wedder to his dinner when he could get it' (*i. e.*, the whole of the wether). His mother lived with him, and they toiled on these hill-sides, making a livelihood chiefly by cutting and burning the common brackens, from which they obtained a residue which was used in the manufacture of soap. Their graves are said to be discernible near the old 'hog-house.' This was the estate afterward given by Charles I. to Huddlestone Phillipson for his services in the civil wars."

Although there appears to be no doubt that some man of enormous stature and strength dwelt at Troutbeck, it is not improbable that the tradition has gathered something here and there—a bit from the powerful Phillipson (Robin the Devil), who possessed the place, and a bit from the prehistoric monument at Penrith, called the Giant's Grave. Among other traditions about Hugh Hird, one relates that alone with his bow and arrows he drove back a party of Scotch marauders. It may be remembered, also, that in the time of Henry IV. there was a wide-spread belief in formidable forest phantoms of the *Gros Veneur* order, which were generally called Hugh or Hugo, after the spectre of Hugh Capet in France.

The people in Westmoreland and Cumberland are very fond of athletic exercises, and extraordinary powers are still sometimes developed among them. During the long life of Wordsworth in this region there was one man more famous among the common folk than he, namely, Ben Wells, for fifty years dancing master and fiddler to the country people of Cumberland. Ben was the kind of man who in a more primitive time gave country folk their legends. The instrument being changed, Ben might have been the original of the boy in "A mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye," who had a magic pipe:

> "All that may the pipe here
> Shall not themselfe stere,
> But laugh and lepe about."

He not only made cows and milkmaids dance, but so wrought on a friar that he capered until bit by bit he lost

> "His cope and scapelary,
> And all his other wede."

Mr. Craig Gibson, F.S.A., has written (1869) a lyric about Ben Wells, in the Cumberland dialect, and in a note says: "The last time I met with him was about twenty years ago, in the bar parlor of an inn in the southern part of the Lake district, where the strains of his fiddle, produced

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

at my request, caused such excitement that a general and very uproarious dance (of males only) set in, and was kept up with such energy that, the space being confined, the furniture was seriously damaged, and Ben was at last ejected by the landlady, as the readiest—indeed, the only—method of putting a stop to the riot. He was light, muscular, and springy, and in his earlier years wonderfully swift of foot, so much so that the late Dr. Johnstone of Cockermouth told me that he once (at Scale Hill) saw him, without any assistance, run down and capture a wild rabbit—a proof of activity rarely paralleled." I quote two verses of Mr. Gibson's poem, which may be read as the

ISAAC WALKER.

reflections of an old Cumbrian on the fiddler's death:

"Ben Wales's fiddle many a neet
Gev weel-oiled springs to t' heaviest heels,
For few cud whyet hod the'r feet
When Ben struck up his heartenin' reels.
Wid elbow-room an' rozel't weel,
Swinge! how he'd mak' fwoke keàv an' prance!
An' nowte cud match t' sly fiddle-squeal
'At signal'd kiss i' t' cushion-dance.*

"Fwoke's ways turn different, t' langer t' mair,
An' what, lang sen, was reet's grown wrang;
We're meàst on us ower fine to care
For heàmly dance, teùn, teàl, or sang.
An' nowte's meàd varra lastin' here;
T' best bow-hand growes oald an' fails,
An' t' lishest legs git num' an' queer:
Few last sa weel as oald Ben Wales."

* The cushion-dance is, I believe, peculiar to this district, and is the finishing dance of a rural ball or merry-night. A young man, carrying a cushion, paces round the room in time to the appropriate tune, selects a girl, lays the cushion at her feet, and both kneel upon it and kiss, the fiddler making an extraordinary squeal during the operation. The girl then takes the cushion to another young man, who kisses her as before, and leaves her free to "link" with the first, and march round the room. This is repeated till the whole party is brought in, when they all form a circle, and "kiss out" in the same manner, sometimes varying it by the kissers sitting on two chairs, back to back, in the middle of the ring, and kissing over their shoulders—a trying process (adds Mr. Gibson) to bashful youth of either sex.

Christopher North and De Quincey were fond of "the old Laker" Ritson, who was such a famous wrestler. De Quincey used to take long walks with him, and Christopher North several times contended with him. In their wrestling matches Ritson threw Wilson twice out of three falls, confessing that he found him "a varra bad 'un to lick"; but in running Christopher beat him, and in jumping could manage twelve yards in three leaps, with a heavy stone in each hand, while Ritson could only manage eleven and three-quarters.

The Grasmere sports are still kept up, but the last youth who gained much celebrity at them came to a sad end. Jonathan Park was about twenty-three years of age when he took the first prize for the mountain race at Grasmere—£25, as I heard—but it would seem to have sadly demoralized him. He went upon a long spree, and two days after his prize was won, in August, 1874, he either drowned himself or was drowned in Windermere.

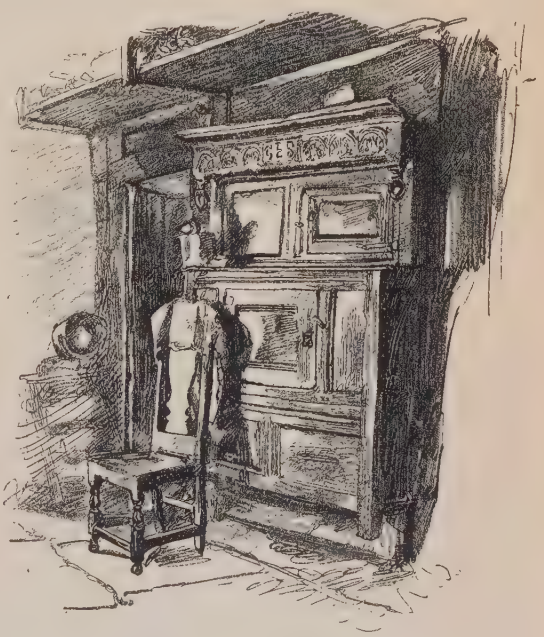
After the Giant comes Jack, too clever for his Hugeness: the small man of skill eats less, accomplishes more; and evolution goes on from the big to the little. The "hog-house" where the giant rests may have given his name to Hogarth, whose ancestors resided in Troutbeck village. The uncle of that great artist resided here, and was famous in the neighborhood for his songs. These were satirical, humorous, and generally about his neighbors. The house of Hogarth's father is still standing in the village, and near it two old trees he is said to have planted. It is a dwelling not mean, but uniquely commonplace there; for the houses of Troutbeck are rather striking, having many gables, and pretty porticoes made of slate-stone. The house where the Hogarths would have lived, if such things were arranged with reference to the fitness of things as seen by later generations, is that of Mr. George Browne, whose wife, in his absence, most kindly and intelligently told us the history of the quaint old furniture with which the house is filled. This charming cottage,

with its chimneys transformed into ivy towers, and its walls set with Queen Anne windows framed in climbing-roses and morning-glories, would drive a London pre-Raphaelist "mad with sweet desire." But Mr. Browne is also an amateur worker in wood, and his imitations of ancient cabinets and chests are such as might easily deceive one not familiar with old furniture. This, however, is not his business, and the visitor's hungry eye must train itself to love these art-flowers, and leave them on their stem.

A little beyond this we went to seek out an ancient inn, which bore the name of "The Mortal Man," and which was said to have a curious old sign, representing two men, one fat and jolly, the other haggard, with an appropriate quatrain beneath. When we reached the little inn, however, it was only to discover that the sign had long ago disappeared. We found a better treasure in mine host of "The Mortal Man," as solid, sensible, and honest a specimen of a Westmoreland yeoman as one could imagine. Isaac Walker (such was his name) knew well what would be the value of the sign if he could get it, and he had preserved with the utmost care every antique thing about the house, such as an oak cupboard (three hundred years old at least) in the wall, and some letters on the outside wall, with date, "I. C., 1689." The initials are those of Isaac Cookson, and Isaac Walker's mother was a Cookson. He also repeated to us the correct version of the lines which were on the sign from which the inn derived its name:

> "Thou Mortal Man, that lives on bread,
> What is't that makes thy nose so red?—
> Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
> It is by drinking Sally Birkett's ale."

Having enjoyed the fresh eggs, homemade bread, glasses of cream, pure butter, which excellent Mrs. Walker prepared for us, we sat down together outside the door, and while the Abbé was quietly abducting Isaac's portrait, I listened to his delightful talk about the neighborhood. "It's an old Troutbeck riddle for strangers that, small as the village seems, it has three hundred bulls, constables, and bridges. The township was divided into three parts, called 'hundreds,' and each had a constable, a bull, and a bridge. But old things go. We haven't any ghosts nowadays—Troutbeck railway station's too near. I can remember when a boy would run fit to break his neck past an old lime-kiln near this, because of a ghost—somebody murdered there by being thrown into the kiln. But there are very few superstitions among us now; and the fewer the better." Just here Mrs. Walker came holding triumphantly in her hand the largest egg that hen ever laid—a double egg, which weighed nearly a pound. "It's Becky's egg," said she, whereupon Isaac laughed till his sides shook. "You see," he explained, "there was a deal ado about that chicken. The old hen got killed—or something happened—and my wife took that half-hatched egg, and carried it about in her bosom, and slept with it, and got to love it before it was born. She says, 'If it's a cock, it's name shall be Jacob, and if it's a hen, it shall be Rebekah.' And so Rebekah it is, and she's paid for all that pains by laying fine eggs, until now she's laid this big one."



KITCHEN OF "THE MORTAL MAN."

Wordsworth, thou shouldst have lived to see this hour! So I mentally exclaimed, then said to Isaac Walker, "The poet Wordsworth would have made a poem

about your wife carrying about that egg so tenderly."

"Ah!" said he, without the least anticipation of the effect his words would have on me, "I dare say he would; he was a great man for taking notice of little things."

"Then you have read Wordsworth's poems?" I inquired.

"Not so much that, but when I was a lad I lived with him."

"Lived with him!"

"Ay, for some time, and it is a very well remembered time for me. I was put out to service in a family at Ambleside, and when my master and mistress wanted to travel away in foreign countries, they asked Mr. Wordsworth to take me, just to keep me out of mischief. So I staid in his service at Rydal about a year."

I need not give the questions that now fell thick and fast on old Isaac Walker. The examination had the following results: "Mr. Wordsworth was a plain-looking man, with thin face and large features, especially a pretty big nose. He lived very plainly. He had not a bit of pride, and would talk familiarly but gravely with servants. He used to talk with me kindly and familiarly, and I had a warm affection for him. He liked to be out-of-doors whenever he could. Sometimes he was picking up things to look at them, and then he was talking to things in a very queer way. I can see him now, following a bumble-bee all over the garden; he puts his hands behind him this way, and then bends over toward the bee, and wherever it went he followed, making a noise like it—'Boom-oom-oom-oom.'" Isaac imitated the action and the sound perfectly, but said he could never get the bee's sound so well as Mr. Wordsworth had it. "He would stick to that bee long and long, until it went away; you might go away and come back, and still you would see him striding after that bee, with his mouth down toward it, and hear his 'Boom-oom-oom.' But there was nothing he didn't take notice of. I don't remember so well his friends who used to come and see him; the one I remember most was Mr. Hartley Coleridge, who was a little fellow—carried his head on one side. I remember well Professor Wilson; he was a splendid man, very active and strong. 'The Mortal Man' was his favorite inn over here; but that was before my

LAKE-SIDE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

time. I was sorry to leave Rydal Mount when the time came."

Proud to have been the first that ever burst into this little tarn of Wordsworthian reminiscence in Troutbeck Valley, we set out for Ambleside. The road along which we move so merrily, listening to the voice of bird or water-fall, is in that valley wherein the Britons took refuge from the Romans when these were building their great road from Kendal to Penrith along the ridge of Troutbeck Hills. Where those conquerors left serfs in their Saxon huts there is now a remarkably happy community; and all the wars of Cæsar have hardly so large a place in their traditions as a certain famous contest between a Troutbeck bull and an Orrest Head bull. Josiah Brown of the latter place had a tremendous bull, and some man at Troutbeck had another; and there was so much brag on each side that it was agreed to have a fight between the animals. The terms were that the winner should have the fallen animal, and that they were to meet half way between the two places. It was a tremendous battle. The whole country for many miles around gathered, and Josiah came riding on the back of his monster. The Troutbeck bull was prodigious, and fought furiously; the struggle was like hills hurled against each other, and shook the earth. Finally, the Troutbeck animal fell, and Josiah Brown, having presented it to the poor of Troutbeck, rode back on his victorious bull to Orrest Head. It is safe to say that Rome in her palmiest days never had such a combat as that.

I must own to an emotion of deep delight at the first sight of Dovenest. It was not because, as it nestled amid the trees on a gentle slope of the hill, it seemed the very cottage of which Moore sang,

"I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here;"

but it was because sometime Dovenest gave shelter and repose to Felicia Hemans, at a time when hard events seemed to be rechristening her Infelicia. I know that it has long been out of fashion to admire Mrs. Hemans, or even to read her poems; and one must admit that it is before a higher literary canon that her writings have declined in value. But there are regions of experience where literary taste blends with memories of past emotion. No criticism can demonstrate out of existence the facts of human nature. I have heard a learned symphony that left me critical, approving, cold; then heard a child singing with reedy voice some little song familiar in early days, which quickened the pulse and started tears to the eyes: green fields were in it, and the sweet playmates, and the long-lost realm of childhood's sunshine. What can art do better than to raise the happiest emotions? What can I read on the page of Goethe, of Wordsworth, or Tennyson, which can set all these birds and flowers and laden bees around Dovenest singing the songs that evoke from the shadowy past sweet loving faces of those who sang them to me in life's rosy morning-time?

"But what awak'st thou in the heart, O spring—
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs—
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing;
Restorer of forgotten harmonies?
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art—
What wak'st thou in the heart?

"Too much, oh, there too much! We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus; but, roused by thee,
What fond strange yearnings from the soul's deep cell
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
How are we haunted in the wind's low tone
By voices that are gone!

"Looks of familiar love that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall greet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles and sounds of parted feet:
Spring, 'mid the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?"

So sang she; and now she is blended with the spring-tide breath which has called up around Dovenest the "fairy-peopled world of flowers," which here made for her the fairest days of her life.

It was just such a beautiful summer evening as this, fifty years ago, as we write these words, that the lovely lady, still a girl after thirty-six summers (more brief, alas! than the winters), stepped into the door at Rydal Mount, and received her cordial greeting from the great poet whose power she was among the first to recognize. "My nervous fear at the idea of presenting myself alone to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon me so rapidly that it was more than seven before I took courage to leave the inn. I had, indeed, little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant old man greeted me in the porch; this was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of the considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate. In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying, on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, 'Mr. Wordsworth, how could you be so giddy?' He has undeniably a lurking love of mischief, and would not, I think, be half so safely trusted with the tied-up bag of winds as Mr. —— insisted that Dr. Channing might be. There is an almost patriarchal simplicity, an absence of all pretension, about him, which I know you would like; all is free, unstudied—'the river winding at its own sweet will'; in his manner and conversation there is more of impulse about them than I had expected, but in other respects I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. I have passed a delightful morning to-day in walking with him about his own richly shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his 'earnestness and devotedness.'" A few days later she is established as a guest at Wordsworth's house, and finds that the poet's "gentle and affectionate playfulness in the intercourse with all the members of his family would of itself sufficiently refute Moore's theory in the *Life*

RYDAL MOUNT.

of Byron with regard to the unfitness of genius for domestic happiness." It was to her that Wordsworth warmly repudiated the said theory. "It is not," he said, "because they possess genius that they make unhappy homes, but because they do not possess genius enough: a higher order of mind would enable them to see and feel all the beauty of domestic ties." Poor lady! she was then parted from her husband forever, but assuredly not through *her* inability to make and enjoy a beautiful home.

Some of the glimpses which Mrs. Hemans has enabled us to take into Rydal Mount in those days are charming enough. "Imagine, my dear, a bridal present made by Mr. Wordsworth to a young lady in whom he is much interested—a poet's daughter too! You will be thinking of a brooch in the shape of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaped aigrette, or a forget-me-not ring, or some such small gear: nothing of the sort, but a good, handsome, substantial, useful-looking pair of scales to hang up in her store-room! 'For you must be aware, my dear Mrs. Hemans,' said he to me, very gravely, 'how necessary it is occasionally for every lady to see things weighed herself.' *Poveretta me!* I looked as good as I could, and happily for me the poetic eyes are not very clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion derogatory to my notability of character has yet flashed upon the master's mind; indeed, I told him that I looked upon the scales as particularly graceful things, and had great thoughts of having my picture taken with a pair in my hand." She tried to get Wordsworth to like Goethe; but he said "Goethe's writings can not live, because they are not holy." "I found that he had unfortunately adopted this opinion from an attempt to read *Wilhelm Meister*, which had inspired him with irrepressible disgust. However, I shall try to bring him into a better way of thinking, if only out of my own deep love for what has been to me a source of intellectual joy, so cheering and elevated."*

* The attempt was unsuccessful. Three years later Emerson found Wordsworth still abusing *Wilhelm Meister*. "He had never gone farther than the first part; so disgusted was he that he threw the book across the room." Emerson pleaded for the better parts of the book, "and he courteously promised to look at it again."

ANNE.

CHAPTER I.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."
—WORDSWORTH.

"It is but little we can do for each other. We accompany the youth with sympathy and manifold old sayings of the wise to the gate of the arena, but it is certain that not by strength of ours, or by the old sayings, but only on strength of his own, unknown to us or to any, he must stand or fall."—EMERSON.

"DOES it look well, father?"

"What, child?"

"Does this look well?"

William Douglas stopped playing for a moment, and turned his head toward the speaker, who, standing on a ladder, bent herself to one side, in order that he might see the wreath of evergreen, studded with cones, which she had hung on the wall over one of the small arched windows.

"It is too compact, Anne, too heavy. There should be sprays falling from it here and there, like a real vine. The greenery, dear, should be either growing naturally upward or twining; large branches standing in the corners like trees, or climbing vines. Stars, stiff circles, and set shapes should be avoided. That wreath looks as though it had been planed by a carpenter."

"Miss Lois made it."

"Ah," said William Douglas, something which made you think of a smile, although no smile was there, passing over his face, "it looks like her work; it will last a long time. And there will be no need to remove it for Ash-Wednesday, Anne; there is nothing joyous about it."

"I did not notice that it was ugly," said the girl, trying in her bent posture to look at the wreath, and bringing one eye and a portion of anxious forehead to bear upon it.

"That is because Miss Lois made it," replied William Douglas, returning to his music.

Anne, standing straight again, surveyed the garland in silence. Then she changed its position once or twice, studying the effect. Her figure, poised on the round of the ladder, high in the air, was, although unsupported, firm. With her arms raised above her head in a position which few women could have endured for more than a moment, she appeared as unconcerned, and strong, and sure of her footing, as though she had been standing on the floor. There was vigor about her and elasticity, combined unexpectedly with the soft curves and dimples of a child. Viewed from the floor, this was a young Diana, or a Greek maiden, as we imagine Greek maidens to have been. The rounded arms, visible through the close sleeves of the dark woollen dress, the finely moulded wrists below the heavy wreath, the lithe, natural waist, all belonged to a young goddess. But when Anne Douglas came down from her height, and turned toward you, the idea vanished. Here was no goddess, no Greek; only an American girl, with a skin like a peach. Anne Douglas's eyes were violet-blue, wide open, and frank. She had not yet learned that there was any reason why she should not look at everything with the calm directness of childhood. Equally like a child was the unconsciousness of her mouth, but the full lips were exquisitely curved. Her brown hair was braided in a heavy knot at the back of her head; but little rings and roughened curly ends stood up around her forehead and on her temples, as though defying restraint. This unwritten face, with its direct gaze, so far neutralized the effect of the Diana-like form that the girl missed beauty on both sides. The usual ideal of pretty, slender, unformed maidenhood was not realized, and yet Anne Douglas's face was more like what is called a baby face than that of any other girl on the island. The adjective generally applied to her was "big." This big, soft-cheeked girl now stood irresolutely looking at the condemned wreath.

The sun was setting, and poured a flood of clear yellow light through the little west windows; the man at the organ was playing a sober, steadfast German choral, without exultation, yet full of a resolute purpose which defied even death and the grave. Out through the eastern windows stretched the frozen straits, the snow-covered islands, and below rang out the bugle. "It will be dark in a few moments," said Anne to herself; "I will do it anyway."

She moved the ladder across to the chancel, mounted to its top again, and placed the wreath directly over the altar, connecting it deftly with the numerous long lines of delicate wreathing woven on thread-like green lace-work which hung there, waiting for their key-stone—a place of honor which the condemned wreath was to fill. It now crowned the whole. The little house of God was but an upper chamber, roughly finished and barren; its only treasure was a small organ, a gift from a father whose daughter, a stranger from the South, had died upon the island, requesting that her memorial might be music rather than a cold stone. William Douglas had superintended the unpacking and placing of this gift, and loved it almost as though it had been his own child. Indeed, it was a child, a musical child—one who comprehended his varying moods when no one else did, not even Anne.

"It makes no difference now," said Anne, aloud, carrying the ladder toward the door; "it is done and ended. Here is the ladder, Jones, and please keep up the fires all night, unless you wish to see us frozen stiff to-morrow."

A man in common soldier's uniform touched his cap and took the ladder. Anne went back. "Now for one final look, father," she said, "and then we must go home; the children will be waiting."

William Douglas played a few more soft strains, and turned around. "Well, child," he said, stroking his thin gray beard with an irresolute motion habitual with him, and looking at the small perspective of the chapel with critical gaze, "so you have put Miss Lois's wreath up there?"

"Yes; it is the only thing she had time to make, and she took so much pains with it I could not bear to have her disappointed. It will not be much noticed."

"Yes, it will."

"I am sorry, then; but it can not be moved. And to tell the truth, father, although I suppose you will laugh at me, *I* think it looks well."

"It looks better than anything else in the room, and crowns the whole," said Douglas, rising and standing by his daughter's side. "It was a stroke of genius to place it there, Anne."

"Was it?" said the girl, her face flushing with pleasure. "But I was thinking only of Miss Lois."

"I am afraid you were," said Douglas, with his shadowy smile.

The rough walls and beams of the chapel were decorated with fine spray-like lines of evergreen, all pointing toward the chancel; there was not a solid spot upon which the eye could rest, no upright branches in the corners, no massed bunches over the windows, no stars of Bethlehem, anchors, or nondescript Greek letters; the whole chapel was simply outlined in light feathery lines of green, which reached the chancel, entered it, played about its walls, and finally came together under the one massive wreath whose even circle and thick foliage held them all firmly in place, and ended their wanderings in a restful quiet strength. While the two stood gazing, the lemon-colored light faded, and almost immediately it was night; the red glow shining out under the doors of the large stoves alone illuminated the room, which grew into a shadowy place, the aromatic fragrance of the evergreens filling the warm air pungently, more perceptible, as fragrance always is, in the darkness. William Douglas turned to the organ again, and began playing the music of an old vigil.

"The bugle sounded long ago, father," said Anne. "It is quite dark now, and very cold; I know by the crackling noise the men's feet make across the parade-ground."

But the father played on. "Come here, daughter," he said; "listen to this waiting, watching, praying music. Do you not see the old monks in the cloisters telling the hours through the long night, waiting for the dawn, the dawn of Christmas? Look around you; see this dim chapel, the air filled with fragrance like incense. These far-off chords, now; might they not be the angels, singing over the parapet of heaven?"

Anne stood by her father's side, and listened. "Yes," she said, "I can imagine it. And yet I could imagine it a great deal better if I did not know where every bench was, and every darn in the chancel carpet, and every mended pane in the windows. I am sorry I am so dull, father."

"Not dull, but unawakened."

"And when shall I waken?" pursued the girl, accustomed to carrying on long conversations with this dreaming father, whom she loved devotedly.

"God knows! May He be with you at your wakening!"

"I would rather have you, father; that is, if it is not wicked to say so. But I am very often wicked, I think," she added, remorsefully.

William Douglas smiled, closed the organ, and, throwing his arm around his tall young daughter, walked with her down the aisle toward the door.

"But you have forgotten your cloak," said Anne, running back to get it. She clasped it carefully around his throat, drew the peaked hood over his head, and fastened it with straps of deer's hide. Her own fur cloak and cap were already on, and thus enveloped, the two descended the dark stairs, crossed the inner parade-ground, passed under the iron arch, and made their way down the long sloping path, cut in the cliff-side, which led from the little fort on the height to the village below. The thermometer outside the commandant's door showed a temperature several degrees below zero; the dry old snow that covered the ground was hardened into ice on the top, so that boys walked on its crust above the fences. Overhead the stars glittered keenly, like the sharp edges of Damascus blades, and the white expanse of the ice-fields below gave out a strange pallid light which was neither like that of sun or of moon, of dawn or of twilight. The little village showed but few signs of life as they turned into its main street; the piers were sheets of ice.

Nothing wintered there; the summer fleets were laid up in the rivers farther south, where the large towns stood on the lower lakes. The shutters of the few shops had been tightly closed at sunset, when all the inhabited houses are tightly closed also; inside there were curtains, sometimes a double set, woollen cloth, blankets, or skins, according to the wealth of the occupants. Thus housed, with great fires burning in their dark stoves, and one small lamp, the store-keepers waited for custom until nine o'clock, after which hardly any one stirred abroad, unless it was some warm-blooded youth, who defied the elements with the only power which can make us forget them.

At times, early in the evening, the door of one of these stores opened, and a figure entered through a narrow crack; for no islander opened a door widely—it was giving too much advantage to the foe of his life, the weather. This figure, enveloped in furs or a blanket, came toward the stove and warmed its hands with deliberation, the merchant meanwhile remaining calmly seated; then, after some moments, it threw back its hood, and disclosed the face of perhaps an Indian, perhaps a French fisherman, perhaps an Irish soldier from the barracks. The customer now mentioned his errand, and the merchant, rising in his turn, stretched himself like a shaggy dog loath to leave the fire, took his little lamp, and prepared to go in quest of the article desired, which lay, perhaps, beyond the circle of heat, somewhere in the outer darkness of the dim store. It was an understood rule that no one should ask for nails or any kind of ironware in the evening; it was labor enough for the merchant to find and handle his lighter goods when the cold was so intense. There was not much bargaining in the winter; people kept their breath in their mouths. The merchants could have made money if they had had more customers or more energy; as it was, however, the small population and the cold kept them lethargically honest.

Anne and her father turned northward. The southern half of the little village had two streets, one behind the other, and both were clogged and overshadowed by the irregular old buildings of the once-powerful fur company. These ancient frames, empty and desolate, rose above the low cottages of the islanders, sometimes three and four stories in height, with the old pulleys and hoisting apparatus still in place under their peaked roofs, like gallows ready for the old traders to hang themselves upon, if they came back and saw the degeneracy of the furless times. No one used these warehouses now, no one propped them up, no one pulled them down; there they stood, closed and empty, their owners being but so many discouraged bones under the sod; for the Company had dissolved to the four winds of heaven, leaving only far-off doubtful and quarrelling heirs. The little island could not have the buildings; neither could it pull them down. They were dogs in the manger, therefore, if the people had looked upon them with progressive American eyes; but they did not. They were not progressive; they were hardly American. If they had any glory, it was of that very past, the days when those buildings were full of life. There was scarcely a family on the island that did not cherish its tradition of the

merry fur-trading times, when "grandfather" was a factor, a superintendent, a clerk, a hunter; even a voyageur had his importance, now that there were no more voyageurs. Those were gay days, they said; they should never look upon their like again: unless, indeed, the past should come back—a possibility which did not seem so unlikely on the island as it does elsewhere, since the people were plainly retrograding, and who knows but that they might some time even catch up with the past?

North of the piers there was only one street, which ran along the water's edge. On the land side first came the fort garden, where successive companies of soldiers had vainly fought the climate in an agricultural way, red-coats of England and blue-coats of the United States, with much the same results of partially ripened vegetables, nipped fruits, and pallid flowers; for the island summer was beautiful, but too short for lusciousness. Hardy plants grew well, but there was always a persistent preference for those that were not hardy—like delicate beauties who are loved and cherished tenderly, while the strong brown maids go by unnoticed. The officers' wives made catsup of the green tomatoes, and loved their weakling flowers for far-away home's sake; and as the Indians brought in canoe-loads of fine full-jacketed potatoes from their little farms on the mainland, the officers could afford to let the soldiers do fancy-work in the government fields if it pleased the exiled ladies. Beyond the army garden was the old Agency house. The Agency itself had long been removed farther westward, following the retreating, dwindling tribes of the red men farther toward the Rocky Mountains; but the old house remained. On its door a brass plate was still fixed, bearing the words, "United States Agency." But it was now the home of a plain, unimportant citizen, William Douglas.

Anne ran up the path toward the front door, thinking of the children and the supper. She climbed the uneven snow-covered steps, turned the latch, and entered the dark hall. There was a line of light under the left-hand door, and taking off her fur-lined overshoes, she went in. The room was large; its three windows were protected by shutters, and thick curtains of red hue, faded but cheery; a great fire of logs was burning on the hearth, lighting up every corner with its flame and glow, and making the poor furniture splendid. In its radiance the curtains were damask, the old carpet a Persian-hued luxury, and the preparations for cooking an *Arabian Nights*' display. Three little boys ran forward to meet their sister; a girl, who was basking in the glow of the flame, looked up languidly. They were odd children, with black eyes, coal-black hair, dark skins, and bold eagle outlines. The eldest, the girl, was small—a strange little creature, with braids of black hair hanging down behind almost to her ankles, half-closed black eyes, little hands and feet, a low soft voice, and the grace of a young panther. The boys were larger, handsome little fellows of wild aspect. In fact, all four were of mixed blood, their mother having been a beautiful French quarter-breed, and their father—William Douglas.

"Annet, Annet, can't we have fried potatoes for supper, and bacon?"

"Annet, Annet, can't we have coffee?"

"It is a biting night, isn't it?" said Tita, coming to her sister's side and stroking her cold hands gently. "I really think, Annet, that you ought to have something substantielle. You see *I* think of you; whereas those howling piggish bears think only of themselves."

All this she delivered in a soft, even voice, while Anne removed the remainder of her wrappings.

"I have thought of something better still," said William Douglas's eldest daughter, kissing her little sister fondly, and then stepping out of the last covering, and lifting the heap from the floor—"batter cakes!"

The boys gave a shout of delight, and danced up and down on the hearth; Tita went back to her corner and sat down, clasping her little brown hands around her ankles, like the embalmed monkeys of the Nile. Her corner was made by an old secretary and the side of the great chimney; this space she had lined and carpeted with furs, and here she sat curled up with her book or her bead-work all through the long winter, refusing to leave the house unless absolutely ordered out by Anne, who filled the place of mother to these motherless little ones. Tita was well satisfied with the prospect of the batter cakes; she would probably eat two if Anne browned them well, and they were light and tender. But as for

"THE GIRL PAUSED AND REFLECTED A MOMENT."—[SEE PAGE 37.]

those boys, those wolf-dogs, those beasts, they would probably swallow dozens. "If you come any nearer, Louis, I shall lay open the side of your head," she announced, gently, as the boys danced too near her hermitage; they, accustomed alike to her decisions and her words, danced farther away without any discussion of the subject. Tita was an excellent playmate sometimes; her little moccasined feet, and long braids streaming behind, formed the most exciting feature of their summer races; her blue cloth skirt up in the tops of the tallest trees, the provocative element in their summer climbing. She was a pallid little creature, while they were brown; small, while they were large; but she domineered over them like a king, and wreaked a whole vocabulary of roughest fishermen's terms upon them when they displeased her. One awful vengeance she reserved as a last re-

sort: when they had been unbearably troublesome she stole into their room at night in her little white night-gown, with all her long thick black hair loose, combed over her face, and hanging down around her nearly to her feet. This was a ghostly visitation which the boys could not endure, for she left a lamp in the hall outside, so that they could dimly see her, and then she stood and swayed toward them slowly, backward and forward, without a sound, all the time coming nearer and nearer, until they shrieked aloud in terror, and Anne, hurrying to the rescue, found only three frightened little fellows cowering together in their broad bed, and the hairy ghost gone.

"How can you do such things, Tita?" she said.

"It is the only way by which I can keep the little devils in order," replied Tita.

"Do not use such words, dear."

"Mother did," said the younger sister, in her soft calm voice.

This was true, and Tita knew that Anne never impugned the memory of that mother.

"Who volunteers to help?" said Anne, lighting a candle in an iron candlestick, and opening a door.

"I," said Louis.

"I," said Gabriel.

"Me too," said little André.

They followed her, hopping along together, with arms interlinked, while her candle shed a light on the bare walls and floors of the rooms through which they passed, a series of little apartments, empty and desolate, at the end of which was the kitchen, inhabited in the daytime by an Irishwoman, a soldier's wife, who came in the morning before breakfast, and went home at dusk, the only servant William Douglas's fast-thinning purse could afford. Anne might have had her kitchen nearer what Miss Lois called the "keeping-room"; any one of the five in the series would have answered the purpose as well as the one she had chosen. But she had a dream of furnishing them all some day according to a plan of her own, and it would have troubled her greatly to have used her proposed china closet, pantry, store-room, preserve closet, or fruit-room for culinary purposes. How often had she gone over the whole in her mind, settling the position of every shelf, and deliberating over the pattern of the cups! The Irishwoman had left some gleams of fire on the hearth, and the boys immediately set themselves to work burying potatoes in the ashes, with the hot hearth-stone beneath. "For of course you are going to cook in the sitting-room, Annet," they said. "We made all ready for you there; and, besides, this fire is out."

"You could easily have kept it up," said the sister, smiling. "However, as it is Christmas-eve, I will let you have your way."

The boys alertly loaded themselves with the articles she gave them, and went hopping back into the sitting-room. They scorned to walk on Christmas-eve; the thing was to hop, and yet carry every dish steadily. They arranged the table, still in a sort of dancing step, and sang together in their shrill childish voices a tune of their own, without any words but "Ho! ho! ho!" Tita, in her corner, kept watch over the proceedings, and inhaled the aroma of the coffee with indolent anticipation. The tin pot stood on the hearth near her, surrounded by coals; it was a battered old coffee-pot, grimy as a camp-kettle, but dear to all the household, and their principal comforter when the weather was bitter, provisions scarce, or the boys especially troublesome. For the boys said they did not enjoy being especially troublesome; they could not help it any more than they could help having the measles or the whooping-cough. They needed coffee, therefore, for the conflict, when they felt it coming on, as much as any of the household.

Poor Anne's cooking utensils were few and old; it was hard to make batter cakes over an open fire without the proper hanging griddle. But she attempted it, nevertheless, and at length, with scarlet cheeks, placed a plateful of them, brown, light, and smoking, upon the table. "Now, Louis, run out for the potatoes; and, Tita, call father."

This one thing Tita would do; she aspired to be her father's favorite. She went out with her noiseless step, and presently returned leading in the tall, bent, gray-haired father, her small brown hand holding his tightly, her dark eyes fixed upon him with a persistent steadiness, as if determined to isolate all his attention upon herself. William Douglas was never thoroughly at ease with his youngest daughter; she had this habit of watch-

ing him silently, which made him uncomfortable. The boys he understood, and made allowances for their wildness; but this girl, with her soft still ways, perplexed and troubled him. She seemed to embody, as it were, his own mistakes, and he never looked at her little pale face and diminutive figure without a vague feeling that she was a spirit dwelling on earth in elfish form, with a half-developed contradictory nature, to remind him of his past weakness. Standing at the head of the table, tall and straight, with her nobly poised head and clear Saxon eyes, his other daughter awaited him, and met his gaze with a bright smile; he always came back to her with a sense of comfort. But Tita jealously brought his attention to herself again by pulling his hand, and leading him to his chair, taking her own place close beside him. He was a tall man, and her head did not reach his elbow, but she ruled him. The father now asked a blessing; he always hesitated on his way through it, once or twice, as though he had forgotten what to say, but took up the thread again after an instant's pause, and went on. When he came to the end, and said "Amen," he always sat down with a relieved air. If you had asked him what he had said, he could not have told you unless you started him at the beginning, when the old formula would have rolled off his lips in the same vague, mechanical way. The meal proceeded in comparative quiet; the boys no longer hummed and shuffled their feet; they were engaged with the cakes. Tita refrained from remarks save once, when Gabriel having dropped buttered crumbs upon her dress, she succinctly threatened him with dismemberment. Douglas gazed at her helplessly, and sighed.

"She will be a woman soon," he said to his eldest daughter, when, an hour or two later, she joined him in his own apartment, and drew from its hiding-place her large sewing-basket, filled with Christmas presents.

"Oh no, father, she is but a child," answered Anne, cheerfully. "As she grows older these little faults will vanish."

"How old is she?" said Douglas.

"Just thirteen."

The father played a bar of Mendelssohn noiselessly on the arm of his chair with his long thin fingers; he was thinking that he had married Tita's mother when she was hardly three years older. Anne was absorbed in her presents.

"See, father, will not this be nice for André? And this for Gabriel? And I have made such a pretty doll for Tita."

"Will she care for it, dear?"

"Of course she will. Did I not play with my own dear doll until I was fourteen years old—yes, almost fifteen?" said the girl, with a little laugh and blush.

"And you are now—"

"I am over sixteen."

"A great age," said Douglas, smoothing her thick brown hair fondly, as she sat near him, bending over her sewing.

The younger children were asleep up stairs in two old bedrooms with rattling dormer windows, and the father and elder daughter were in a small room opposite the sitting-room, called the study, although nothing was ever studied there, save the dreams of his own life, by the vague, irresolute, imaginative soul that dwelt therein, in a thin body of its own, much the worse for wear. William Douglas was a New England man of the brooding type, sent by force of circumstances into the ranks of United States army surgeons. He had married Anne's mother, who had passionately loved him, against the wishes of her family, and had brought the disinherited young bride out to this far Western island, where she had died, happy to the last—one of those rare natures to whom love is all in all, and the whole world well lost for its dear and holy sake. Grief over her death brought out all at once the latent doubts, hesitations, and strange perplexities of William Douglas's peculiar mind—perplexities which might have lain dormant in a happier life. He resigned his position as army surgeon, and refused even practice in the village. Medical science was not exact, he said; there was much pretense and presumption in it; he would no longer countenance deception, or play a part. He was then made postmaster, and dealt out letters through some seasons, until at last his mistakes roused the attention of the new officers at the fort; for the villagers, good, easy-tempered people, would never have complained of such trifles as a forgotten mail-bag or two under the counter. Superseded, he then attended nominally to the highways; but as the military authorities had for years done all that was to be done on the smooth roads, three in number, including the steep fort

hill, the position was a sinecure, and the superintendent took long walks across the island, studying the flora of the Northern woods, watching the birds, noticing the clouds and the winds, staying out late to experiment with the flash of the two light-houses from their different distances, and then coming home to his lonely house, where the baby Anne was tenderly cared for by Miss Lois Hinsdale, who superintended the nurse all day, watched her charge to bed, and then came over early in the morning before she woke. Miss Lois adored the baby; and she watched the lonely father from a distance, imagining all his sadness. It was the poetry of her life. Who, therefore, can picture her feelings when, at the end of three years, it was suddenly brought to her knowledge that Douglas was soon to marry again, and that his choice was Angélique Lafontaine, a French quarter-breed girl!

Angélique was amiable, and good in her way; she was also very beautiful. But Miss Lois could have borne it better if she had been homely. The New England woman wept bitter, bitter tears that night. A god had come down and showed himself flesh; an ideal was shattered. How long had she dwelt upon the beautiful love of Dr. Douglas and his young wife, taking it as a perfect example of rare, sweet happiness which she herself had missed, of which she herself was not worthy! How many times had she gone up to the little military burial-ground on the height, and laid flowers from her garden on the mound, whose stone bore only the inscription, "Alida, wife of William Douglas, aged twenty-two years." Miss Lois had wished to have a text engraved under this brief line, and a date; but Dr. Douglas gently refused a text, and regarding a date he said: "Time is nothing. Those who love her will remember the date, and strangers need not know. But I should like the chance visitor to note that she was only twenty-two, and, as he stands there, think of her with kindly regret, as we all think of the early dead, though why, Miss Lois, why, I can not tell, since in going hence early surely the dead lose nothing, for God would not allow any injustice, I think—yes, I have about decided in my own mind that He does not allow it."

Miss Lois, startled, looked at him questioningly. He was then a man of thirty-four, tall, slight, still noticeable for the peculiar refined delicacy of face and manner which had first won the interest of sweet, impulsive Alida Claussen.

"I trust, doctor, that you accept the doctrines of Holy Scripture on all such subjects," said Miss Lois. Then she felt immediately that she should have said "of the Church"; for she was a comparatively new Episcopalian, having been trained a New England Congregationalist of the severest hue.

Dr. Douglas came back to practical life again in the troubled gaze of the New England woman's eyes. "Miss Lois," he said, turning the subject, "Alida loved and trusted you; will you sometimes think of her little daughter?"

And then Miss Lois, the quick tears coming, forgot all about orthodoxy, gladly promised to watch over the baby, and kept her word. But now her life was shaken, and all her romantic beliefs disturbed and shattered, by this overwhelming intelligence. She was wildly, furiously jealous, wildly, furiously angry—jealous for Alida's sake, for the baby's, for her own. It is easy to be humble when a greater is preferred; but when an inferior is lifted high above our heads, how can we bear it? And Miss Lois was most jealous of all for Douglas himself—that such a man should so stoop. She hardly knew herself that night as she harshly pulled down the curtains, pushed a stool half across the room, slammed the door, and purposely knocked over the fire-irons. Lois Hinsdale had never since her birth given way to rage before (nor known the solace of it), and she was now forty-one years old. All her life afterward she remembered that night as something akin to a witch's revel on the Brocken, a horrible wild reign of passion which she trembled to recall, and for which she did penance many times in tears. "It shows the devil there is in us all," she said to herself, and she never passed the fire-irons for a long time afterward without an unpleasant consciousness.

The limited circle of island society suggested that Miss Lois had been hunting the loon with a hand-net—a Northern way of phrasing the wearing of the willow; but if the New England woman loved William Douglas, she was not conscious of it, but merged the feeling in her love for his child, and for the memory of Alida. True, she was seven years older than he

was: women of forty-one can answer whether that makes any difference.

On a brilliant, sparkling, clear June morning William Douglas went down to the little Roman Catholic church and married the French girl. As he had resigned his position in the army some time before, and as there was a new set of officers at the fort, his marriage made little impression there save on the mind of the chaplain, who had loved him well when he was surgeon of the post, and had played many a game of chess with him. The whole French population of the island, however, came to the marriage. That was expected. But what was not expected was the presence there of Miss Lois Hinsdale, sitting severely rigid in the first pew, accompanied by the doctor's child—a healthy, blue-eyed little girl, who kissed her new mamma obediently, and thought her very sweet and pretty—a belief which remained with her always, the careless, indolent, easy-tempered, beautiful young second wife having died when her stepdaughter was eleven years old, leaving four little ones, who, according to a common freak of nature, were more Indian than their mother. The Douglas family grew poorer every year; but as every one was poor there, poverty was respectable; and as all poverty is comparative, they always esteemed themselves comfortable. For they had the old Agency for a home, and it was in some respects the most dignified residence on the island; and they had the remains of the furniture which the young surgeon had brought with him from the East when his Alida was a bride, and that was better than most of the furniture in use in the village. The little stone fort on the height was, of course, the castle of the town, and its commandant by courtesy the leader of society; but the infantry officers who succeeded each other at this distant Northern post brought little with them, camping out, as it were, in their low-ceilinged quarters, knowing that another season might see them far away. The Agency, therefore, preserved an air of dignity still, although its roof leaked, its shutters rattled, although its plastering was gone here and there, and its floors were uneven and decayed. Two of its massive outside chimneys, clamped to the sides of the house, were half down, looking like broken columns, monuments of the past; but there were a number left. The Agency originally had bristled with chimneys, which gave, on a small scale, a castellated air to its rambling outline.

Dr. Douglas's study was old, crowded, and comfortable; that is, comfortable to those who have consciousness in their finger-ends, and no uncertainty as to their feet; the great army of blunderers and stumblers, the handle-everything, knock-over-everything people, who cut a broad swath through the smaller furniture of a room whenever they move, would have been troubled and troublesome there. The boys were never admitted; but Tita, who stepped like a little cat, and Anne, who had a deft direct aim in all her motions, were often present. The comfort of the place was due to Anne; she shook out and arranged the curtains, darned the old carpet, re-covered the lounge, polished the andirons, and did all without disturbing the birds' wings, the shells, the arrowheads, the skins, dried plants, wampum, nets, bits of rock, half-finished drawings, maps, books, and papers, which were scattered about, or suspended from the walls. William Douglas, knowing something of everything, was exact in nothing: now he stuffed birds, now he read Greek, now he botanized, now he played on the flute, now he went about in all weathers chipping the rocks with ardent zeal, now he smoked in his room all day without a word or a look for anybody. He sketched well, but seldom finished a picture; he went out hunting when the larder was empty, and forgot what he went for; he had a delicate mechanical skill, and made some curious bits of intricate work, but he never mended the hinges of the shutters, or repaired a single article which was in daily use in his household.

By the careful attention of Anne he was present in the fort chapel every Sunday morning, and, once there, he played the organ with delight, and brought exquisite harmonies from its little pipes; but Anne stood there beside him all the time, found the places, and kept him down to the work, borrowing his watch beforehand in order to touch him when the voluntary was too long, or the chords between the hymn verses too beautiful and intricate. Those were the days when the old buckram-backed rhymed versions of the psalms were steadfastly given out at every service, and Anne's rich voice sang, with earnest fervor, words like these:

"His liberal favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,"

while her father followed them with harmony fit for angels. Douglas taught his daughter music in the best sense of the phrase; she read notes accurately, and knew nothing of inferior composers, the only change from the higher courts of melody being some of the old French chansons of the voyageurs, which still lingered on the island, echoes of the past. She could not touch the ivory keys with any skill, her hands were too much busied with other work; but she practiced her singing lessons as she went about the house—music which would have seemed to the world of New York as old-fashioned as Chaucer.

The fire of logs blazed on the hearth, the father sat looking at his daughter, who was sewing swiftly, her thoughts fixed upon her work. The clock struck eleven.

"It is late, Anne."

"Yes, father, but I must finish. I have so little time during the day."

"My good child," said Douglas, slowly and fondly.

Anne looked up; his eyes were dim with tears.

"I have done nothing for you, dear," he said, as she dropped her work and knelt by his side. "I have kept you selfishly with me here, and made you a slave to those children."

"My own brothers and my own little sister, father."

"Do you feel so, Anne? Then may God bless you for it! But I should not have kept you here."

"This is our home, papa."

"A poor one."

"Is it? It never seemed so to me."

"That is because you have known nothing better."

"But I like it, papa, just as it is. I have always been happy here."

"Really happy, Anne?"

The girl paused, and reflected a moment. "Yes," she said, looking into the depths of the fire, with a smile, "I am happy all the time. I am never anything but happy."

William Douglas looked at her. The fire-light shone on her face; she turned her clear eyes toward him.

"Then you do not mind the children? They are not a burdensome weight upon you?"

"Never, papa; how can you suppose it? I love them dearly, next to you."

"And will you stand by them, Anne? Note my words: I do not urge it, I simply ask."

"Of course I will stand by them, papa. I give a promise of my own accord. I will never forsake them as long as I can do anything for them, as long as I live. But why do you speak of it? Have I ever neglected them or been unkind to them?" said the girl, troubled, and very near tears.

"No, dear; you love them better than they or I deserve. I was thinking of the future, and of a time when"—he had intended to say, "when I am no longer with you," but the depth of love and trust in her eyes made him hesitate, and finish his sentence differently—"a time when they may give you trouble," he said.

"They are good boys—that is, they mean no harm, papa. When they are older they will study more."

"Will they?"

"Certainly," said Anne, with confidence. "I did. And as for Tita, you yourself must see, papa, what a remarkable child she is."

Douglas shaded his face with his hand. The uneasy sense of trouble which always stirred within him when he thought of his second daughter was rising to the surface now like a veiled, formless shape. "The sins of the fathers," he thought, and sighed heavily.

Anne threw her arms around his neck, and begged him to look at her. "Papa, speak to me, please. What is it that troubles you so?"

"Stand by little Tita, child, no matter what she does. Do not expect too much of her, but remember always her—her Indian blood," said the troubled father, in a low voice.

A flush crossed Anne's face. The cross of mixed blood in the younger children was never alluded to in the family circle or among their outside friends. In truth, there had been many such mixtures on the island in the old times, although comparatively few in the modern days to which William Douglas's second marriage belonged.

"Tita is French," said Anne, speaking rapidly, almost angrily.

"She is more French than Indian. Still—one never knows." Then, after a

pause: "I have been a slothful father, Anne, and feel myself cowardly also in thus shifting upon your shoulders my own responsibilities. Still, what can I do? I can not re-live my life; and even if I could, perhaps I might do the same again. I do not know—I do not know. We are as we are, and tendencies dating generations back come out in us, and confuse our actions."

He spoke dreamily. His eyes were assuming that vague look with which his children were familiar, and which betokened that his mind was far away.

"You could not do anything which was not right, father," said Anne.

She was standing by his side now, and in her young strength might have been his champion against the whole world. The fire-light shining out showed a prematurely old man, whose thin form, bent drooping shoulders, and purposeless face were but Time's emphasis upon the slender, refined, dreamy youth, who, entering the domain of doubt with honest negations and a definite desire, still wandered there, lost to the world, having forgotten his first object, and loving the soft haze now for itself alone.

Anne received no answer: her father's mind had passed away from her. After waiting a few moments in silence she saw that he was lost in one of his reveries, and sitting down again she took up her work and went on sewing with rapid stitches. Poor Anne and her poor presents! How coarse the little white shirts for Louis and André! how rough the jacket for Gabriel! How forlorn the doll! How awkwardly fashioned the small cloth slippers for Tita! The elder sister was obliged to make her Christmas gifts with her own hands; she had no money to spend for such superfluities. The poor doll had a cloth face, with features painted on a flat surface, and a painful want of profile. A little before twelve the last stitch was taken with happy content.

"Papa, it is nearly midnight; do not sit up very late," said the daughter, bending to kiss the father's bent, brooding brow. William Douglas's mind came back for an instant, and looked out through his clouded eyes upon his favorite child. He kissed her, gave her his usual blessing, "May God help the soul He has created!" and then, almost before she had closed the door, he was far away again on one of those long journeyings which he took silently, only his following guardian angel knew whither. Anne went across the hall and entered the sitting-room; the fire was low, but she stirred the embers, and by their light filled the four stockings hanging near the chimney-piece. First she put in little round cakes wrapped in papers; then home-made candies, not thoroughly successful in outline, but well-flavored and sweet; next gingerbread elephants and camels, and an attempt at a fairy; lastly the contents of her work-basket, which gave her much satisfaction as she inspected them for the last time. Throwing a great knot, which would burn slowly all night, upon the bed of dying coals, she lighted a candle and went up to her own room.

As soon as she had disappeared, a door opened softly above, and a small figure stole out into the dark hall. After listening a moment, this little figure went silently down the stairs, paused at the line of light underneath the closed study door, listened again, and then, convinced that all was safe, went into the sitting-room, took down the stockings one by one, and deliberately inspected all their contents, sitting on a low stool before the fire. First came the stockings of the boys; each parcel was unrolled, down to the last gingerbread camel, and as deftly enwrapped again by the skillful little fingers. During this examination there was not so much an expression of interest as of jealous scrutiny. But when the turn of her own stocking came, the small face showed the most profound, almost weazened, solicitude. Package after package was swiftly opened, and its contents spread upon the mat beside her. The doll was cast aside with contempt, the slippers examined and tried on with critical care, and then when the candy and cake appeared and nothing else, the eyes snapped with anger.

The little brown hand felt down to the toe of the stocking: no, there was nothing more. "It is my opinion," said Tita, in her French island *patois*, half aloud, "that Annet is one stupid beast."

She then replaced everything, hung the stockings on their nails, and stole back to her own room; here, by the light of a secreted candle-end, she manufactured the following epistle, with heavy labor of brains and hand: "Cher papa,—I hav dreemed that Sant Klos has hare-ribbans in his pak. Will you ask him for sum for

your little Tita?" This not seeming sufficiently expressive, she inserted "trez affecsionay" before "Tita," and then, folding the epistle, she went softly down the stairs again, and stealing around in the darkness through several unused rooms, she entered her father's bedroom, which communicated with the study, and by sense of feeling pinned the paper carefully around his large pipe, which lay in its usual place on the table. For William Douglas always began smoking as soon as he rose, in this way nullifying, as it were, the fresh, vivifying effect of the morning, which smote painfully upon his eyes and mind alike; in the afternoon and evening he did not smoke so steadily, the falling shadows supplying of themselves the atmosphere he loved. Having accomplished her little manœuvre, Tita went back up stairs to her own room like a small white ghost, and fell asleep with the satisfaction of a successful diplomatist.

In the mean time Anne was brushing her brown hair, and thoughtfully going over in her own mind the morrow's dinner. Her room was a bare and comfortless place; there was but a small fire on the hearth, and no curtains over the windows; it took so much care and wood to keep the children's rooms warm that she neglected her own, and as for the furniture, she had removed it piece by piece, exchanging it for broken-backed worn-out articles from all parts of the house. One leg of the bedstead was gone, and its place supplied by a box which the old-fashioned valance only half concealed; the looking-glass was cracked, and distorted her image; the chairs were in hospital and out of service, the young mistress respecting their injuries, and using as her own seat an old wooden stool which stood near the hearth. Upon this she was now seated, the rippling waves of her thick hair flowing over her shoulders. Having at last faithfully rehearsed the Christmas dinner in all its points, she drew a long breath of relief, rose, extinguished her light, and going over to the window, stood there for a moment looking out. The moonlight came gleaming in and touched her with silver, her pure youthful face and girlish form draped in white. "May God bless my dear father," she prayed, silently, looking up to the thick studded stars; "and my dear mother too, wherever she is to-night, in one of those far bright worlds, perhaps." It will be seen from this prayer that the boundaries of Anne Douglas's faith were wide enough to include even the unknown.

CHAPTER II.

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe."

—Walter Scott.

"An island always pleases my imagination, even the smallest, as a small continent and integral portion of the globe. I have a fancy for building my hut on one. Even a bare grassy isle which I can see entirely over at a glance, has some undefined and mysterious charm for me."—Thoreau.

"Can you make out what the child means?" said Douglas, as his eldest daughter entered the study early on Christmas morning to renew the fire and set the apartment in order for the day. As he spoke he held Tita's epistle hopelessly before him, and scanned the zigzag lines.

"She wants some ribbons for her hair," said Anne, making out the words over his shoulder. "Poor little thing! she is so proud of her hair, and all the other girls have bright ribbons. But I can not make ribbons," she added, regretfully, as though she found herself wanting in a needful accomplishment. "Think of her faith in Santa Klaus, old as she is, and her writing to ask him! But there *is* ribbon in the house, after all," she added, suddenly, her face brightening. "Miss Lois gave me some last month; I had forgotten it. That will be the very thing for Tita; she has not even seen it."

(But has she not, thou unsuspicious elder sister?)

"Do not rob yourself, child," said the father, wearily casting his eyes over the slip of paper again. "What spelling! The English is bad, but the French worse."

"That is because she has no French teacher, papa; and you know I do not allow her to speak with the island *patois*, lest it should corrupt the little she knows."

"But she does speak it: she always talks *patois* when she is alone with me."

"Does she?" said Anne, in astonishment. "I had no idea of that. But *you* might correct her, papa."

"I can never correct her in any way," replied Douglas, gloomily; and then

Anne, seeing that he was on the threshold of one of his dark moods, lighted his pipe, stirred the fire into a cheery blaze, and went out to get a cup of coffee for him. For the Irish soldier's wife was already at work in the kitchen, having been to mass in the cold gray dawn, down on her two knees on the hard floor, repentant for all her sins, and refulgently content in the absolution which wiped out the old score (and left place for a new one). After taking in the coffee, Anne ran up to her own room, brought down the ribbon, and placed it in Tita's stocking; she then made up the fire with light-wood, and set about decorating the walls with wreaths of evergreen as the patter of the little boys' feet was heard on the old stairway. The breakfast table was noisy that morning. Tita had inspected her ribbons demurely, and wondered how Santa Klaus knew her favorite colors so well. Anne glanced toward her father, and smiled; but the father's face showed doubt, and did not respond. While they were still at the table the door opened, and a tall figure entered, muffled in furs. "Miss Lois!" cried the boys. "Hurrah! See our presents, Miss Lois." They danced around her while she removed her wrappings, and kept up such a noise that no one could speak. Miss Lois, viewed without her cloak and hood, was a tall, angular woman, past middle age, with sharp features, thin brown hair tinged with gray, and pale blue eyes shielded by spectacles. She kissed Anne first with evident affection, and afterward the children with business-like promptitude; then she shook hands with William Douglas. "I wish you a happy Christmas, doctor," she said.

"Thank you, Lois," said Douglas, holding her hand in his an instant or two longer than usual.

A faint color rose in Miss Lois's cheeks. When she was young she had one of those exquisitely delicate complexions which seem to belong to some parts of New England, together with slender willowy figures and narrow chests; even now color would rise unexpectedly in her cheeks, much to her annoyance: she wondered why wrinkles did not keep it down. But New England knows her own. The creamy skins of the South, with their brown shadows under the eyes, the rich colors of the West, even the calm white complexions that are bred and long retained in cities, all fade before this faint healthy bloom on old New England's cheeks, like winter-apples.

Miss Lois inspected the boys' presents with exact attention, and added some gifts of her own, which filled the room with a more jubilant uproar than before. Tita, in the mean while, remained quietly seated at the table, eating her breakfast; she took very small mouthfuls, and never hurried herself. She said she liked to taste things, and that only snapping dogs, like the boys, for instance, gulped their food in a mass.

"I gave her the ribbons; do not say anything," whispered Anne, in Miss Lois's ear, as she saw the spectacled eyes turning toward Tita's corner. Miss Lois frowned, and put back into her pocket a small parcel she was taking out. She had forgiven Dr. Douglas the existence of the boys, but she never could forgive the existence of Tita.

Once Anne had asked about Angélique. "I was but a child when she died, Miss Lois," said she, "so my recollection of her may not be accurate; but I know that I thought her very beautiful. Does Tita look like her?"

"Angélique Lafontaine was beautiful —in her way," replied Miss Lois. "I do not say that I admire that way, mind you."

"And Tita?"

"Tita is hideous."

"Oh, Miss Lois!"

"She is, child. She is dwarfish, black, and sly."

"I do not think she is sly," replied Anne, with heat. "And although she is dark and small, still, sometimes—"

"That, for your beauty of 'sometimes!'" said Miss Lois, snapping her fingers. "Give me a girl who is pretty in the morning as well as by candle-light, one who has a nice, white, well-born, down-East face, and none of your Western-border mongrelosities!"

But this last phrase she uttered under her breath. She was ever mindful of Anne's tender love for her father, and the severity with which she herself, as a contemporary, had judged him was never revealed to the child.

At half past ten the Douglas family were all in their places in the little fort chapel. It was a bright but bitterly cold day, and the members of the small congregation came enveloped in shaggy furs like bears, shedding their skins at the door,

where they lay in a pile near the stove, ready for the return homeward. The military trappings of the officers brightened the upper benches, the uniforms of the common soldiers filled the space behind; on the side benches sat the few Protestants of the village, denominational prejudices unknown or forgotten in this far-away spot in the wilderness. The chaplain, the Reverend James Gaston—a man who lived in peace with all the world, with Père Michaux, the Catholic priest, and William Douglas, the deist—gazed around upon his flock with a benignant air, which brightened into affection as Anne's voice took up the song of the angels, singing, amid the ice and snow of a new world, the strain the shepherds heard on the plains of Palestine.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," sang Anne, with all her young heart. And Miss Lois, sitting with folded hands, and head held stiffly erect, saw her wreath in the place of honor over the altar, and was touched first with pride and then with a slight feeling of awe. She did not believe that one part of the church was more sacred than another—she could not; but being a High-Church Episcopalian now, she said to herself that she ought to; she even had appalling visions of herself, sometimes, going as far as Rome. But the old spirit of Calvinism was still on the ground, ready for many a wrestling match yet; and stronger than all else were the old associations connected with the square white meeting-house of her youth, which held their place undisturbed down below all these upper currents of a new faith. William Douglas was also a New-Englander, brought up strictly in the creed of his fathers; but as Miss Lois's change of creed was owing to a change of position, as some Northern birds turn their snow-color to a darker hue when taken away from arctic regions, so his was one purely of mind, owing to nothing but the processes of thought within him. He had drifted away from all creeds, save in one article: he believed in a Creator. To this great Creator's praise, and in worship of Him, he now poured forth his harmonies, the purest homage he could offer, "unless," he thought, "Anne is a living homage as she stands here beside me. But no, she is a soul by herself; she has her own life to live, her own worship to offer; I must not call her mine. That she is my daughter is naught to me save a great blessing. I can love her with a human father's love, and thank God for her affection. But that is all."

So he played his sweetest music, and Miss Lois fervently prayed, and made no mistake in the order of her prayers. She liked to have a vocal part in the service. It was a pleasure to herself to hear her own voice lifted up, even as a miserable sinner; for at home in the old white meeting-house all expression had been denied to her, the small outlet of the Psalms being of little avail to a person who could not sing. This dumbness stifled her, and she had often said to herself that the men would never have endured it either if they had not had the prayer-meetings as a safety-valve. The three boys were penned in at Miss Lois's side, within reach of her tapping finger. They had decided to attend service on account of the evergreens and Anne's singing, although they, as well as Tita, belonged in reality to the flock of Father Michaux. Anne never interfered with this division of the family; she considered it the one tie which bound the children to the memory of their mother; but Miss Lois shook her head over it, and sighed ominously. The boys were, in fact, three little heathen; but Tita was a devout Roman Catholic, and observed all the feast and fast days of the Church, to the not infrequent disturbance of the young mistress of the household, to whom a feast-day was oftentimes an occasion bristling with difficulty. But to-day, in honor of Christmas, the usual frugal dinner had been made a banquet, indeed, by the united efforts of Anne and Miss Lois; and when they took their seats at the table which stood in the sitting-room, all felt that it held an abundance fit even for the old fur-trading days, Miss Lois herself having finally succumbed to that island standard of comparison. After the dinner was over, while they were sitting around the fire sipping coffee—the ambrosia of the Northern gods, who find some difficulty in keeping themselves warm—a tap at the door was heard, and a tall youth entered, a youth who was a vivid personification of early manhood in its brightest form. The warm air was stirred by the little rush of cold that came in with him, and the dreamy and drowsy eyes around the fire awoke as they rested upon him.

"The world *is* alive, then, outside, after

all," said Miss Lois, briskly straightening herself in her chair, and taking out her knitting. "How do you do, Erastus?"

But her greeting was drowned by the noise of the boys, who had been asleep together on the rug in a tangled knot, like three young bears, but now, broadly awake again, were jumping around the new-comer, displaying their gifts and demanding admiration. Disentangling himself from them with a skill which showed a long experience in their modes of twisting, the young man made his way up to Anne, and, with a smile and bow to Dr. Douglas and Miss Lois, sat down by her side.

"You were not at church this morning," said the girl, looking at him rather gravely, but giving him her hand.

"No, I was not; but a merry Christmas all the same, Annet," answered the youth, throwing back his golden head with careless grace. At this moment Tita came forward from her furry corner, where she had been lying with her head on her arm, half asleep, and seated herself in the red light of the fire, gazing into the blaze with soft indifference. Her dark woollen dress was brightened by the ribbons which circled her little waist and knotted themselves at the ends of the long braids of her hair. She had a string of yellow beads around her neck, and on her feet the little slippers which Anne had fashioned for her with so much care. Her brown hands lay crossed on her lap, and her small but bold-featured profile looked more delicate than usual, outlined in relief like a little cameo against the flame. The visitor's eyes rested upon her for a moment, and then turned back to Anne. "There is to be a dance to-night down in one of the old warehouses," he said, "and I want you to go."

"A dance!" cried the boys; "then *we* are going too. It is Christmas night, and we know how to dance. See here." And they sprang out into the centre of the room, and began a figure, not without a certain wild grace of its own, keeping time to the shrill whistling of Gabriel, who was the fifer and leader of the band.

Miss Lois put down her knitting, and disapproved, for the old training was still strong in her; then she remembered that these were things of the past, shook her head at herself, sighed, and resumed it again.

"Of course you will go," said the visitor.

"I do not know that I *can* go, Rast," replied Anne, turning toward her father, as if to see what he thought.

"Yes, go," said Douglas—"go, Annet." He hardly ever used this name, which the children had given to their elder sister—a name that was not the French "Annette," but, like the rest of the island *patois*, a mispronunciation—"An'net," with the accent on the first syllable. "It is Christmas night," said Douglas, with a faint interest on his faded face; "I should like it to be a pleasant recollection for you, Annet."

The young girl went to him; he kissed her, and then rose to go to his study; but Tita's eyes held him, and he paused.

"Will *you* go, Miss Lois?" said Anne.

"Oh no, child," replied the old maid, primly, adjusting her spectacles.

"But you must go, Miss Lois, and dance with me," said Rast, springing up and seizing her hands.

"Fie, Erastus! for shame! Let me go," said Miss Lois, as he tried to draw her to her feet. He still bent over her, but she tapped his cheek with her knitting-needles, and told him to sit down and behave himself.

"I won't, unless you promise to go with us," he said.

"Why should you not go, Lois?" said Douglas, still standing at the door. "The boys want to go, and some one must be with them to keep them in order."

"Why, doctor, imagine me at a dancing party!" said Miss Lois, the peach-like color rising in her thin cheeks again.

"It is different here, Lois; everybody goes."

"Yes; even old Mrs. Kendig," said Tita, softly.

Miss Lois looked sharply at her; old Mrs. Kendig was fat, toothless, and seventy, and the active, spare New England woman felt a sudden wrath at the implied comparison. Griselda was not tried upon the subject of her age, or we might have had a different legend. But Tita looked as idly calm as a summer morning, and Miss Lois turned away, as she had turned a hundred times before, uncertain between intention and simple chance.

"Very well, then, I will go," she said. "How you bother me, Erastus!"

"No, I don't," said the youth, releasing her. "You know you like me, Miss Lois; you know you do."

"Brazen-face!" said Miss Lois, pushing

him away. But any one could see that she did like him.

"Of course I may go, father?" said Tita, without stirring, but looking at him steadily.

"I suppose so," he answered, slowly; "that is, if Erastus will take care of you."

"Will you take care of me, Erastus?" asked the soft voice.

"Don't be absurd, Tita; of course he will," said Miss Lois, shortly. "He will see to you as well as to the other children."

And then Douglas turned and left the room.

Erastus, or Rast, as he was called, went back to his place beside Anne. He was a remarkably handsome youth of seventeen, with bright blue eyes, golden hair, a fine spirited outline, laughing mouth, and impetuous, quick movements; tall as a young sapling, his figure was almost too slender for its height, but so light and elastic that one forgave the fault, and forgot it in one look at the mobile face, still boyish in spite of the maturity given by the hard cold life of the North.

"Why have we not heard of this dance before, Erastus?" asked Miss Lois, ever mindful and tenacious of a dignity of position which no one disputed, but which was none the less to her a subject of constant and belligerent watchfulness—one by which she gauged the bow of the shopkeeper, the nod of the passing islander, the salute of the little half-breed boys who had fish to sell, and even the guttural ejaculations of the Chippewas who came to her door offering potatoes and Indian sugar.

"Because it was suggested only a few hours ago, up at the fort. I was dining with Dr. Gaston, and Walters came across from the commandant's cottage and told me. Since then I have been hard at work with them, decorating and lighting the ball-room."

"Which one of the old shells have you taken?" asked Miss Lois. "I hope the roof will not come down on our heads."

"We have Larrabee's; that has the best floor. And as to coming down on our heads, those old warehouses are stronger than you imagine, Miss Lois. Have you never noticed their great beams?"

"I have noticed their toppling fronts and their slanting sides, their bulgings out and their leanings in," replied Miss Lois, nodding her head emphatically.

"The leaning tower of Pisa, you know, is pronounced stronger than other towers that stand erect," said Rast. "That old brown shell of Larrabee's is jointed together so strongly that I venture to predict it will outlive us all. We might be glad of such joints ourselves, Miss Lois."

"If it will only not come down on our heads to-night, that is all I ask of its joints," replied Miss Lois.

Soon after seven o'clock the ball opened: darkness had already lain over the island for nearly three hours, and the evening seemed well advanced.

"Oh, Tita!" said Anne, as the child stepped out of her long cloak and stood revealed, clad in a fantastic short skirt of black cloth barred with scarlet, and a little scarlet bodice, "that dress is too thin, and besides—"

"She looks like a circus-rider," said Miss Lois, in dismay. "Why did you allow it, Anne?"

"I knew nothing of it," replied the elder sister, with a distressed expression on her face, but, as usual, not reproving Tita. "It is the little fancy dress the fort ladies made for her last summer when they had tableaux. It is too late to go back now; she must wear it, I suppose; perhaps in the crowd it will not be noticed."

Tita, unmoved, had walked meanwhile over to the hearth, and sitting down on the floor before the fire, was taking off her snow-boots and donning her new slippers, apparently unconscious of remark.

The scene was a striking one, or would have been such to a stranger. The lower floor of the warehouse had been swept and hastily garnished with evergreens and all the flags the little fort could muster; at each end on a broad hearth a great fire of logs roared up the old chimney, and helped to light the room, a soldier standing guard beside it, and keeping up the flame by throwing on wood every now and then from the heap in the corner near by. Candles were ranged along the walls, and lanterns hung from the beams above; all that the island could do in the way of illumination had been done. The result was a picturesque mingling of light and shade as the dancers came into the ruddy gleam of the fires and passed out again, now seen for a moment in the paler ray of a candle farther down the hall, now lost in the shadows which everywhere swept across the great brown room from side to side, like broad-winged ghosts resting in mid-air and looking down upon the revels. The music came from six French

fiddlers, four young, gayly dressed fellows, and two grizzled, withered old men, and they played the tunes of the century before, and played them with all their might and main. The little fort, a one-company post, was not entitled to a band; but there were, as usual, one or two German musicians among the enlisted men, and these now stood near the French fiddlers and watched them with slow curiosity, fingering now and then in imagination the great brass instruments which were to them the keys of melody, and dreaming over again the happy days when they, too, played "with the band." But the six French fiddlers cared nothing for the Germans: they held themselves far above the common soldiers of the fort, and despised alike their cropped hair, their ideas, their uniforms, and the strict rules they were obliged to obey. They fiddled away with their eyes cast up to the dark beams above, and their tunes rang out in that shrill, sustained, clinging treble which no instrument save a violin can give. The entire upper circle of society was present, and a sprinkling of the second; for the young officers cared more for dancing than for etiquette, and a pretty young French girl was in their minds of more consequence than even the five Misses Macdougall with all their blood, which must have been, however, of a thin, although, of course, precious, quality, since between the whole five there seemed scarcely enough for one. The five were there, however, in green plaided delaines with broad lace collars and large flat shell-cameo breastpins with scroll-work settings: they presented an imposing appearance to the eyes of all. The father of these ladies, long at rest from his ledgers, was in his day a prominent resident official of the Fur Company; his five maiden daughters lived on in the old house, and occupied themselves principally in remembering him. Miss Lois seated herself beside these acknowledged heads of society, and felt that she was in her proper sphere. The dance-music troubled her ears, but she endured it manfully.

"A gay scene," she observed, gazing through her spectacles.

The five Misses Macdougall bowed acquiescence, and said that it was fairly gay; indeed, rather too gay, owing to more of a mingling than they approved; but nothing, ah! nothing, to the magnificent entertainments of times past, which had often been described to them by their respected parent. (They never seemed to have had but one.)

"Of course you will dance, Anne?" said Rast Pronando.

She smiled an assent, and they were soon among the dancers. Tita, left alone, followed them with her eyes as they passed out of the fire-light and were lost in the crowd and the sweeping shadows. Then she made her way, close to the wall, down to the other end of the long room, where the commandant's wife and the fort ladies sat in state, keeping up the dignity of what might be called the military end of the apartment. Here she sought the brightest light she could find, and placed herself in it carelessly, and as though by chance, to watch the dancers.

"Look at that child," said the captain's wife. "What an odd little thing it is!"

"It is Tita Douglas, Anne's little sister," said Mrs. Bryden, the wife of the commandant. "I am surprised they allowed her to come in that tableau dress."

"There is Anne now, and dancing with young Pronando, of course," said the wife of one of the lieutenants.

"Dr. Gaston thinks there is no one like Anne Douglas," observed Mrs. Bryden. "He has educated her almost entirely; taught her Latin and Greek, and all sorts of things. Her father is a musical genius, you know, and in one way the girl knows all about music; in another, nothing at all. Do you think she is pretty, Mrs. Cromer?"

Mrs. Cromer thought "Not at all; too large, and—unformed in every way."

"I sometimes wonder, though, why she is not pretty," said Mrs. Bryden, in a musing tone. "She ought to be."

"But do look at young Pronando," said the captain's wife. "How handsome he is to-night!"

"An Apollo Belvedere," said the wife of the lieutenant, who, having rashly allowed herself to spend a summer at West Point, was now living in the consequences.

But although the military element presided like a court circle at one end of the room, and the five Misses Macdougall and Miss Lois like an element of first families at the other, the intervening space was well filled with a motley assemblage—lithe young girls with sparkling black eyes and French vivacity, matrons with a shade more of brown in their complexions, and withered old grandams who sat on

benches along the walls, and looked on with a calm dignity of silence which never came from Saxon blood. Intermingled were youths of rougher aspect but of fine mercurial temperaments, who danced with all their hearts as well as bodies, and kept exact time with the music, throwing in fancy steps from pure love of it as they whirled lightly down the hall with their laughing partners. There were a few young men of Scotch descent present also, clerks in the stores, and superintendents of the fisheries which now formed the only business of the once thriving frontier village. These were considered by island parents of the better class desirable suitors for their daughters—far preferable to the young officers who succeeded each other rapidly at the little fort, with attachments delightful, but as transitory as themselves. It was noticeable, however, that the daughters thought otherwise. Near the doorway in the shadow a crowd of Indians had gathered, while almost all of the common soldiers from the fort, on one pretext or another, were in the hall, attending to the fires and lights, or acting as self-appointed police. Even Chaplain Gaston looked in for a moment, and staid an hour; and later in the evening the tall form of Père Michaux appeared, clad in a furred mantle, a black silk cap crowning his silver hair. Tita immediately left her place and went to meet him, bending her head with an air of deep reverence.

"See the child—how theatrical!" said Mrs. Cromer.

"Yes. Still, the Romanists do believe in all kinds of amusement, and even ask a blessing on it," said the lieutenant's wife.

"It was not that—it was the little air and attitude of devoutness that I meant. See the puss now!"

But the puss was triumphant at last. One of the younger officers had noted her solemn little salutation in front of the priest, and now approached to ask her to dance, curious to see what manner of child this small creature could be. In another moment she was whirling down the hall with him, her dark face flushed, her eyes radiant, her dancing exquisitely light and exact. She passed Anne and Rast with a sparkling glance, her small breast throbbing with a swell of satisfied vanity that almost stopped her breath.

"There is Tita," said the elder sister, rather anxiously. "I hope Mr. Walters will not spoil her with his flattery."

"There is no danger; she is not pretty enough," answered Rast.

A flush rose in Anne's face. "You do not like my little sister," she said.

"Oh, I do not dislike her," said Rast. "I could not dislike anything that belonged to *you*," he added, in a lower tone.

She smiled as he bent his handsome head toward her to say this. She was fond of Rast; he had been her daily companion through all her life; she scarcely remembered anything in which he was not concerned, from her first baby walk in the woods back of the fort, her first ride in a dog-sledge on the ice, to yesterday's consultation over the chapel evergreens.

The six French fiddlers played on; they knew not fatigue. In imagination they had danced every dance. Tita was taken out on the floor several times by the officers, who were amused by her little airs and her small elfish face: she glowed with triumph. Anne had but few invitations, save from Rast; but as his were continuous, she danced all the evening. At midnight Miss Lois and the Misses Macdougall formally rose, and the fort ladies sent for their wrappings: the ball, as far as the first circle was concerned, was ended. But long afterward the sound of the fiddles was still heard, and it may be surmised that the second circle was having its turn, possibly not without a sprinkling of the third also.

FANCY'S CHANCES.

Come, brothers, let us sing a dirge—
A dirge for myriad chances dead;
In grief your mournful accents merge—
Sing, sing the girls we might have wed.

Sweet lips were those we never pressed
In love that never lost the dew
In sunlight of a love confessed—
Kind were the girls we never knew.

Sing low, sing low, while in the glow
Of fancy's hour those forms we trace,
Hovering around the years that go—
Those years our lives can ne'er replace.

Sweet lips are those that never turn
A cruel word; dear eyes that lead
The heart on in a blithe concern;
White hand of her we did not wed;

Fair hair or dark, that falls along
A form that never shrinks with time—
Bright image of a realm of song
Standing beside our years of prime.

When you shall go, then may we know
The heart is dead, the man is old;
Life can no other charm bestow
When girls we might have loved turn cold.

THE OLDEST INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

LONG, long ages ago, when Jove had the ruling of mundane affairs, before animal nature had been so classified and divided—indeed, when there was no classification at all, but all creatures as well as plants spoke one language, and the arts were in a rudimental state—there was a society formed having for its object the advancement of arts and sciences. When we say a society had any particular thing for its object, we should by no means be understood as saying it attained that object. There were many members of this society, and much business dispatched; many rules laid down for eternal guidance, and memberships established in perpetuity; all principles and rules of action which governed these first members to go unchanged and unchangeable with the membership, which was to descend by inheritance in direct line from parent to offspring, from the earliest periods, away back in the "blue distance of time," to the present day.

Among the most important members of this early association was the crafty Fox, who said but little, but managed much by quiet, unobtrusive means. There was the solemn Owl, the wisdom of whose looks established his position at once. There was the pert little Hare, always jumping up to speak upon questions without the least previous acquaintance with the subject, and always being snubbed by Dr. Owl, who threatened to eat him up if he didn't keep still. He, the Owl, was called doctor not from any acquaintance with the healing art he really had, but more from his skill in surgery, his operations being always successful, as well as fatal. One day an incautious duck happened to look his way, and remarked "Quack," which the doctor said was a severe case of impudence, and needed heroic treatment. Squire Fox said it was actionable, and wanted to treat it legally. Between them the duck was cured of saying "Quack," or anything else.

There was Judge Tortoise, who was dubbed judge because of his wisdom and unerring judgment, as shown in his invariable habit of "shutting up" when matters were referred to him—his way of "taking the papers and reserving decision"; this secured to him great respect, and he was regarded as authority upon all matters.

There was also Professor Gander, a voluminous writer upon every subject, who upon the slightest provocation snatched a quill from his own prolific tail and jotted down his thoughts and opinions, leaving imprints of his web-foot over the parchment, still visible in all the writings of his descendants.

There was the æsthetic Mole, who was accorded by common consent—not without some controversy, however—the position of judge and critic of art generally. It was urged against him that he was dull in both sight and hearing, if nothing else. That, his friends claimed, was of little consequence; "he was very penetrating," "no mere skimmer of the surface," "but went right at the roots of things." Some of the plants could see no advantage in that, since it sapped their life and strength. "He would do much better," they said, "if he would occasionally look aboveground, and see the effect of his penetration and blind meddling with the roots of things." How, retorted his advocates, could he be expected to do that, since the light blinded and confused him? They promised to show them, when the time came, that he could write just as well upon the subject without seeing as he could with, and give them just as valuable information how to make their house beautiful; and so it proved. I omitted to state earlier in this report that each and every member of this society was, by virtue of his membership, a critic of some sort; hence it was that the debate was not continued longer upon the merits of the Mole, exemption from criticism being as much an inalienable right of a member of this ancient order as that of criticising others.

Art at that time, other than music, was very limited in its scope, and consisted only of the laying of pretty eggs of various hues, ornamented with spots of different colors, and in personal decoration as practiced by many plants. Judgment was passed upon all their efforts. A few of these decisions will suffice to show the prevailing taste of the time, and the remarkable preservation of the same in its purity, as transmitted through countless ages down this long line.

The Violet was voted tame, characterless, insipid, etc. The Rose was accused

THE MUSICAL CONTEST.

of false art and bad taste, her blushes pronounced affectation, as she took no pains to hide them, but rather paraded them before the world. Moreover, she was accused of the most inartistic trickery, inasmuch as she resorted to perfumery or sweet smells to add to or enhance her attractiveness. The Fuchsia was pronounced stiff, ungraceful, with poor combinations of colors, etc. The Nightshade was commended for his power and force; the Sunflower for his boldness, dash, dignity and gracefulness. No affectation of delicate tint, no pinkness, pale blueness, or sick yellowness in him, but a vigorous, decided, golden yellow graced the rim of his broad face. His was the style much in vogue ages after, in the reign of Queen Anne, and again at the present time.

These are a few of the just decisions that settled the artistic status of each and every flower. But music, being the most pronounced as well as most popular art, claimed and received the most critical scrutiny. Singing-birds, frogs, asses, cats, etc., were the chief performers. The nod or wag from side to side of the sagacious head of old Judge Tortoise, whether intentional or not, settled the reputation of each aspirant.

Many trials were had—one notable one where Linnet made a disgraceful failure, and Crow came off triumphant. There were not many members present, to be sure, but as the infallible Tortoise was there, there was no need of any great numbers. The Linnet was first called upon. He hopped modestly to a lower branch, began, almost timidly at first, but soon, fired with enthusiasm, he poured forth his very soul in song. He did his utmost that day, and felt confident of success. He ceased; a breathless silence followed; all eyes were turned toward the great authority, who, feeling embarrassed and uncertain, in looking about unwittingly moved his head from side to side, which movement was immediately taken for disapprobation. A murmur arose in accordance with the supposed verdict, which caused poor little Linnet to hang his head in shame. Hope, ambition, reputation, all swept away, as it were, by the accidental swing of that revered head. The Crow stepped forth upon a higher limb, and began, "Caw! caw! caw!" and all was excitement at once. Dr. Owl blinked his yellow eyes; Esquire Fox wore a half-amused, half-perplexed or bored expression; Professor Gander listened with unfeigned admiration; little Hare put his paw in his ample ear and ejaculated "Oh!" which caused Dr. Owl to step forward and look after him. The judge

leaned his elbow on a rock, and his chin upon his hand, so to speak, winked and nodded with a new sensation, whether of pleasure or pain, however, he could not for the life of him tell; but his action was taken for approval all the same, and the very couch of Jove in the clouds of the lower sky shook with the applause. Then the singer stepped down and received the congratulations of the society.

Professor Gander was first to speak. As he clasped the performer's black claw with his own awkward web-foot, he said: Though not gifted by nature with much of a voice himself (he thought he lied then, but he didn't), he hoped he knew what music was, and he felt he could say without flattery that that was the most thrilling, the most penetrating, voice he had ever heard. What little voice he himself had—which he had striven to cultivate—he really felt, if he might be so bold as to say so, was of that same quality—if there could be any comparison between perfection itself and anything so far short of it.

To this dubious compliment, guarded and qualified as it was, Crow gave no response, nor showed any visible signs of pleasure.

Esquire Fox shook hands (claws, paws) with him as well as he could, and simply said, "I congratulate you, sir."

Little Mr. Hare said, "I never heard anything like it," and immediately subsided, as Owl asked "Who?" in rather a significant manner.

They all agreed that it was a noble effort, however, and one likely to be appreciated by the gifted and spontaneous, rather than by those educated into prejudice or preference for namby-pamby harmony and such characterless stuff (here a general look of contempt at poor little Linnet). And so the Crow was voted, in spite of all adverse opinions, however widely held, a great singer. Such and like verdicts are to this day strictly adhered to in this old, old society, so worthily and perfectly represented by its present holders of memberships.

Of course there are, and have always been, numerous writers, professors, critics of every type, outside this organization, to dispute with these old liners the right to criticise, but these have always been held in supreme contempt, or regarded with stolid indifference by the succession. There have been real surgeons, not of the order of Owl. Spoiled, to be sure, by reading and acquiring knowledge of others' thoughts, experiences, and deductions, as well as their own, and palpably incomplete as operators, simply cutting away defective limbs, etc., but leaving the remainder of the patient uncarved, with life and even health.

There are judges—thin-skinned fellows, unprotected by any shell, with learning-warped judgments—really knowing something of the subject they claim to judge, and always indiscreet enough to commit themselves to a decided opinion upon it.

There are lawyers not depending upon craft, but priding themselves upon their knowledge of law, and claiming to be the better able to judge of the merits of a legal decision with than without such knowledge.

There are writers upon art—critics, if you please—who really try to acquire a knowledge, and cramp their judgment with their studies concerning the laws of painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, whose ears can hear and whose eyes can bear the light, and who believe they are thus qualifying themselves for imparting more correct information.

There are writers upon all subjects, students of literature who study to know themselves, and write to dispense knowledge, who do not grow their quills, and were not born of a goose's egg.

But all this is, of course, held as illegitimate by the true members of this ancient order, as narrow-minded, superstitious, and prejudiced, holding that no real inspired criticism can come from one with any previous knowledge on the subject, that preparation simply means stultification.

THE IMPATIENT BIRD.

Th' impatient bird that cleaves the summer air,
And mounts and sings, shall never reach the sky.
High heaven eludes the boldest sweep of wings;
The wildest rhapsody of melody

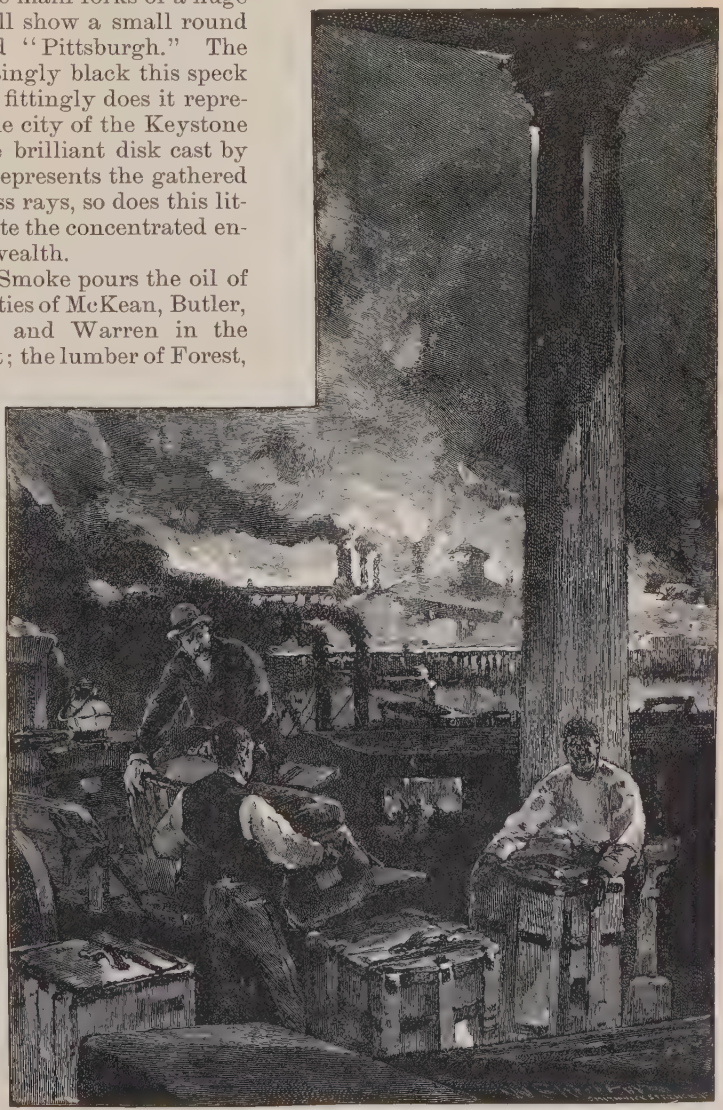
Surrounds us with the infinite and sad,
With the dark shadow of the things unknown.
We creep in heaven's sunlight, longingly
Scanning the space whither the bird hath flown.

Th' eternal stars, the angel choirs, were naught
To that one proof of immortality.
In the great range of heaven is there aught
Higher than the bold lark's own ecstasy?

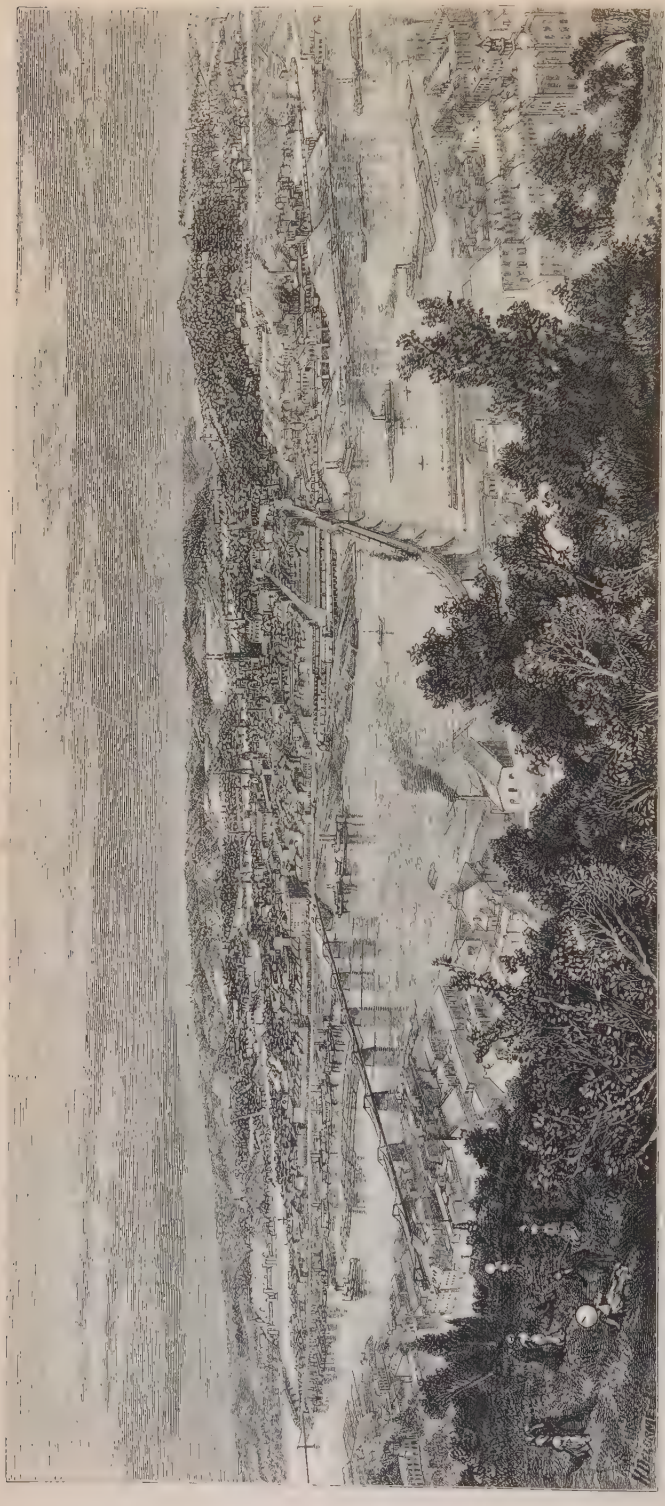
We that aspire to reach have more than climbed,
On earth hold all of heaven in th' embrace
Of our glad sight, eternity have timed
In comprehending of one hour the grace.

IN the ordinary map of the United States, where the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania occupies a space equal in area to a school-girl's palm, there may be traced, set in the western end of this area, a great irregularly formed letter Y. Its stem wriggles off through the western boundary of the State, and its divergent arms can be traced until they pierce New York State on the north, and Maryland and Virginia on the south. And right in the crotch of this big Y, lodged like a tantalizing apple in the main forks of a huge tree, most maps will show a small round black spot labelled "Pittsburgh." The more uncompromisingly black this speck is shown, the more fittingly does it represent this remarkable city of the Keystone State. And as the brilliant disk cast by the burning-glass represents the gathered potency of countless rays, so does this little inky disk indicate the concentrated energy of a commonwealth.

Into the City of Smoke pours the oil of the producing counties of McKean, Butler, Venango, Clarion, and Warren in the north and northeast; the lumber of Forest, Clarion, Indiana, Jefferson, Armstrong, Potter, and McKean counties on the east; the coke of Westmoreland, Fayette and Allegheny counties on the southeast; while from all quarters of the compass comes by rail and river to Pittsburgh her matchless bituminous coal; or, departing over these highways, she sends it to the uttermost corners of the South and Northwest. At the foot of the two great valleys of the Alleghany and Monongahela, and at the head of the greater vale of the Ohio, Pittsburgh gathers the crude wealth of the first two to her murky bosom, while through the greater gateway she sends the finished work of her coal-fed factories. And to feel the regenerative touch of her magnificent fuel, there come the silver-bearing ores of far-off Utah, the homelier ores of Michigan, Lake Superior, and nearer points, and the sand and alkalies of distant States, to go forth as silver, copper, iron, and glass. Through miles of under-



A NIGHT ARRIVAL.



VIEW OF PITTSBURGH.

ground pipes giant pumps force crude petroleum from the wells to acres of odoriferous refineries that add their smoke to the perpetual cloud of carbon that marks Pittsburgh from afar.

The lens will show that a drop of water teems with life, and in this paper, pencil, pen, and graver must stand in lieu of the microscope, serving to give our readers a glimpse of what is held in the circle of that black spot on the map of Pennsylvania.

To write of the Pittsburgh of the past is to repeat the labor of the historian. Fort Duquesne and Braddock's disastrous field are topics familiar to the American schoolboy; and though the earlier days of the busy city are full of an interest peculiarly their own, it is the province of this paper to deal rather with the Pittsburgh of 1880 than with the noted fort of 1750 or the Pittsburgh of 1780. This much can, however, be outlined. George Washington, on November 24, 1753, stood at the junction of the two rivers, and made this entry in his journal of that date: "I think it extremely well situated for a fort, as it has absolute command of both rivers." During the following year the

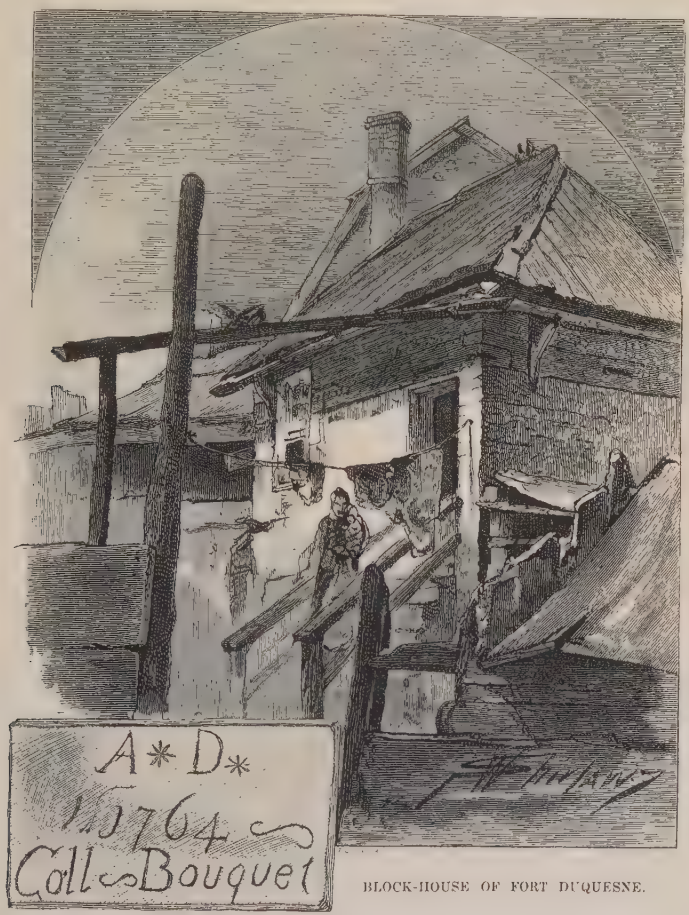
stockade of Fort Duquesne first cast its shadows on the spot. Of this place a local historian, Neville B. Craig, fittingly writes: "Great Britain, France, and Great Britain again, Virginia, the United States, and Pennsylvania again, have each in turn exercised sovereignty here. Twice it (Fort Duquesne) has been captured in war; first by Contrecœur in 1754, and by Forbes in 1758. Once besieged by Indians in 1763, once blown up and burned by the French in 1758, it was the field of controversy between neighboring states in 1774, and finally of the civil war ('Whiskey Insurrection') in 1794."

To-day the redoubt, or "block-house," built by Colonel Bouquet in 1764 still exists. In its weather-beaten logs are seen the peculiar openings through which were pointed the flint-locks of the beleaguered ones long ago. Pigeons flutter about this quaint building, whose surroundings are Milesian rather than aboriginal. Mrs. Lee is a lady with a sunset tint in her hair, and the quickness of temper that usually accompanies capillary ruddiness.

"A quaint old building this," remarks the stranger at the portals of Pittsburgh's oldest house.

"If it's acquainted wid this house ye are, I wud be axin' yez for why I am payin' the sum of foive dollars the month's rint for the same, an' bud the two rooms of it, an' the lady kapin' shtore on the flure below, an' payin' only the thriflin' sum of four dollars, an' she wid a fine big room."

This volley from the ancient redoubt failing to disclose a foe, a lull ensued, explanations followed, and Mrs. Lee and her brood of little ones and the fluttering pigeons were left in quiet possession of the block-house of departed Duquesne.



BLOCK-HOUSE OF FORT DUQUESNE.

FROM THE BELL TOWER.

The stone tablet placed by Colonel Bouquet over the doorway of this centenarian among buildings now fills an honored place in the new city buildings of Pittsburgh, whose tower affords the stranger a handsome view of the smoky blocks and bustling streets and tall spires, framed in everlasting smoke or fire, as the viewer chooses day or night for his trip to the roof of the City Hall.

This stone tablet and the old redoubt alone remain to suggest the Pittsburgh of a century ago. A great dépôt covers the site of the ancient fort, and a monstrous steel-works vomits flame and smoke from the spot made memorable by General Braddock's defeat in July, 1755. Taken all in all, the Pittsburgh of to-day is one of the most interesting places on this continent. The watery forks of our great Y compress the growing city until its crowded streets are prolonged eastwardly, while in the angles of our symbol are found the "South Side" of the city proper, the sister city of Allegheny, and the busy, thriving suburbs. To the latter the care-worn Pittsburgher flees when his daily duties end, glad to escape for the time the all-pervading soot and smoke. Up the two rivers that are nearing their end, and down the new-born stream, the hills and vales are covered with thriving settlements, all integral parts of one busy whole, and combining to form virtually but a single community of a quarter of a million souls. Topographically its varied surface is not its least charm. Mountain and bluff, stream and ravine, have until recently defied the skill of the engineer and of the street-maker. That liberality and pluck have triumphed is evident to any of our readers who, journeying Pittsburghward, will patronize the nerve-trying "inclines" that scale the bold cliffs of Coal Hill, and view the tripartite valley from the summit. It is a view that will repay a very long journey. Eye and ear must long bear witness to the eloquence of the sights and sounds enjoyed, and it is doubtful whether any equal area in this broad republic would so forcibly suggest to the stranger what is meant by a busy, energetic, and wealthy manufacturing city.

Aside from her great industries, Pittsburgh, as the head of navigation on the Ohio, claims attention, and extends her influence along the 18,000 miles of navigable streams attainable by her river steamers. This influence she retains in spite of the rapid growth of that great destroyer of river trade, the railway. On either side of the three valleys that radiate from Pittsburgh are found the omnipresent parallel lines of rails, six arms of a great cuttle-fish, whose body is the

smoky city, and whose suction disks are the station-houses that draw the life from the trade of each stream. On the Alleghany this trade has long disappeared entirely; the Monongahela bears upon its slack-watered current a line of fine boats that have existed since the earliest days of steam navigation, but whose business begins to feel railway encroachment. The Ohio is plied by a line of Cincinnati and Pittsburgh packets, and by smaller craft earning a precarious existence between "way" points, but the glory of the river is departed.

And yet, at favorable stages of water in the fickle Ohio, the levee at Pittsburgh shows most animated scenes. A stranger reaching the city during a stage of water favorable for boating—say four to eight feet of water in the channel—would be treated to a most interesting sight on the Monongahela Wharf, between that many-piered and venerable structure the Monongahela Suspension-Bridge and the "Point." This scene is especially characteristic when witnessed from the upper or "hurricane" deck of some big 1000-ton steamer. The observer is reminded of nothing so much as of a freshly disturbed ant-hill. This simile is borne out by the action of the double stream of big black "rousters," *i. e.*, colored boat hands. As these pass in opposite directions over the gang-plank, each biped ant bears, not a milk-white egg, but a fat sack of bran as to the out-goers, or a box of glass or bar of steel as to the incoming procession. This double process goes on until the great hull has exchanged its St. Louis freight for Pittsburgh's products. And so skillfully is this same hull fashioned and adapted to the precarious channels of Western rivers, that, with a thousand tons of freight aboard, a Pittsburgh and St. Louis passenger and freight boat will scarcely "draw" four and a half feet of water. And in this way, during the first three months of 1880, 10,000 tons per month of the varied products of Pittsburgh's fiery-hearted furnaces were wafted by steam and current 3500 miles toward the setting sun. Kindly showers thus washed away 30,000 tons of freight from the railroads.

But the magic wand which most potently transforms the river-front of Pittsburgh, which brings intense energy out of apathy, which turns day to night and silence into a Babel of sounds, is the sudden advent of a "coal-boat" stage of water, *i. e.*,

VIEW OF PITTSBURGH FROM THE OPPOSITE HEIGHTS.

FROM THE HURRICANE DECK.

anything over eight feet. This occurs when both rivers, swelled by rapid thaw or continued rains, send down their quickened tides, so that both freshets reach the Ohio at the same time. About the mouth of the Monongahela, or safely moored in its slack-water "pools," float hundreds of great clumsy craft that have the draught of a small ocean steamer. These are laden deep with millions of bushels of the wonderful bituminous coal and matchless coke of Western Pennsylvania. The coal, in glistening irregular cubes, is fresh from a hundred collieries up the beautiful Monongahela Valley, and the coke, in huge barges that hold 35,000 bushels each, is the output of the adjacent regions, where 5000 coke ovens blacken the fair land and sky with their dense smoke. In 1879 62,000,000 bushels of coal and 3,500,000 bushels of coke passed through the locks of the Monongahela, dependent for its going upon the caprice of Jupiter Pluvius. These awkward-looking boats, with their load of carbon, may have lain thus for months, while the price of their cargoes has doubled in the far-off markets for which they were loaded, and their owners are moved to profanity, or pray for rain to float off their waiting cargoes.

Pittsburgh is the home of 130 tow-boats of a pattern incomprehensible to Eastern eyes, for they do not "tow," but push. Their homeliness is outweighed by their bull-dog tenacity of purpose, when it comes to their legitimate business of harbor and long-trip towing of cumbersome fleets of coal-laden craft. These are lashed in a solid fleet, of which the steamer is the hindmost hull. In cost these craft range from the perfectly appointed monster representing a fortune of $50,000 and the power of 1700 horses, down to the battered veteran that might bring $2000. This motley fleet is huddled in port, each boat ready and anxious to move these coal craft over the hundreds or thousands of miles of tortuous Ohio or muddy Mississippi. Their fires are laid and their boilers are filled, and when the coal-boat stage comes at last it finds Pittsburgh boats and their crews galvanized into intense action.

It may be that this long-expected rise is an affair of a single day, or of forty-eight hours' duration at best. The rivers of Pittsburgh rise and fall like a jack-in-the-box. There may be three feet of water on Saturday, thirteen on Sunday, and Monday's sunset will redden "six feet scant" in the channel. Between these extremes is the tide which, taken at the flood, leads the coal fleet to Southern and Western markets, and brings long-deferred cash to the shippers. The amount of systematically directed energy, backed by experience and ability, necessary to get out a coal shipment of, say, 10,000,000 bushels (twenty-six and a half bushels to

AT THE LOCK.

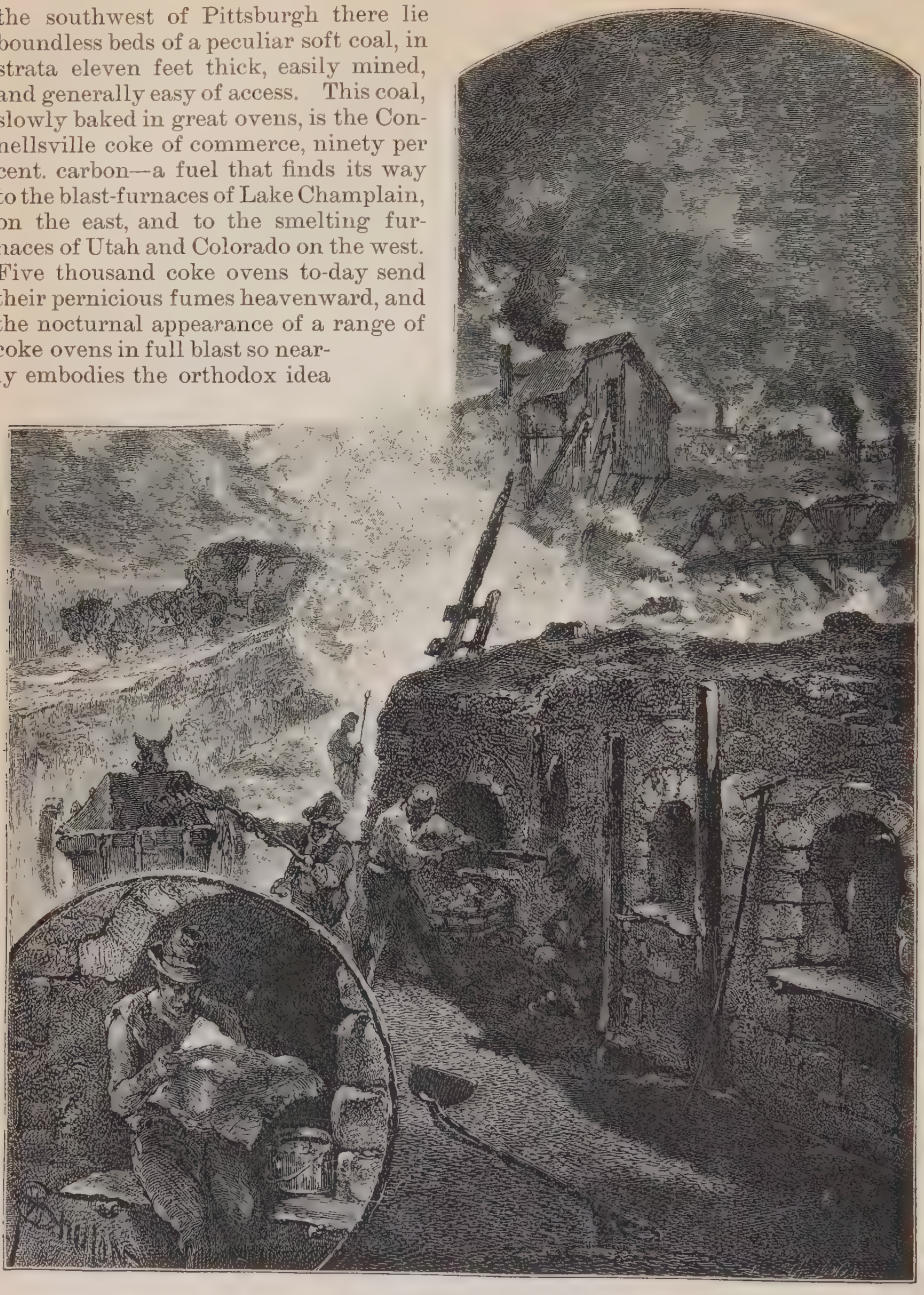
the ton), in thirty-six hours, can hardly be fittingly described. The small, old-fashioned locks of the Monongahela dams are gateways utterly inadequate to the task of passing the fleets of barges and steamers and flats and boats that await their turn. Crews, and boats, and big ropes, and rolling smoke, and puffing steam, and shouting men, are features in a scene only to be witnessed, even in Pittsburgh, when there comes a sudden rise after a long season of low water. But at last the rearmost craft gets through, and joins the emancipated throng of boats that are slowly steaming down the winding Ohio. Each boat has charge of her "tow," the latter consisting of from five to twenty-five big square boats, holding in all from 50,000 to 600,000 bushels of solid carbon.

This coal is mined along the Monongahela Valley and up the valley of jawracking Youghiogheny. The coal seams lie in most cases far above the level of the river, and in the older pits the coal has been removed for a distance of three miles from the water's edge. The mouths of these ink-black tunnels show far up the green-walled hill-sides. From these inky spots issue noisy cars that rush down the "incline," bang against the "tipple," and discharge their contents over sloping "screens" into the waiting boat or barge below. And back and forth in these gloomy pits stalk the forlornest of mules, solemn visaged, and wearing a bandage over one eye in a way suggestive of some subterranean difference of opinion. This bandaging is done for the good of the beast, which, unbandaged, will "shy" over to one side and bang his anatomy against the wall, but the drapery does not add to his beauty in the least.

For half a century this undermining of these everlasting hills has been going on, until they rest their strata upon posts or upon thousands of columns of coal in the abandoned mines beneath. An acre of coal, be it understood, means 120,000 bushels of the merchantable article stored in a "seam" four feet eight inches thick. A single tow-boat will take to New Orleans, 2000 miles away, the output of five acres of coal, at a cost for transportation of four cents per bushel. While this work is going on along the rivers mentioned, coal is leaving the Pittsburgh fields by rail at the rate of 180,000,000 bushels per year, and the supply is practically inexhaustible.

From coal it is but a short step to coal's brighter and purer first cousin, coke. To

the southwest of Pittsburgh there lie boundless beds of a peculiar soft coal, in strata eleven feet thick, easily mined, and generally easy of access. This coal, slowly baked in great ovens, is the Connellsville coke of commerce, ninety per cent. carbon—a fuel that finds its way to the blast-furnaces of Lake Champlain, on the east, and to the smelting furnaces of Utah and Colorado on the west. Five thousand coke ovens to-day send their pernicious fumes heavenward, and the nocturnal appearance of a range of coke ovens in full blast so nearly embodies the orthodox idea



COKE-BURNING.

of Satanic scenery that unregenerate Pittsburghers have comparatively few surprises in store after this life.

Before quitting the realms of coal and coke and their river transportation, it might be mentioned that to be considered a coal king, from a Pittsburgh standpoint, one must have at least a million dollars invested in lands and pits, and boats and landings, and mules and what not. One Pittsburgh firm there is with $6,000,000 so invested, another with $4,000,000, half

a dozen with $2,000,000, and at least a dozen with $1,000,000. All these solid gentlemen are of the "self-made" order, and not a few rather glory in the fact that they have carried the lamp and swung the pick in their pre-millionaire days.

But it is as the City of Iron that Pittsburgh must go down into remotest futurity. She is the Smoky City only because of her forest of chimneys, whose tongues of flame speak of fires within that are boiling or melting the metal that gives the name to the age in which we live. Your true Pittsburgher glories in his city's name, in her wealth, and, generally speaking, in her dirt. Her densest smoke is incense in his nostrils, and his face brightens when, in approaching the grimy burg of his nativity, he sights her nimbus of carbon from afar, or, after night-fall, her crown of fire, and the stranger soon learns to understand this feeling. The great Iron City's mills and her wonderful furnaces are inspiring to the dullest.

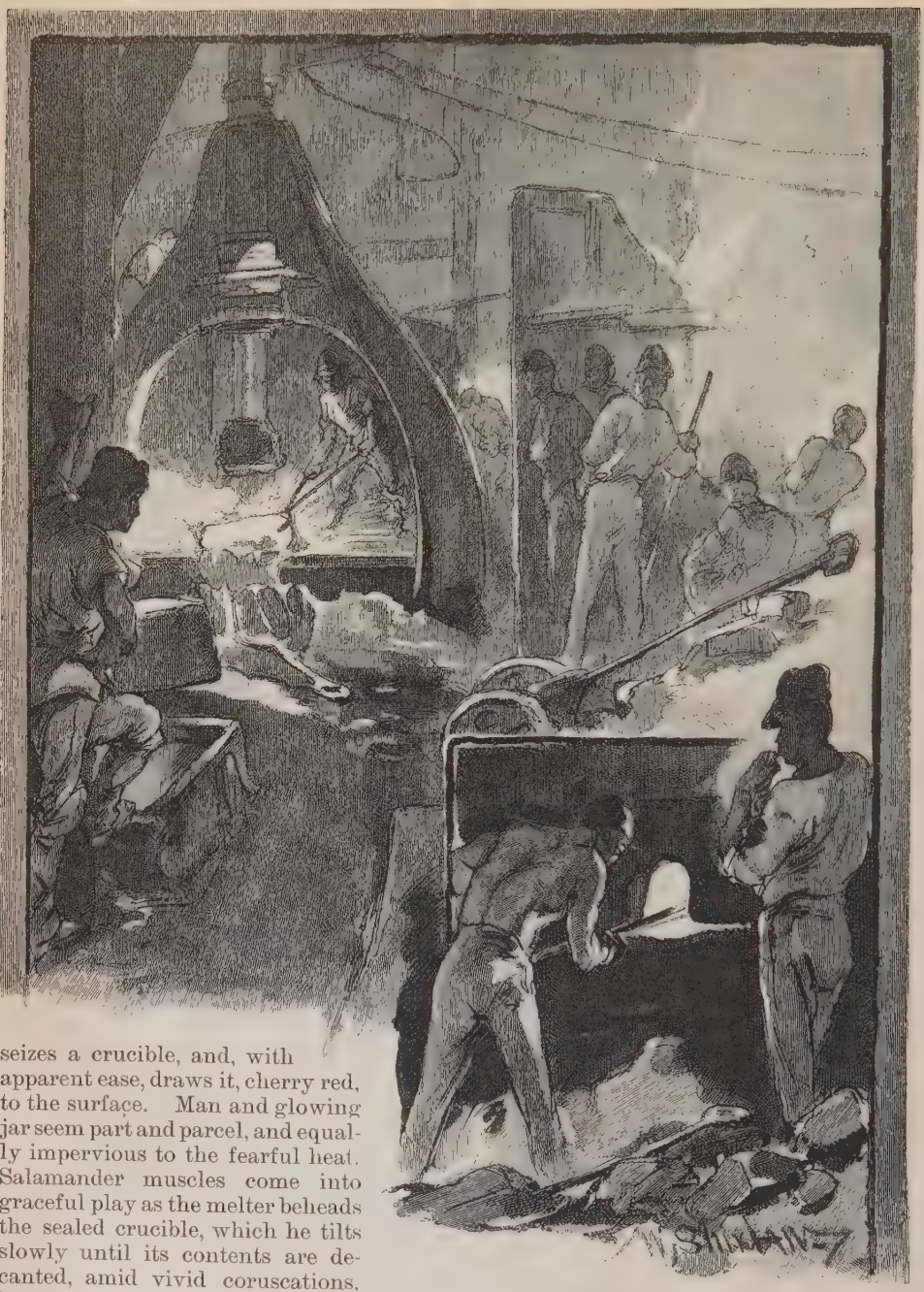
One-twelfth of all the pig-iron produced in the United States is wrested from the glistening ore by the furnaces of Pittsburgh and her immediate vicinity. In the matter of blast-furnaces her record dates back to 1792, when the primitive structure erected by George Anshutz sent its smoke into the clear sky, now darkened by the warm breath of fifteen huge furnaces, capable of producing half a million tons of pig-metal every year from the ores that come from far and near. And to further prepare this metal—the first result of fire upon ore—there are in Pittsburgh thirty-five rolling-mills, wherein eight hundred boiling or puddling furnaces are seething like miniature volcanoes in constant eruption, and whose product is here fashioned into one-quarter of all the rolled iron made in the broad republic.

Ascending into the realm of steel—that perfected, purified form reached through these crucial boilings and meltings and hammerings—Pittsburgh claims, with pardonable pride, sixteen enormous establishments devoted to making all manner of steel, including the finest grades of "tool" steel, until lately supplied by the English manufacturers. In this Pittsburgh excels, and makes two-thirds of all the crucible steel produced in this country.

In these statistics there is, perforce, much dryness, save for the Pittsburgher. But in the creating of steel there is evolved such novel beauty as makes the sooty interior of a Pittsburgh steel-works a feast to the dullest eye. Visit, for instance, some of the largest and most representative establishments. In one of these electricity has recently been introduced to illuminate the works. Here, after night-fall, the livid light of thirty-two electric lamps gives the glare of the furnaces a gory hue. The

A BLAST-FURNACE.

brawny forms of negro puddlers glow in the light of the pools of liquid metal they stir. In this labor they summon from space about the mill deepest shadows that wage a warring conflict with dazzling beams of light. Dante, in conceiving his "Inferno," must have had in mind just such a scene as is witnessed nightly in the crucible department of a Pittsburgh steel-works. Just below the surface of the floor are seen, amid lambent flames of glowing gas, the amphora-like outlines of the crucibles. These, composed of clay and plumbago, withstand a heat of 4000° Fahrenheit, and contain the molten steel that must be poured into waiting open-mouthed moulds. In the men assigned this labor human endurance seems certainly to have reached its limit. The steel-melter, grasping such a pair of tongs as might have been used upon St. Dunstan, steps directly over the fiery pit below,

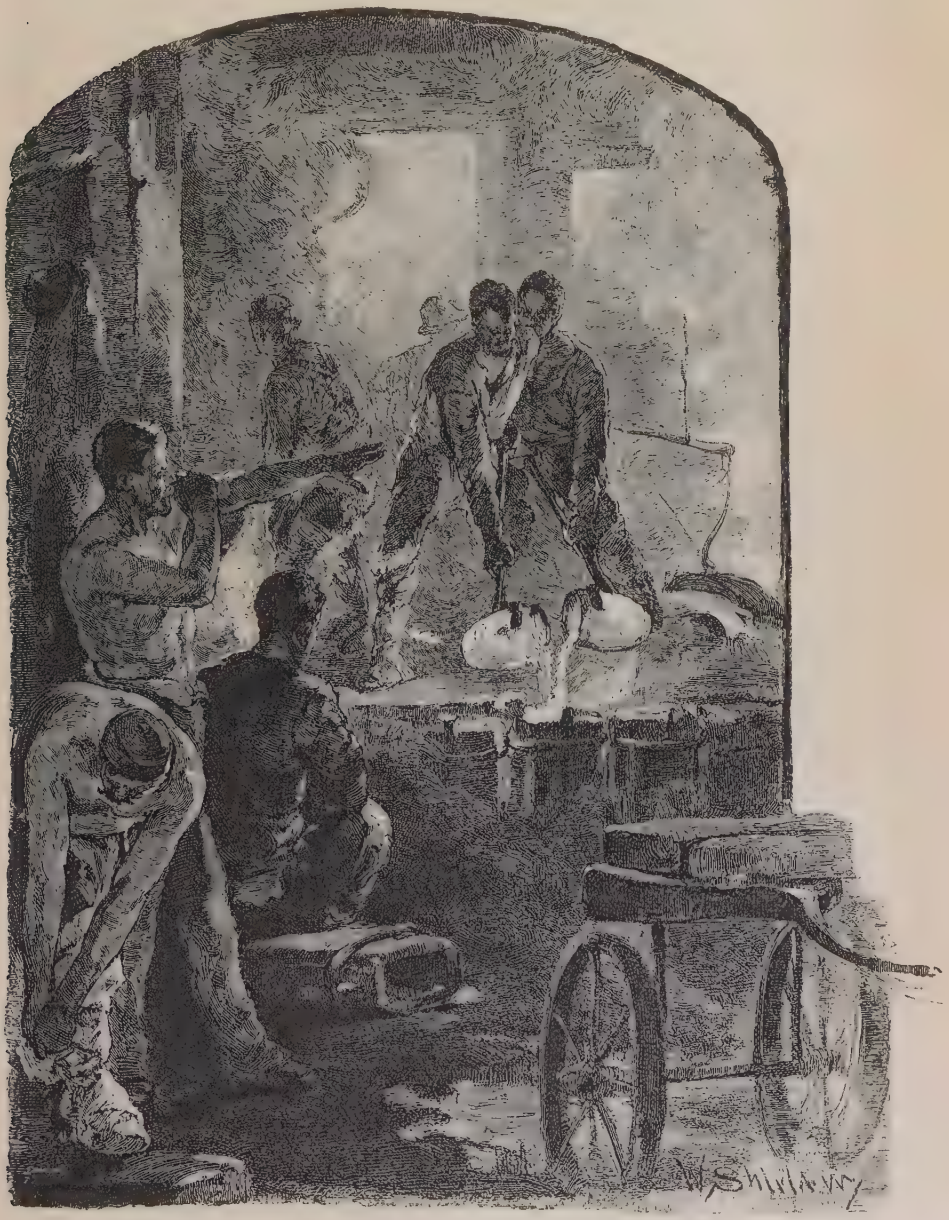


STEEL-WORKS—PUDDLING.

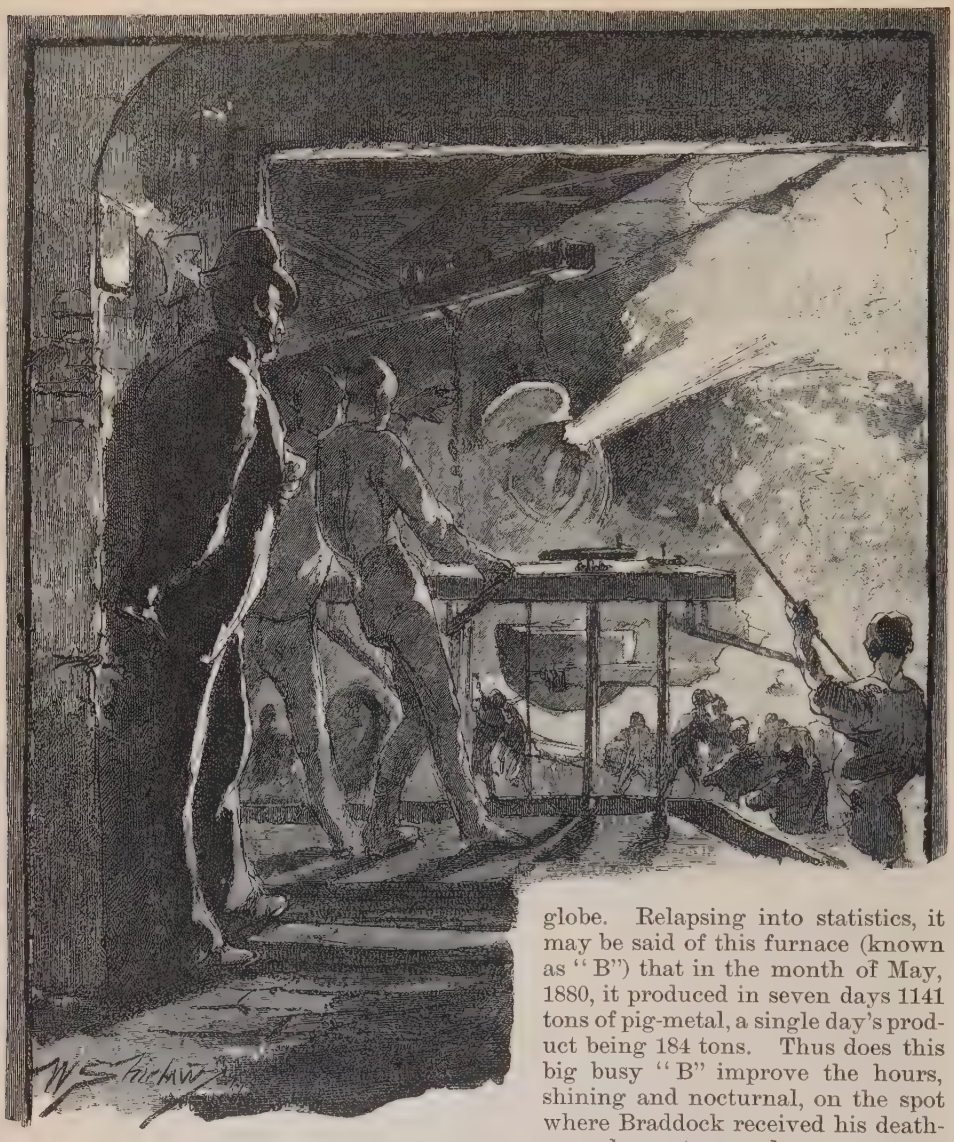
seizes a crucible, and, with apparent ease, draws it, cherry red, to the surface. Man and glowing jar seem part and parcel, and equally impervious to the fearful heat. Salamander muscles come into graceful play as the melter beheads the sealed crucible, which he tilts slowly until its contents are decanted, amid vivid coruscations, into the mould. In raiment the melter from his waist down is an Esquimau, from his waist up a Hottentot, a Zulu, or anything innocent of clothing. Many professional men of liberal education would gladly earn the salary paid the Pittsburgh steel-melter, but the eye-witness of the latter's ordeal will willingly concede that his salary is being eminently well earned.

In other portions of such an establishment is seen the progress of the cast-steel

ingot toward the finished rod, or bar, or sheet. Overhead runs the single rail of a miniature "elevated railway," affording rapid transit by means of pendent carriers for glowing, pulpy balls of steel from furnace to Gothic-framed steam-hammers. Here a touch upon a lever and an earthquake is born, while the Titanic dance of the five-ton hammer-head soon converts the shapeless mass into a solid block of wrought steel. On every hand is seen the wonderful co-operation of ponderous perfected machinery with trained muscle. Particularly is this the case at the smaller hammers, where the hammer-man, in a swinging seat, times the turning of his rod of steel to the quick stroke of the hammer so skillfully that the



EMPTYING THE CRUCIBLE.

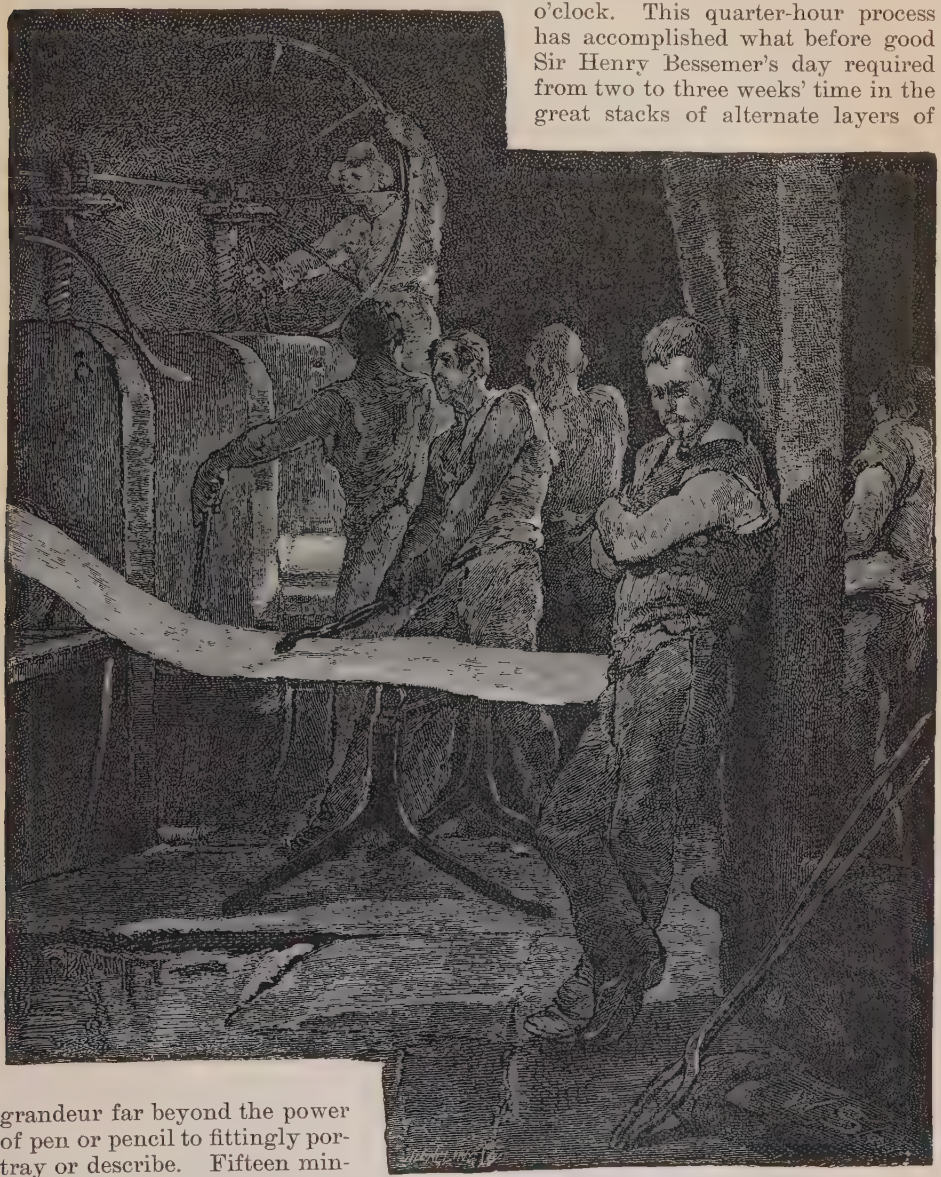


FROM THE PULPIT.

finished surface is smooth and burnished as a mirror, while the four corners are as true in angle as if planed.

In Pittsburgh's coronet of flame there are many brilliants, but her youngest steel-making enterprise holds the position of a central crown diamond. This occupies a portion of the site of General Braddock's defeat in 1755. Here is found one of the most perfect Bessemer "plants" in the world, and here also stands a blast-furnace with a record unequalled in the globe. Relapsing into statistics, it may be said of this furnace (known as "B") that in the month of May, 1880, it produced in seven days 1141 tons of pig-metal, a single day's product being 184 tons. Thus does this big busy "B" improve the hours, shining and nocturnal, on the spot where Braddock received his death-wound a century and a quarter ago. But to the stranger the triumphs of furnace "B" seem possessed of far less interest than the pyrotechnical wonders of the "converting-house." In the bewildering precincts of this place, fire, air, and water are in harness, and do their master—man's—bidding submissively, but in a way that appalls. Air, at a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch, enters an enormous receptacle, the "converter," that, swinging on trunnions, like a great cannon, is pointing skyward. In this poised vessel eight tons of molten iron are seething and bub-

bling, fresh from an adjacent cupola furnace. As the compressed air sweeps through this lakelet of metal, there is a sunburst of roaring flame, of incandescent grandeur far beyond the power of pen or pencil to fittingly portray or describe. Fifteen minutes of this blast through the mass, and the column of flame from the mouth of the "converter" dies out in a gasp like the expiring breath of a terrible giant. Then follows a signaling shout, and from far above the now silent converter there tumbles a fierce rivulet of molten "spiegel" iron, that falls into the red jaws of the swinging furnace. It brings with it just sufficient carbon, etc., to "convert" the mass of metal, and what was eight tons of iron at 7.45 is eight tons of pure steel at 8 o'clock. This quarter-hour process has accomplished what before good Sir Henry Bessemer's day required from two to three weeks' time in the great stacks of alternate layers of bars of iron and of charcoal. Fire and air having so far labored together, the third subservient element is summoned as readily as did Aladdin bring forward the genii of the ring. A boy, far off in a



ROLLING STEEL PLATES.

VIEW CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH.

corner set apart for bright levers, presses one of these. Water, at a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch, acting through suitable mechanism, tilts the huge converter to a horizontal position, permitting its "converted" contents to fall into a Brobdingnag ladle swung between a pair of twin cranes. Another shout, and the boy touches another lever in the gallery of levers, irreverently termed the "pulpit." The twin cranes lift the brimming fiery ladle between them as deftly as would a brace of country lasses carry an overfull pail of milk. Hand in hand these giants of iron, whose muscles are of water as dense as quicksilver, convey the eight-ton ladle to the ingot moulds in waiting. Still another pull at the distant lever, and the ladle halts, while a valve below is opened. Lightened by one-fourth, the ladle moves on, and another ingot is cast. And so the work goes on. The converter, meanwhile, had been tilted back, and freshly charged once more. The blast roars again, the glorious shower of scintillating, dazzling brilliancy leaps across the immense building, and the Titanic labor that rests not from Sabbath midnight until Saturday's midnight begins afresh. And while the new-born ingot is yet coral red, other cranes lay hold of it, and a brisk little locomotive winds in among the sparks and flames and din, tooting a warning as it speeds away with the ingots to the "blooming" and "rail" mill. At the latter place the ingot is attacked by ponderous machinery, and passed through successive processes, until it issues from the last pair of rolls a perfect steel rail for the foot of the iron horse.

From this rail mill there issued in March of the present year 9538 tons, or 1000 miles of finished steel rails—enough to band together in double lines the distant cities of New York and Pittsburgh.

And this is but a single one of Pittsburgh's wonderful workshops. To fittingly describe her acres of similar industries would fill a large volume. There are squares of great foundries, streets of machine-shops and locomotive-works and engine-making establishments, besides huge shops that send wrought-iron and steel bridges into the world, that furnish

steel steamers for South American rivers, cold rolled shafting for Antipodes, and ploughs for "all creation," and that send iron tanks into the oil regions to hold the surplus of Oildom. There are hundreds of other objects of interest directly relating to the iron industry that must be passed with this mere mention.

Were Pittsburgh not the Iron City, she certainly should be the Coal City, and did she deserve neither appellation, assuredly she would be the Glass City.

Since shrewd old General James O'Hara and Major Isaac Craig "fired up" Pittsburgh's first glass furnace in 1796, this industry has found in that city such congenial soil that to-day ninety glass furnaces silently swell the overhanging cloud of smoke. In these furnaces, exposed to a heat that would appall a Shadrach, there stand eight hundred big, queer "pots," nestling in the clear, bright heat, and holding a syrupy mass that is molten glass. These furnaces, or "glass-houses," are bulbous pyramids of brick, so encompassed with frame buildings as to their lower three-fourths as to closely resemble from a distance great square inkstands. Inwardly they glow with the fervor shown by their neighbors the iron furnaces. Outwardly they are dusty with sand and lime, and suggestive of a country grist-mill. The racket of wheels, however, is conspicuous by its absence. Nor is there puff of escaping steam, or hurrying tread of workmen; only the great upward roll of deep black smoke from the mouth of the giant ink-bottle, and the glare of the round, staring, fiery eyes of the furnace. Internally this "glass-house" is almost as full of weird beauty as is the steel-melters' domain. In and about the glass pots and furnaces of Pittsburgh there labors an army of five thousand men and boys. These, as to the former, are strong of muscle, and stronger of lung; as to the latter, duly observant of the adage referring to throwing stones in glass houses, and deft in the handling of fragile things. A glass-blower's daily duties call for an amount of lung duty that would appall a Levy, or disgust an Arbuckle. In this phase of glass-making, *i. e.*, the "blowing" of window and other glass, there has been little or no advance in half a century. Every other avenue in the industry has been

WINDOW-GLASS BLOWING.

OIL-REFINERY.

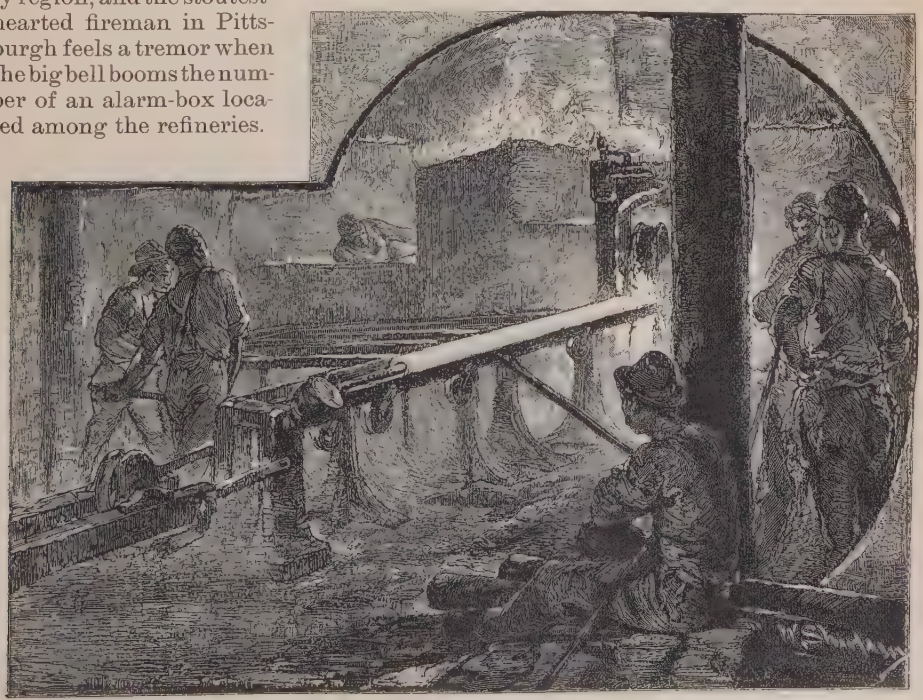
made wider and smoother by the inventor and the skilled mechanic, but the window-glass factory of 1880 is a counterpart of the factory of 1825. A straight blow-pipe and a bench are the workman's appliances. With the former he dips from the "pot" a lump of sticky melted glass, and, if he be a notably good blower, will in five minutes convert that forty-pound lump of cherry-red shapeless stickiness into a splendid cylinder six feet long and fifteen inches in diameter—a cylinder whose polished crystal walls are uniformly thin in every part to the minutest fraction of an inch; so that when this cylinder is split and flattened it will be a mammoth plate of "blown" glass, measuring forty-five by seventy-six or eighty inches. The blower at work challenges admiration, as his tremendous lungs force air into the growing bubble at the end of his pipe. Its cooling walls grow thinner, and yet the swelling air-cell within is never permitted to burst its fragile prison. As the mass takes on a cylindrical shape, the man calls to his aid the force of gravity, and the pipe becomes a pendulum, with the growing cylinder for a "bob." And so, by skillful twirling, constant blowing, and laborious but graceful swinging, the perfect cylinder appears, while the gazer is puzzled which to most admire, cause or effect, workman or work. The finished cylinder is now split from end to end by the touch of a red-hot bar, and with others is borne to a queer furnace, whose interior is fitted with a revolving floor like a railway "turn-table." On this are laid the cylinders, and slowly they are borne through positive and comparative to superlative degrees of heat. The fracture being uppermost, the softening cylinder of its own weight parts along the upper side. A workman, with a bit of soft wood on the end of a rod, then operates on the demoralized cylinder as a laundress would work in ironing a big cuff. The block, pushed over the uneven surface, flattens the cylinder upon its stone bed, where it lies, prone and pretty, like a huge sheet of clear gelatine. A turn of the furnace floor, and another cylinder comes within reach of workman and flattener, while the same movement carries the finished sheet to a cooler place, eventually to find its way to the cutter, the packer, and the distant sash of the "consumer."

In the converting of molten glass into table-ware, "bar-ware," bottles, lamps, chimneys, and a thousand other objects, improved machinery is springing into existence, each device greeted with more or less disfavor by the workmen. But as yet no inventor has succeeded in displacing the big-armed, deep-chested "blower." He defies machinery, lives to a good old age, and surely earns his twenty-five and fifty dollars per week. The latter figure is attained by the few men who can "blow" a sheet of the dimensions already given.

At Pittsburgh is made not only lamp and chimney, but the cheap and wonderful fluid that feeds the wicks. The first two are turned out in myriads in her glass-works, and the latter necessity pours from her vast odoriferous refineries. To the latter there flows a steady stream of crude oil, 12,000 barrels per day, from the wells of the "regions," twenty-five miles away as the crow flies. A round dozen there are of these refineries. They are to the nose what "tuning-time" in a grand orchestra is to the ear. Every shade or semi-tone of abominable smell, from the overwhelming stench of "residuum" and "refuse" to the pungent and more tolerable odor of high-test refined petroleum, is born and bred into lusty maturity at the Pittsburgh refinery. These rather unsightly affairs are located in a portion of the city set apart for their occupancy; and in this portion of the City of Smoke even the most persistent sight-seer lingers but long enough to absorb the whole gamut of smells that issue from "tank" and "still" and "agitator." It is also a region of great iron tanks, that seem sweet morsels for the electric destroyer. And here a stroke of lightning means death and destruction. The soil is saturated with oil in this unlovely region, and the stoutest-hearted fireman in Pittsburgh feels a tremor when the big bell booms the number of an alarm-box located among the refineries.

The oil industry has lent a powerful hand to the iron industry of Pittsburgh. Each well in the regions of petroleum must be fitted with at least two thousand feet of iron pipes, great and small, and every barrel produced ultimately enters an iron tank. The mills of Pittsburgh supply both. An order for fifty or one hundred miles of pipe does not worry a Pittsburgh pipe-maker in the least; and among the sights to see there is the working of ponderous machinery that draw a long strip of white-hot iron from the furnace mouth and converts it into a hollow, perfect pipe in the twinkling of an eye, and with the noise also of a near stroke of thunder, and a play of fire-works as though a meteor had exploded. And as these lines are written Pittsburgh men and machinery are working night and day upon tremendous sheet-iron oil tanks, to hold 30,000 barrels each, that are to store away 2,000,000 barrels of "dollar crude" for a single company. Then there are engines and boilers and pumps to be built for the oil men. These are examples only of the great industrial activity which has made the city of Pittsburgh the Sheffield of America.

Pittsburgh rivers have been compared



PIPE-MAKING.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

in their tripartite nature to a big irregular Y. But no such simile would hold good in considering her appearance on a railway map. Given an evil-minded boy, a small round stone, and a plate-glass window, and the natural result would be a counterpart of such a map. The hole in the pane would, big or little, represent the City of Smoke, and each diverging crack would stand for a railway that is loading or unloading its traffic within her gates. At Union Dépôt—the building recently erected over the ashes left by the terrible railroad riots of three summers ago—the following lines come to a focus: the main line of the perfectly appointed Pennsylvania Central; the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, leading westwardly to the city by the lake; the queerly named "Pan-Handle," or Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, leading across the "handle" of West Virginia, and so toward the setting sun and the city of music festivals and of much pork; the Alleghany Valley, winding north along the beautiful river, and taking passengers "through by daylight" to Buffalo; the Pittsburgh, Virginia, and Charleston, young and growing southwardly up the Monongahela; the Southwest Pennsylvania, leaving the main line of the Pennsylvania at Greensburg, and leading southwardly toward the border of the State; the Cleveland and Pittsburgh, leading west through Northern Ohio to the Forest City; and the Erie and Pittsburgh, leading north to Erie at the remote northwestern corner of the commonwealth—eight busy roads that bring into and take out of Union Dépôt 144 passenger trains daily. At another dépôt is the terminus of the Pittsburgh division of the Baltimore and Ohio road, joining the main line at Cumberland, Maryland, by way of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny valleys. At the base of Mount Washington, or Coal Hill, three more dépôts are found. Chief among this trio is the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, leading west along the south bank of the Ohio River, and into the State of that name, a "missing link" recently found, and none too soon, as its construction gave Pittsburgh

GRAVE OF STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

independence. Then comes a narrow-gauge with bright hopes, the Pittsburgh Southern, leading southwardly. The Castle Shannon, narrow-gauge, brief but busy, completes the list in this quarter. In Allegheny is the terminus of the West Penn road, tributary to the great Pennsylvania Central, and leading up the Alleghany Valley. The Pittsburgh and Western completes the list; it is narrow-gauge and flourishing, with very bright prospects. In all, fourteen busy railroads—fourteen arms that reach far and wide, fattening Pittsburgh, and growing the while in length, value, and importance.

THE ARSENAL.

Of Pittsburghers it may be said that their industry is only equalled by their demand for daily news, warm from the wires and press. To gratify this worthy craving they support more newspapers, daily and weekly, than are printed in any city of its population in the country. Ten daily papers, six morning and four evening, appear upon her streets every twenty-four hours, and their combined circulation is something wonderful in its way.

This epitome of the Smoky City's attributes would be in a measure incomplete without a reference to one quiet spot in Allegheny Cemetery, and without a passing tribute to the memory of the Pittsburgher whose body reposes in this green and shaded nook in the city of the dead. Far-reaching as are the industries of the busy city that surrounds the spot with endless flame and ceaseless turmoil, and widespread as is the fame of her handiwork, yet here slumbers one whose brief life had a subtler potency, and whose melodies won for their young composer a world-wide fame.

Stephen C. Foster was born, in what is now a part of Pittsburgh, July 4, 1826, and died in New York January 13, 1864, at the early age of thirty-seven years. The popularity attained by his compositions may best be judged by noting the following figures. Of "Old Folks at Home" there have been sold 300,000 copies; "My Old Kentucky Home," 200,000 copies; "Willie, we have missed you," 150,000; "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," and "Ellen Bayne," 100,000 each; "Old Dog Tray" —in six months—75,000 copies. Of "Old Uncle Ned," "Oh! Susannah," and other equally popular works by this young Pittsburgher it is difficult to give the number printed, as Foster did not copyright them. The brain that conceived and the hand that wrote these melodies have long been crumbling to dust, but their work is found in thousands of American and European homes. There is to-day not a music house in the country that does not regularly order of Foster's pub-

lishers in this city one of the compositions named, "Old Folks at Home," "Willie, we have missed you," and the beautiful quartette, "Come where my love lies dreaming," seeming to have the most lasting hold upon the popular fancy. All these songs were born under practical Pittsburgh's canopy of smoke, and in the very heart of her roar and tumult.

Near the beautiful cemetery where lies the dead composer is noted the arched portals of the Allegheny Arsenal, flanked with flag-stones worn into hollows by the tread of succeeding generations of sentries. Within the low wall great Columbiads bask in pleasant sunshine, and pyramids of solid shot show their grim outlines among apple blossoms and neat flower beds. From these gates there issued in the month of December, 1860, a shipment of cannon in compliance with an order from the then Secretary of War, Floyd.

A few minutes' drive from the arsenal there looms up a great, many-windowed building at the edge of the Alleghany. This, during the civil war, was to the Union what the Tredegar Iron-Works were to the Confederacy. The Fort Pitt Cannon Foundry—now no more as such—cast guns that spoke victory on Lake Erie in 1812, that a generation later thundered before the gates of Mexico, and furnished, during the civil war, two thousand cannon, from the twenty-inch Columbiad to the six-pounder or field-piece. And to complete the grim list, these works cast 10,000,000 pounds of shot and shell between the years 1861 and 1864.

The visitor who would most enjoy the City of Smoke must keep his eyes open. And if he uses well his eyes he will note a hundred objects of interest that are beyond the scope of this article even to consider: great cotton mills that are humming hives of whirling spindles; a firmament of lights flashing on the swift water of three rivers; great bridges of iron and wood thrown across these storied streams. Other streams there are whose currents and eddies are humanity. They are the streets of the city on some pleasant Saturday evening. An army of ten thousand men, whose individual earnings vary from five dollars to five hundred dollars per week, is abroad in the narrow gas-lit thoroughfare. They are seeking amusement, and, generally speaking, find it. In the concert saloon, the billiard hall, the bowling-alley or drinking saloon, are found these workers in iron and steel and glass. They are supremely content, orderly, generally sober and thrifty. They form one of the sights of the city.

In fact, to the intelligent observer, Pittsburgh is a great kaleidoscope, showing new attractions at every turn. The place is a big, many-leaved volume of such scope that a tithe only of its contents can be given in these glances at some of its most salient features.

SATURDAY EVENING AT THE VARIETY.

"TO BE MERRY"
E. A. Abbey June 1880.
Let vs now take ovr Time;
While ware in ovr Prime;
And Old, olde Age is afare off.
For the Euill, euill dayes
Will come on Apace;
Before we can bee aware of.

THE SIXTH YEAR OF QWONG SEE.

WHILE gratifying my curiosity, and experiencing the pleasure of studying the habits and customs of a strange people during the recent Chinese civil and religious festival of the new year, it occurred to me that a short article giving the result of these observations might be of interest to readers, many of whom never have had, and possibly never will have, the opportunity to examine for themselves any of the peculiarities of this alien Asiatic race at present sojourning on the shores of the Pacific, apparently unaffected by contact with our Anglo-Saxon civilization, and which, while submitting respectfully to our laws when they touch its interests, or where its outward life comes in contact with our ordinances, still retains in the land of its present residence unswerving allegiance to the customs and traditions of its fathers, and recognizes with loyal and orderly obedience the fiats of tribunals of its own organization.

Within the confines of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco is presented probably the most curious phase of life to be seen on this broad continent. Within a circle whose radius is half a mile, in the heart of an intensely Western American city, itself the growth of little more than a quarter of a century, is found what we might call an Asiatic colony, and a colony bringing with it and retaining in its new home all the characteristics of its Chinese parentage. Traverse but a few feet, and the dividing line between a Mongolian and a Caucasian civilization, usually measured by an ocean, is crossed. Features, language, costume, merchandise, the exterior individuality of houses, and the hurried glimpses of interiors revealed by the passing glance, all proclaim what might be a quarter in some Chinese city. Strangers and visitors to San Francisco in many cases see more of the life of this curious people than residents of the city. The strong local prejudice against our Asiatic immigrants, and the proverbial procrastination of those who can avail of an interesting experience at their convenience, unite to keep "Chinatown" practically a sealed book to the better-class denizens of the "Queen City of the Pacific."

Availing ourselves of the invitation of a Chinese friend to visit him on New-Year's Day—February 9 of our calendar—through his kind attentions we were able to receive on the camera of our mental experience impressions which, in spite of their meagreness of outline, are herewith offered for the benefit of those interested in the festival customs of all divisions and types of the great human family.

As an initial consideration, a word of explanation in regard to the Chinese manner of computing time and recording events may not be amiss.

Forty-five centuries ago this Oriental people had constructed astronomical instruments analogous to the quadrant and armillary sphere, which enabled them to make observations remarkable for their accuracy, and making possible, even at that remote period, the formation of a useful calendar.

Their present system is a very complicated one, but, like every arrangement of this ingenious people, works with absolute accuracy, once the principle of its procedure is understood.

Like that of the Hindoos, the Chinese civil year is regulated by the moon, and from the time of the Han dynasty, two centuries before Christ, has begun with the first day of that moon during the course of which the sun enters their sign of the zodiac corresponding to our sign Pisces. They have also an astronomical year which is solar, and for the adjustment of these solar and lunar years employ a system similar to our leap-year plan, except that instead of an intercalary day every fourth year, as in the Gregorian calendar, they insert an intercalary month, occurring alternately every third and second year in periods of nineteen. For instance, last year had an intercalary month; the next one will come in 1882, again in 1884, then in 1887, etc.—two intercalary months in five years, or seven in nineteen years. The year, therefore, contains thirteen or twelve months according as it has or has not an intercalary one. A month has either twenty-nine or thirty days, the number of days being intended to correspond to the number of days which the moon takes to make the revolution around the earth. A *month*, indeed, means one *moon*, the same Chinese character being used to indicate both. So, too, the number used to indicate the age of the moon at any time denotes also the day of the month; thus there is al-

ways a full moon on the 15th, no moon on the 1st, etc. Consequently the moon always presents the same appearance on the same day in any month from year to year. This plan is particularly convenient for farmers and sailors, whose memory is thus materially assisted in remembering the changes of moon and tides. The spots on the moon which we call the "man in the moon" suggest to the Chinese mind the idea of a small animal shelling rice, their chief staple of food; and a common saying in China is, "There is a little white rabbit in the moon pounding out rice." The era used by the Chinese in their histories is, next to that of the Jews, the oldest employed by any nation, as for over four thousand years they have for chronological purposes made use of a series of daily, monthly, and yearly cycles of 60. Each day, month, and year has its own name in its cycle, and by compounding these names a single one is made to express the date employed. A new cycle began in 1864, so that the present year is the 17th year of the 75th cycle. But the common events of every-day life amongst the Chinese have during these last twenty centuries been dated from the year of the accession of the reigning emperor. Some particular name, usually that of the new sovereign, is given by official proclamation to each reign, the years being numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. The present emperor, Qwong See, came to the throne in 1875, consequently we are now living in the 6th year of Qwong See. A record of these eras is kept, called a Catalogue of the Nienh-hao, by reference to which the

DAWN OF NEW-YEAR.

chronological date of any event is determined. Some hundreds of years hence an inquisitive Chinese student, wishing to place the historical date of some occurrence in this year, such as some barbarous acts of legislation against his countrymen in California, would turn to the Nienhhao, and so ascertain the historical bearings.

On the last evening of the old year—February 8 in the Gregorian calendar—"Chinatown" presented a busy, bustling, weird air, which plainly betokened an impending feast of importance. The signboards, with their curious hieroglyphics—well adapted for decorative effects—had generally been repainted and regilded, most of them being draped with bright scarlet cotton cloth—a favorite material for festooning. Red is the Chinese festal color, and is believed to be efficacious in keeping away evil spirits, and it is not unusual to see strands of red silk braided in children's queues to prevent them from being cut off by malicious spirits. Many of the shops displayed within and without sprigs of *kinhwa*, or "golden flowers," which are merely bunches of brass tinsel wire and foil twined and cut into floriated forms; these are principally used as offerings before the ancestral tablet and in the temples. The lintels of the doors, the windows, and blank spaces on the walls were already covered with new colored papers, principally red and orange, of various sizes, on which sentences appropriate to the season are printed. White paper denotes that the inmates have lost a parent during the past year; blue or yellow signifies a second year's mourning for father or mother; the death of a grandparent is indicated by dark carnation; but the joyous red predominated, and mingled with them were many red and orange papers stippled with gold. The advertisement boards were freshly covered with clean notices printed in the same style—black characters on red ground. The writing on the papers pasted above and beside the doors mainly expressed the hope that the five blessings in which are summed up all the elements of human felicity—health, riches, longevity, love of virtue, and a natural death—might be the portion of the indwellers. The larger ones contained such sentences as these: "May Heaven give happiness!" "May I never be without rich customers!" "Good hope." "Good will come to us." "Love one another." "Peace be to those who come out and go in." "May we never be without wisdom!"

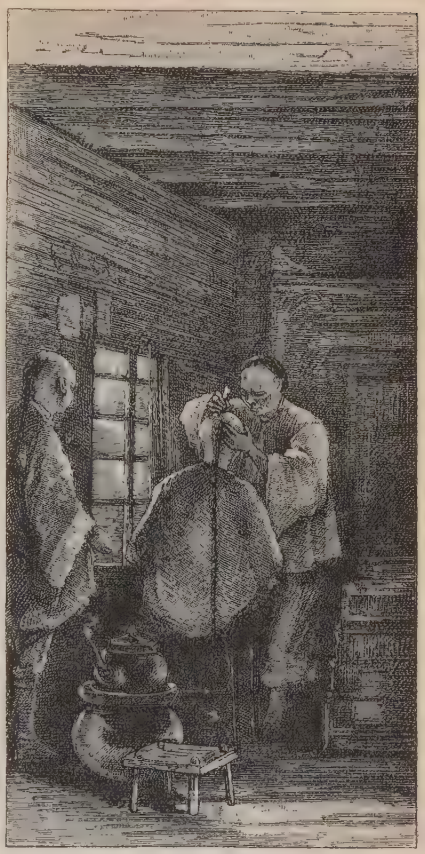
NEW-YEAR'S MOTTO: "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Devout Chinese avail themselves of this season to settle their accounts with the gods, and the walls of the hall and staircase of the principal Joss-house were covered with colored slips of paper, about twelve inches long by four wide, containing the names of the donors to the idols. Besides these records of generous fidelity to a national creed, were scrolls on which were written antithetical sentences referring to the attributes of some favorite god. Ornamental tablets of wood are also presented by admiring votaries, and hang from the ceilings or against the walls of the temples.

Gorgeous lanterns were suspended in front of doors or hung in rows from the numerous balconies. The flags of the Consulate, of the Six Companies, of the several temples, etc., fluttered in the breeze, and the occasional crackle, crackle, of firecrackers gave warning of the coming bedlam at midnight, when gongs, tom-toms (drums), bombs, and unlimited quantities of fire-crackers were to unite in driving away all evil spirits from the birth of the new year—the 6th of Qwong See. At nearly every window was to be seen a dish of the favorite Chinese lily, the narcissus, in full bloom. The shops displayed tables covered with them to tempt tardy purchasers, and the streets were crowded with "Celestials," some carrying a New-Year's offering to friend or master, others hastening to make final household investments before the shops closed—not to reopen until the first three days of the holiday season were passed.

Glimpses into interiors and down basements revealed strange sights. The whole population appeared to have submitted its head to the razor, and an unprejudiced observer, noting the conformation of the various Chinese foreheads, could not but be impressed by the phrenological indications, suggesting at least an average intel-

ligence. New clothes were being extensively donned: those who can not afford to purchase a suit at this season borrow for the occasion. Clean white stocking-leggings caught the eye below each blue blouse, and silk and satin had replaced the ordinary cloth or cotton attire of many a worthy merchant. A favorite New-Year's present amongst the lower classes is a pair of shoes. But the most momentous business of the hour was the settling of accounts. All debts must be cancelled before the new year, and this universal obligatory *custom*—not law—has manifest advantages. The *swan-pwan*, or counting-board, and brush pencils, were not at rest for an instant, and it was far into the small hours of the night before many merchants left their desks. Before midnight a feast took place in each household, when food was eaten with certain ceremonies, variously apportioned to the sacrifice to Heaven and Earth, the worship of the favorite family gods, and the offering to deceased ancestors. Before the ancestral tablets, or household idol, incense was consumed, punk or joss-sticks, mock money, and pieces of red paper covered with printed prayers, were burned. Many parties of Chinese whose ordinary homes are with their American employers clubbed together for this festal season, and rented rooms, where conjointly they held their midnight feasts. As the bells announced the mystic hour of twelve, the dawn of a new period was welcomed by musical strains peculiar to the inhabitants of "the Middle Kingdom," by crackers, bombs, and "flowers" (rockets, etc.). A procession of priests curiously costumed, walking in single file, with lanterns, made a tour of the different temples, where they were received by the resident priests. Food, incense, tea, printed prayers, and mock money were offered to the gods, and appropriate fare partaken of by their earthly ministers. Generous hospitality is the feature of the New-Year season, and there is a Chinese saying "that during the first part of the first moon no one has an empty stomach." And here permit the remark that there is a decorousness amongst all classes of Chinese in their manner of partaking of food which is not always seen amongst "the people" of more civilized nations. We laugh at the chopsticks of these barbarians, but a polite mandarin once remarked to an Englishman, "In remote ages, before we became civilized, we used knives and forks as you do, and had no chopsticks. We still carry a knife in our chopstick case, but it is a mere remnant of barbarism. We never use it. We sit down to table to eat, not to cut up carcasses."



BARBER-SHOP IN CHINATOWN.

At an early hour on New-Year's Day the streets of "Chinatown" were full of well-dressed men, many of whom were really gorgeously apparelled, blue, olive-green, and gray being the prevailing colors. They were hastening to pay congratulatory visits, although, according to "Celestial" etiquette, it is permissible to settle some social debts simply by cards. Friends, as they pass, salute each other with exclamations and greetings which answer very much to our Anglo-Saxon formula of "A happy New-Year!"

No shops were opened. In front of some the heavy wooden doors were in place, barred and bolted, excluding most

MARKETING FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

effectually all inquisitive inspection, but, as a rule, only the glass doors were closed, some of them being made to serve as screens by having strung half way across them scarlet cotton curtains. A complete metamorphosis had taken place within the counting-houses, which for so many days in the year appear but as trading-places, with small regard for decoration or æsthetics. Every one had been swept and garnished most successfully. Carved tables and chairs, in many cases covered with scarlet cloth and satin embroideries; colored scrolls, with sentences and mottoes; pictures of gods or ancestral warriors; and the official almanac for the new year, conspicuously framed — transformed trading shops into Chinese reception-rooms. The characters for happiness and longevity are frequently placed on the same scroll, and hung over the inside doors, as we would use the motto "A merry Christmas," or "A happy New-Year"; and another usual combination is made of four characters—for happiness, longevity, joy, and official rewards. In each of these rooms a table prominently placed displayed the usual festal bill of fare, such as tea, samshu (Chinese wine), oranges, lemonade, cakes—the recipes for some having evidently been secured in America—and a great variety of Chinese candied fruits and candies, these last being much less sweet than civilized bonbons, and some by no means distasteful to a Caucasian palate. One special delicacy is candied pork fat, from which all grease *appears* to have been extracted. Oranges are particularly popular, as the colloquial name for them—*kĕk*—is the same used to express "fortunate" or "lucky." Water-melon seeds are also "fashionable." Cigars, opium, and the appliances for "high play" were not forgotten. Gambling is indulged in during the New-Year festivities to a vicious extent, and even during a visit to a Christian Chinese boarding-house it was very evident to observant ears that some of the inmates were enjoying themselves at play up stairs. The Grand Theatre, on Clay Street, with its new green and gold sign, but otherwise

most civilized exterior, advertised startling attractions for the holidays; and as Chinese plays apparently have neither beginning nor end (and at this time are kept up day and night), crowds of men, and some women and children of the lower classes, were constantly streaming in and out. Indeed, children, dressed in clothes cut after those of their elders, but with much more brilliant and fantastically combined colors, seemed suddenly to have swarmed from all quarters, and formed by no means the least interesting phase of this alien life. The temples were very thinly attended, except by curious Caucasians, as the special services for the New-Year had been held the night before.

As our call on the Consul-General, Mr. Chun Suw Ton, and his wife, can probably be considered a fairly typical experience of a New-Year's visit amongst the better classes, I shall conclude with a description of this visit, paid by request on the second day of the new year, the first having been reserved by the consul exclusively for receiving his own countrymen. The Chinese greet each other with low and ceremonious bows, shaking their own hands, each congratulating the other; but as a courtesy to their American guests, both Mr. Chun and his wife complied with our Yankee prejudices, and shook hands in the orthodox manner, although in the lady's case it evidently was done with a real effort, and as she wore no gloves, I am confident that when the ceremonies of the day were over she confided to her liege lord her disapprobation of this one amongst some other "barbarian" American customs.

NEW-YEAR'S CALLS AMONG THE MERCHANTS.

A bright, scrupulously neat servant, in Chinese livery, opened the door, and ushered us into General Bee's office. (General Bee is Chinese consul in San Francisco, his vice-consul is a Chinese, and Mr. Chun is the Consul-General for the United States.) We were asked to deposit our cards in a civilized bric-à-brac card-receiver, a pile of red paper beside it showing how many of Mr. Chun's countrymen had been before us. The New-Year's visiting-card is a sheet of red paper averaging nine inches by four inches, its dimensions and the size and position of the characters printed on it differing with the rank and importance of the visitor; generally it merely contains the name, but sometimes a complimentary sentence or wish is added.

In a few moments General Bee appeared, and my Chinese friend introduced me. He greeted those present *en masse*, amongst them some half-dozen ladies, and told us to follow him into the next room, a double apartment, one half an anteroom, the other a large, comfortable office, where we were each in turn presented to the commercial representative of his sacred Majesty the Emperor of China —a fine-looking man of the Tartar type of feature, in full Chinese consular uniform, who spoke English fairly well, and most graciously. Having fortunately gone in with a feminine party, we were included in the invitation almost immediately extended, "Will you walk up stairs and see the ladies?" Following General Bee down some steps, and along a short corridor into what was evidently an adjoining house, we passed by the council-chamber, where some guests were being entertained by the vice-consul, and so on up stairs into a decidedly American-looking double parlor, furnished with Pacific coast made sofas and chairs, where we found the sweet-faced, gentle-mannered lady who, in obedience to her husband's commands, had put aside her native customs and bravely taken up a rôle not only strange, but, owing to her entire ignorance of English, embarrassing and fatiguing. Receiving with Mrs. Chun, and acting as interpreter, was a friend, the wife of a prominent Chinese merchant, equally attractive in appearance, perfectly self-possessed, with the charm of simplicity, and speaking English with a very agreeable soft voice and remarkably good accent. In the adjoining room a little child some three or four years old was playing; her curiosity—that of her sex—soon brought her to make friends with us, although finally she returned to her companion, a young Chinese student on "sick-leave" from Harvard. A nurse, dressed in perfectly plain dark blue trousers and skirts, was seated at the far end of the room, evidently quite as much to enjoy the treat of seeing so unusual a ceremony as to watch her young charge, who had small need for her services.

A small embroidered screen and some scrolls on the wall were, the hostesses excepted, all that reminded us that we stood on the foreign soil of a Chinese consulate. As for these hostesses, they were certainly two very womanly, well-bred, unaffected creatures, whose handsome, bright-colored, but well-toned, fashionable Pekin-cut garments formed a most striking and curious contrast to the serviceable (it was a rainy day) close-fitting Ulster rigs of the American ladies who formed the majority of the party, and who used their eyes to examine with feminine capacity the superimposed layers of various silks and satins and embroideries which disguised the figures, and alas! even the feet, of the Oriental ladies. Their hair was stiffened into side wings, behind which were two bunches of artificial pink and gold asters, flanking a central bow of hair. Their cheeks had been artistically beautified with cosmetics—a universal Chinese custom.

We remained standing, after our presentation, until, Mrs. Chun resuming her seat, we, under General Bee's direction, followed her example. The next move was to hand to Mrs. Chun, according to suggestion, our visiting-cards, which apparently gave her as much gratification as we Americans had earlier in the day experienced in the possession of some hieroglyphically marked red papers. In exchanging a few sentences with the merchant's wife, I asked her if it was customary in China for ladies to receive. "Oh yes; we always do on New-Year's Day. We receive our friends, but not gentlemen." General Bee, overhearing the remarks, said we owed the privilege we were then enjoying to his influence with Mr. Chun, and that in the future this innovation would probably be kept up.

Conversation, in spite of the efforts of the gentle interpreters, having flagged to an appalling extent, we bowed, and

shook hands indiscriminately in adieu. We were accompanied to the head of the stairs by a Chinese Harvard student, and taken down to the council-chamber, where refreshments, of too civilized a description to be interesting, were offered and declined. But little time was allowed for examining the decorations of this room, which were brilliant, almost the whole wall space being covered with scarlet scrolls hung perpendicularly. Back of a raised platform or table at the end of the room—on which was a pyramid of sugar-peaches, emblems of longevity—was a sacred picture, and here evidently the family feast had taken place two nights before.

Returned to the Consul-General's room, we were again greeted by him, asked how we enjoyed our visit, introduced to the vice-consul, Mr. Hwang Tak Kneu, understood to be a graduate of Amherst College. Then having relieved ourselves of some few cordial speeches, and been the recipients of most polite and complimentary ones in return, we made our bow to our Chinese host, and separated as a party, each to go his or her way, and ruminate on the strange fate which had brought face to face on the soil of the American Union two such diverse civilizations as the Anglo-Saxon and Mongolian.

By the third day of the new year, social dues having been discharged, the denizens of "Chinatown" were principally occupied in domestic, theatrical, or gambling pleasures; comparatively few were to be seen abroad; most house servants had returned to their American homes, and the streets were mainly given up to Chinese scavengers, who were busy collecting and carrying away the débris of the feasts, and the remnants of exploded bombs and effete fire-crackers.

NEW-YEAR CALLS OF CHILDREN.

TWO MORNINGS.

In armor strong the fearless knight
At daybreak rode away,
And from her window in the tower
The lady watched all day.

There stood that morning by the gate
A little page, to see,
And wished to be, in years to come,
As grand a knight as he.

How at the close-barred castle gate
At daybreak they had found
The knight's horse, which came drooping in,
Weak with a mortal wound.

Oh, all forlorn and riderless,
Stained with his master's blood,
With human sorrow in his look,
He hurt and trembling stood.

All day the idle echoes brought,
Like noises in a dream,
The roar of fighting from afar,
The dashing of a stream;

And when the stars came, one by one,
The lady could not sleep;
She feared the shadows in the room,
She heard the waters leap.

The daylight lingered ere it came,
And hardly with surprise
She heard the tale the servants brought,
With terror in their eyes;

The lady did not speak. She came
Beside the horse to stand;
She kissed the bridle where the knight
Had held it in his hand;

And all that day she longed and feared
To hear the soldiers' tread,
When they came marching up the glen
To bring the knight home dead.

She wished the women would not wail;
She hoped that she might die;
She longed to be the little page,
Who hid himself to cry.

"WELL, Mindwell, I have counselled a good deal about it. I was happy as the day is long with your father. I don't say but what I cleaved to this world consider'ble more than was good for my growth in grace. He was about the best. But it pleased the Lord to remove him, and it was quite a spell before I could reelly submit; the nateral man rebelled, now I tell you! You can't never tell what it is to lose a companion till you exper'ence it."

A faint color, vanishing as rapidly as it came, almost as if ashamed that it bore witness to the emotion within her, rose to Mindwell Pratt's face as her mother spoke. She was a typical New England woman—pale, serious, with delicate features, grave dark eyes, a tall, slight, undeveloped figure, graceful from mere unconsciousness, awkward and angular otherwise. You could compare her to nothing but some delicate and slender tree of the forest that waves its fragile but hardy branches fresh and green in spring-time, and abides undaunted the worst blast of winter, rooted in the fissures of the rock, fed by the bitterest showers, the melting snows, the furious hail that bends but never breaks it; perfect in its place, fitted utterly to its surroundings. Her mother, the widow Gold, was externally like her; but deep in Mindwell's heart lay a strength of character and acuteness of judgment the elder woman did not possess, and a reticence that forbade her to express sympathy even with her mother's sorrow, further than by that reluctant blush, for sympathy implied an expression of her love for her husband—a hidden treasure she could not profane by speech, which found its only demonstration in deeds, and was the chief spring of her active and devoted life as wife and mother.

Mrs. Gold had been a happy woman, as she said, while her husband lived, and had not yet ceased to reproach herself for mourning him so bitterly. The religion of New England at that time was of a stern type; it demanded a spiritual asceticism of its followers, and virtually forbade them to enjoy the blessings of this life by keeping them in horrid and continual dread of "the pains of hell forever," as their catechism expresses it. It was their purpose to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling under the curse of the law; the gospel was a profound and awful mystery, to be longed for afar off: no more daily bread than the show-bread of the Temple.

They lived, and worked, and suffered, and died, with few exceptions, in an awful sense of flying time, brief probation, an angry God, a certain hell, but a very uncertain heaven. No wonder that they were austere and hard; the wonder was that even natural temperament and mental organization should ever resist this outside pressure, and give play to humor, or fancy, or passion of any sort. Yet in this faithless faith lay elements of wonderful strength; the compelling force of duty made men nobly honest, rigidly upright, just as far as their narrow views allowed, and true to the outward relations of this life, however they violated their inner principle and meaning. Speculation, defalcation, divorce, were crimes they called by other names than these, and abhorred. Can we say as much for ourselves? However we may sneer at Puritanism, it had its strong virtues, and its outgrowth was honesty, decency, and respect for law: a share of such virtues would be worth much to us now.

Mrs. Gold was "a professor," and it behooved her to submit to the will of God when her husband died. He had been a strong, generous, warm-hearted man; and though undemonstrative as his race, his wife had been loved and cherished as the very blossom of his life. She was a sweet, fair girl when Ethan Gold married her, clinging and dependent by nature, though education had made her a hard worker; but her fragile beauty and soft temper had attracted the strength and fervor of the man, and their short life together had been exceptionally happy. Then fever struck him down in his full prime, and their only child, a girl of six, could but just remember all her life that she once had a father whose very memory was sacred. Fifteen years of mourning, at first deeply, then steadily, at last habitually, and rather as a form than a feeling, passed away.

Ethan had left his wife with "means," so that poverty did not vex her; and now Mindwell was a grown woman, and married to Samuel Pratt, a well-to-do young farmer of Colebrook—a hearty, jovial young fellow, whose fun and animal spirits would bubble over in spite of reprov-

ing eyes and tongues, and who came into Mindwell's restrained and reserved life like a burst of sunshine. Are the wild blossoms grateful to the sun that draws them with powerful attraction from the cold sod,

> "Where they together,
> All the cold weather,
> Keep house alone"?

Perhaps their odor and color are for him who brings them to light and delight of life. Mindwell's great fear was that she made an idol of her husband; yet he certainly had not an idea that she did.

If the good soul had stopped to analyze the relation between them, his consciousness would have been found, when formulated, to be that his wife bore with him as saints do with rather amusing sinners, while he worshipped her as even the most humorous of sinners do sometimes secretly worship saints. But what the wife did not acknowledge or the husband perceive became in a few years painfully perceptible to the mother's feminine and maternal instinct. Mindwell treated her with all possible respect and kindness, but she was no longer her first object. There is a strange hunger in the average female heart to be the one and only love of some other heart, which lies at the root of fearful tragedies and long agonies of unspoken pain—a God-given instinct, no doubt, to make the monopoly of marriage dear and desirable, but, like all other instincts, fatal if it be not fulfilled or followed. Utterly wanting in men, who grasp the pluralities of passion as well as of office, this instinct niches itself deepest in the gentlest of women, and was the ruling yet unrecognized motive in the widow Gold's character. If Mindwell had not had children, perhaps her mother would have been more necessary to her and more dear, but two babies had followed on her marriage within three years, and her mother-love was a true passion. This the grandmother perceived with a tender jealousy fast growing acute. She loved the little girls, as grandmothers do, with unreasoning and lavish fondness. If there had been a maiden aunt in the family—that unconsidered maid-of-all-work whose love is felt to be intrusive, while yet the demands on it are insatiable—the widow Gold would have had at least one sympathetic breast to appeal to; but as it was, she became more and more uneasy and unhappy, and began to make herself wretched with all the commonplaces she could think of—about her "room being better than her company," "love runs down, not up," and the like—till she was really pining, when just at this moment an admirer came upon the scene, and made known the reason of his appearance in a business-like way.

"Deacon Flint's in the keepin'-room, mother, wishful to see you," said Mindwell one day, about five years after her marriage. Deacon Flint was an old acquaintance, known to Mrs. Gold ever since she was a girl in Bassett. When she married and moved to Denslow the acquaintance had been partly dropped, though only nine miles lay between them; but she had then her family cares, and Ethan Gold and Amasa Flint were as unlikely to be friends as a Newfoundland dog and a weasel. Since she had come to Colebrook to live with her daughter, she was a little further still from her Bassett friends, and therefore it was a long time since she had seen the deacon. Meanwhile he had lost his wife—a silent and sickly woman, who crept about and worried through her daily duties for years, spent and fainting when the last supper dish was washed, and aching at early dawn when she had to get up to milk. She did not complain; her duty lay there, in her home, and she did it as long as she could; then she died. This is a common record among our barren hills, which count by thousands their

> "Martyrs by the pang without the palm."

It was a year after her death when Deacon Flint made his first visit to Widow Gold. He was tired of paying Aunt Polly Morse seventy-five cents a week to do housework, though she spun and wove, and made and mended, as faithfully as his wife had done, confiding only to one trusty ear her opinion of her employer.

"He's a professor, ye know, Isr'el, and I make no doubt but what he's a good man, but he is dreadful near—seems as if he reelly begrutched me my vittles sometimes; and there ain't a grain o' salt in that house spilt without his findin' of it out. Now I don't calc'late *to* spill no salt, nor nothin' else, to waste it; but, land's sakes! I can't see like a fly, so's to scare up every mite of sugar that's left onto the edges of the paper he fetches it hum in. I wish to gracious he'd get somebody else. I'd ruther do chores for Mirandy Huff than for the deacon."

Old Israel's wrinkled face, puckered mouth, and deep-set eyes twitched with a furtive laugh. He was the village fool, yet shrewder than any man who stopped to jest with him, and a fool only in the satiric sense of jester; for though he had nothing of his own but a tiny brown house and pig-pen, and made his living, such as it was, by doing odd jobs, and peddling yeast from the distilleries at Simsbury, he was the most independent man in Bassett, being regardless of public opinion, and not at all afraid of Parson Roberts.

"Well, Aunt Polly," he answered, "you stay by a spell; the deacon won't want ye too long. He's got a sharp eye, now I tell ye, and he's forehanded as fury. Fust you know, Miss Flint 'll *come* home, and you'll *go* home."

"Miss Flint!" screamed Aunt Polly. "Why, Isr'el Tucker, you give me such a turn! Poor cretur, she's safe under the mulleins this year back. I guess I shall go when she comes, but 'twon't be till the day o' judgment."

"Then the day o' judgment's near by, Aunt Polly; and I reckon it is for one poor cretur. But you don't somehow seem to take it in. I tell ye the deacon's gone a-courtin'."

"Courtin'! Isr'el! you be a-foolin' of me now, certain sure?"

"Not a mite on't. I see him a-'ilin' up his old harness yesterday, and a-rubbin' down the mare, and I mistrusted he was up to suthin; and Squire Battle he met him a'most to Colebrook this mornin'—I heerd him say so. I put this 'n' that together, and drawed my own influences, and I figgered out that he's gone to Colebrook to see if Widder Gold won't hev him. A wife's a lot cheaper than hired help, and this one's got means."

"For mercy's sakes! you don't suppose Sarepty Gold would look at him, do ye?"

"I never see the woman yet that wouldn't look at a man when he axed her to," was the dry answer. But Aunt Polly was too stunned with her new ideas to retort. She went on as if the sneer at her sex had not reached her ear.

"Why, she ha'n't no need to marry him. She's got a good home to Sam Pratt's; and there's that farm here that Hi Smith runs on shares, and money in Har'ford bank, they do say. She won't have him; don't ye tell me so."

"Women are mortal queer," replied old Israel.

"If they wa'n't, there wouldn't no men get married," snapped Aunt Polly, who was a contented old maid, and never suspected she was "queer" herself.

"That's so, Aunt Polly. Mabbe it's what Parson Roberts calls a dispensation, and I guess it is. I say for't, a woman must be extry queer to marry Amasy Flint, ef she's even got a chance at Bassett poorhouse."

Yet Israel was right in his prophecy. At that very moment Deacon Flint was sitting bolt-upright in a high-backed chair in Sam Pratt's keeping-room, discoursing with the widow Gold.

Two people more opposite in aspect could hardly be found. Mrs. Gold was not yet fifty, and retained much of her soft loveliness. Her cheek was still round and fair, her pale brown hair but slightly lined with gray, and the mild light of her eyes shone tenderly yet, though her figure was a little bent, and her hands knotted with work.

She looked fair and young in comparison with the grizzled, stern, hard-favored man before her. A far-off Scotch ancestry had bequeathed to him the high cheek-bones and deep-set eyes that gave him so severe an aspect, and to these an aquiline nose, a cruel, pinched mouth, a low forehead, and a sallow wrinkled skin added no charms. But the charm of old association brought him a welcome here. Bassett was the home of Mrs. Gold's childhood, and she had a great many questions to ask. Her face gathered color and light as she recalled old affections and sympathies, and the deacon took a certain satisfaction in looking at her. But this was a mere ripple above his serious intention. He meant business, and could not waste time; so as soon as there came a little lull in Mrs. Gold's fluent reminiscences, he curtly began:

"I came over to-day on an arrand, Miss Gold—I may say quite a ser'ous arrand. I lost my companion, I suppose ye know, a year ago come September the 10th. She was a good woman, Miss Flint was, savin' and reasonable as ever was."

"I always heard her well spoke of," modestly rejoined the widow.

"Yes, her children praise her in the gates, or they would hev if she'd had any. I feel her loss. And Scripter says, 'It is not good for man to be alone.' Scripter is right. You are a woman that's seen affliction too, Miss Gold; you've passed

under the rod. Well, folks must be resigned; professors like you and me have got to set example. We can't fault the Lord when He takes our companions away, and say, 'Why do ye so?' as though 'twas a man done it. We've got this treasure in earthen vessels. Well, to come to the p'int, I come over to-day to see ef you

And the widow received a calm up-and-down hand-shake, with which decorous caress (?) the deacon—for we can not call him the lover—departed, leaving Mrs. Gold in a state of pleased amazement, partly because she was a woman and a widow, partly because it was Deacon Flint who had asked her to marry

"'OH!' SAID THE ASTONISHED WIDOW."

wa'n't willin' to consider the subject of uniting yourself to me in the bonds of marriage."

"Oh!" said the astonished widow.

"I don't want to hurry ye none," he went on; "take time on't. I should like to get my answer right off, but I can make allowance for bein' onexpected. I'll come agin next week—say this day week. I hope you'll make it a subject of prayer, and I expect you'll get light on your duty by that time. I've got a good house, and a good farm, and I'll do well by ye. And moreover and besides, you know Mr. Pratt's folks are pressed some for room, I expect. I guess they won't stand in the way of your goin' to Bassett. Good-day—good-day."

him; for the deacon was a pillar in Bassett church, owned a large farm and a goodly square house, and was a power in the State, having twice been sent to the General Assembly. She could not but be gratified by the preference, and as she pondered on the matter it grew more feasible. Her girl was hers no longer, but a wife and mother herself, and she who had been all in all to Mindwell was now little more than "grandma" in the house—a sort of suffered and necessary burden on Samuel's hands; but here a home of her own was offered her, a place of dignity among other women—a place where she could ask her children to come to her, and give rather than receive.

There is nothing so attractive to a wo-

man who is no longer young as the idea of a home. The shadow of age and its infirmities affrights her; loneliness is a terror in the future; and the prospect of drifting about here and there, a dependent, poor, proud, unwelcome, when flesh and heart fail, and the ability to labor is gone, makes any permanent shelter a blessed prospect, and draws many a woman into a far more dreadful fate than the work-house mercies or the colder charity of relatives.

This terror was strong in Mrs. Gold's feeble heart. She was one of the thousands of women who can not trust what they do not see, and she misjudged her daughter cruelly. Mindwell felt that today, as her mother avowed to her Deacon Flint's offer and her own perplexities. When Mrs. Gold asserted that her daughter could never understand what it was to lose a husband, Mindwell felt a sure but unspoken conviction that the terror of such a bereavement, which confronted her whenever her heart leaped up to meet Samuel, was experience enough for her to interpret thereby the longings of a real bereavement; but she only colored faintly, and answered:

"Well, mother, I don't see my way clear to offer you any advice. You must use your own judgment. You know Samuel and me think everything of having you here, and the children just begin to know grandma by heart. But I don't want to be self-seeking; if it's for your best good, why, we sha'n't neither of us say a word. I don't skerce know how to speak about it, it's so strange like and sudden. I can't say no more than this: if you're going to be happier and better off with Deacon Flint than with your own folks, we haven't no right to hinder you, and we won't."

Mindwell turned away with trembling lips, silent because strong emotion choked her. If she had fallen on her mother's neck and wept, and begged her to stay, with repeated kisses and warm embrace, Mrs. Gold never would have become Mrs. Flint; but she could not appreciate Mindwell's feeling, she took her conscientious self-control and candor for indifference, and her elderly lover loomed through this mist in grander proportions than ever; she resolved then and there that it was her duty to accept him.

Mindwell had gone down stairs to find her husband, who sat by the fire fitting a rake-tail more firmly into a hay rake. He had been caught in a distant field by a heavy shower, and was steaming now close to the fire-place, where a heap of chips was lighted to boil the kettle for tea. Mindwell stole up to him, and laid one hand on his handsome head. He looked up astonished at the slight caress, and saw his wife's eyes were full of tears.

"What's the matter, darling?" he said, in his cheery voice. It was like a kiss to her to have him say "darling," for sweet words were rare among their class; and this was the only one he ever used, kept sacredly, too, for Mindwell.

"Oh, Sam," she answered, with a quiver in her delicate voice, "don't you think, Deacon Flint wants to marry mother!"

"Thunder an' guns! you don't mean it, wife? Haw! haw! haw! It's as good as a general trainin'. Of all things! What doos she say to't?"

"Well, I'm 'most afraid she favors him a little. He's given her a week's time to consider of it; but someway I can't bear to have it thought of."

"Don't pester your head about it, Miss Pratt. You can't make nor meddle in such things; but I'm free to own that I never was more beat in all my days. Why, Amasy Flint is town-talk for nearness an' meanness. He pretends to be as pious as a basket o' chips, but I hain't no vital faith in that kind o' pious; I b'lieve in my soul he's a darned old hypocrite."

"Oh, Sam! Sam! you hadn't ought to judge folks."

"I suppose I hadn't, reelly; but you know what Scripter says somewhere or 'nother, that some folks's sins are open, an' go to judgment beforehand, and I guess his'n do. I should hate to have mother take up with him."

"What can we do, Sam?"

"Nothin', strenoously. I don' know what 'tis about women-folks in such matters; they won't bear no more meddlin' with than a pa'tridge's nest: you'll spile the brood if you put in a finger. I'd say jest as much as I could about her bein' always welcome here; I'll do my part of that set piece o' music; and that's all we can do: if she's set on havin' him, she will, and you nor me can't stop it, Miss Pratt;" with which sound advice Sam rose from the milking stool with his reconstructed rake, took down a coarse comb from the clock case, ran it through his hair by way of toilet, and sat down to supper at the table

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?"

with the three other haymakers. Mindwell and her mother were going out to tea, so they did not sup with the men.

After they came home Sam expressed himself in a succinct but forcible manner to Mrs. Gold on the subject of her marriage, and Mindwell attempted a faint remonstrance again, but her morbid fear of selfishness shut the heart-throbs she longed to express to her mother back into their habitual silence. She and Sam both, trying to do their best, actually helped rather than hindered this unpropitious marriage.

Mrs. Gold in her heart longed to stay with her children, but feared and disliked so heartily to be a burden on their hands that she was unjust to herself and them too. A little less self-inspection and a little more simple honesty of speech would have settled this matter in favor of Mindwell and Colebrook; as it was, Deacon Flint carried the day. On the Friday following he arrived for his answer, his gray hair tied in a long queue, his Sunday coat of blue and brass buttons, his tight drab pantaloons, ruffled

shirt, and low boots, all indicating a ceremonial occasion.

"Gosh!" said old Israel Tucker, jogging along in his yeast cart, as he met the gray mare in clean harness, whipped up by the deacon in this fine raiment, the old wagon itself being for once washed and greased—"gosh! it's easy tellin' what he's after. I should think them mulleins an' hardhacks in the buryin'-ground would kinder rustle round. I don' know, though; mabbe Miss Flint's realized by now that she's better off under them beauties of natur' than she ever was in Amasy Flint's house. Good land! what fools women-folks be! They don't never know when they're well off. She's had an easy time along back, but she's seen the last on't—she's seen the last on't. Get up, Jewpiter!"

Nothing daunted by any mystic or magnetic sense of this vaticination by the highway, Deacon Flint whipped up his bony steed still more, and to such good purpose that he arrived in Colebrook before the widow had taken down the last pinned-up curl on her forehead, or decided which of her two worked collars she would put on, and whether it would be incongruous to wear a brooch of blue enamel with a white centre on which was depicted (in a fine brown tint produced by grinding up in oil a lock of the deceased Ethan Gold's hair) a weeping-willow bending over a tomb, with an urn, and a date on the urn. This did seem a little personal on such an occasion, so she pinned on a blue bow instead, and went down to receive the expecting deacon.

"I hope I see you well, ma'am," said Mr. Flint.

"Comfortably well, I'm obleeged to you," was the prim answer.

But the deacon was not to be daunted at this crisis; he plunged valiantly into the middle of things at once. "I suppose you've took into consideration the matter in hand, Miss Gold?"

The widow creased her handkerchief between her finger and thumb, and seemed to be critical about the hemming of it; but she pretty soon said, softly, "Yes, I can't say but what I have thought on't a good deal. I've counselled some with the children, too."

"Well, I hope you're fit and prepared to acknowledge the leadin's of Providence to this end, and air about ready to be my companion through the valley of this world up to them fields beyond the swellin' flood stands dressed in livin' green. Amen."

The deacon forgot he was not in a prayer-meeting, and so dropped into the hymn-book, as Mr. Wegg did into secular poetry.

"H'm, well, there's a good deal to be thought of for and ag'inst it too," remarked Mrs. Gold, unwilling to give too easy an assent, and so cheapen herself in the eyes of her acute adorer; but when her thoughts were sternly sifted down they appeared to be slight matters, and the deacon soon carried his point. He wasted no time in this transaction: having "shook hands on it," as he expressed himself, he proceeded at once to arrange the programme.

"Well, Sarepty, we're both along in years, and to our time o' life delays is dangerous. I think we'd better get married pretty quick. I'm keepin' that great lazy Polly Morse, and payin' out cash right along; and you no need to fix up any, you've got good clothes enough; besides, what's clothes to worms of the dust sech as we be? The Catechism says, 'Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever,' and if that's so—and I expect '*tis* so—why,' tain't nothin' to be concerned about what our poor dyin' bodies is clothed in."

Mrs. Gold did not agree with him at all; she liked her clothes, as women ought to, but his preternatural piety awed her, and she said, meekly enough, "Well, I don't need no great of gowns. I sha'n't buy but one, I don't believe."

A faint color stole to her cheek as she said it, for she meant a wedding dress; and Deacon Flint was acute enough to perceive it, and to understand that this was a point he could not carry.

"One gown ain't neither here nor there, Sarepty, but I aim to fix it on your mind that, as I said afore, delays is dangerous. I purpose, with the Divine blessin', to be married this day two weeks. I suppose you're agreeable?" The widow was too surprised to deny this soft impeachment, and he went on: "Ye see, there's papers to be drawed up: you've got independent means, and so have I, and it's jest as well to settle things fust as last. Did Ethan Gold leave you a life-int'rest in your thirds, or out an' out?"

The widow's lip trembled: her dead husband had been careful of her, more careful than she knew, till now.

"He didn't will me no thirds at all; he left me use an' privilege for my nateral life of everything that was his'n, and all to go to Mindwell when I'm gone."

"Do tell! He was forehanded, I declare for't!" exclaimed the deacon, both pleased and displeased; for if his wife's income was to be greater than he supposed, in case of her death before his there would be no increase to his actual possessions.

"Well, I always calc'lated you had your thirds, an' prob'ly, knowin' Ethan was free-handed, you had 'em out an' out. This makes some difference about what papers I'll have to have drawed up. Now I guess the best way is to have a agreement like this. I agree not to expect to hev an' to hold none of your property, an' you don't none of mine; but I to have the use of your'n, and you to have your livin' out o' mine. You see, you don't have no more'n your livin' out of your'n now; that's all we any of us get in this here world: 'hevin food an' raiment, let us therewith be content,' as Scripter says. You agree to this, don't ye?"

Bewildered with the plausible phrases, ballasted by a text, unaware that even the devil can quote Scripture to serve his turn, Mrs. Gold did not see that she was putting herself entirely into the hands of this man, and meekly agreed to his arrangement. If this story were not absolutely true, I should scarce dare to invent such a character as Deacon Flint, but he was once a living man, and hesitating to condemn him utterly, being now defenseless among the dead, we can but hope for him and his like that there are purifying fires beyond this life where he may be melted and refined into the image of Him who made him a man, and gave him a long life here to develop manhood. Not till after he was gone did Mrs. Gold begin to think that he had left her to explain his arrangements to Mindwell and Sam; and instinctively she shrank from doing so. Like many another weak woman, she hated words, particularly hard words; her life had flowed on in a gentle routine, so peacefully that she had known but one sorrow, and that was so great that, with the propensity we all have to balance accounts with Providence, she thought her trouble had been all she could bear; but there was yet reserved for her that sharp attrition of life which is so different from the calm and awful force of sorrow—so much more exasperating, so much more educating. Some instinct warned her to avoid remonstrance by concealing from her children the contract she was about to make, and she felt, too, the uncertainty of a woman unaccustomed to business about her own clear understanding of the situation; so she satisfied herself with telling Mindwell of the near approach of her marriage.

"Oh, mother! so soon!" was all Mindwell said, though her eyes and lips spoke far more eloquently.

"Well, now the thing's settled, I don't know but what it may as well be over with. We ain't young folks, Mindwell. 'Tain't as if we had quite a spell to live."

Tears stood in her eyes as she said it; a certain misgiving stole over her; just then it seemed a good thing that she could not live long.

Mindwell forced back the sob that choked her. A woman of single heart, she did not consider a second marriage sacred. For herself, she would rather have taken her children to the town farm, cold as corporative charity is, than married another man than Samuel, even if he had been dead thirty years; and she bitterly resented this default of respect to her father's memory. But her filial duty came to the rescue.

"Dear mother, I can't bear to think of it. What shall I do? what will the children say? I did hope you would take time to consider."

"It ain't real dutiful in you to take me to do, Mindwell; I'm full old to be lessoned, seems to me. As for you and the children, I don't feel no great distress. Love runs down, not up, folks say, and I don't believe you'll any of ye pine a long spell."

This weak and petulant outburst dismayed Mindwell, who had never seen her mother otherwise than gentle and pleasant; but, with the tact of a great heart, she said nothing, only put her arms about the elder woman's neck and kissed her over and over. At this Mrs. Gold began to cry, and in soothing her distress Mindwell forgot to ask any further questions, but set herself to divert both their minds from this brief and bitter outburst by inquiring what preparation her mother meant to make in the fortnight.

"I don't look to no great preparation," sighed the widow. "I have always had good clothes enough, and there's a piece of linen I wove before we come here that

'll do for all I want. I suppose I had ought to have a new gown to be married in. When I was married to Ethan, I had a white dimity gown and a blue levantine petticoat; and if he didn't fetch me a big bunch of sand-violets—they was blossomin' then—for to match my eyes and my skirt, he said; but that's past and gone, as the hymn-book says. I do want to have one good gown, Mindwell; and now I'm a little along in years, I guess I'll have a dark one. T'other night, when we was up to Squire Barnes's to tea, Miss Barnes was telling about a piece of plum-colored paduasoy Mr. Battle bought in Har'ford for 'Lecty's weddin' gown, and she wouldn't hev it. She said 'twasn't lively enough, and so she's set her mind on a blue levantine; but I should think the plum-color would become me real well."

So the plum-colored silk was bought; and arrayed in its simple folds, with a new worked collar and a white satin bow, the widow Gold was dressed for her second wedding.

Did she think, as she looked into her oval mirror that morning, what a different vision was this quiet, elderly, sober woman, in decent but not festal garments, from the smiling, blushing, blue-eyed creature, in her spotless dimity gown opening over a blue petticoat, and clasped at the throat with a bunch of still bluer violets? What does a woman think who is married the second time? A man is satisfied that now his house will be kept once more, his clothes mended, his whims humored, his table spread to his taste, and his children looked after. If it is needful, he can marry six wives, one after the other. They are a domestic necessity. The Lord himself says it is not good for *man* to be alone; but it is quite another thing for the woman. Such a relation is not a movable feast to her; it is once for all; and if circumstance or pique betray her into this faithlessness, what does she think of herself when it becomes inevitable?

The widow Gold did not tell. She was paler when she turned from the glass than when she looked into it, and she trembled as she went down stairs to sign the papers before Parson Roberts should arrive.

The best parlor was opened to-day. The high-backed chairs with old brocade cushions that had belonged to Sam Pratt's grandmother were ranged along the wall like a row of stiff ghosts; the corner cupboards were set open to display the old china and glass that filled them; there was a "bow-pot" of great red peonies, abundant and riotous with color and fatness, set under the chimney in the well-whited fire-place; and a few late roses glowed in a blue china jar on the high mantel-piece. On a square table with a leaf lay a legal paper, that Sam was reading, with his hands supporting his head, as if it was hard to understand the document.

The deacon, in his Sunday garments, was looking at him askance; and Mindwell, with the little girls, Ede and Sylvia, clinging to her gown, was staring out of the window, down the road—staring but not seeing, for the splendid summer day that lavished its bloom and verdure and odor on these gaunt New England hills, and hid their rude poverty with its royal mantle, was all a dim blur to the heart-wrung woman.

"Mother," said Sam Pratt, raising his head, "do you know what's the sum and substance of these here papers; and do you agree to't?"

The widow glanced aside at Deacon Flint, and caught his "married eye," early as it was to use that ocular weapon.

"Why, yes, Samwell. I don' know but what I do," she said, slowly and rather timidly.

"Well," said Sam, rising and pushing the paper away, "if you do, why, then you're goin' right into't, and it's right, I s'pose; but, by Jinks! I think it's the d—"

Mindwell's touch on his arm arrested the sentence. "There's Parson Roberts, Samwell; you jest help him out of the gig, will you? He's quite lame, I see."

Sam Pratt went, with the half-finished sentence on his lips. He was glad his wife had stopped him, on many accounts, but he did long to give Deacon Flint his own opinion of that preliminary contract.

He indulged himself for this deprivation after the stiff and somewhat melancholy wedding was over, and the staid couple had departed for Bassett in the Deacon's wagon, by freeing his mind to his wife.

"Miss Pratt, I was some riled to hev you stop me when I was a-goin' to tell the deacon what I thought about that there contrack; but I don't never stay riled with you, marm, as you'd ought to know by this time;" and Sam emphasized this state-

ment with a hearty kiss. "Besides, I will own on second thoughts I was glad you did stop me, for it's no use pinchin' your fingers in a pair o' nippers; but I do say, now and here, it was the darndest piece o' swindlin' I ever see, done under a cover of law an' gospel, you may say, for the deacon had stuck in a bit of Scripter so's to salt it like. He's got the best of the bargain, I tell ye, a long sight. I'm real glad your father went and fixed that prop'ty so she has the use on't only, for she wouldn't have two cents in two years' time, if she'd had it to do with what she's a mind to."

"I'm glad he did," said Mindwell. "I have felt as though mother would be better suited if she did have it to do what she liked to with: but if this was to happen, why, it's as good she is provided for: she can't want for nothing now."

"I guess she'll want for more'n money, and mabbe for that too. The paper says she's to have her livin'; now that's a wide word; folks can live on bread and water, I expect, and he can't be holden for no more than he's a mind to give."

"Oh, Sam, you don't think Deacon Flint would grudge her a good living? Why, if he is near, as folks tell he is, he's a professor of religion."

"I'd a durned sight ruther he was a practicer on't, Miss Pratt. Religion's about the best thing there is, and makin' believe it is about the wust. I b'lieve in Amasy Flint's religion jest so far forth as I hear him talk, an' not a inch further. I know he'll pinch an' shave an' spare to the outside of a cheese rind; and I haven't no great reason to think he'll do better by Mother Gold than he does by himself." Mindwell turned away, full of foreboding, and Sam, following her, put his arm about her and drew her back to the settle.

"Don't worry, dear; she's made her bed, and she's got to lie on't; but after all it's the Lord who lets folks do that way, so's to show 'em, I expect, that beds ain't always meant to sleep on, but sometimes to wake folks up. We're kind of apt to lie long an' get lazy on feathers. I expect that's what's the matter with me. I'll get my husks by-and-by, I guess."

Mindwell looked up at him with all her heart in her eyes, but she said nothing, and he gave a shy laugh: their deep love for each other was "a fountain shut up," and so far no angel had rolled away the stone and given it visible life; it was still voiceless and sleeping.

Before her wedding day was over Mrs. Flint's new life began, for Polly Morse had been sent off the night before, being the end of an even week, lest she might charge ninepence for an extra day; so her successor without wages had to lay aside her plum-colored silk, put on a calimanco petticoat and short gown, and proceed to get supper, while Polly, leaning over the half-door of the old red house which she shared with the village tailoress, exchanged pungent remarks with old Israel on the topic of the day in Bassett.

"No, they didn't make no weddin', Isr'el; there wa'n't nobody asked, nor no loaf-cake made for her; he wouldn't hear to't, noway. I'd have staid and fixed up for her to-day, but he was bound I shouldn't. As for me, I'm most amazin' glad to get hum, now I tell ye. I'd a sight ruther be in Simsbury prison for a spell, if it wa'n't for the name on't."

"Say, Polly, do you call to mind what I said three weeks back about Miss Flint comin' home? Oh, ye do, do ye? Well, I ain't nobody's fool, be I? I guess I can see through a millstone, providin' the hole's big enough, as well as the next man. I'm what ye may call mighty obsarvin', now. I can figger consider'ble well on folks, ef I can't on 'rithmetic, and I know'd jest as well when I see him rigged up in his Sabba'-day go-to-meetin's, and his nose p'inted for Colebrook, what he was up to, as though I heerd him a-askin' her to hev him."

"Well, I never did think Sarepty Gold would demean herself to have him. She's got means and a real good home, and Mindwell sets a sight by her, and so does Sam Pratt; but here she's ben an' gone an' done it. I wouldn't ha' thought it, not if th' angel Gabriel had have told me on't!"

"Guess he's in better business than goin' round with Bassett gossip, anyhow; but what was you so took back by? Lordy! I should think you was old enough to git over bein' surprised at women-folks; them and the weather is two things I don't never calc'late on. You can't no more tell what a woman 'll do, 'specially about marryin', than you can tell which way in the road a pig 'll go; onless you work it back'ard, same as some folks tell they drive a pig, and then 'tain't reel reliable—they may go right ahead when you don't a mite expect it."

"That is one thing about men, I allow, Isr'el; you can always tell which way they'll go for sartain, and that is after their own advantage, an' nobody else's, now an' forever."

"Amen! They'd be all fools, like me, if they didn't," assented the old man with a dry chuckle as he drove off his empty cart. Yet, for all his sneers and sniffs, neither Polly nor the new Mrs. Flint had a truer friend than Israel; rough as he was, satiric as a chestnut burr that shows all its prickles in open defiance, conscious of a sweet white heart within, his words only were bitter, his nature was generous, kindly, and perceptive; he had become the peripatetic satirist and philosopher that he was out of this very nature,

"Dowered with a scorn of scorn, a love of love,"

and free with the freedom of independent poverty to express pungently what he felt poignantly, being in his own kind and measure the "salt of the earth" to Bassett.

But in spite of comment and pity, the thing was a fixed fact. Mrs. Flint's married life had begun under new auspices, and it was not a path of roses upon which she had entered. Her housekeeping had always been frugal, with the thrift that is or was characteristic of her race; but it had been abundant for the wants of her family. The viands she provided were those of the place and period, simple and primitive enough; but the great brick oven was well filled with light bread of wheat and rye both; pies of whatever material was in season, whose flaky crust and well-filled interiors testified to her knowledge of the art; deep dishes of baked beans, jars of winter pears, pans of golden sweet apples, and cards of yellow gingerbread, with rows of snowy and puffy biscuit. Ede and Sylvia knew very well where to find crisp cookies and fat nut cakes, and pie was reiterated three times a day on Sam Pratt's table.

It was a part of her "pride of life" that she was a good housekeeper, and Mindwell had given her the widest liberty; but now the tide had changed. She soon found that Deacon Flint's parsimony extended into every detail. Her pies were first assailed:

"Sarepty, don't make them pies o' your'n so all-fired rich. They ain't good for the stomach; besides, they use up all the drippin's, and you had ought to make soap next month. Pie is good, and I think it's savin' of meat; but it pompers up the flesh, too good livin' does, and we hev got to give an account, ye know. I don't mean to have no wicked waste laid to my account."

So she left out half the shortening from her crust, and felt ashamed to see the tough substance this economy produced. Next came the sugar question:

"We buy too much sweetenin', Sarepty. There's a kag of tree molasses down cellar. I expect it's worked some, but you jest take an' bile it up, an' stir consider'ble saleratus into 't, an' it 'll do. I want to get along jest as reasonable as we can. Willful waste makes woful want, ye know."

Yet in his own way the deacon was greedy enough. He had the insatiable appetite that belongs to people of his figure far more often than to the stout.

"He's a real racer," said Uncle Israel, reverting to his own experience in pigs—"slab-sided an' lank. I bet you could count his ribs this minnit; and that's the kind you can feed till the day after never, and they won't do ye no credit. I never see a man could punish vittles the way he can; but there ain't no more fat to him than there is to a hen's forehead."

Mrs. Flint was not "hungry nor hankering," as she expressed it, but a reasonable eater of plain food; but the deacon's mode of procedure was peculiar.

"Say, Sarepty, don't bile but a small piece o' pork with that cabbage to-day. I've got a pain to my head, an' I don't feel no appetite, an' cold pork gets eat up for supper when there ain't no need on't."

Obeying instructions, the small piece of fat pork would be cooked, and, once at the table, transferred bodily to the deacon's plate. "Seems as though my appetite had reelly come back. I guess 'twas a hungry headache." And the tired woman had to make her dinner from cabbage and potatoes, seasoned with the salt and greasy water in which they had been cooked.

There were no amusements for her out of the house. The younger people had their berrying frolics, sleigh-rides, kitchen dances, nuttings, and the like, and their elders their huskings, apple bees, and sewing societies, but against all these the deacon set his hard face.

"It's jest as good to do your own extry chores yourself as to ask folks to come an' help. That costs more'n it comes to.

You've got to feed 'em, and like enough keep a big fire up in the spare room. I'd ruther be diligent in business, as Scripter says, than depend on neighbors."

The sewing society too was denied to poor Mrs. Flint, because they had to have tea got for them. Prayer-meetings he could not deny her, for they cost nothing, and officially he attended them. Meeting on Sunday was another outlet, when she could see friendly faces, receive kind greetings, and read in many eyes a sympathy and pity that at once pleased and exasperated her.

Another woman in her place might have had spirit or guile enough to have resisted the pressure under which she only quailed and submitted. She was one of those feeble souls to whom a hard word is like a blow, and who will bear anything and everything rather than be found fault with, and who necessarily become drudges and slaves to those with whom they live, and are despised and ill-treated simply because they are incapable of resentment. There are some persons who stand in this position not so much from want of strength as from abounding and eager affection for those whom they serve, and their suffering, when they discover how vain has been their labor and self-sacrifice, is known only to Him who was

> "At once denied, betrayed, and fled
> By those who shared His daily bread."

But Mrs. Flint had no affection for her husband; she married him because it seemed a good thing to do, and obeyed him because he was her husband, as was the custom in those days. So she toiled on dumbly from day to day, half fed, overworked, desperately lonely, but still uncomplaining, for her constitution was naturally strong, and nerves were unrecognized then.

Her only comfort was the rare visits of her children. Mindwell found it hard to leave home, but suspicious of her mother's comfort, she made every effort to see her as often as possible, and always to carry her some little present—a dozen fresh eggs, which the poor woman boiled privately, and ate between her scanty meals, a few peaches, or a little loaf of cake—small gifts, merely to demonstrate her feeling. She did not know what good purpose they served, for Mrs. Flint did not tell her daughter what she endured. She remembered too well how Mindwell had begged her to delay and consider her marriage, and she would not own to her now that she had made any mistake, for Mrs. Flint had as much human nature in her composition as the rest of us; and who does like to hear even their dearest friend say, "I told you so"?

Matters went on in this way for five years, every day being a little more weary and dreary than the preceding. The plum-colored paduasoy still did duty as the Sunday gown, for none of her own money ever passed into Mrs. Flint's hands. By this time she understood fully what her antenuptial contract meant. She had her living, and no more. People could live without finery, even without warmth; a stuff gown of coarse linsey-woolsey for winter wear replaced the soft merinoes she had always bought for that purpose, and homespun linen check was serviceable in summer, though it kept her busy at flax-wheel and loom many an hour. She had outlived the early forbearances of her married life, and learned to ask, to beg, to persist in entreating for what she absolutely needed, for only in this way could she get her "living." Her only vivid pleasure was in occasional visits from Ede and Sylvia—lovely little creatures in whom their mother's beauty of character and their father's cheery, genial nature seemed to combine, and with so much of Mindwell's delicate loveliness, her sweet dark eyes contrasted with the fair hair of their father's family, that to grandmotherly eyes they seemed perfectly beautiful. For them the poor woman schemed, and toiled, and grew secretive. She hid a comb of honey sometimes, when the deacon's back was turned, and kept it for Sylvia, who loved honey like a real bee-bird; she stored up red pearmains in the parlor closet for Ede; and when Sam Pratt went into Hartford with a load of wool, and brought the children as far as Bassett to stay at Deacon Flint's overnight, the poor woman would make for them gingerbread such as they remembered, and savory cookies that they loved, though she encountered hard looks and hard words too for wasting her husband's substance on another man's children.

Ede, who had a ready memory and a fluent tongue, was the first to report to Mindwell these comments of "Grandsir Flint," as they were taught to call him.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "I do think grandsir is real mean!"

"Edy, Edy, you mustn't talk so about your elders and betters."

"I can't help it," chattered on the irrepressible child. "What did he want to come into the kitchen for when granny was giving us supper, and scold because she made cookies for us? Granny 'most cried, and he kept tellin' how he'd said before she shouldn't do it, and he wouldn't have it."

"Don't talk about it, Edy," said her mother, full of grief and indignation.

"Mother, it's true. I heard him too," interposed Sylvia, who thought Ede's word was doubted, for the voluble and outspoken child was a little apt to embellish her reports.

"Well, Sylvy dear, it isn't best to talk about a good many things that are true."

But for all that, Mindwell did discuss the matter with Sam before she slept, in that "grand committee of two" which is the strength and comfort of a happy marriage.

"What ever can we do about it, Sam?" she said, with tears in her voice. "I can't bear to keep the children to home—mother sets by 'em like her life—but if they're going to make trouble between her and Deacon Flint, don't you think I had ought to prevent their going there?"

"Well, it does seem hard on mother every way, but I guess I can fix it. You know we had a heap of wheat off that east lot last year, and I've sent it to mill to be ground up for us. I guess I'll take and send a barrel on't over to mother for a present. The deacon won't mistrust nothing, nor he can't say nothing about her usin' on't for the children."

"That's the very thing," said Mindwell. And so it was, for that small trouble; yet that was only a drop in the bucket. After a few years of real privation, and a worse hunger of spirit, Mrs. Flint's health began to fail. She grew nervous and irritable, and the deacon browbeat her more than ever. Her temper had long since failed under the hourly exasperation of her husband's companionship, and she had become as cross, as peevish, and as exasperating herself as a feeble nature can become under such a pressure.

"I never see nobody so changed as Miss Flint is," confided Aunt Polly to old Israel. "I've always heerd tell that 'flictions was sent for folks's good, but her'n don't seem to work that way a mite."

"Well, Polly, I expect there's a reel vital differ'nce in 'flictions, jest as there is in folks. She picked her'n up, as you may say, when she married him; 'twan't reelly the Lord's sendin'; she no need to ha' married him if she hadn't ben a min' to."

"I sorter thought the Lord sent everything 't happened to folks."

"Well, in a manner mabbe He doos, but don't ye rek'lect what David said, how't he'd ruther fall inter the hands of the Lord than inter men's? I expect we're to blame for willful sins, ain't we? And I guess we fetch 'flictions on ourselves sometimes."

"I don't see how you make them idees jibe with 'lection and fore-ordination," rejoined Aunt Polly, who was a zealous theologian, and believed the Saybrook Platform and the Assembly's Catechism to be merely a skillful abridgment and condensation of Scripture.

"I don' know as I'm called to, Polly. I don't believe the Lord's ways is jest like a primer, for everybody to larn right off. I shouldn't have no great respect for a Ruler an' Governor, as the Confession sez, that wa'n't no bigger'n I was. Land! ef I was to set sail on them seas o' divinity, I should be snooped up in the fust gale, an' drownded right off. I b'lieve He is good, and doos right anyhow. Ef I can't see the way on't, why, it's 'cause my spiritooal eyes ain't big enough. I can't see into some littler things than Him, and I don't hold to takin' up the sea in a pint cup; 'twon't carry it nohow." With which aphorism old Israel travelled off with his barrow, leaving Polly amazed and shocked, but perhaps a little wiser after all.

Just about this time a cousin of Deacon Flint's died "over in York State," as he said, and left him guardian of her only daughter, a girl of eighteen. A couple of thousand dollars was all the property that the widow Eldridge had to give her child, for they had both worked hard for their living after the husband and father left them, and this money was the price of the farm which had been sold at his death. It was something to get so much cash into his own hands, and the deacon accordingly wrote at once to Mabel, and offered her a home in his house, intimating that the interest of her money not being enough to board and clothe her, he would, out of family affection, supply these necessities for that inadequate sum, if she was willing to help a little about the house. Mabel was friendless enough to grasp eagerly this hope of a home, and very soon the

stage stopped at Deacon Flint's door, and a new inmate entered his house.

Mabel Eldridge was a capable, spirited, handsome girl, and before she had been a week in the Flint family understood her position, and resolved only to endure it till something better could be found. In her heart she pitied Aunt Flint, as she called her, as much as she detested the deacon, and her fresh girlish heart fairly ached with compassion and indignation over the poor woman. But she was a great comfort and help while she staid, and though she made that stay as short as possible, and utterly refused to give up her savings-bank book to the deacon, who was unable legally to claim it, since her mother left no will, having only asked him, in a letter written just before her death, to act as Mabel's guardian. Her three months' sojourn in the house made her thoroughly aware of Deacon Flint's character and his wife's sufferings. She could not blame Mrs. Flint that she snapped back at the deacon's snarls, or complained long and bitterly of her wants and distresses.

"You don't know nothing what it is, Mabel," she said one day, sobbing bitterly. "I'm put upon so hard. I want for clothes, and for vittles, and for some time to rest, so's't I don't know but what 'twill clean kill me; and if 'twa'n't for the childern, I'd wish to die; but I do cleave to them amazingly."

Indignant tears filled Mab's eyes. "I don't know how you bear it, aunty," she said, putting her arms about the old lady's neck. "Can't you get away from him anyhow?"

"I could, but I suppose I hadn't ought to. There's a house on my farm that ain't goin' to be in use come next April. Hiram Smith, him that's rented it along back, wants some repairin' done on't, and Mr. Flint won't hear to't, so Hi he's been and gone and bought a piece of ground acrost the road, an' put up a buildin' for himself. He's got a long lease of the land, but he don't want the house no more, and he won't pay for't. I s'pose I might move over there for a spell, and have some peace; there's enough old furnitoor there that was father's; but then, agin, I do suppose I haven't no right to leave my husband."

"Haven't you got any right to save your life?" indignantly asked Mabel.

"It ha'n't come to that, not quite," said Mrs. Flint, sadly.

But before April she began to think it was a matter of life and death to stay any longer with the man. Mabel had left her some months before, and gone into the family of Sam Pratt's mother, in Colebrook, promising her aunt that if ever the time came when she needed her in another home, she would come and take care of her.

Toward the middle of February Mrs. Flint was seized with congestion of the lungs, and was very ill indeed. A fear of public opinion made Deacon Flint send for the doctor, but nothing could induce him to let a nurse enter the house, or even to send for Mindwell Pratt. He was able to do for his wife, he said, and nobody could interfere.

It was the depth of winter, and the communication between Bassett and Colebrook was not frequent in the best weather, neither place being dependent on the other for supplies; and now the roads were blocked with heavy drifts, and the inhabitants of both places had hibernated, as New-Englanders must in winter. It was a matter of congratulation with Deacon Flint that he had no out-door work to do just now, and so was spared the expense of a woman to care for his wife; he could do it, too, more economically than a nurse; it did not matter to him that the gruel was lumpy, or burned, or served without flavoring; sick folks, particularly with serious sickness, ought not to pamper the flesh—their souls were the things to be considered; he did not want to have Sarepta die, for she had an income that helped him much, but he did not want her to be a "bill of expense," as he phrased it, so while he read the Bible to her twice a day, and prayed to, or rather at, her by the hour, he fed her on sloppy gruel and hard bread, sage tea and cold toast without butter, and just kept life flickering within her till she could get about and help herself unknown to him to draughts of fresh milk, and now and then a raw egg.

But she did not get well; she was feeble and wasted a long time; the village doctor, knowing what Deacon Flint was, and filled with pity for his wife, called often, carefully stating that his visits were those of a friend, but urging also that Mrs. Flint should have a generous diet, and a glass of wine daily, to restore her strength. The deacon heard him through in silence, and when he left began to growl.

"Well, fools a'n't all dead yet. Wine! I guess not; a good drink o' thoroughwort tea's wuth all the wine in creation. 'Wine's a mocker, an' strong drink is ragin'. Doctor Grant don't read his Bible as he'd ought to."

"There ain't nothin' in the Bible aginst beef tea, I guess," feebly piped his wife. "I do feel as though that would fetch me up; can't you get a piece o' meat down to the slaughter, deacon?"

"I don't see no need on't, Sarepty; you're doin' reasonable well; meat is reel costly, an' pomperin' the flesh is sinful. I'll git another cod-fish next time I go to the store; that's nourishin'. I don't hold to Grant's idees entire; besides, 'twa'n't nothin' what he said; he come as a friend."

The poor woman burst into tears; indignation gave her momentary strength; she did not hear the shed door open behind her, but she rose in her chair like a spectre, and looked at him with burning eyes.

"Amasy Flint, I b'lieve you'd a sight rather I'd die than live; I hain't had decent vittles since I was took sick, nor no care whatever. You're a loud pray-er an' reader, but if 'twa'n't for the name of it I b'lieve you'd kill me with the axe instead of starvation. I've a good mind to send for Squire Battle and swear the peace against ye."

Deacon Flint at this moment saw a shocked face behind his wife's chair; it was Polly Morse. His acuteness came to the rescue. "She's a leetle out," he said, nodding to the unexpected guest. "Come right along, Polly."

This was too much for the weak woman to bear. She fell back and fainted. Her indignation had overborne her weakness for a moment, but exhausted it also. And when she awoke to life, Polly was rubbing her and crying over her, but her husband had gone. Those tears of sympathy were more than she could endure silently. She put her arms round Polly's neck, and sobbing like a child, poured out the long list of her sorrows into that faithful ear.

"Bless your dear soul!" said Polly, wiping her eyes, "you can't tell me nothing new about him. Didn't I summer an' winter him, so to speak, afore you come here? Don't I know what killed the fust woman? 'Twa'n't no fever, ef they did call it so; 'twas livin' with him—want o' food an' fire an' lovin'-kindness. Don't tell me. I pitied ye afore ye was married, an' I hain't stopped yit."

But Polly's words were not words only, from that day on. Many a cup of broth, vial of currant wine, or bit of hot stewed chicken found its way surreptitiously to Mrs. Flint, and her strength of mind and body returned fast, with this sympathy for one and food for the other. She made up her mind at last that she would leave her husband, at least for a time, and in her own house endeavor to find the peace and rest necessary to her entire recovery. If she could have seen Mindwell and Sam, and taken counsel with them, her course might have been different, but the roads were now well-nigh impassable from deep mud, and she could not get to Colebrook, and in sheer desperation she resolved to leave her present home as soon as Hiram Smith moved from the farm-house. Fortunately for her, the deacon had to attend town-meeting, three miles off, on the first Monday in April, and, with Polly and Israel to help her, Mrs. Flint was established in the other house before he returned and found her flown. His wrath was great but still; he said and did nothing, never went near her, and, for very shame's sake, did not speak of her—for what could he say?

Perhaps in that solitary house, whose silence was like balm to her weary and fevered soul, she might have starved but for the mercy of her neighbors. Polly Morse had a tongue of swiftness, and it never wagged faster than in Mrs. Flint's behalf. Dr. Grant sent half a barrel of flour to that destitute dwelling, and Israel a bushel of apples. Polly, out of her poverty, shared her kit of pork with the poor woman, and Hiram Smith brought in a barrel of potatoes and a bag of meal, which he duly charged against her account with the farm. But there were many who dared not help her, for the deacon held notes and mortgages on many a house and of many a man in Bassett who could not afford to offend him. And old Parson Roberts was just then shut up with an attack of low fever, so he knew nothing about the matter. However, the deacon was not long to be left nursing his wrath. Food and fire are not enough for life sometimes. The old house was leaky, damp, comfortless, and in a few weeks Mrs. Flint was taken again with disease of the lungs, and Polly Morse found her in her bed, unable to speak loud, her fire

gone out, and the rain dripping down in the corner of her bedroom. Polly had come to tell her that Israel was going to Colebrook to buy a pig, and would take any message. She did not tell her, but, stepping to the door, called to him across the yard to tell Sam Pratt he must come over to Bassett directly. This done, she hunted about for something to make a fire, and then looked for the tea; but there was none. Nothing like food remained but a half-loaf of bread and some cold potatoes, so she had to break the bread up in some hot water, and feed the exhausted woman slowly, while she chafed her icy feet, and covered her closely with her own shawl. The next day Sam and Mindwell came over, shocked and indignant, their wagon loaded with provisions, and the old house was soon filled with odors of beef broth, milk porridge, fragrant tea and toast, and the sharp crackle of a great fire in two rooms, while, best of all, tender hands fed and soothed the poor woman, and soft filial kisses comforted her starved soul.

Mindwell could not stay—there was a little baby at home—but Sam would be left behind while old Israel drove her back to Colebrook, and fetched Mabel Eldridge to take her place.

Mab burst into a passion of tears when she entered the kitchen.

"I knew it!" she sobbed; "I knew that old wretch would kill her!" And it was long before Sam could calm her anger and grief, and bring her in to the invalid.

In the course of two or three weeks, however, Mab's faithful nursing, and Sam's care and providing, brought back life and some strength to the perishing woman. And meanwhile Polly's tongue had wagged well; it flew all over Bassett that Deacon Flint's wife had left him, and almost died of cold and hunger.

To-day such a rumor would have had some direct effect on its object, but then to find fault with authorities was little less than a sin, and for a wife to leave her husband, a fearful scandal. In spite of the facts and all their witnesses, the sentiment of Bassett went with the deacon. Conjugal subjection was the fashion, or rather the principle and custom, of the day, and was to be upheld in spite of facts. However, Parson Roberts by this time had heard of the matter, and called Deacon Flint to account, thinking it to be his duty.

"This is the hull sum and substance on't, parson," explained the deacon: "Miss Flint is a miser'ble, hystericky female, a dreadful weak vessel, and noways inclined to foller Scripter in the marriage relation. I've gin her the same livin' I had myself. I hain't denied her food an' raiment, wherewith she had ought to be content, as the 'Postle Poll says; but she is real pernickity, and given to the lusts of the flesh about her eatin', and I feel it to be my dooty to be a faithful stooard of my substance, and not pomper up our poor perishin' bodies, while there is forty million more or less o' heathen creturs lyin' in wickedness in foreign parts. Ye know, parson, I hain't never stented my contributions to them things; I've ben constant to means of grace allus, and I may say a pillar—mabbe a small and creaky one, but still a pillar—in the temple, sech as 'tis. I don' know as I had ought to be disturbed by this strife of tongues."

Parson Roberts was a little confounded. He himself loved a bit of good eating—a cantle of chicken pie, a tender roast pig, a young chicken broiled on hickory coals, or a succulent shad from the Connecticut, washed down with sparkling cider or foaming flip—and the consciousness of this mild weakness gave undue exaltation to Deacon Flint's boasted asceticism. The parson was too honestly humble to see that Deacon Flint loved money with a greed far surpassing that of any epicure; that his own fault was but a failing, while the other was a passion. Besides, he considered that Mrs. Flint had made light of the sacred ordinance of marriage, and set an awful example to the wives of the parish; so he went away from this interview convinced that the deacon was a stern saint, and his wife a weak sinner.

Next day, however, the deacon himself was surprised by another visit. Pale and worn, clinging tight to Sam Pratt's arm, and followed by Mabel carrying a cushion, his wife entered the kitchen, where he sat devouring salt pork and potatoes with the zest of a dog who gnaws his bone unmolested.

"I come back, Amasy, to see if we couldn't agree to get along together agin," she said, weakly and meekly. "I hear there's ben consider'ble talk about my leavin' on ye, and I don't want to cast no reflections. I was tired all out, an' I

"I COME BACK, AMASY."

wanted to rest a spell. Sam an' Mab has nursed me up, so't I could get along now, I guess."

The man turned his cold green-gray eyes on her slowly. "I don' know what you want to come back for now," he said.

"Why, I want for to do my duty so far as I can."

"You had oughter have considered that afore you went off," was the dogged answer.

Tears ran down the poor woman's face; she could not speak. Mabel's beautiful eyes blazed with wrath; she made a step forward; but Sam Pratt gently put her back, and said:

"Look here, Deacon Flint. Mother left you because she hadn't food, nor care, nor nothing she needed, nyther when she was sick nor when she was gettin' better. She thought a spell o' rest would do her good; she knowed by that smart contrack you got out of her that you owed her a livin' anyhow, and you hain't done a thing to'rds it sense she went to her own house. Now I don't call that conduct honest by no means, much less Christian."

"Jedge not, Samwell Pratt. Scripter no less 'n statoot law commands a wife to be subjeck to her husband. Sarepty had what I had. I done what I jedged best for her, and instead of submittin' to her head, she up and went off to live by herself, and lef' me to git along as I could. I wa'n't noway bound by no law nor no contrack to supply her with means so long as she went away from her dooties, and made me an astonishment an' a hissin' in Israel, so to speak."

"Stop right there!" broke in Mabel, furious. "I've heard say the devil could fetch Scripter to further his own purposes, and I b'lieve it. Didn't you have no duties to your wife? Don't the Bible say you've got to love and cherish her? Don't tell me! I lived here long enough to see you starve and browbeat and torment her; I know your mean, hateful, crabbed ways, and I don't know how she lived with you so long. She ought to have run away years ago; and if folks do hiss at you, it's more'n time they did. Christian!—*you* a Christian! You're a dyed-in-the-wool hypocrite. If you're pious, I hope I shall be a reprobate."

"I ha'n't no doubt but what you will be, young woman," answered the deacon, with cold fury. "You'd ought to be put under the pump this minnit for a common scold. Get out of my house right off!"

And with this he advanced upon her. But Sam Pratt, lifting the old lady in his arms, carried her away, and gently shoved Mabel, glowing with rage, before them till they reached the wagon. Then he himself went back and tried to make terms with the deacon. At last, moved by the worldly wisdom of Sam's argument, that it would put him in a bad light before people if he refused to do anything for his wife, he did agree to let her have half of his share of the produce from her farm, if Sam and Mindwell would provide for her other wants; and making the best of a bad bargain, the poor woman retired to the old house, which Sam had repaired so that most of it was habitable; and Mabel, who had agreed to teach the district school the next year, took up her abode with her.

"YOU AIN'T A FOOL, PARSON ROBERTS."

Now the deacon had a clear field, and appeared in the character of an injured and forsaken husband. His prayers at meeting were longer and more eloquent than ever, and the

church, sympathizing with his sorrows—the male members especially deprecating Mrs. Flint's example, lest it should some time be followed by their own wives—unanimously agreed to withdraw their fellowship from Mrs. Flint: a proceeding in kind, if not in degree, like the anathema of the papacy. The poor old woman quivered under the blow, imparted to her by Parson Roberts, awful in the dignity of his office and a new wig. But the parson was human, and the meek grief of the woman, set off by Mab's blazing indignation, worked upon his honest soul, and caused him to doubt a little the church's wisdom. Mab had followed him across the door-yard to the gate in order to "free her mind."

"I want to know what you wanted that poor woman to do, Parson Roberts. She was dyin' by inches for want of vittles fit to eat, and the care most folks would give a sick ox. Do you think, now, honest, she'd ought to have staid with that old wretch?"

"Speak not evil of dignities, young woman. Amasy Flint is a deacon of Bassett church; it does not become you so to revile him."

This glittering generality did not daunt Mab a moment.

"I don't care if he was deacon in the New Jerusalem, or minister either: if he was the angel Gabriel, and acted the way he did act, I shouldn't have no faith in his piety, nor no patience with his prayers."

Parson Roberts glared at her over his spectacles with pious horror. "What! what! what!" he sternly cried. "Who be you that set in judgment on your elders and betters?"

"I'm one that's seen him where you haven't, anyway, nor your church members. I've lived to his house, and I know him like a book."

Was it possible, the parson thought, that Brother Flint might have been in fault—just a little? But he was faithful to his dogmas and his education.

"Do not excuse the woman's sin. She has left her lawful husband, threatened to swear the peace against a Christian man whom she was bound by human and divine law to obey, and caused a scandal and a disturbance in the fold of Christ. Is this a light matter, you daughter of Belial?"

Mab laughed—laughed in the parson's face, in full front of his majestic wig, his awful spectacles, his gold-headed cane uplifted in the heat of argument. He could not see that she was a little hysterical; he grew red with ungodly rage; but Mab did not care a pin.

"You ain't a fool, Parson Roberts," she said, undauntedly. "You've got eyes in your head, and you'd know, if you'd use 'em, that Aunt Flint is a weak sister anyway. She wouldn't turn no sooner'n the least worm that ever was; but *they* will turn, if you tread right on 'em. And whatever you say, you know jest as well as I do that Amasy Flint drove her into leavin' him, and drove her with a whip of scorpions, as the Bible tells about."

"Woman, do you mean to say I lie?" thundered the parson.

"Well, yes, if you don't tell the truth," returned Mab, completely at bay now. An audible chuckle betrayed some listener, and the parson, turning round, beheld old Israel silently unloading a wheelbarrow-load of potatoes at the corner of the fence, and wondered in his soul how long the man had been there, but considered it the better part of valor to leave the scene now that it had ceased to be a tête-à-tête; so he waved his hand at Mab with a gloomy scowl, and went his way.

"Land o' liberty!" ejaculated the old man, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth to smother a laugh, "didn't you give him jesse! I swan you're the gal for a free fight, now. He's heerd the fac's in the case if he never did afore. Of all things! what be you a-cryin' for now, eh?" For Mab, a real woman, had flung her apron over her face, and was sobbing violently. Uncle Israel gently tried to pull the check screen away, but she held on to it.

"Let me cry," she said. "I ain't sorry; I'm mad, and I've got to cry it out."

"Well," said Israel, returning to his potatoes, and slowly shaking his head, "women-folks air the beateree. I don't know nothing about 'em, and I'm five-an'-sixty year old come Friday. Lordy! there ain't no riddles nor Chinee puzzle-rings to compare with 'em. I've hed a wife an' lost a wife, praise the Lord! but I never was sure o' her, even. I wouldn't no more try it agin than I'd slip down into a bee tree, for there's full as much stings as honey to 'em, and take an everidge, I guess there's more."

Whether or not the parson's silent ideas coincided with those Israel expressed is

not for the ignorant chronicler to say, but it is certain that his candid and generous soul was so far moved by Mab's tirade, however he denied and defied it during its delivery, that the next day he resolved to call in a council of his neighboring brethren to discuss the matter, and indorse or reprobate the action of his own church.

So he wrote to the Reverend Ami Dobbins, of Dorset, and the Reverend Samuel Jehoram Hill, of Bassington, better known as Father Hill, and in compliance with his request they repaired to Bassett and investigated the matter. Being advised of the pastor, who had had his experiences, they went to Mrs. Flint's during school hours, and Mabel had no chance to pour out her soul before them; they encountered only a pale, depressed, weak woman who was frightened out of what little heart was left her by past trials, when these two august personages came into her presence, and with severe countenances began their catechism of her life with Deacon Flint. As in the case of many another woman, her terror, her humiliation, and a lingering desire to shield her husband from his own misdeeds, all conspired against her; her testimony was tearful, confused, and contradictory, though through it all she did feebly insist on her own sufferings, and depicted them in honest colors. From her they went to the deacon, whom they found resigned, pious, and loftily superior to common things; then he was a man, and a deacon! Is it to be wondered at that their letter to the church at Bassett was in the deacon's favor? Thy did indeed own that Mrs. Flint had "peculiar trials," but went on to say:

"Nevertheless, she can not be fully justified, but has departed from meekness and a Christian spirit.... particularly in indulging angry and passionate expressions, tending to provoke and irritate her husband; and however unjustifiable his conduct may be, that doth not exculpate her. We think that it would be proper and suitable for her to make suitable reflections; acknowledge she hath given her brethren and sisters of the church occasion of stumbling and to be dissatisfied; and upon her manifesting a becoming spirit of meekness and love, we think they ought to restore her; but if she should refuse to make such reflections, they can not consistently receive her."

And with a few added remarks on the perplexity of the case, and advising the church to call an ecclesiastical council, the Reverend Ami Dobbins and Father Hill retired for the present.

But Bassett was not content. Weeks passed, and no act of confession or contrition came from this poor old offender. To tell the truth, Mabel stood behind her now, afire with honest rage at the way she had been put upon.

"You sha'n't do it, aunty!" she said, with all her native vehemence.

"You confess! I like that! It is that old hypocrite's place to confess. He drove you out, now when you get down to it, and he hain't asked you to come back that I've heard tell. I'd let him and the church, and Bassett too, go to thunder if they're a mind to. If you make 'suitable reflections' they'll reflect on old Flint and Bassett church members. Dear me! I know one thing: I'd rather be an old maid ten times over than married to that man!"

A faint smile crept over the old woman's pale face: from her high pillows she had a good outlook, and more than once she had seen an interview by the little gate that did not augur long maidenhood for Mab.

"Well, Mabel, if that's your say, why, it behooves you to be real cautious, though I don' know as Sam Pratt's brother could be anyways other than good."

Mab blushed like a Provence rose, but said nothing; yet day after day kept hardening her aunt's heart as well as she knew how; and Parson Roberts receiving no "reflections" from the offender, and having great faith in Father Hill's power of persuasion, invited him to come again by himself and hold a conversation with Sister Flint on the subject of her trials and her contumacy.

Father Hill was a quaint, gentle, sweet-natured old man, steeped, however, in the prejudices of his time and his faith; he, too, went to the house mailed with his fixed assurance of ecclesiastical dignity and marital supremacy. Sympathy, pity, comprehension of her side of the case, would have disarmed Mrs. Flint completely; she would have sobbed, confessed, laid her hand on her mouth and her mouth in the dust, and been ready to own herself the chief of sinners; but to be placed in the wrong from the first, reproved, admonished, and treated as an impenitent and hardened culprit, made it easier for her weak nature to accept the situation

than to defy or deny it. Nothing Father Hill could say moved her, but her dull and feeble obstinacy stirred his tender heart to its depths; he felt a despair of human means and a yearning tenderness that could find no outlet but in prayer; he fell on his knees before the chair in which he had been sitting, and lifted his earnest face to heaven.

"O dear Lord and Master," he said, speaking even as a man unto his friend, "Thou hast borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Thou knowest by heart every pain and woe that we feel; a stranger can not intermeddle, but O thou Hope of Israel, why shouldest Thou be as a stranger that passeth by, and a wayfaring man that tarrieth but a night, in this dwelling of thy handmaid? Dear Lord, it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps, how much less the steps of others! Come Thou in the might of Thy great gentleness and Thine all-knowing sympathy and love, and show this child of Thine the right way, saying, 'Walk ye in it.' Thou knowest every sorrow she has passed through, every bitter draught she has drunk, every sin she has been led into; yea, when she said there was no comforter, Thine eye pitied and Thine arm waited to save her, though the eye of flesh saw it not. Come now and place beneath her weary heart and failing flesh the everlasting arms of Thy overflowing love and care; give her peace and rest; give her an understanding heart; above all, with Thy love and pity redeem her, as Thou didst the elder Israel, and bring her with tender leading and Divine affection not only into Thy fold on earth, but to the General Assembly and Church of the first-born in heaven, and to Thee shall be praise and love and glory forever. Amen."

When he arose, his old face fair with the shining of the Mount from whence he came down, the poor woman, who had dropped her head on her hand, lifted it, and tried to thank him, but streaming tears choked her; and behind the door into the shed a stifled sob betrayed some hidden auditor.

"Farewell!" said Father Hill, and with a look of heavenly benignity went out from the house. His deep and earnest piety had got the better of his dogmas, and, so strange is human nature, he was a little ashamed of it. But on his departing steps the shed door opened, and Mab came in, her face all washed with tears.

"*That* man's got religion!" she said, decisively. "I never heerd a mortal creature pray like that: seemed as though he see right into glory, and talked face to face with the Lord. If that's bein' pious, I wish I was as pious as fury myself."

"He's a good man," sobbed Mrs. Flint; "one of the Lord's an'inted, I make no doubt; and, Mabel, I don't know but what I have did wrong. I ain't noways heavenly-minded like him; mabbe I had ought to have put up with everything."

"No, you hadn't; that ain't so; but if it's goin' to make you easier, aunty, to 'make reflections,' as old Parson Roberts says, why, make 'em; only don't tell no lies to the church because you've got into a heavenly mood all to once. Folks that ain't just to themselves don't never get justice elsewheres, now I tell you."

Father Hill, despairing of having impressed Mrs. Flint, had cast the matter into his Master's hands, and from his study in Bassington sent a letter to Parson Roberts, running thus:

"Rev'd and dear Brother,—I have had Opportunity with Mrs. Flint, and find that she conceived her leaving the Deacon was a real duty at that time; that her Recovery under Providence turned upon it; that she did not then foresee the Consequences that such a step would issue in her final Separation .... She stands ready to reflect upon herself as far as she can be convinced she ought to do so, but thinks the fault is not on her Side as things now are.

"I feel unable to direct or advise further. The cause of Religion, the cause of the Christian Church, you are very sensible, is of more Consequence than the Honor or Pease of any individual. If such a settlement can be made as may secure Religion from suffering, it must be an object to be desired .... Sensible of the Embarrassments you and the church labor under, and desirous to contribute my mite, I use this Freedom.

"This from your affectionate Brother,

"Samuel J. Hill.

"To Rev'd Mr. Roberts.

"To be communicated if you think expedient."

But while the ministers were in this strait about their obstinate parishioner, the Lord had answered Father Hill, unknown to himself, while he was yet

speaking. Moved, and indeed melted, by the love and sympathy that prayer showed, Mrs. Flint, no longer hindered by Mabel, prepared herself to write "proper reflections" to the church; but in doing so was also perpetually prompted by Mabel not to traitorously deny her own cause or slip aside from the truth in a voluntary humility; and in due time the following confession was laid before that august body:

"I, the subscriber, Sarepta Flint, a member of the church of Christ in Bassett, sensible that the Church are dissatisfied with me on account of the Separation that has taken place between Deacon Flint and myself, and that they are Apprehensive that I have not been innocent as to measures which have led to this unhappy Event, whereby Religion is wounded and the Pease of the Church disturbed, take this opportunity to publickly acknowledge myself a poor, imperfect Creture, and to own that under my Weak state of Body and weakness of mind, with which I was attended at one Time or another, I no doubt manifested on certain Ocasions an unsuitable Temper of mind, said and Did things which under other Circumstances I should not have said or done. I am far from justifying myself in all my conduct. Particular I would reflect on myself for that Expresion in regard to swearing the Pease against Dea. Flint. . . .I ask the Forgivness of God and this church, and of all others who are aggrieved, and request the prayers of my Christian Brethren and Sisters that I henceforth conduct as a true and faithful Disciple of Christ, and adorn the Solem Vocation by which I am called.

"Sarepta Flint.

"P.S.—I stand ready also to return to my Husband as soon as a suitable Door opens for that Purpose."

Perhaps something in the self-respecting yet honest humility of this document touched the heart of Bassett church, or perhaps only their self-love and pride of place was soothed by it. Be that as it may, the confession was accepted, and Parson Roberts, with a valor and persistence that did him honor, insisted that Deacon Flint should go with him to inform his wife of her release from interdict, and also to open that "Door" of reconciliation to which she had so pathetically alluded. The parson's wig was fresh buckled, the deacon's queue new wound and tied, and their Sabbath-day garments prim and speckless, as the next morning they opened the door of the old house where Sarepta Flint had taken refuge from her oppressor. A scene they little expected met their eyes. On the low bed, covered with its rough blue homespun spread, lay an evidently dying figure. A more "Solem Vocation" than life had called Deacon Flint's wife, and she was about to obey. Mindwell and Sam Pratt upheld her as she gasped for breath, and the two children clung together sobbing at her feet, while Mabel, with Joe Pratt's arm about her, and her face streaming with tears she did not feel, stood by the bedside gazing at her friend. Her face blazed as the deacon and Parson Roberts entered; but roused by the click of the latch, Mrs. Flint opened her eyes and looked at the youthful pair with a gentle smile; they had been the one bright outlook of her latter life, and to them she gave her last smile; for as her eyes turned toward her husband a cold terror filled them, the lids fell, her head drooped on Mindwell's shoulder, and with one long shuddering sigh she escaped forever. The forgiveness of the church and the condescension of her husband came too late: she was already safe where the wicked cease from troubling, and the Consoler dries all mortal tears.

Deacon Flint stood like a stone. Did remorse trouble him? Was regret busy at his heart? Or did he feel a bitter and deep chagrin at the loss of so much income?

Mabel's tears ceased; she withdrew from Joe's arm, and went round to where Deacon Flint stood. "Are you proper pleased now?" she said, in a low voice of concentred contempt and rage. "You've got her turned out of church, and into heaven. You won't never see her again—no, never! not to all eternity; but you've killed her as good as if you took an axe to her. You can take that hum to sleep on."

"Hush!" said Parson Roberts, with all the dignity a little man could give to his voice and manner. "When the Lord giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

But even as he spoke, Joe Pratt, his face full of black wrath, set his hand to the deacon's collar, and walked him summarily into the road. Mabel had spoken

truth: never again did he see his wife's face, not even in the fair peace of death. Whether ever in that far world of souls they met again is, perhaps, doubtful; let us pray not. Mrs. Flint's married experience was over in this world a hundred years ago, and in the next "they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

RECENT MOVEMENTS IN WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

THE progressive tendency of the age is nowhere better illustrated than in the advances made in the higher education of women since the beginning of the century. Of the twenty-four colleges of the United States in 1800 none were open to women; and of the three founded in the first decade only one, after a lapse of seventy years, admits them. But more than four-fifths of the seventy-five colleges chartered in 1861–70 are open to both sexes. In 1837 four women were admitted to the Freshman Class of Oberlin College, three of whom graduated four years later, and were, in the opinion of President Fairchilds the first women who received a collegiate degree in the United States. Vassar was incorporated in 1861, and is acknowledged to be the first well-equipped college in this (if not in any) country designed exclusively for the education of young women. Smith College, in the Connecticut Valley, and Wellesley, both chartered in the last decade, are prosecuting the work which the college at Poughkeepsie began ten years earlier. In a select list of three hundred and eleven institutions bearing the name of college, one hundred and seventy admit both sexes on equal terms, and five admit women only. The college is still unknown which, having made a fair trial of co-education, has excluded women; and upon many of the conservative institutions a strong pressure is brought to persuade them to open their doors—a pressure to which a few yield each year.

The advance in the higher education of women is made more evident when the course of study in the ladies' seminaries fifty and thirty years since is considered. The course can not be described as narrow. Its chief defect is found in a breadth which led to superficiality. The remark which Professor Backus makes of the first students admitted to Vassar, that they "had been allowed to wander over the surface of a broad range of literature and science,"* would apply to the Senior Classes of the majority of the "female seminaries" of the former generation. The memory and the faculties of observation, moreover, were disciplined, to the neglect of the reasoning and the reflective powers—a defect still inhering in many girls' schools. Whatever of science was taught was made a mere ticketing of goods. "Accomplishments" crowded out the severer studies. Music was mechanical. Art consisted of the copying of second-rate pictures, the memorizing of biographical notes and of æsthetic theories. Schools were "finishing schools." There was an almost total lack of that thorough education which at the same time Yale under Day and Woolsey, and Harvard under Quincy and Sparks, were endeavoring to give young men.

For the same period in England the education of women was conducted by methods and with results hardly superior to those of American schools. Dr. Grant, the principal of the University of Edinburgh, has remarked that, "In girls' schools, for the most part, there has been an idolatry of facts, dates, names, and the like, these being looked upon as safe and useful acquisitions—a sort of portable property which would at some time surely become of service. The acquirement of these has been made a substitute for mental exercise and training. What one asks from Education is, 'Give me myself; give me myself awakened, strengthened, made generally available.' But the old-fashioned girls' school says: 'No, I will not give you yourself; that might be imprudent. I will give you lists of kings, rows of dates, botanical orders, plenty of hard names; in short, an extensive *répertoire* of words.'. . . . What the old-fashioned girls' school idolizes is dead facts. If facts have any life in them, the girls' school takes it out."†

But both in England and the United States the more notable and recent movements in the education of women have not consisted either in establishing colleges for them or in offering them matriculation papers at men's colleges. Several of these movements, although not independent of the universities, are peculiar in their origin and organization.

* Richardson's and Clark's *College Book*, 385.

† Reform of Women's Education, Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., D.C.L., *Princeton Review*, 1880, 347.

Among the earliest of these movements stands the Harvard Examinations for Women. These examinations are founded upon two considerations: one, the lack of a common standard by which the worth of instruction at girls' schools can be measured. The entrance examinations of a college gauge the character of the instruction received at Phillips Academy; but with the exception of Vassar and a few other well-equipped colleges, the numberless girls' schools have no court to which they can send up their work for judgment upon its worth. This scheme furnishes such a court. But the more important design of their establishment is to provide a test of the work which young women studying privately are doing. The examinations suggest the outline of a course of study and methods for its pursuit. In the summer of 1872 the Women's Education Association of Boston petitioned Harvard College to offer examinations similar to those which the English universities held. Two years later the first series was held, and they have been repeated every succeeding year. They are of two grades. The preliminary embraces:

English, Physical Geography, either Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any two of the four languages—French, German, Latin, and Greek—at least one of the two chosen being a modern language.

The advanced, divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself, is of as high an order as the collegiate course of study. Its sections are:

1. *Languages.*—Candidates may offer any two of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek.

2. *Natural Science.*—Candidates may offer any two of the following subjects: Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology.

3. *Mathematics.*—Candidates must present Solid Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms, and Plane Trigonometry; and any one of the three following subjects: Analytic Geometry, Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry, and Astronomy.

4. *History.*—In 1880 candidates may offer either of the two following subjects: the History of Continental Europe during the period of the Reformation, 1517–1648; English and American History from 1688 to the end of the eighteenth century.

5. *Philosophy*—Candidates may offer any three of the following subjects: Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Political Economy.

Although the examinations have not attracted a large number of women to the score who have passed each year, they have proved of incalculable service. For the convenience of students they are now held in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, as well as in Cambridge. Those who pass them receive the certificate of the university signifying the fact.

The establishment of the Harvard examinations by no means indicates that the sentiment of the university authorities is in favor of co-education. In fact, although those who organized the examinations of the English universities for women regarded their scheme as only a step toward opening the entire privileges of Oxford and Cambridge to them, the promoters of the Harvard examinations had no such purpose in view. Nor are the officers of the university committed to co-education by an educational scheme recently inaugurated at Cambridge, of which the professors and tutors of the college are the agents.

For at least several years many of the minds of Eastern New England interested in the higher education have been pondering hard to make the vast resources of Harvard College available for women. Only a small minority of the members of the governing boards would, under present conditions, judge it expedient to admit women. The obstacles to any plan by which women could share the privileges their brothers enjoyed seemed insurmountable. The problem was considered long and carefully by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge. The suggestion was finally made in the winter of 1878–79 that the college professors might be persuaded to give to private lady pupils the same instruction they gave their regular classes. The scheme was mentioned to a professor, who not only warmly commended it, but thought it practicable. Ladies of Cambridge, as Mrs. Louis Agassiz and Miss Longfellow, were called in consultation. Letters addressed to the professors, asking if they would give instruction to women privately which they gave publicly to their classes, called forth, with a very few exceptions, letters not

only affirmative, but also heartily commending the scheme. These letters I have been permitted to read, and their feeling toward the movement is shown to be remarkably cordial. Several of the professors who approved the attempt were compelled, for personal reasons, to decline giving additional instruction.

For Cambridge professors to teach women privately was no novelty. Colonel T. W. Higginson says that his sisters, more than thirty years ago, belonged to classes taught in geometry by Professor Peirce, and in Italian by Dr. Bachi. Of late, women have been among the private pupils of several professors. The novelty of the plan consisted in the elevation of private collegiate instruction into a system. Seven ladies, three of whom are wives of college professors, were selected as managers. An advisory board, composed of Professors Goodwin, Gurney, Goodall, Greenough, and J. M. Peirce, were chosen to establish the conditions of admission and the courses of study. As a guarantee fund seventeen thousand dollars were raised by the managers. In the middle of the spring of 1879 the scheme had so far advanced as to allow the announcement of the conditions of admission, which were not unlike the regular entrance examinations of the college, and of the price of the instruction, two hundred dollars, fifty dollars more than the college tuition. But students of single courses were to be admitted, on satisfying professors of their ability to pursue them, at fees varying from seventy-five to one hundred dollars.

In response to this announcement the applications for admission to the Annex —as the institution has come to be known —were numerous. In the following September twenty-seven women were admitted. Four only were approbated as Freshmen, the remainder taking single or advanced courses of study. Vassar, Smith, and the Girls' Latin School, of Boston, each sent a graduate, and several students had been teachers either in or near Boston. Instruction was furnished in Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish; in Philosophy, Political Economy, History, Music, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, and Natural History. Twenty-four courses were given by twenty-three officers of the college. Six women studied Greek, nine Latin, one Sanskrit, five English, five German, six French, four Philosophy, six Political Economy, four History, two Music, seven Mathematics (one studying Quaternions under the elder Peirce), three Physics, and five Botany. The purpose of several was to fit themselves to teach the subjects in which they received instruction, but the aim of perhaps a larger number can be embraced only in that general and abused word—culture.

Of the success of the Annex in its first year there is only one opinion. Students sing its praises; professors are cordial in their commendations. Professor Goodwin, the distinguished scholar and teacher of Greek, and an earnest promoter of the scheme, says: "The past year's experience as a teacher in the new college for women has convinced me that our plan promises more for the higher education of women than any other which has been suggested. Already, in its undeveloped condition, it offers young women better advantages than any institution in America offered to young men fifteen years ago. Its distinguishing feature is its relation to the teachers of Harvard College, by which, although it is in no way officially connected with the college, it can call in the help of a much larger body of instructors than could possibly be at the command of an independent college for women. Its ultimate success depends, in my opinion, entirely on the support which it receives from pupils, and from the bounty of those who can give substantial aid to such an institution." Dr. Peabody, the eminent author and divine, gives a similar opinion: "There is, I think, on the part of our academic faculty, entire satisfaction with the working of our system for the education of women. The young women who have been students are, I am inclined to think, without an exception, earnestly engaged in their work, capable, and some of them exceptionally apt and able scholars, and seeking connection with the university for no other purpose than the enjoyment of superior educational advantages. Their teachers are in the highest degree satisfied and gratified with the year's work." The "marks" secured by the young women in their studies are of a very high average. In the class of 1880 at Harvard two students attained for the entire four years a percentage above ninety, thirty-three above eighty, and seventy-four above seventy. Yet of the twenty-seven members of the Annex, one attained a percentage of ninety-eight (in

one study); and those whose "marks" averaged above eighty outnumber those who obtained less than seventy. So far as known only two fell below sixty.

The success of the first year's work has followed it into the second year. The number of students has increased, particularly of those entering for a four years' course, and is as large as the managers at present desire. The courses of study also have doubled, and embrace several of superior worth. Professor Goodwin offers a course in Æschylus, Pindar, and Aristotle's Politics; Professor Lone, one in Pliny, Horace, Plautus, and Cicero; Dr. Hedge, one in Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul; Professor Norton, one in Dante; Professor C. C. Everett, one in Kant and his successors; Dr. Peabody, one in Ethics, and one in Advanced Logic; Professor Paine, three courses in Music; and the Peirces, one each in Quaternions and Cosmical Physics.

One feature of the Annex deserving commendation is that no money is frittered away in buildings. The students find their lodging-places in families of Cambridge or Boston, and the recitation-rooms are in a private house near the college. In the first year not more than four thousand dollars of the original fund was expended, and the expenses beyond the amount paid for instruction were only six hundred dollars. Yet it should be added that several officers gladly gave their services, who in a college would receive compensation. Students needing pecuniary aid receive it, although only one in the first year made application.

The Annex was—perhaps I should say is—an experiment. It was not an experiment in reference to the ability of women to receive instructions in advanced studies; that had been proved by Cornell, Oberlin, Michigan University, and scores of other colleges. It was not an experiment in reference to their association with the young men of the college, for, beyond working in the library, the association was no more intimate than with the ordinary residents of Cambridge. It was rather an experiment in reference to the professors of Harvard College. The majority of them had not taught classes of young women, and therefore were necessarily in doubt regarding the ability of women to pursue the most advanced studies by the side of young men. The experience of one year's teaching has demonstrated to them that women do possess this ability. By some, also, the scheme is considered an experiment in reference to the movement of opening Harvard College to women. "The experiment is," says Professor G. H. Palmer, "to me chiefly interesting as it tends to prepare the way for making all the facilities of Harvard as available to young women as to young men." I am persuaded that although the change may be slight, the professors and the students of the college are less opposed to co-education than before the Annex was established.

Attendance at the Annex necessitates residence either in or near Cambridge. A movement, however, for the higher education of women, which is accomplished as well in Minnesota or California as in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, has recently been inaugurated in Boston. Its character is indicated in its name—the Society to Encourage Studies at Home. Although it is a movement for the higher education, the education which it offers is perhaps not as high as that provided by the Annex, or by any well-established college. Its purpose is "to induce young ladies to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind. To carry out this purpose, courses of reading and plans of work are arranged, from which ladies may select one or more, according to their taste and leisure; aid is given them, from time to time, through directions and advice; and finally, a meeting is held, annually, where the students may meet the managers of the society."

The plan of the society is in many respects similar to that by which "corresponding students" fit themselves for the local examinations of the English universities, and also not unlike the Chautauqua Association, whose work is described in a recent number of this Magazine. Its courses of study include History, ancient, mediæval, modern, and American; Natural Science, Botany, Zoology, Physical Geography, Geology, Mineralogy, Mathematics, and Astronomy, Art in various departments, and the literature of Germany, France, and England. Its students, approaching a thousand, represent thirty-seven States, besides the Canadas; and more than one hundred and fifty women, including some of the ablest and most distinguished educators of New England,

have served as their teachers or directors. Books are loaned from the society's library, and small collections for the study of Mineralogy, Geology, and Botany are furnished students. The annual fee is only two dollars. The work which this society has been silently doing for seven years is of wide and permanent usefulness. To young women, graduates of "finishing schools," prepared to settle down to poetry and embroidery, it has been a stimulus to continue their studies. To teachers in country districts, fettered by regular work, and compelled by distance to forego the advantages of libraries, it has furnished suggestions and materials for study and reading. To mothers and sisters, absorbed in home cares, it has brought recreation and a broader and richer knowledge. Southey said that a breakfast table was incomplete unless a proof-sheet lay upon it. So the daily reading outlined by the society, and the monthly letters of a kindly critic, have brightened many a prairie and mountain home.

But the recent movements in the higher education of women are not confined to America. In England and Germany the same movements are in progress which are proving of so great advantage to us. On the island these movements are stronger than on the continent; and England has anticipated the United States in adopting several educational plans which are now in operation on both sides the ocean. The advance in the higher education of English women within the last quarter century is indicated in some five distinct steps. The first was the establishment of Queen's College, London, in 1853. Its purpose was to offer to young women what King's College provided for young men—a high-class secondary school with a university department. Its course of study is designed to fit students, now numbering four hundred, for the examinations of the London University. The second step was the opening in 1865 of the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations to girls over eighteen years of age. These examinations are of the type of the Harvard examinations for women, and furnished the suggestions for the American plan. They have attracted a much larger number of women than the Harvard examinations, and their influence in elevating the character of the instruction given in private schools has proved very potent. From this step followed in 1869 the institution of the Cambridge higher local examinations for women over eighteen years of age (since 1873 open also to men). In the same year the greater privilege of admission to the regular examinations of the University of Cambridge was asked for and obtained. In October, 1869, six women assembled at Hitchin, twenty miles from Cambridge, to whom some of the best Cambridge tutors, at much sacrifice of time and comfort, gave instruction. After a year of hard work the band went to Cambridge for the "little-go" examination, which was successfully passed. The field of action was soon transferred to Girton—a parish two and a half miles from the university. There a building was erected capable of accommodating twenty-one students, and since enlarged to twice its original size. Under the name of Girton College the institution was incorporated in 1872, and the dormitory began to be occupied in October, 1873. For nearly a decade the work of Girton has been prosecuted by the side of and in direct connection with the work of the ancient university. The course of study may be made identical with the university course. The university lecturers and "coaches" are employed. The university examination papers (as in certain studies of the Harvard Annex) are set for the young ladies, and the books written in answer to them are examined by university examiners and assessed by university standards. Also connected with Cambridge, and similar to Girton, is Newnham Hall. It was established as a dormitory for young women presenting themselves to the higher local examinations, and was formerly known as Merton College. Although not adopting certain of the university requirements in reference to residence, its work is in most other respects not dissimilar to that done at Girton. To the young women passing the examinations, the university, not allowed to confer a degree, grants a "degree certificate." Although at the present writing no one has won a first-class honor, several have attained the standard of a second class in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The last step, and one of the most important in the general advance, is the opening of the examinations of London University to women. The university, it is needless to say, offers no instruction, only providing examinations and conferring degrees. This extension of its privileges is fully justified

by the scholarly results of every year. Women maintain an honorable place by the side of their brother workers. In a recent session they attained first positions in Political Economy, Latin, and Greek; and the high character of their papers is shown by the fact that although of one hundred and three first-class certificates men received sixty-five and women thirty-eight, of the third class men received fifty and women only two. In a former year the highest mathematical prize—a scholarship of two hundred and fifty dollars—was taken by a woman.

Germany is more conservative than England, and the German universities are more conservative than Oxford or Cambridge. Yet the desire to open university advantages to women, so strongly felt on the Cam, is also entertained on the banks of the Pleisse. Women are hearing and taking notes of the lectures of Leipsic professors. The privileges of the university are not officially extended. No woman can be matriculated; no woman can receive a degree. But, on the consent of the professor (seldom if ever refused), she attends his lectures, and receives all the substantial benefits of membership of the university. In the department of law, however, a woman has lately received a degree, and several of the professors of the philosophical faculty are reported as favoring the extension of all the rights of their department to women. Göttingen has pursued a course opposite to that of Leipsic. Although not admitting women to its lectures, it has conferred the doctor's degree on several.

Recent movements in women's education are not confined to instruction of a collegiate grade. Women are entering the professions; therefore they require a professional training, and therefore they demand entrance to the professional schools.

Many of the law and medical schools of the United States are open to women on the same terms as to men, and at the majority of the one hundred and twenty-five theological seminaries, exclusive of the Roman Catholic, opportunities of study similar to those enjoyed by the young men are afforded them, though they may be neither matriculated nor receive a degree. The number of women practicing law is far greater in the Western States than in the Eastern, and a large proportion of the schools, especially of those connected with the State universities, are free to them.

Of the three law schools in New England, only one is open to both sexes—that of the Boston University. The school has, however, I am informed, not yet graduated a woman. The women of the East who desire to read Kent and to learn forms of procedure prefer to obtain a legal education in the more private advantages of a lawyer's office.

In the chaotic state of ecclesiastical opinion regarding women's preaching, but few have been admitted either to the pulpit or to the theological seminary. Although the number has greatly increased in the last decade, in 1870, of 43,874 clergymen, only sixty-seven were women. The Methodist and Universalist churches have probably proved more cordial in granting clerical privileges to women than the churches of other leading denominations. Yet the General Conference of the former body, held at Cincinnati in 1880, refused to take a positive position in reference to the question. Women, however, are occupying several Methodist pulpits, though without official approbation. The Universalist Church has ordained several women, who are preaching not only in the West, but also in the conservative States of the East. Three are stationed in as many of the country towns of Maine. In the Congregational and Baptist denominations the cases of the ordination and installation of women are rare, even if a single one has occurred. The sentiment of Unitarians on the question is more akin to the Universalist position. The opinion of a Church regarding the preaching of women indicates its practice in reference to admitting women to the full privileges of its divinity schools. At the theological department of the Boston University, under the supervision of the Methodists, a woman has been a member of nearly every class since its establishment. The theological department, also, of the St. Lawrence University, of Canton, New York, controlled by Universalists, is open to women on the same terms as to men, and two graduated at its last Commencement. For many years women have attended the lectures of Professor Park, at Andover, though the seminary gives no diploma to them.

To the practice of medicine a larger number of women turn than enter both the legal profession and the clerical. The

first medical school for women ever established—the Female Medical Educational Society—was organized in Boston in November, 1848. For thirty years, in both Europe and the United States, measures for giving women a thorough training in medicine have been pushed very vigorously. At times the contest between those favoring and those opposing their practice of the healing art has been waged with the bitterness of the antislavery struggle. The general result, however, has been a victory for the women. In Europe are no less than twenty-five schools of high standing, in which they can receive a medical education, the large majority of which have been either opened to them or established within the last ten years. In India, seventy millions of whose women are forbidden by social custom from receiving the attendance of male physicians at their homes, several schools have been formed since 1867 for affording women the opportunity of obtaining a regular medical training. Of the eighty-eight medical schools in the United States a considerable proportion admit women on the same terms as men. The more important of these schools are the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, the Female Medical College of Philadelphia, the Department of Medicine and Surgery of Michigan University, the Woman's Hospital Medical College of Chicago, and the School of Medicine of Boston University. Their women graduates, in proportion to their men, are few, yet increase each year. According to the census of 1870 there were in the United States 62,383 physicians and surgeons, of whom 525 were women.

From this survey of recent movements in woman's education several inferences may be drawn. The first is that women can gain as thorough and as extended an education as men—not, perhaps, as conveniently or as cheaply, but one fully equal in breadth and thoroughness. At home, Vassar, Smith, and other colleges of high rank are established exclusively for their training; Michigan University, Oberlin, Iowa College, are as open to them as to their brothers; and the vast resources of the oldest and wealthiest college are theirs in the Annex. Private instruction of all kinds is as free to them as to men, and opportunities for professional training are abundant. Abroad, the English universities and the German are ceasing to make sex the hinge upon which access to their privileges turns.

Secondly, women (as a body) are as capable as men of receiving, profiting by, and using the highest intellectual training. Wherever women have been brought in school or college into fair competition with men, it has been demonstrated that they are as capable of availing themselves of the highest educational opportunities.

And thirdly, the liberal tendency of the age, and the excellence of the results so far won in the higher education of women, form a basis for the assurance that before the opening of the next century a much larger majority of the colleges and professional schools will be open to women on the same terms as to men. Not only will new colleges and new professional schools for them be formed, but also conservative colleges will make their resources available to them, and conservative professional schools, as the Harvard Medical School, which seems only to await a fit endowment before inviting women to its lecture-rooms, will be free to both sexes.

RÉVEILLÉ!

The dawn smiled through the blueness overhead,
The lark awoke;
The mists and mysteries of the night were fled,
The morning broke;

And soon the crystal chalice of the air,
All pure and clear,
Was brimming o'er with music sweet and rare
From far and near.

It overflowed the universe with song
So fresh and bright
That weary faces, pale with vigils long,
Suffused with light;

And turning toward the beauteous eastern sky,
In glad surprise,
Reflected half the glories from on high
In happy eyes.

And in the rosy shadows of the morn
A tiny life,
In solemn hush of joy and love, was born
To human strife.

A buried heart, long cold as drift of snow,
'Neath breast as white,
Stirred strangely in the rapturous morning glow,
And throbbed with might.

A weary soul, unloved, alone, and old,
And long oppressed,
Sped outward through the azure and the gold
To endless rest.

The dawn smiled through the blueness overhead,
The lark awoke;
The mists and mysteries of the night were fled,
The morning broke!

MRS. CABOT'S GUEST.

MR. EDWARD WINSLOW left the dock where the steamer *Polynesia* lay, discharging its passengers and cargo, with slower steps than seemed becoming in a young traveller returning home after a year's wandering in Europe. His feet stumbled a little as his eyes followed a carriage, burdened with trunks, which was threading its way amongst the drays and teams. Presently a veil fluttered from the window, a head nodded to him, and a hand waved a deprecatory good-by, as if the dangers into which the incautious young man was marching were easily apparent from within the coach. He drew back from the jaws of a nervous horse, the carriage slipped from his sight, and he made his way now with better attention to his steps.

It was just at dusk of an October evening, the pleasantest time in the world to arrive home after an ocean passage. The city had a picturesque look in the cool light, and every house which threw out gas or fire light from its windows seemed to offer a welcome. A warm welcome this young man was sure to find at his mother's, where he was expected, and the door at the head of the stone steps stood open wide as he sprang lightly up. The lively little lady in snowy cap who was compromising, in the shadow, between dignity and affection, went over bodily to affection when her son once was inside the doorway, and bustled with him into the library, with her cap cocked jauntily on one side, where his last embrace had left it.

"Well, this is jolly," said the young man, keeping off the fire with his hands while he surveyed the lady. "Mother, I'd rather see you than the Jungfrau. Your cap just now makes me think of that girl. I suppose after dinner we are to sit before this fire, and I am to tell you all about it?"

"Yes; I have already sacrificed society to this evening. Just before you came in I burned an invitation for this evening."

"Bless you, mother, I've not forgotten how dearly you love parties, and how cordially I hated them. You are a devoted mother."

"Oh, but you will have to make the party call with me, Edward. You have had your year abroad, and you must go into society, and I shall be so proud to introduce my great boy. Besides, Mrs. Cabot is such a charming hostess."

"Mrs. Cabot?"

"Yes; you remember I wrote you that I met her at Saratoga."

"Not Mrs. Cabot, of Harlem?"

"Yes, the very same. What a good memory you have, Edward! Travel has improved you. You used to laugh at your old mother's sudden friendships, and profess to forget the names as soon as you had heard them."

"Mrs. George Cabot of Harlem?"

"Yes, Mrs. George Cabot. Why not?"

"Why not? Certainly there's no reason in the world. We'll begin with her. We'll march into Society's figure-4 trap this evening."

"Oh no, Edward. I declined, positively declined, on account of a previous engagement (my engagement with you, you see—this engagement). I never dreamed you would be willing to go."

"But you see, mother, Europe has done what you asked her to—made a man of the world of me. We'll get out my dress-coat, and Mrs. Cabot will enjoy your coming all the more that, like the son in the parable, you said, I go not, and went."

"But I can't, Edward. I haven't anything to wear—and my hair, too. Oh, it's impossible, just impossible. Besides, I have a dreadful headache."

"My poor mother! And you meant to sit here and listen to my dull stories all the evening, and never say a word about it! You shall not go to the party. You shall go to bed. I will go, and give you one evening of peace before I begin my winter's torment."

Mrs. Winslow looked at her son in amazement. Europe had indeed transformed him. In what city or village of the Old World had he cast off his old suit of bashfulness and indifference to society? The young man smiled a good-natured response to her astonishment, and went to hunt out his dress-coat. Perhaps, too, there was something of disappointment in her look.

Mrs. Cabot had expended less regret on Mrs. Winslow's apologetic note than that lady had expressed, and indeed felt. She liked Mrs. Winslow, but her chief need was young men. It was not so difficult to get very charming widows (she was one herself), and they were often essential as chaperons; but young men!—she would have subscribed liberally to a so-

ciety for the encouragement of young men to enter society. Her invitations had, like many sent from the suburbs, brought back very irregular responses, and no mathematical law of chances had ever enabled her to forecast the size or character of her frequent parties. This evening she stood in the dimly lighted drawing-room, before it was quite time to expect her guests, giving a few final touches, and speculating afresh upon the contingencies of her company. She heard a carriage in the street, and detected a hesitation in its movements, as if it were hunting in the dark for something. One objection to living in the suburbs was that people might come very early, and so she had always made a point of being well beforehand herself. She stepped now to the window to see if she could make out anything. The carriage had stopped before her house, and the driver was dismounting. He ran up the steps and back again, having made out, apparently, the number on the door. Two large trunks decorated the rear of the carriage. None of her guests could be coming with such elaborate preparations for a simple evening party; and as the driver opened the door of the carriage, and a lady descended and began to climb the stone steps, Mrs. Cabot herself went to the door, opening it before the new-comer could ring. The light fell on the pretty face and trim figure of a girl in a gray travelling dress, who came forward and asked for Mrs. White.

"You have made some mistake," said Mrs. Cabot. "Mrs. White does not live here. Mrs. White lives a few doors above here."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. The driver read the number 19, and that was the number I was looking for."

"This is 19. I believe Mrs. White's is—let me see, one, two, three—it must be 27."

"But is that where Mrs. Cabot lives?"

"No; this is Mrs. Cabot's. I am Mrs. Cabot."

"It is certainly very strange. I have always sent my letters to Mrs. White, in care of Mrs. Cabot, 19 Fayette Street."

"This is 19 Fayette Street, and I am Mrs. Cabot. How extraordinary! Stop! Do you know what Mrs. White's first name is?"

"She is my aunt Mary."

"Is it possible! Yes, it must be. Excuse my surprise. Your aunt Mary has lived with me for some time; but I had entirely overlooked her last name, and thought—yes, I remember she is Mary White. Is your aunt expecting you?"

The girl's voice trembled.

"Not so soon. I had written her that I should come, but not by this steamer."

"What, are you just from England?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cabot."

"Well, I will speak to Mary."

"Wait, please, Mrs. Cabot. I am sure there must be some mistake from your manner. Let me go away again;" and she turned with a sudden resolution. The driver was standing by his carriage, and watching the two ladies curiously. The girl caught sight of his face, and turned back. "Oh, I can't go. I have no place to go to."

"You need not go. Here, driver, bring up the trunks, if you please;" and presently the luggage was deposited in the hall, and the door was closed. "Now come into the parlor, and tell me exactly how it is," said Mrs. Cabot. "First, what is your name?" The question was not unkind in its tone. It had something of the re-assuring ease of its position in the catechism.

"My name is Stella Greyson, and Mrs. White is my aunt, as I said." Miss Greyson hesitated, but as Mrs. Cabot did not ask the next question, she asked it herself. "Has my aunt never told of her English family?"

"No; I never asked her anything about her relations."

Miss Greyson looked puzzled. "And yet she has lived with you since her husband died."

"I remember that she was a widow, but I never talk over their affairs with my—servants." Mrs. Cabot stopped a moment before the word: she was talking to the niece of her cook, but the niece was plainly a lady, and a very pretty lady too.

Miss Greyson colored violently. "There must be some mistake, I am convinced," she said, faintly; and then, presently, "Mrs. Cabot, will you kindly explain to me just what my aunt's—relation to you is?"

"Why, I told you she lived with me. I thought you understood it; she is my cook. I always thought her much above her station. I am sure," she went on, rapidly, as she saw the changing color in Miss Greyson's face, "nothing could be more proper every way than your aunt's position. She came to me, I remember,

without ever having lived out anywhere before, but I understood perfectly her situation. Her husband had died, and she had no means of support. She was used to housekeeping, and preferred the home of a widow like myself to any less domestic means of support. She has been with me now a year, and we have got along admirably. I give up everything almost to her. Indeed, she is really housekeeper, and I think I ought to call her so, but—"

"But what?" asked Miss Greyson, who had had time to regain her composure, and now looked determined to hear the worst.

"But—oh, only she isn't; she is cook," said Mrs. Cabot, with a helpless candor. "That's all. I had really nothing whatever against her. I have the greatest respect in the world for her." Mrs. Cabot was trying again to set up the figure which Miss Greyson's face had helped her to construct, and which had suddenly fallen over. That young lady, however, seemed to have recovered her equanimity.

"I am extremely sorry, Mrs. Cabot," she began, "at this most awkward state of things. My aunt is not at all to blame. She did not know I was coming. It was entirely my own misunderstanding; but I must take advantage of your good-nature to let me pass the night, for I am an entire stranger to the city. You will pardon me, I am sure?" and she looked at Mrs. Cabot with a pretty beseechingness.

"Why, of course, of course, Miss Greyson. Stay as long as you like. Now shall I call Mary—I mean Mrs. White, your aunt?"

"Please let me go to her alone."

"Certainly, certainly. But perhaps you would rather not see her in the kitchen. There are some men there who are looking after the supper. You see, I have a little party to-night. I think I heard some one come just now. So you'll excuse me if I don't ask your aunt to come here? You might go into the dining-room—but no, they're setting the table now. I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. Just come into the hall, and sit there while I have your trunks carried up stairs. It's lucky the men are here. I'll coax them to do it, and then I'll send your aunt to see you in your room. That will be the easiest." Mrs. Cabot smiled with pleasure at her management, and led Miss Greyson out of the drawing-room. "Oh," she said, suddenly, "won't you just turn up the gas while I speak to the men? for some one will be coming down immediately." So she gathered her skirts together for an excursion to the kitchen, and Miss Greyson, giving a look at herself in the mirror, which laughed suddenly back at her, went round the room with alacrity turning on the gas until the chandeliers were wide-awake with brilliancy. She glanced at the door; it was closed, and standing before a mirror she made a low courtesy to her pretty figure, rising from the salute just in time to turn a demure face toward Mrs. Cabot.

"Now come, Miss Greyson, the coast is clear. I have a little room next to your aunt's which I can let you have while you stay."

"You are very, very kind, Mrs. Cabot. Now I want to ask another favor of you. Let me go into the dressing-room and assist the ladies when they arrive."

"Will you? That would really be what I should like, but I never should have asked it of you." "But it was very proper of her to propose it," said Mrs. Cabot to herself as she went down to send Mary to her niece.

"There is some one who would like to see you, Mary," Mrs. Cabot said as she entered the kitchen. "You will find her in the little room next to yours."

"To see me!" The cook, usually so self-possessed, was thrown into great agitation. "Up stairs?"

"Yes; I could not ask her into the kitchen very well," whispered the mistress. "But go up—go just as you are," and Mrs. Cabot found it difficult to conceal her own lively interest. The cook did go at once, with trepidation, but with re-assurance after Mrs. Cabot's words.

"Stella Greyson!" she exclaimed as she entered the room.

"Aunt Mary!"

"What does this mean?"

"That is what I want to know. I am covered with confusion."

"Stella, do you know that I am cook—cook here?"

"The awful fact has just been divulged to me. I believe I am lady's-maid, too."

"What!"

"Help me unpack my boxes, Aunt Mary. My travelling dress is not exactly suitable. I am to assist the ladies. What larks!"

"Stella, you will do no such thing."

"But why not, Aunt Mary? How else

can I show proper gratitude to Mrs. Cabot? She takes me in, and she can't ask me into her drawing-room, and I'm sure I don't want to sit up here, poking, and you don't want me in the kitchen." Mrs. White winced at the last word. The girl went on, nimbly turning over her wardrobe. Her face was turned away, and she kept it away as she continued: "I can guess how it is, though I knew nothing before. You had nothing to depend upon when he died, and you were too proud to come back, and you thought we were too proud to wish to think of our dear aunt Mary as cook, and so you kept back the worst, and let us think of you as a sort of companion to Mrs. Cabot. And I had an opportunity to go out to Henry, but he could not come from Chicago, so mother thought I would best go right to you for a day or two until you could send me on. It's all plain, isn't it?" and she turned about now, with the tears just dimming her eyes.

"Yes, you have spoken truly; and Mrs. Cabot is a good woman. But, Stella, shall the daughter of the rector of Everingham act as a lady's-maid?"

"For one night only—positively her only engagement."

Mrs. White sighed. "*I* can not say anything," she said.

"You do not need to say anything," said the girl, gayly. "You needn't tell Mrs. Cabot I'm a lady. Let her find it out for herself, if she can. I have ever so much family news to tell, but you really must not keep me waiting. I am sure the people are beginning to come. What a delicious introduction to American society! I shall see it on the wrong side first. Mrs. Cabot moves in the first circles? There are first circles in—Harlem, is it? What a funny name! Was it settled by the Dutch? Is there a little organ here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cabot is a lady, Stella. Her friends chiefly live in New York, and not in Harlem."

"Oh, they come from New York, do they? Well, I'm safe. I only know one New-Yorker. The chances are as one to—what's the population of New York?" A knock came at the door.

"Mrs. Cabot is sorry to interrupt you, Mary, but she needs you."

"I'll come at once, Ellen. Oh, Stella, do stay here. I'm troubled. I'll explain everything to Mrs. Cabot."

"Not a word to Mrs. Cabot. Lead on; I'll follow."

Mrs. White returned to her own quarters, and the girl made her way to the room where the ladies had already begun to lay aside their wraps. She needed no instruction. Much practice upon elder sisters had made her proficient, and she flitted about the room, giving deft touches to the toilets of the ladies, and receiving most condescending thanks.

"What is your name, my good girl?" asked one portly lady, who had come in all askew, and for the first time in her life really looked dressed, as she prepared to go down.

"Stella, madam," and she dropped a courtesy.

"I shall tell Mrs. Cabot she has a treasure," said the dame, as she moved away, with an inward resolve to get that treasure into her own possession as soon as possible.

The girl dropped her eyes meekly, and concealed a smile. There was for a moment no one left in the room, and she stepped to the doorway to get a peep at the staircase and the company. Her feet tapped impatiently as she heard the sound of a violin. A little twinge of regret at her situation seized her. She turned to go back into the room, for other ladies were coming up the staircase. At that moment she encountered a gentleman issuing from the room adjoining. She turned her head quickly, but not quickly enough.

"Ah! Miss Greyson. So soon, you see. Is not this like a witticism?—the unforeseen, you know, is what always happens. Who would have dreamed that I should find Mrs. Cabot's card for me when I reached home?"

"I did not expect to meet you here, Mr. Winslow. Pray excuse me now," and she darted off.

"I am afraid young Winslow has come home with foreign manners," whispered Mrs. Talbot to her husband as they passed down the staircase. "You saw him speak to that pretty maid of Mrs. Cabot's. You didn't see that her face was on fire when she came into the dressing-room."

"Mighty pretty girl," said Mr. Talbot, briefly.

Mr. Edward Winslow lingered about the door, but finally, much perplexed, went down stairs, and presented himself to Mrs. Cabot.

"I am truly delighted to see you, Mr. Winslow, and only sorry that your charm-

ing mother could not come. I call it a proof of a glorious future for the republic, Mr. Talbot, when our young gentlemen come home from Europe and immediately offer themselves up to Society."

"Very."

"You came this very afternoon, Mr. Winslow, I think you said?"

"Yes, by the *Polynesia*. If I am not mistaken I had the pleasure and the honor of making the acquaintance of your niece, Mrs. Cabot."

"My niece? Not Serena Garland, at Dresden?"

"Oh no, I mean on the voyage. That is always the last thing in my mind, of course. I mean Miss Stella Greyson."

"Good heavens, Mr. Winslow! This is more mysterious than ever. I don't like the looks of it at all."

"But is not Miss Greyson your niece?"

"My niece? No. Did she say she was?"

"Why, yes. She certainly said she expected to spend the night at her aunt's, and she gave me your address. I did not for the moment recognize the name of one of my mother's friends, whose acquaintance she had made during my absence."

Mrs. Cabot looked serious. "Still," she said, as if to herself, "it might be explained."

"Explain it to me, then, please," said Mr. Winslow. "I am sure there can be nothing— Miss Greyson is the daughter of an English clergyman, and was certainly the most charming lady on the steamer. She was the life of the little party into which I managed to ingratiate myself."

Mrs. Cabot hesitated. "I hope she did not mean to convey a false impression. She has an aunt living with me."

"Ah, now I remember. That is what she said."

"But her aunt—her aunt is my cook." Mrs. Cabot longed to say housekeeper or companion, to let Mr. Winslow down gently, but she was the soul of truthfulness. "Really," she went on, "the young —woman appears very well—very well indeed. It was a somewhat awkward situation for her, since she did not know, until she drove here, that her aunt sustained such a relation to me" (the phrase was cumbrously diplomatic, but it seemed to be required by Mr. Winslow's face); "but I must say that she accepted the situation— I mean, took the thing in the best spirit, and offered to act as lady's-maid this evening."

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Cabot. You didn't let her!"

"Why, yes. I thought it would relieve her. Ah! good-evening, Mr. Dolbear. I am very glad to see you. Do you know Mr. Winslow, Mr. Dolbear? Mr. Winslow has just returned to-day by the *Polynesia*;" and so Mrs. Cabot escaped more embarrassment. But Winslow was very ill at ease. There was Stella Greyson up stairs, a lady's-maid, and he, as he knew perfectly well, desperately in love with her, down stairs with his mother's polite friends. Eleven feet or so of space between them, but a whole degree of social longitude. He danced, he chatted, he smiled with his old friends, but all the while with a remorseful feeling that he was acting a shamefaced part, and that up stairs Miss Greyson was comparing him with the attentive young man whom she had met in the freedom of the *Polynesia* quarter-deck.

In point of fact Miss Greyson was thinking of Mr. Winslow, and wishing to Heaven she had not been seen by him under such compromising circumstances. She was not at all averse to a little lark of this sort, provided she could keep it to herself and one or two very intimate friends, but Mr. Winslow was not yet to be counted among such, and now bade fair never to come even within the range of friendship. Why had her aunt concealed her real situation? Why had she deceived them? Yes, cruelly deceived them, so that her own niece, coming innocently to America, had fallen into this hateful trap? She never, never could forgive her aunt Mary, and she would go this very instant and shut herself up in her room, and not see anybody till she left the house, the very earliest hour in the morning, to take the very first train to Chicago. As she left the room to carry this threat into immediate execution she ran again almost into the arms of Mr. Winslow, who, in his disturbance of mind, had bade good-evening to his hostess, and was coming out of the dressing-room now with his overcoat on.

"Oh, Mr. Winslow!" she gasped. In his substantial wraps, he looked at the instant as if he were going out of her world altogether.

"What must you think of me?" he exclaimed.

"Of you? It is I who must say that to you."

"No, I understand it all." He really

did not quite understand it, but he could not refine at this point. "Tell me I may come to see you to-morrow."

"Here! In Mrs. Cabot's house! Oh, never!"

"Then meet me in Central Park. But no, that would never do. Where can I see you, if not here? I will come to see you here. You must see me." And refusing to hear any protests, he rushed down stairs.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she exclaimed. "And I was going to Chicago the very first thing in the morning." She went up to her room to think about it, leaving the ladies to put on their wraps as well as they could without her. Her aunt came up to see her late in the evening.

"Stella," she whispered through the key-hole, as she got no response to her knock; but the young lady refused to give signs of hearing.

Winslow went home in a feverish frame of mind. He found his mother sitting by the fire, her headache having faded away. He sat down by her, and looked steadily at her.

"Mother," he began, and then stopped.

"Go on, Edward. I've thought it all out."

"Oh, come now, you haven't second-sight."

"Oh, I can see through a ladder."

"Well, tell me my dream, and the interpretation thereof."

"No; tell me first if you think Mrs. Cabot looks like her niece."

He hopped out of his chair.

"Yes, yes," said the little lady, smiling shrewdly. "You are very open, Edward."

"Mother, just explain yourself, will you?"

"Oh, you needn't look so solemn, Edward. My dear boy, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you married, and well married. Why, that is what I sent you to Europe for, chiefly, and I am sure she must be charming."

"Who?"

"I'll whisper, since you are so diffident. S. G."

Winslow started again, and stared at his mother.

"Oh, I'm a necromancer," she said, but at the same time threw her handkerchief too adroitly over a package on the table. He lifted it, and saw a package of his letters beneath it. His mother laughed.

"So you've caught me." He glanced at the uppermost letter.

"Good grandmother!" he exclaimed. "I had entirely forgotten. What! that little Serena Garland at Dresden Mrs. Cabot's niece? So she was—so she was." His mother looked at him blankly. He seemed to have swept down her house of cards. "I see I must tell a plain story in a straightforward way," said he; and he told his mother of meeting Miss Greyson on the steamer, of his unconquerable affection for her, and of the evening's embarrassment. "Of course," he concluded, "I don't care a snap of my finger for what anybody says—" But he happened to catch sight of his mother's woful face. "Yes, I do care for you, mother; but you only need to see her, and all your doubts will disappear."

"I don't know—I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "Everybody will know. Was Mrs. Talbot there?"

"Yes."

"Dear! dear! She will never stop talking."

"Pooh! nobody would notice her. Yes, they would, too. But no matter. Go to-morrow to see her, and your doubts will all vanish."

Winslow went the next day, and very early. He asked for Mrs. Cabot, and when she left the parlor Miss Greyson came down. She had not gone to Chicago, and she did not go that day. Mrs. Winslow herself called in the afternoon.

"I think we can arrange it, Edward," said his mother, a few evenings afterward, as she talked it over with her son. "Mrs. Cabot has found another place for Mrs. White, a place as housekeeper in a widower's family, and has invited Stella to make her a visit. We'll give a party, and dress Stella's hair differently, and nobody will recognize her in the world. We'll invite everybody who was at Mrs. Cabot's. The only trouble is Mrs. Talbot. She has been twice, when Mrs. Cabot was out, on purpose to try and persuade the pretty lady's-maid to come to live with her. She let it out, for all she thought she was so shrewd. It was, of course, a very dishonorable thing to do. Shall we ask her?"

"Oh, invite Mrs. Talbot, of course." And Mrs. Talbot was invited. She looked very narrowly at Winslow's *fiancée*.

"My dear," she said to her husband, afterward, "that Miss Greyson looks ex-

traordinarily like Mrs. Cabot's lady's-maid. You remember we saw Winslow speaking to her at Mrs. Cabot's party, and she said her name was Stella, too."

"Very likely."

"It can't be that they are the same."

"No."

"Why can't it be?"

"Because you just said it couldn't."

Mrs. Talbot did talk, but she could find nobody else to recognize the likeness, and Mrs. Cabot herself declared she never had employed a lady's-maid.

"It was a narrow escape, though," she said, several months afterward, to Mrs. Winslow, when the gossip had died down.

THE QUEEN, MINISTRY, LORDS, AND COMMONS.

THE social and commercial intercourse between England and the United States, which is becoming daily more intimate, is developing an extraordinary interest among the people of each nation in the affairs of the other, and in the construction and machinery of the government by which these affairs are regulated and controlled. With the view of partially meeting this desire the present article, compiled from the latest sources of information open to the writer, has been prepared.

The government of England may be divided into four departments, the Queen, Ministry, Lords, and Commons, each possessing separate and distinct functions, and each restraining, limiting, and controlling the others. It is neither a Democracy in which the sovereign power is vested in the people, nor an Aristocracy in which a few members distinguished by birth or wealth are supreme, nor, again, a Monarchy in which sovereign authority is wielded by a single person. It is a mixed government, formed out of all of these, and blending some of the advantages of each. This mixed government is called a Limited Monarchy, in which the crown has no absolute power, but must rule according to the usages of the constitution, and in subjection to the laws of the realm. The constitution, so called, is unwritten, and is made up of Parliamentary and constitutional law, or, in other words, of law and precedent. When Victoria was crowned she took the following oath, which is called the coronation oath:

"I solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same. I will to the utmost of my power cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all my judgments. I will to the utmost of my power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant form of religion established by the law, and will preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to my charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them or any of them. The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me God."

This mixed government is, therefore, a government in which the supreme power is virtually in the laws, though its majesty and administration are vested in a single person. Though it is called a hereditary monarchy, it is not absolutely so, for the right of inheritance rests upon, and may from time to time be changed by, act of Parliament. Under the provisions of the Act of Settlement, passed in 1701, this right is conditional upon the heir-apparent being a member of the Church of England, and of the issue of Princess Sophia of Hanover, who was a granddaughter of James I. At the death of the Duke of Gloucester in 1700 the succession of the crown was unprovided for after the death of William and Anne. The next in blood, after the children of James II., was the Duchess of Savoy, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, and then the family of the Elector of the Palatinate, all of whom had abjured the reformed faith, except Sophia, the wife of the Elector of Hanover. As papists were excluded from the succession by an act of Parliament, a bill was passed in the spring of 1701, known as the Act of Settlement, declaring Sophia and the heirs of her body next in succession to the King after the Princess of Denmark.

It is also said that the King or Queen can do no wrong; but this is only true in the sense that whatever is exceptionable in the conduct of public affairs is not to be imputed to the crown, because all its acts are presumed to have been done by some minister, who is responsible to Parliament. If, for instance, Victoria should command some unlawful act to be per-

formed, the act must be performed through the medium of a cabinet officer, who, if he obey the command, becomes responsible for a wrong administration of power. A striking illustration of this principle may be found in the case of Lord Danby, who was impeached by Parliament for writing a letter, which contained a postscript in the handwriting of Charles II., declaring that the letter had been written in obedience to his command.

The Queen alone can create a peer, baronet, or knight, and confer privileges on private persons. She alone can erect corporations, and raise and regulate fleets and armies, though under such restrictions relating to the appropriation and expenditure of money as make it impossible for her to exercise her power to the detriment of English liberty. She is the head of the Church; she convenes and dissolves all ecclesiastical synods and convocations, and nominates to vacant bishoprics and other Church offices. She sends ambassadors to foreign states, receives ambassadors at home, makes treaties and alliances, and declares war and peace, though her power in these respects also is in a large degree limited by the power of Parliament to enact or reject such laws as may be necessary to make it effective.

Previous to the Revolution of 1688 the government of England was mainly carried on by virtue of what was called the royal prerogative, that is, by the King in person, with the advice of ministers appointed by himself, who were only responsible to their sovereign for their management of public affairs. One of the results, however, of that revolution was the transfer of the power of the state from the crown to the House of Commons. Instead of a government by prerogative, there was then established a government by Parliament, from whom all laws must emanate, requiring only the approval of the crown as a condition of their enactment.

As is well known, the Queen appoints her own advisers, irrespective of the wishes or approval of Parliament, and though popularly the Ministry is supposed to possess the whole executive power, no important measure is presented by them to the consideration of Parliament without her sanction and approval. It is not, however, essential that all acts and measures should be presented to Parliament through the channel of the Ministry, and Parliament may originate and pass acts at its pleasure, subject to the constitutional right of the Queen to nullify them by her veto. The Queen can convene Parliament and terminate its sessions at will.

There have been but two instances in which the Lords and Commons have met by their own authority, namely, previous to the restoration of Charles II., and at the Revolution in 1688. There is one contingency, however, upon which, under authority of law, Parliament may meet without summons. It was provided in the reign of Anne that in case there should be no Parliament in being at the time of the demise of the crown, then "the last preceding Parliament shall immediately convene and sit at Westminster, as if the said Parliament had never been dissolved." Such a Parliament, however, by a statute in the reign of George III., can only continue in existence for six months, if not sooner dissolved.

This, then, is the power of the Queen. She may, with the advice of her Ministers alone, assemble, prorogue, and dissolve Parliament, declare war, confirm or disallow the acts of colonial legislatures, give effect to treaties, extend the term of patents, grant charters of incorporation to companies or municipal bodies, create ecclesiastical districts, regulate the Board of Admiralty, and make appointments to offices in the various departments of the state, create new offices and define the qualifications of persons to fill the same, and declare the periods at which certain acts of Parliament, the operation of which has been left to the Queen and Council, shall be enforced. With regard to the expenditure of money, it is expressly provided in the act of settlement, to which reference has been made, that money levied for the use of the crown without grant of Parliament is illegal. Thus the crown is entirely dependent upon Parliament for its revenues, but, though dependent, it has a direct control over all supplies when raised. The crown, acting with the advice of its responsible ministers, is charged with the management of all the revenues of the country, and with all payments for the public service. It makes known to the House of Commons by its annual budget its necessities, and the House grants such acts or supplies as these necessities require. The crown demands money, the Commons grant it, and the Lords assent, and no money can be voted

by Parliament for any purpose whatever except at the demand of the crown. No petition even for any sum of money relating to the public service can be received by Parliament unless recommended by the crown. On the other hand, no person can lend money to the crown, or to any department of state, without the sanction of Parliament, and all money transactions between the Bank of England and the Treasury are expressly forbidden. The Commons, of course, have the power of withholding supplies, but only once (in 1784) since the Revolution of 1688 has this power been exercised. There have been instances of expenditure of money without the knowledge of Parliament, but these have been rare, and only when a public exigency existed. At the beginning of the French Revolution Mr. Pitt advanced £1,200,000 to Germany, and in 1859–60 there was an excess of expenditure of more than £1,000,000. To meet these unforeseen disbursements provision is made by means of the Treasury Chest and the Civil Contingencies Fund. The Treasury Chest is a fund maintained to supply specie required by the Treasury Chests of colonies, and to make the necessary advances for carrying on the public service at the various military and naval stations, and is limited to £1,300,000. The Civil Contingencies Fund is limited to £120,000, and is for the purpose of defraying unforeseen expenditures for civil service at home. The revenue, or annual income of the country, derived from taxes imposed by Parliament, and from the income of certain estates which are called crown lands, is collected into a fund called the Consolidated Fund. The first charge on this fund is the interest on the national debt, called the funds, and on the unfunded debt. The next charge is the civil list—an allowance to the Queen for the support of her household and the dignity of the crown. This is fixed by statute at £385,000, to be paid annually, for the following purposes: her Majesty's privy purse, £60,000; salaries of her household and retired allowances, £131,000; expense of the household, £172,500; royal bounty and special services, £13,200; and the remainder for pensions and miscellaneous expenses. On the Consolidated Fund are also charged various salaries allowed to members of the royal family. The sum for carrying on the civil government, including the salaries of the ministers, judges, and others, is also charged to the Consolidated Fund, and the remainder is paid into the exchequer to defray the expenses of the army, navy, and civil service.

With regard to the power of the Queen to declare war, it may be said that such a power is a barren one in her hands, for not only is it impossible to carry on a war without a vote of money and supplies by Parliament, but the number of men to be employed in the army and navy is annually fixed by Parliament; and it is a direct violation of the constitution for the crown to raise more men for the land and sea forces than Parliament has voted. It will thus be seen how limited the power of the Queen is, and how dependent she is in all her acts on the approval of a Parliament representing the feelings, opinions, and will of the people. She can appoint her ministers to administer the government, but whenever the Ministry is defeated in the House of Commons on important measures it goes out of office, and another Ministry is appointed whose policy is more in accord with public opinion as represented by the Commons. The Ministry, however, when defeated, may advise the crown to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the people, who by a new election may either return a majority favorable or opposed to their measures. Thus it will be seen that, after all, England is governed by the people through the Commons, and not by the crown.

That part of the government which is called the Ministry is more complicated in its structure, and more difficult to understand and define, than any other in that wonderful piece of intricate machinery. What is commonly called the Ministry has never been recognized by law, but grew out of the custom of a few of the Privy or King's Council meeting in the royal cabinet and assuming the power of advising the crown on important measures of government. The real name of what we call the Ministry is the Cabinet, or Cabinet Council, as the history of its origin implies. The only council required by law is the Privy Council, and when official announcement is made of the members of the cabinet they are announced simply as members of that council appointed to fill certain offices. The Privy Council of England is coeval with its monarchy, but as the custom of confiding advice and counsel to the cabinet

has grown, its powers have largely diminished, and the whole council has not been convened since 1839. The Privy Councillors are appointed, without limit to their number, by the sovereign, and they may be dismissed, or the council may be dissolved, at the royal pleasure. No qualification is necessary except that they shall be native-born subjects of Great Britain, and a disability in this respect may be removed by an act of Parliament, as it was in the cases of Prince Albert and the King of the Belgians. The Privy Council consists of the members of the royal family, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the cabinet ministers *ex officio*, the Lord Chancellor, the chief officers of the royal household, the Judges of the Courts of Equity, the Chief Justices of the Courts of Common Law, the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Judges, the Judge Advocate, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Ambassadors and the chief Ministers Plenipotentiary, the Governors of the chief colonies, the Commander-in-chief, the Vice-President of the Committee of Council for Education, and such others as the crown may appoint. A Privy Councillor is styled Right Honorable, and takes precedence of all baronets, knights, and younger sons of viscounts and barons. It was in the reign of Henry VI. that the King's Council first assumed the name of Privy Council, and it was also during the minority of that King that a select council gradually emerged from the larger body, which ultimately resulted in the modern cabinet. In earlier times it was wholly subservient to the will of the monarch, and was often the instrument of unconstitutional and arbitrary proceedings. Since the Revolution it has lost much of its dignity, and now the only relic of its authority in criminal matters is its power of taking examinations and issuing commitments for treason. It still, however, continues to exercise an original jurisdiction in advising the crown concerning the grants of charters, and it has assumed exclusive appellate jurisdiction over the colonies and dependencies of the crown. Theoretically the Privy Council retains its ancient supremacy, and in a constitutional point of view is presumed to be the only legal and responsible council of the crown. The Ministry proper, or rather those members of the Privy Council who are members of the cabinet, constitute the chief members of the administration. The practice of consulting a few members of the Privy Council had existed, as has been said, for a long period, but the first allusion to the cabinet council occurs in the reign of Charles I. It was extremely unpopular at first, and it was not till 1783 that it was regulated by those rules which it now enforces. Formerly the King met with the Ministry; but at the accession of George I., the first Hanoverian prince on the throne of England, the practice was discontinued, merely because he was unable to speak or understand the English language. The free and unrestrained discussion of measures in his absence proved so beneficial that the old practice has never been revived. Before that time the cabinet was not necessarily composed of men of similar judgment and principles, and at times there were at the same board Whigs and Tories, and High-Churchmen and Dissenters, and it was no uncommon thing for colleagues to take opposite sides in Parliament. But since 1812 it has been an established principle that all cabinets are to be constructed on some basis of political union agreed upon by the members when they accept office. It is also distinctly understood that members are jointly and personally responsible for each other's acts, and that on the resignation of the Prime Minister his colleagues shall resign also. It is, of course, well known that the crown in organizing a cabinet only appoints the Premier, and that the other members are selected by him, and always, except in rare cases, without dictation from the crown. The first instance of the resignation of a Prime Minister resulting from an adverse vote of the Commons was in the case of Sir Robert Walpole; and the resignation of the Ministry of Lord North, under George III., was the first instance of a simultaneous change of the whole administration in deference to the opinion of the Commons. From that time, however, a change of Ministry has been simultaneous and complete. The number of those constituting the cabinet is indefinite. The members who *ex officio* constitute the cabinet are the Prime Minister (or First Lord of the Treasury), the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for Home Department,

the Secretary of State for Colonies, the Secretary of State for War, the Secretary of State for India, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the President of the Board of Trade, and sometimes the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the First Commissioner of Works, the President of the Local Government Board, the Postmaster-General, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The present cabinet is composed of the following members:

First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer—Right Hon. William E. Gladstone.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Selborne.
Lord President of the Council—Earl Spencer.
Lord Privy Seal—Duke of Argyll.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—Earl Granville.
Secretary of State for India—Marquis of Hartington.
Secretary of State for Home Department—Sir W. Vernon Harcourt.
Secretary of State for Colonies—Earl of Kimberly.
Secretary of State for War—Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Earl of Northbrook.
Chief Secretary for Ireland—Right Hon. W. E. Forster.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Right Hon. John Bright.
President of Local Gov. Board—Mr. Dodson.
President of Board of Trade—Mr. Chamberlain.

Like the cabinet, the office of Prime Minister is unknown to the law and constitution. He is simply the member of the cabinet who especially possesses the confidence of the crown, and may be either a Peer or a Commoner. Lord Rockingham in 1765, the Duke of Portland in 1782, and Mr. Addington in 1812 had never held any office when they were appointed Prime Ministers. Lord Bute became Premier before he had even spoken in Parliament, and Mr. Pitt was Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four. Before 1806 the Premiership was occasionally held in connection with the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Secretary of State, or Lord Chancellor, but it is now invariably held in connection with the office of the First Lord of the Treasury. The First Lord of the Treasury does not, of course, confine himself to the departmental business of the Treasury, but must be cognizant of all matters of real importance that take place in the different departments. He is the medium between the cabinet and the sovereign, and is expected to be present almost continually in Parliament to explain and defend the policy of the government. He is virtually responsible for the disposal of the entire patronage of the crown, selects all his colleagues, and can insist upon a decision of the cabinet upon any measure in accordance with his own views, inasmuch as he has the power of dissolving it by his own resignation. Ordinary questions, however, are decided in the cabinet by a vote.

The Lord Chancellor, the next in order in the cabinet, is, with the exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest officer in the realm. The name Chancellor is derived from the word *cancellarius*—a notary or scribe, as the Chancellor once was—because he sat behind a lattice (called in Latin *cancellus*), to avoid being crowded by the people. He is *ex officio* a member of the Privy Council, cabinet minister, and Prolocutor of the House of Lords. To him belongs the appointment of all justices of the peace, and he is the patron of all the King's livings under the value of £20 per annum. He is the guardian of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and has the general superintendence of all charitable uses in the kingdom. All this is in addition to the extensive jurisdiction which he exercises in his judicial capacity in the Court of Chancery. In former times he was Prime Minister, but since the Earl of Clarendon held both offices in the reign of Charles II., the Lord Chancellor has never been Premier.

The Lord President of the Council, the third member of the cabinet, is the presiding officer of the Privy Council, and holds his position in the Ministry by virtue of that position. He sits next to the sovereign at the council table, to propose the business to be enacted, and has general superintendence and control of the department of education. The Lord Privy Seal has charge of the Privy Seal, and his duties are mainly to affix the seal to grants, appointments, creation of honors, and to patents of inventions. He is also a member of the cabinet *ex officio*.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has entire control and management of all matters relating to the receipt and expenditure of public money, including even the private revenues of the Queen. He lays before the House of Commons an annual statement of the estimated expenses of the government, and of the ways and means by which it is proposed to meet them. This statement has long been known as the annual budget, from the French word *bougette*, or bag. Formerly he was the

principal officer of the Court of Exchequer, but he now has little connection with it, only taking his seat with the Barons at the annual nomination of sheriffs. At the court, which is held once in six years, "for the trial of the pyx," for determining the weight and fineness of the gold and silver coins issued from the Mint, in the absence of the Lord Chancellor he presides, and delivers a charge to the pyx jury.

Next to the Chancellor of the Exchequer come the Secretaries of State, whose duties are plainly indicated by their titles. They are the Home Secretary, who controls all matters relating to the internal affairs of Great Britain and Ireland, the internal peace of the United Kingdom, the security of the laws, and the general superintendence of the administration of criminal justice; the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who is the official organ of the crown in all communications between Great Britain and foreign powers; the Secretary for the Colonies, who superintends the government of the various colonial possessions, appoints their Governors, and makes such recommendations and suggestions as may be expedient to assist the deliberations of the colonial councils, and to promote the welfare of colonial subjects; the Secretary for War, in whose hands the supreme and responsible authority over the whole military business of the country is placed; and the Secretary for India, who possesses all the powers once exercised by the East India Company and the Board of Control. Next comes the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Admiralty consists of the First Lord and four Junior Lords, who are called the Lords of the Admiralty. They conduct the administration of the entire naval force of the empire, both at home and abroad, command the royal marines, control the royal dock-yards, and have an exclusive jurisdiction over harbors and inlets throughout the kingdom. After the First Lord of the Admiralty comes the President of the Board of Trade, whose duty it is to take cognizance of all matters relating to trade and commerce, and to protect the mercantile interests of the kingdom; to advise the Foreign Office in commercial matters arising out of treaties or negotiations with foreign powers, the Home Office with respect to the grant and provisions of letters patent, the Colonial Office upon questions affecting commercial relations with the colonies, and the Treasury as to contemplated alterations in the customs and excise laws.

This, then, is the cabinet of ministers, to whom the executive powers of the crown are intrusted. They must sit in Parliament, where the support or defeat of their policy will either prolong their term of office or compel them to resign. If Parliament declares by an adverse vote that it can no longer follow the ministers, a change must take place. Thus it will be seen that the people, through the Commons, are the rulers, and not the Ministry.

The Queen appoints the Prime Minister; he appoints his colleagues, and the success of their policy must depend on the Lords and Commons. The ultimate verdict on every exercise of political power must be sought in the House of Commons, and the House of Commons means the people. The elasticity of such a government must be apparent. The Queen has no policy; her impersonality is absolute; she is Whig or Tory as her Ministry represents either of these political parties, and the complexion of the Ministry is shaped and toned by the voice of the people. There can be no continued antagonism between the administration and Parliament, clogging the wheels and disturbing the whole machinery of legislation, for the Ministry must either yield to the wishes of Parliament or resign and give place to a cabinet representing its views and policy.

The House of Lords is composed of the lords spiritual and temporal. In the reign of Henry III. 123 prelates and only 23 temporal lords composed the House. At the time of Henry VIII. the spiritual and temporal lords were about equal in number. At the present time the spiritual lords are the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and 24 bishops of the Church of England. They are lords of Parliament only, and not peers. The lords temporal are dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, whose titles are all hereditary. The title of duke was first conferred on Edward the Black Prince, whom Edward III. created Duke of Cornwall. Marquises were originally lords of the marches, or borders, and derived their title from the offices held by them. The first who was created a marquis was Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, in 1198. Earls were in existence before the Conquest, under the title of ealdormen, and to these lords the administration of the shires was committed. After

the Conquest they were called counts, and hence the shires were called counties. Viscounts were first created in the reign of Henry VI., and the title of baron was in existence long before the Norman Conquest. The number of the House of Lords is not limited. In the reign of Henry VII. the temporal peers were only 29; at the death of Elizabeth they were increased to 60; the Stuarts raised the number to 150, which William III. and Queen Anne still further increased to 168. On the union of Scotland in 1707, 16 peers of Scotland were added; and on the union of Ireland in 1800, 28 peers of Ireland. Since that time numerous additions have been made, so that at the present time, in addition to 26 lords spiritual, there are sitting in the House of Lords 5 peers of the blood royal, 21 dukes, 19 marquises, 113 earls, 24 viscounts, 250 barons, 14 Scottish representative peers elected for each Parliament, and 28 Irish elected for life—making a total in the House of 500 lords spiritual and temporal. Though the titles of the lords are hereditary, the peerage is constantly undergoing changes, resulting from extinctions and additions. Of the sixty peerages in existence at the death of Elizabeth, forty are now extinct. The blood of the people is constantly finding its way into the channels of the peerage, and new and fresh elements are taking the place of those which have died out and disappeared. Drapers, tailors, apothecaries, wool-dealers, silk-workers, merchants, jewellers, goldsmiths, tradesmen, barbers, coal-dealers, money-lenders, and manufacturers were ancestors of many who now boast of their noble blood. The most striking instances are those of Lord Tenterden, the grandson of a barber; Lord Gifford, the son of a grocer; Lord Beaconsfield, the son of an author; Lord Truro, the son of a tradesman, who married the cousin of the Queen; Lord Eldon, the son of a coal agent; Lord Clyde, the son of a cabinet-maker; Lord Ellenborough, the son of a country clergyman; Lord Ashburton, a merchant; and Lord Lyndhurst, the son of a portrait painter, the American Copley.

In the House of Lords is the throne occupied by the Queen at the opening of Parliament, and in front of the throne is the woolsack occupied by the Lord Chancellor—a sort of ottoman with a sack of wool for a seat, an emblem of the source of England's national wealth. The spiritual lords and the administrative party sit on the right, the opposition on the left, and the neutrals on cross benches between the two. A quorum of the Lords is three, and important measures are often passed with less than twenty members present. Though the House of Lords has no power to originate money bills, it has a perfect right to initiate other measures—a right so rarely exercised, however, that it is now generally understood that the province of the Peers is chiefly to control and amend projects of legislation which emanate from the Commons. The most distinguishing feature of the Lords is their judicature, which relates to the trial of peers, claims of peerage and offices of honor, and contested elections of peers of Scotland and Ireland. They constitute the supreme court of judicature, the tribunal of appeal in the last resort, and the court for trial of cases of impeachment. Though apparently a branch of the government representing the aristocracy, so far from being an element from which danger may arise to the liberties of the people, the House of Lords serves only as a wholesome regulator to the legislation of the Commons.

So much space has been devoted to a review of the powers of the Queen, Ministry, and House of Lords, that but little is left for the House of Commons. Though its members have always been elected, yet from 1688 to 1832 its control was really in the hands of the great governing families. The Reform Bill of 1832 and the Household Suffrage Act of 1867 transferred it to the middle classes. From the Restoration to George III. the condition of the representative system, as connected with elections for the Commons, was demoralized and corrupt. Corporations usurped the franchises of their boroughs, so that a large number became what are called close, or rotten boroughs, or boroughs in the hands of limited and self-appointed bodies. Then there was another large class of boroughs, called nomination boroughs, which were the absolute property of individuals, who disposed of the representation at pleasure. It has been stated that at one time 84 persons sent 154 members to Parliament. The Reform Bill of 1832 took away 143 seats from 56 disfranchised and 32 partly disfranchised boroughs. Of these seats 64 were given to 42 new boroughs, and 65 to fresh divisions of the counties. The remainder were distributed between Scot-

land and Ireland, so that the English and Welsh counties were raised to 159 members against 337 borough members. Freeholders of the yearly value of £10, householders of £10, leaseholders of £50 with twenty-year leases, and tenants at will occupying lands or tenements paying a rent of not less than £50 a year, were entitled to vote. But even the Reform Bill left many abuses uncorrected. The bill of 1867 extended the borough franchise to all occupants of dwelling-houses for twelve months previous to the 31st of July in any year, who have been rated to the poor rates as ordinary occupants, and to lodgers who have occupied for the same period lodgings of the annual value, unfurnished, of £10. The household valuation was reduced from £10 to £5, the leaseholder from £10 to £5, and the occupation franchise from £50 to £12. These reform measures increased the number of electors from 1,350,000 to 2,470,000, of whom about 750,000 belong to the working classes.

It is stated by A. C. Ewald, in a valuable work on the English government, from which the writer has largely drawn in the compilation of this article, that the number of members of the House of Commons is 652—England and Wales 487, Scotland 60, and Ireland 105. It is a settled principle of English law that a member after he is chosen can not relinquish his seat unless he accepts office under the crown. In order to evade this law, a practice has grown up of accepting the nominal office of steward of Chiltern Hundreds, an office in the gift of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. After accepting the new office he can resign it, and thus find his way out of Parliament. The Chiltern Hills are a range of chalk hills in Buckinghamshire, formerly covered with thick beech-wood, of which portions only still remain, to remind travellers of the robbers once infesting them, for whose suppression the steward's office was originally created, but which is now only filled transiently for the purpose above mentioned.

The House is divided into two great rival political parties, the Conservatives and Liberals. The Conservatives are subdivided into Tories and Liberal Conservatives, and the Liberals into Whigs and Radicals. The Tories are strongly attached to the letter of the Constitution, and the Liberal Conservatives hold to its spirit, but acknowledge the necessity of a slow but sure progress. The Whigs support the Constitution, but advocate its modification, especially with regard to civil and religious liberty, while the Radicals take their stand on the rights of man, and would like to remodel the Constitution somewhat on the plan of American democracy, advocating universal suffrage, separation of church and state, the abolition of the House of Lords and all distinctions of rank.

It is unnecessary to go further into an examination of the constitution and powers of the House of Commons. Its jurisdiction has been indicated in the review of the other branches of the government. It is sufficient to say that it represents the will of the most intelligent classes, and that the right of franchise, in the election of its members, is increasing with the increasing number of those among the people who are able to enjoy it with intelligence and judgment.

THE BRIDGE.

Where, as a lordly dream,
Glides the deep winding stream
For evermore,
Calm, as in conscious strength,
Bends thy majestic length
From shore to shore.

Life, in its fevered heat,
Surges, with pulsing feet,
Restless, above;
Doomed, in its anxious flow,
Like the strong tide below,
Onward to move.

Strange is the motley throng:
Hearts yet untaught of wrong,
Thoughtless of pain,
Mingle with souls accursed—
Sands in a desert thirst,
Clouds without rain.

While o'er thee and below
Swift the twin currents flow,
Thy form serene,
Still as the shades that sleep
On the reflecting deep,
Arches between.

O, teach thy power to me!—
Calm 'mid all storms to be,
And evermore,
Over Time's restless tide,
World-weary feet to guide
From shore to shore.

A GREAT CITY.

IN the gradual progress of the race, by which, through the education gained by the experience of generations, humanity has come to such partial comprehension of its destiny upon this earth as it holds to-day, great cities have played a most important part.

Unconsciously, when first some roving tribe, dependent upon their flocks and herds for the support of their own lives, and obliged to keep constantly wandering in search of new natural pastures for the sustenance of their animals, came to learn that by agriculture they could provide a more abundant and constant supply, the necessity for constantly wandering was done away with, and a settled habitation made a city, with its permanent buildings, possible; and men began their long and practical study of the future possibilities of association, with all the unexpected marvels of industrial, moral, social, and spiritual progress which this term implies.

Our very language, in the terms civilization and rusticity, shows the results that heretofore the differing conditions of city and country life have made for those who have led them. Nor could the result have been any different, as the study of the mental, moral, and psychological nature of man himself shows. Nineteen-twentieths of our faculties are inherently dependent upon association with our fellow-men for their stimulation and exercise. How can the isolated human being exercise his love, his sympathy, his pride, his ambition, his passion for the organization of his surroundings, alone? The miserable condition of the sparsely scattered tribes of savages to-day in the world, the physical and mental poverty in which they live, shows us what association in cities has done for the race.

Here architecture became possible, and the association of industry began. A singular evidence, however, of the mistaken point of view from which the economists have studied this process of industrial association lies in the very name of division or differentiation given to it by them, as though the union of various men in the performance of any task too large or intricate for any single person to perform, and in the execution of which each man takes for himself such portion of it as he is best adapted or most competent to perform, was an evidence of their differing or disagreeing among themselves, instead of agreeing or associating for its performance.

In the history of cities not only do we find the germs of the industrial association of society, but in them also began the process, as yet far from being completed, by which the peaceful production of industry shall become the chief reliance of society, in the place of the military organization of feudalism, depending upon the destructive spoliation of war.

The abandoned fortifications of many of the cities of Europe, though now turned into public promenades for pleasure, and made gay with flowers, are still evidences of how recently the race has passed through the animal phase of the struggle for existence, when, as wild beasts allow no other of their kind to intrude upon their hunting range of territory, cities felt their own safety depended upon the prompt destruction of every rival, and the first necessary condition of their own security was to surround themselves with fortifications.

The long and desperate duel between Rome and Carthage, ending only with the utter destruction of the latter, is a historical instance of the life of cities which has passed away so utterly, let us hope, as never again to return.

Though in this commercial age the rivalry for commerce and the war of trade have taken the place of the fierce and savage hatred that regulated the relations of Rome with any community that appeared likely to intrude upon her supremacy of power—though the fleets and armies of the cities of the Middle Ages have been generally abandoned as offensive weapons against a growing rival whose prosperity is irksome, and legislative acts of various kinds are chiefly depended upon as weapons of offense and defense by a mercantile centre that looks with jealous eyes upon some threatening competition—yet we can measure proximately the change which has come over the modern world from that which characterized the ancient by a simple comparison.

It is impossible to imagine to-day that in the British Parliament some distinguished leader, noted for his stern patriotism and his invincible faith in the benefits to mankind of the maintenance of England's commercial supremacy, should be applauded, even by the merchants whose interests he might be promoting,

should he make it a point to end every speech or remark he rose to make with a sentence similar to that used by Cato the elder in the Roman Senate on such occasions, "And I am also of the opinion that Carthage should be destroyed."

The decency of all civilization would be shocked by it; and yet it must be reserved for our children to be equally shocked by the propositions made in any legislative assembly of Christendom to assist the progress of one's own country by measures which retard the progress of others.

Is it not inevitable that when the generation enters upon the active business of life to which such propositions shall appear as ignorant as Rome's treatment of Carthage appears to us, the world will have learned the lesson of the fraternity of all mankind, engaged in the common task upon this earth of replenishing it and subduing it?

Even before the historic era the importance of commerce for building up great cities was practically demonstrated. The caravan and the flat-boat, bringing the materials for trade across the land and down the streams, for ages satisfied the needs of the ancient world, as the wagon and the barge were used in the early history of this country for the same purpose. The comparison of the length of time these were found sufficient in antiquity, and the rapidity with which they became inadequate here, may be used as a suggestive measure of the activity and momentum that the life of the race has acquired through the gradual accretions of experience gathered through the labors of generations.

This collective possession is the common heritage of all, and is enjoyed freely by each without restraint, and frequently without any recognition of its source.

Very early in the history of the race the power of concentrating the resources of a wide extent of country by means of the machinery of government, and thus making a great city of the centre in which the operations of government were carried on, was discovered and acted upon. The superior discipline and culture of association enabled the population of a city to drain by taxation the wealth produced by a much larger agricultural population scattered and isolated over the fields, unorganized for mutual defense, and easily conquered in detail.

The observing traveller, while he is impressed with the lavish display of wealth in great European cities, is more surprised, if he penetrates to the homes of the rural population, at the make-shifts of poverty he meets on every hand. In much of the northern part of Germany the cattle are still housed in the same buildings with the farmers; while in rural France there are three hundred thousand huts in which the door is the only opening; and eighteen hundred thousand with only two openings, the door and a single window; and fifteen hundred thousand with three openings, a door and two windows.

These figures are taken from the Treasury count, made for purposes of taxation.

These samples of the condition in which the dwellers in the country still are, after centuries of labor, afford an indication of the results that follow inevitably from the building up of great and splendid cities by centralizing methods of government.

As, however, the results of this system have been to draw from the country to the city not only the wealth produced, but the art, the culture, and the learning of the country—those interested in these subjects being obliged to seek the city, where the materials for their study are gathered—it has naturally been the general impression that cities are the seat of wealth, and the first idea that occurs to the mind on their mention is that great cities are an evidence of a nation's progress, and their growth a matter of self-congratulation for the nation that contains them.

But with the new spirit of investigation which characterizes these modern times, testing old beliefs by the questioning of new knowledge, great cities are found to be rather abodes of a terrible poverty than of a desirable wealth; they are rather the breeding-places of the barbarians of civilization, who, without hope, threaten to play the part in the modern world which the hordes of Vandals, issuing from the unknown recesses of the primeval forests, played in Europe at the commencement of our modern era. What to them does a city offer but a chance for plunder? They are drawn to it and kept in it, hungry and degraded, because commerce, instead of being a method for the distribution of the results of labor, seems to have lost sight of its function, and makes of cities vast store-houses, for the supply of which the fertile fields of the country have been stripped bare.

The East End of London, to a thoughtful observer, offers sights and problems for the future infinitely more startling and serious than anything to be found in the West End. Enter one of the wine-vaults there. They are under-ground cities, covering acres and acres. There in the long line of arches—for they are vaulted like the crypts of some grand cathedral, used as a store-house for the bones of departed generations, while above, with music and ceremonial pomp, the service of thankfulness for the blessing of life goes on in the grand old pile, rich with the art of centuries—extending in long lines, running in every direction, are stored pipes and hogsheads of wines of all kinds, for which the vineyards of the world have been stripped. Above these acres filled with the rich vintage, ripened in the sunlight, the gift of kind Nature to man, for making glad his heart, there is no church with music and service of thanksgiving, but miles and miles of the squalid dens of poverty—a poverty seeming so hopeless, so degraded, so brutal, and so ignorant that nowhere else in the world, except in other great cities, can anything equal to it be found.

Man, left to his own resources anywhere in the world, creates for himself a certain correspondence between his surroundings and his needs. He lives a life that by force of living must be progressive, though its progress may be infinitely slow. Here, as an integral part of one of the leading centres of wealth, culture, and refinement of which our civilization boasts, is an army of human beings more brutalized than the lowest savage left to primitive conditions can be. They seem crushed down and dehumanized by the weight and the influence of all that makes the culture of civilization.

Nor is London peculiar in this respect. With her, poverty is the same in kind as that found in all cities. It is only greater in degree than that in other centres, in a ratio commensurate with her superior greatness in everything else that makes great cities.

Here stands the problem of the modern world—Are poverty and progress inseparable?—so fearfully exemplified that the world stands aghast at it; for London is growing in every respect, its poverty not excepted, with a rapidity surpassing that of almost all other great cities.

But it is needless to dwell longer upon this phase of city life. The facts are so patent to every one who has ever seen a city, of even moderate size, that they need not be insisted upon here. A more encouraging phase of city life for those to whom the amelioration of the race is a matter of interest lies in the increasing evidences that thoughtful men are giving everywhere of their earnest endeavor to study the causes for this condition of things, and, by removing these, prevent their effects.

The city of Glasgow a few years ago entered upon a crusade against the noisome dens that furnished the only habitations for such large numbers of its citizens that this city was as famous for the swarms of bare-legged women, ragged children, and drunken men as Naples is for its lazzaroni. The city took possession of many of the worst of these, and tore them down, replacing them with buildings better fitted for human habitations, in which some little regard was paid to the necessity of space for the free circulation of light and air. It is still continuing this needed work.

In New York the Board of Health has also taken down houses, and forcibly removed the inhabitants of cellars and other pestilence-breeding localities, as dangerous to the public health. Unfortunately neither their authority nor their function enabled the Board to go further, and provide better constructions, more carefully adapted for the physical and moral health of their inmates, than the rookeries they destroyed. This function has been left to private enterprise, and as yet the greed of gain is allowed almost unrestricted sway in urging it to action.

In London, besides the Peabody bequest, several associations are actively engaged in providing improved accommodations for those whose means prevent them from providing them for themselves.

In Paris, Mr. A. Raynaud, the founder of a society devoted to economic studies for the purpose of bringing about fiscal reforms (Société d'Études économiques pour les Réformes fiscales), instituted recently two prizes, the first of 2000 francs, and the other of 500 francs, for the best two essays proposing some original invention in the matter of taxation. The conditions for the competition were that the essays should, to gain the prizes, indicate some system which should as equitably as possible distribute the burden of taxation in

the ratio of ability to meet it; that the tax should be as simple, as easy of collection, and as inexpensive in the collecting as possible; and also that it necessitate as little as could be the intervention of the tax-gatherer in the private business of the tax-payer.

When the prizes were first instituted the opinion was freely expressed by competent economists that the conditions rendered the solution as impossible as would be the quadrature of the circle. However, sixty essays were handed in, and after their consideration by the above-mentioned society, to whom Mr. Raynaud had confided the decision, the majority of the council of the society awarded the first prize to an essay sent in by Mr. Jacques Lorrain, of Geneva. The essay will be soon published by Mr. Raynaud himself, who has become an enthusiastic supporter of the system it proposes, though, in company with many of the majority of the council who voted it the prize, at its first hearing he was violently opposed to it. Its consideration by the society occupied many weeks of careful examination and argument.

Shortly after the institution of this prize, Mr. Isaac Pereire, a well-known banker of Paris, instituted prizes amounting together to 100,000 francs, or $20,000, divided into four first prizes of 10,000 francs each, eight second prizes of 5000 francs each, and eight honorable mentions of 2500 francs each, for essays upon the extinction of pauperism, with the special consideration of these four methods of aiding in this result: first, the development and general diffusion of public instruction of all kinds; second, the development of labor by organization of credit extended to all classes of society; third, the organization of provision for old age, and the general institution of asylums of retreat for the working classes by means of contributions imposed upon the undertakers of various enterprises, and upon all employers, as a necessary complement to wages, and forming the foundation for a system resembling life-insurance or annuities; and fourth, the reform of taxation with a view to its simplification, the economy of means for its collection, and the gradual successive reduction of tariffs, and similar methods of indirect taxation.

The competing essays were not to be examined until the beginning of 1881, and competition was invited from the whole world.

In London, within the past few years, an amount of practical work has been done toward improving the condition of the poor, by providing for them better appliances for amusement, recreation, and refreshment, which, though yet it is far from complete, is astonishing when compared with the condition of public opinion quite recently, concerning the duty of society in these regards, toward the less fortunate of its members. The effort to eliminate the gin palace by providing a more attractive place of resort, where the influences surrounding their frequenters, and the entertainment furnished them, shall be such as to cheer and elevate rather than to degrade them, has been more successful than even its promoters expected.

Besides this, throughout the periodical literature of London, within the past few years, articles upon social subjects evincing the most heart-felt and intelligent interest in the welfare of the great majority, and rich in the spirit of sympathy, which alone can deal with such subjects, have appeared in constantly increasing numbers.

In America, most naturally, from the peculiarities of its political institutions, the same spirit has manifested itself differently. From this point of view the recent movement, which has been so general in the chief cities, to organize charity so that its funds shall be more economically applied in the promotion of self-help instead of almsgiving, is most significant. Association rather than charity is instinctively felt to be the natural outcome of political equality.

The great city of the future should be, as the result of these indications, a perfect association based on the equal rights of all citizens, combining together voluntarily for their mutual benefit, where each has his function to perform, each contributes according to his ability, and each enjoys the advantages that association alone renders possible.

Unconsciously the progress of modern invention is tending in this direction, and already there are numerous striking evidences of it. It requires a certain density of population to make the use of gas, or water brought from a distance, from a purer and better supply than the immediate vicinity affords, an economic undertaking. Already we have towns which do the same for their heat, steam being

distributed from a central point, so that each household has at command, at all times of the day and night, such heat as it requires for comfort or domestic purposes, without the waste of labor and material that the individual system requires.

The same system for the distribution of power will doubtless be eventually put in practice, so that the dwellers in a town shall not be subject to the annoyance inevitable from the presence of a steam machine in the immediate vicinity of a residence intended for repose and quiet. The possibilities of national association promise eventually to furnish the unlimited power nature provides for men competent to the task of making use of it.

Possibly one of the first practical steps to be taken in this direction, in connection with the general welfare of citizens, would be the institution in cities of societies for the study of this subject, and the investigation of the results reached elsewhere in certain departments of the necessary business of life, toward the attainment of the comfort, the cleanliness, the ease, and the security from annoyance which are so sadly wanting in city life at present. No one, for example, can walk through any street in New York without having his sense of neatness offended by the sight of the garbage barrels on the sidewalk, while he is sure at some portion of his journey to have the ashes collector, in the pursuit of his business, distribute most liberally in his eyes and nostrils a considerable share of the contents of the barrels he empties into his cart. The only consolation to the sufferer in such a case lies in the knowledge that he has, if he is himself a resident of that city, of the utter nuisance the disposal of his own ashes and garbage is to every individual householder in the city.

It is said that Leech, the artist, who in *Punch* has done so much to cheer, amuse, instruct, and enliven the entire English-speaking population of the world, had his life shortened by the annoyance the organ-grinders of London caused him. He fled everywhere to escape them, but they followed him with their relentless attacks upon his quiet.

It is not an uncommon thing in New York for a driver with a load of iron rods to pass for miles along the cobble-paved streets, the ends of his load of rods clashing together, and making an outrageously discordant noise, to the disturbance of the quiet of thousands. The noise is most easily prevented by simply tying the ends of the rods together with a rope or a bag. Yet the writer has repeatedly been driven out of a street he was walking in, or, when that was impossible, has followed such a cart half a mile or more, suffering from the discordant pandemonium of sound it made, passing policeman after policeman, not one of whom appeared to conceive that it was a part of his duty to prevent this infraction of the good order and quiet of those he was paid to protect.

If such a society as is here proposed should really enter with enthusiasm and devotion upon the work suggested, it would be astonished to find out how much has been done in isolated cases to organize a system for the prevention of the discomforts of city life. There is a little town in Holland in the streets of which no horse is ever allowed to come. Its cleanliness may be imagined, and its quiet repose. The keeping of horses in a city renders necessary the existence of stables in confined quarters, where the ventilation and the disinfection which the atmosphere and the ground offer abundantly in the country can be had only at an expense so great as to be beyond the average means of the keepers. The results upon the health of the residents can not be pecuniarily estimated. But there is no doubt that the deterioration of the clothes of the inhabitants of towns caused by the dirt resulting from the presence of horses bears no small proportion to the value of the horses.

Bad as has been the economic organization of the system of elevated rapid transit, yet its introduction shows that horses are not needed in a city for purposes of transportation. Some time they will disappear, as have the pigs in the streets, by means of which New York disposed of its garbage only a lifetime ago. With the removal of the horses, there would be ample space in the streets for rapid transit.

In its researches our society would find that the cleaning of the streets and the use of gas are in Paris a source of revenue instead of an expense. In Philadelphia the city makes its own gas.

In Gothenburg, Sweden, for the last ten or twelve years, a system has been in operation by which that city assumes the control of all the retail traffic in intoxicating drinks, and by eliminating the sale of liquor from the domain of private trade,

has decreased drunkenness about fifty per cent. The system has been so successful that Stockholm has adopted it, and the council of Birmingham, England, has voted to introduce it, while a special committee of the British Parliament has reported in favor of it, after a careful examination of its workings.

These are but examples of what our society would find to have been already done in the way of improving the general welfare of the dwellers in cities. Undoubtedly a more thorough investigation would do much to remove the opinion expressed by Professor F. W. Newman, in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, on the "Barbarisms of Civilization," to the effect "that large towns are in themselves a monstrous evil—an evil continually growing through wrongful laws and customs."

Possibly a discovery might be made of the laws which regulate a city's growth, if a general and intelligent interest were taken in this matter, and also of the "wrongful laws and customs" which unnaturally stimulate it, and a public opinion might be created which would abolish them or counteract their effects. Certainly there is nothing else which will do so, if to do so be desirable.

In the same article Mr. Newman says: "A town of 20,000 inhabitants is large enough for every good and desirable object. Even where this number is not exceeded, careful regulation is needful to secure healthful air and water without unreasonable expense."

Upon what grounds he limits the desirability of a city's increase to 20,000 does not appear. Most probably this number was selected at hap-hazard. At least, if he has any rule, or set of rules, for deciding concerning the advantage of such a limit, he does not allude to them.

It is not at all utopian to believe that the application of the same interest and determined spirit of investigation which has, within about this century, given us the sciences of analytic and constructive chemistry, will, if applied by an equal variety of minds to the study of sociology, or the laws which regulate the social and other relations of men, give us an understanding of the laws underlying city life, of which we now have as little comprehension as the world had of the laws of chemistry before they had been discovered.

In 1860 the Central Park was first opened to the public, and in the twenty years that have passed, parks, which used to be considered wholly superfluous luxuries to cities, and far beyond their power to create, are now considered a necessity, and easy of creation if only there is a resolute desire to have them.

Within a very recent period the public library, the museum, the art gallery, the free reading-room, the music hall, have each been introduced, and have also become necessities.

The wonderful growth of modern commerce, based upon the improved methods of transportation, has built up our cities without consideration for the comfort and the lives of the majority of their dwellers, as the bonanza farmers of the West, taking advantage of the improved machinery for agriculture, have turned farming into speculation for the benefit of the few.

The process is slower in the city, and being more complex, has not been as immediately observed, but it is by no means less destructive to all the best interests of the State, because it is destructive of the virtue of the people.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

A FARMER travelling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That Luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs;
His corn, that never failed before,
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died, or went astray:
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel sides went off
As if they had the hooping-cough,

And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined:
In short, it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn, demoralized with grief,
The farmer clamored for relief;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land;
Why house and farm in misery grew
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.

While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along,
To whom he told, with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe,
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright, and quickly said
"No wonder skies upon you frown—
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down!
Just turn it round, and soon you'll see
How you and Fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round,
And showers began to swell the ground;
The sunshine laughed among his grain,
And heaps on heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could barely hold,
His cattle did as they were told;
His fruit trees needed sturdy props
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins—
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marvelled more and more
To see the increase in his store.
And now the merry farmer sings
"There are two ways of doing things;
And when for good luck you would pray,
Nail up your horseshoe the *right* way."

LOOKING BACK.

Summer is old and sere.
Upon the dusty green of village ways,
On fields and woods, the suns of August days
Still mock the weary year;

The weary year, that keeps
Its crown of fading roses and its smile
Of fervid sunshine yet a little while,
As autumn nearer creeps;

The weary year, grown gray
Mourning a glorious summer dying fast,
A happy prime and promise overpast,
A finished June and May.

On many a russet tree
And russet blade is set the autumn's sign;
On plain and hill the summer seems to pine
Into a memory.

Ah, poor pathetic year,
That has not yet begun to mimic youth
With autumn's gold and hazes, but has ruth
For former charms more dear!

How many summers die,
As passionate, as beautiful, as yours!
How little beauty or content endures!
How fast glad moments fly!

How often fate, unkind,
Casts over lives the shadow of a tomb,
And leaves them groping onward in the gloom,
With all the light behind!

Ah, waning year! what art
Can tell the gladness of those gladdest days
That waned and passed and died from off our ways,
The summers of the heart?

What art can find again
The smiles, the tones, the scenes, of former time,
That weirdly live in retrospect and rhyme,
Dim ghosts of what hath been?

Can skill, or toil, or prayer,
Recall the glow that over life was cast,
Or bring again from out the vanished past
The charm that made it fair?

Along the village street
The children shout just as they used in spring,
In tree and thicket still the late birds sing
Their music wild and sweet.

My heart alone complains
Like the dun year. Life's freshness all is fled
As from yon grasses, that will soon be dead,
Sodden with autumn rains.

From out the earth and sky
Something is gone that made the world seem glad.
Something? I count it, rather, all I had—
That with it all things die.

It is no longer morn.
Something more dear than life—beyond its scope—
Something akin to life—the gift of hope—
Has perished with the dawn.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.*

XXX.

IT was almost the last outbreak of passion of her life; at least, she never indulged in another that the world knew anything about. But this one was long and terrible; she flung herself on the sofa, and gave herself up to her grief. She hardly knew what had happened; ostensibly she had only had a difference with her lover, as other girls had had before, and the thing was not only not a rupture, but she was under no obligation to regard it even as a menace. Nevertheless, she felt a wound, even if he had not dealt it; it seemed to her that a mask had suddenly fallen from his face. He had wished to get away from her; he had been angry and cruel, and said strange things, with strange looks. She was smothered and stunned; she buried her head in the cushions, sobbing and talking to herself. But at last she raised herself, with the fear that either her father or Mrs. Penniman would come in; and then she sat there, staring before her, while the room grew darker. She said to herself that perhaps he would come back to tell her he had not meant what he said; and she listened for his ring at the door, trying to believe that this was probable. A long time passed, but Morris remained absent; the shadows gathered; the evening settled down on the meagre elegance of the light, clear-colored room; the fire went out. When it had grown dark, Catherine went to the window and looked out; she stood there for half an hour, on the mere chance that he would come up the steps. At last she turned away, for she saw her father come in. He had seen her at the window looking out, and he stopped a moment at the bottom of the white steps, and gravely, with an air of exaggerated courtesy, lifted his hat to her. The gesture was so incongruous to the condition she was in, this stately tribute of respect to a poor girl despised and forsaken was so out of place, that the thing gave her a kind of horror, and she hurried away to her room. It seemed to her that she had given Morris up.

She had to show herself half an hour later, and she was sustained at table by the immensity of her desire that her father should not perceive that anything had happened. This was a great help to her afterward, and it served her (though never as much as she supposed) from the first. On this occasion Doctor Sloper was rather talkative. He told a great many stories about a wonderful poodle that he had seen at the house of an old lady whom he visited professionally. Catherine not only tried to appear to listen to the anecdotes of the poodle, but she endeavored to interest herself in them, so as not to think of her scene with Morris. That perhaps was a hallucination; he was mistaken, she was jealous; people didn't change like that from one day to another. Then she knew that she had had doubts before—strange suspicions, that were at once vague and acute—and that he had been different ever since her return from Europe: whereupon she tried again to listen to her father, who told a story so remarkably well. Afterward she went straight to her own room; it was beyond her strength to undertake to spend the evening with her aunt. All the evening, alone, she questioned herself. Her trouble was terrible; but was it a thing of her imagination, engendered by an extravagant sensibility, or did it represent a clear-cut reality, and had the worst that was possible actually come to pass? Mrs. Penniman, with a degree of tact that was as unusual as it was commendable, took the line of leaving her alone. The truth is, that her suspicions having been aroused, she indulged a desire, natural to a timid person, that the explosion should be localized. So long as the air still vibrated, she kept out of the way.

She passed and repassed Catherine's door several times in the course of the evening, as if she expected to hear a plaintive moan behind it. But the room remained perfectly still; and accordingly, the last thing before retiring to her own couch, she applied for admittance. Catherine was sitting up, and had a book that she pretended to be reading. She had no wish to go to bed, for she had no expectation of sleeping. After Mrs. Penniman had left her she sat up half the night, and she offered her visitor no inducement to remain. Her aunt came stealing in very gently, and approached her with great solemnity.

"I am afraid you are in trouble, my dear. Can I do anything to help you?"

"I am not in any trouble whatever, and do not need any help," said Catherine, fib-

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bing roundly, and proving thereby that not only our faults, but our most involuntary misfortunes, tend to corrupt our morals.

"Has nothing happened to you?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Are you very sure, dear?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And can I really do nothing for you?"

"Nothing, aunt, but kindly leave me alone," said Catherine.

Mrs. Penniman, though she had been afraid of too warm a welcome before, was now disappointed at so cold a one; and in relating afterward, as she did to many persons, and with considerable variations of detail, the history of the termination of her niece's engagement, she was usually careful to mention that the young lady, on a certain occasion, had "hustled" her out of the room. It was characteristic of Mrs. Penniman that she related this fact, not in the least out of malignity to Catherine, whom she very sufficiently pitied, but simply from a natural disposition to embellish any subject that she touched.

Catherine, as I have said, sat up half the night, as if she still expected to hear Morris Townsend ring at the door. On the morrow this expectation was less unreasonable; but it was not gratified by the re-appearance of the young man. Neither had he written; there was not a word of explanation or re-assurance. Fortunately for Catherine she could take refuge from her excitement, which had now become intense, in her determination that her father should see nothing of it. How well she deceived her father we shall have occasion to learn; but her innocent arts were of little avail before a person of the rare perspicacity of Mrs. Penniman. This lady easily saw that she was agitated, and if there was any agitation going forward, Mrs. Penniman was not a person to forfeit her natural share in it. She returned to the charge the next evening, and requested her niece to confide in her—to unburden her heart. Perhaps she should be able to explain certain things that now seemed dark, and that she knew more about than Catherine supposed. If Catherine had been frigid the night before, today she was haughty.

"You are completely mistaken, and I have not the least idea what you mean. I don't know what you are trying to fasten on me, and I have never had less need of any one's explanations in my life."

In this way the girl delivered herself, and from hour to hour kept her aunt at bay. From hour to hour Mrs. Penniman's curiosity grew. She would have given her little finger to know what Morris had said and done, what tone he had taken, what pretext he had found. She wrote to him, naturally, to request an interview; but she received, as naturally, no answer to her petition. Morris was not in a writing mood; for Catherine had addressed him two short notes, which met with no acknowledgment. These notes were so brief that I may give them entire. "Won't you give me some sign that you didn't mean to be so cruel as you seemed on Tuesday?"—that was the first; the other was a little longer. "If I was unreasonable or suspicious on Tuesday—if I annoyed you or troubled you in any way—I beg your forgiveness, and I promise never again to be so foolish. I am punished enough, and I don't understand. Dear Morris, you are killing me." These notes were dispatched on the Friday and Saturday, but Saturday and Sunday passed without bringing the poor girl the satisfaction she desired. Her punishment accumulated; she continued to bear it, however, with a good deal of superficial fortitude. On Saturday morning the Doctor, who had been watching in silence, spoke to his sister Lavinia.

"The thing has happened—the scoundrel has backed out."

"Never!" cried Mrs. Penniman, who had bethought herself what she should say to Catherine, but was not provided with a line of defense against her brother, so that indignant negation was the only weapon in her hands.

"He has begged for a reprieve, then, if you like that better."

"It seems to make you very happy that your daughter's affections have been trifled with."

"It does," said the Doctor; "for I had foretold it. It's a great pleasure to be in the right."

"Your pleasures make one shudder," his sister exclaimed.

Catherine went rigidly through her usual occupations; that is, up to the point of going with her aunt to church on Sunday morning. She generally went to afternoon service as well; but on this occasion her courage faltered, and she begged of Mrs. Penniman to go without her.

"I am sure you have a secret," said

Mrs. Penniman, with great significance, looking at her rather grimly.

"If I have, I shall keep it," Catherine answered, turning away.

Mrs. Penniman started for church; but before she had arrived she stopped and turned back, and before twenty minutes had elapsed she re-entered the house, looked into the empty parlors, and then went up stairs and knocked at Catherine's door. She got no answer; Catherine was not in her room, and Mrs. Penniman presently ascertained that she was not in the house. "She has gone to him! she has fled!" Lavinia cried, clasping her hands with admiration and envy. But she soon perceived that Catherine had taken nothing with her—all her personal property in her room was intact—and then she jumped at the hypothesis that the girl had gone forth, not in tenderness, but in resentment. "She has followed him to his own door! she has burst upon him in his own apartment!" It was in these terms that Mrs. Penniman depicted to herself her niece's errand, which, viewed in this light, gratified her sense of the picturesque only a shade less strongly than the idea of a clandestine marriage. To visit one's lover, with tears and reproaches, at his own residence, was an image so agreeable to Mrs. Penniman's mind that she felt a sort of æsthetic disappointment at its lacking, in this case, the harmonious accompaniments of darkness and storm. A quiet Sunday afternoon appeared an inadequate setting for it; and, indeed, Mrs. Penniman was quite out of humor with the conditions of the time, which passed very slowly as she sat in the front parlor, in her bonnet and her Cashmere shawl, awaiting Catherine's return.

This event at last took place. She saw her—at the window—mount the steps, and she went to await her in the hall, where she pounced upon her as soon as she had entered the house, and drew her into the parlor, closing the door with solemnity. Catherine was flushed, and her eye was bright. Mrs. Penniman hardly knew what to think.

"May I venture to ask where you have been?" she demanded.

"I have been to take a walk," said Catherine. "I thought you had gone to church."

"I did go to church; but the service was shorter than usual. And pray where did you walk?"

"I don't know," said Catherine.

"Your ignorance is most extraordinary. Dear Catherine, you can trust me."

"What am I to trust you with?"

"With your secret—your sorrow."

"I have no sorrow," said Catherine, fiercely.

"My poor child," Mrs. Penniman insisted, "you can't deceive me. I know everything. I have been requested to—a—to converse with you."

"I don't want to converse."

"It will relieve you. Don't you know Shakspeare's line?—'The grief that does not speak.' My dear girl, it is better as it is."

"What is better?" Catherine asked.

She was really too perverse. A certain amount of perversity was to be allowed for in a young lady whose lover had thrown her over, but not such an amount as would prove inconvenient to his apologists. "That you should be reasonable," said Mrs. Penniman, with some sternness. "That you should take counsel of worldly prudence, and submit to practical considerations. That you should agree to—a—separate."

Catherine had been ice up to this moment, but at this word she flamed up. "Separate? What do you know about our separating?"

Mrs. Penniman shook her head with a sadness in which there was almost a sense of injury. "Your pride is my pride, and your susceptibilities are mine. I see your side perfectly, but I also"—and she smiled with melancholy suggestiveness—"I also see the situation as a whole."

This suggestiveness was lost upon Catherine, who repeated her violent inquiry. "Why do you talk about separation? What do you know about it?"

"We must study resignation," said Mrs. Penniman, hesitating, but sententious at a venture.

"Resignation to what?"

"To a change of—of our plans."

"My plans have not changed," said Catherine, with a little laugh.

"Ah, but Mr. Townsend's have," her aunt answered, very gently.

"What do you mean?"

There was an imperious brevity in the tone of this inquiry, against which Mrs. Penniman felt bound to protest; the information with which she had undertaken to supply her niece was, after all, a favor.

She had tried sharpness, and she had tried sternness, but neither would do; she was shocked at the girl's obstinacy. "Ah, well," she said, "if he hasn't told you—" and she turned away.

Catherine watched her a moment in silence; then she hurried after her, stopping her before she reached the door. "Told me what? What do you mean? What are you hinting at and threatening me with?"

"Isn't it broken off?" asked Mrs. Penniman.

"My engagement? Not in the least."

"I beg your pardon in that case. I have spoken too soon."

"Too soon? Soon or late," Catherine broke out, "you speak foolishly and cruelly."

"What has happened between you, then?" asked her aunt, struck by the sincerity of this cry. "For something certainly has happened."

"Nothing has happened but that I love him more and more."

Mrs. Penniman was silent an instant. "I suppose that's the reason you went to see him this afternoon?"

Catherine flushed as if she had been struck. "Yes, I did go to see him. But that's my own business."

"Very well, then; we won't talk about it." And Mrs. Penniman moved toward the door again. But she was stopped by a sudden imploring cry from the girl.

"Aunt Lavinia, *where* has he gone?"

"Ah, you admit, then, that he has gone away! Didn't they know at his house?"

"They said he had left town. I asked no more questions; I was ashamed," said Catherine, simply enough.

"You needn't have taken so compromising a step if you had had a little more confidence in me," Mrs. Penniman observed, with a good deal of grandeur.

"Is it to New Orleans?" Catherine went on, irrelevantly.

It was the first time Mrs. Penniman had heard of New Orleans in this connection; but she was averse to letting Catherine know that she was in the dark. She attempted to strike an illumination from the instructions she had received from Morris. "My dear Catherine," she said, "when a separation has been agreed upon, the further he goes away, the better."

"Agreed upon? Has he agreed upon it with you?" A consummate sense of her aunt's meddlesome folly had come over her during the last five minutes, and she was sickened at the thought that Mrs. Penniman had been let loose, as it were, upon her happiness.

"He certainly has sometimes advised with me," said Mrs. Penniman.

"Is it you, then, that have changed him and made him so unnatural?" Catherine cried. "Is it you that have worked on him and taken him from me? He doesn't belong to you, and I don't see how you have anything to do with what is between us. Is it you that have made this plot, and told him to leave me? How could you be so wicked, so cruel? What have I ever done to you? Why can't you leave me alone? I was afraid you would spoil everything; for you *do* spoil everything you touch. I was afraid of you all the time we were abroad; I had no rest when I thought that you were always talking to him." Catherine went on with growing vehemence, pouring out in her bitterness and in the clairvoyance of her passion (which suddenly, jumping all processes, made her judge her aunt finally and without appeal) the uneasiness which had lain for so many months upon her heart.

Mrs. Penniman was scared and bewildered; she saw no prospect of introducing her little account of the purity of Morris's motives. "You are a most ungrateful girl," she cried. "Do you scold me for talking with him? I'm sure we never talked of anything but you."

"Yes, and that was the way you worried him; you made him tired of my very name. I wish you had never spoken of me to him; I never asked your help."

"I am sure if it hadn't been for me he would never have come to the house, and you would never have known that he thought of you," Mrs. Penniman rejoined, with a good deal of justice.

"I wish he never had come to the house, and that I never had known it. That's better than this," said poor Catherine.

"You are a very ungrateful girl," Aunt Lavinia repeated.

Catherine's outbreak of anger and the sense of wrong gave her, while they lasted, the satisfaction that comes from all assertion of force; they hurried her along, and there is always a sort of pleasure in cleaving the air. But at bottom she hated to be violent, and she was conscious of no aptitude for organized resentment. She calmed herself with a great effort, but

with great rapidity, and walked about the room a few moments, trying to say to herself that her aunt had meant everything for the best. She did not succeed in saying it with much conviction, but after a little she was able to speak quietly enough.

"I am not ungrateful, but I am very unhappy. It's hard to be grateful for that," she said. "Will you please tell me where he is?"

"I haven't the least idea; I am not in secret correspondence with him." And Mrs. Penniman wished, indeed, that she were, so that she might let him know how Catherine abused her, after all she had done.

"Was it a plan of his, then, to break off—" By this time Catherine had become completely quiet.

Mrs. Penniman began again to have a glimpse of her chance for explaining. "He shrank—he shrank," she said. "He lacked courage, but it was the courage to injure you. He couldn't bear to bring down on you your father's curse."

Catherine listened to this with her eyes fixed upon her aunt, and continued to gaze at her for some time afterward. "Did he tell you to say that?"

"He told me to say many things—all so delicate, so discriminating. And he told me to tell you he hoped you wouldn't despise him."

"I don't," said Catherine. And then she added: "And will he stay away forever?"

"Oh, forever is a long time. Your father, perhaps, won't live forever."

"Perhaps not."

"I am sure you appreciate—you understand—even though your heart bleeds," said Mrs. Penniman. "You doubtless think him too scrupulous. So do I, but I respect his scruples. What he asks of you is that you should do the same."

Catherine was still gazing at her aunt, but she spoke, at last, as if she had not heard or not understood her. "It has been a regular plan, then. He has broken it off deliberately; he has given me up."

"For the present, dear Catherine. He has put it off only."

"He has left me alone," Catherine went on.

"Haven't you *me*?" asked Mrs. Penniman, with some solemnity.

Catherine shook her head slowly. "I don't believe it," and she left the room.

XXXI.

Though she had forced herself to be calm, she preferred practicing this virtue in private, and she forbore to show herself at tea—a repast which, on Sundays, at six o'clock, took the place of dinner. Doctor Sloper and his sister sat face to face, but Mrs. Penniman never met her brother's eye. Late in the evening she went with him, but without Catherine, to their sister Almond's, where, between the two ladies, Catherine's unhappy situation was discussed with a frankness that was conditioned by a good deal of mysterious reticence on Mrs. Penniman's part.

"I am delighted he is not to marry her," said Mrs. Almond; "but he ought to be horsewhipped all the same."

Mrs. Penniman, who was shocked at her sister's coarseness, replied that he had been actuated by the noblest of motives—the desire not to impoverish Catherine.

"I am very happy that Catherine is not to be impoverished, but I hope he may never have a penny too much. And what does the poor girl say to *you*?" Mrs. Almond asked.

"She says I have a genius for consolation," said Mrs. Penniman.

This was the account of the matter that she gave to her sister, and it was, perhaps, with the consciousness of genius that, on her return that evening to Washington Square, she again presented herself for admittance at Catherine's door. Catherine came and opened it; she was apparently very quiet.

"I only want to give you a little word of advice," she said. "If your father asks you, say that everything is going on."

Catherine stood there, with her hand on the knob, looking at her aunt, but not asking her to come in. "Do you think he will ask me?"

"I am sure he will. He asked me just now, on our way home from your aunt Elizabeth's. I explained the whole thing to your aunt Elizabeth. I said to your father I know nothing about it."

"Do you think he will ask me, when he sees—when he sees—" But here Catherine stopped.

"The more he sees, the more disagreeable he will be," said her aunt.

"He shall see as little as possible," Catherine declared.

"Tell him you are to be married."

"So I am," said Catherine, softly; and she closed the door upon her aunt.

She could not have said this two days later—for instance, on Tuesday, when she at last received a letter from Morris Townsend. It was an epistle of considerable length, measuring five large square pages, and written at Philadelphia. It was an explanatory document, and it explained a great many things, chief among which were the considerations that had led the writer to take advantage of an urgent "professional" absence to try and banish from his mind the image of one whose path he had crossed only to scatter it with ruins. He ventured to expect but partial success in this attempt, but he could promise her that, whatever his failure, he would never again interpose between her generous heart and her brilliant prospects and filial duties. He closed with an intimation that his professional pursuits might compel him to travel for some months, and with the hope that when they should have accommodated themselves to what was sternly involved in their respective positions—even should this result not be reached for years—they should meet as friends, as fellow-sufferers, as innocent but philosophic victims of a great social law. That her life should be peaceful and happy was the dearest wish of him who ventured still to subscribe himself her most obedient servant. The letter was beautifully written, and Catherine, who kept it for many years after this, was able, when her sense of the bitterness of its meaning and the hollowness of its tone had grown less acute, to admire its grace of expression. At present, for a long time after she received it, all she had to help her was the determination, daily more rigid, to make no appeal to the compassion of her father.

He suffered a week to elapse, and then one day, in the morning, at an hour at which she rarely saw him, he strolled into the back parlor. He had watched his time, and he found her alone. She was sitting with some work, and he came and stood in front of her. He was going out; he had on his hat, and was drawing on his gloves.

"It doesn't seem to me that you are treating me just now with all the consideration I deserve," he said, in a moment.

"I don't know what I have done," Catherine answered, with her eyes on her work.

"You have apparently quite banished from your mind the request I made you at Liverpool, before we sailed—the request that you would notify me in advance before leaving my house."

"I have not left your house," said Catherine.

"But you intend to leave it, and by what you gave me to understand, your departure must be impending. In fact, though you are still here in body, you are already absent in spirit. Your mind has taken up its residence with your prospective husband, and you might quite as well be lodged under the conjugal roof, for all the benefit we get from your society."

"I will try and be more cheerful," said Catherine.

"You certainly ought to be cheerful—you ask a great deal if you are not. To the pleasure of marrying a charming young man, you add that of having your own way; you strike me as a very lucky young lady."

Catherine got up; she was suffocating. But she folded her work, deliberately and correctly, bending her burning face upon it. Her father stood where he had planted himself; she hoped he would go, but he smoothed and buttoned his gloves, and then he rested his hands upon his hips.

"It would be a convenience to me to know when I may expect to have an empty house," he went on. "When you go, your aunt marches."

She looked at him, at last, with a long, silent gaze, which, in spite of her pride and her resolution, uttered part of the appeal she had tried not to make. Her father's cold gray eye sounded her own, and he insisted on his point.

"Is it to-morrow? Is it next week, or the week after?"

"I shall not go away," said Catherine.

The Doctor raised his eyebrows. "Has he backed out?"

"I have broken off my engagement."

"Broken it off?"

"I have asked him to leave New York, and he has gone away for a long time."

The Doctor was both puzzled and disappointed, but he solved his perplexity by saying to himself that his daughter simply misrepresented—justifiably, if one would, but, nevertheless, misrepresented—the facts; and he eased off his disappointment, which was that of a man losing a chance for a little triumph that he had rather counted on, by a few words that she uttered aloud.

"How does he take his dismissal?"

"I don't know!" said Catherine, less ingeniously than she had hitherto spoken.

"You mean you don't care? You are rather cruel, after encouraging him and playing with him for so long."

The Doctor had his revenge, after all.

XXXII.

Our story has hitherto moved with very short steps, but as it approaches its termination it must take a long stride. As time went on, it might have appeared to the Doctor that his daughter's account of her rupture with Morris Townsend, mere bravado as he had deemed it, was in some degree justified by the sequel. Morris remained as rigidly and unremittingly absent as if he had died of a broken heart, and Catherine had apparently buried the memory of this fruitless episode as deep as if it had terminated by her own choice. We know that she had been deeply and incurably wounded, but the Doctor had no means of knowing it. He was certainly curious about it, and would have given a good deal to discover the exact truth; but it was his punishment that he never knew—his punishment, I mean, for the abuse of sarcasm in his relations with his daughter. There was a good deal of effective sarcasm in her keeping him in the dark, and the rest of the world conspired with her, in this sense, to be sarcastic. Mrs. Penniman told him nothing, partly because he never questioned her—he made too light of Mrs. Penniman for that—and partly because she flattered herself that a tormenting reserve and a serene profession of ignorance would avenge her for his theory that she had meddled in the matter. He went two or three times to see Mrs. Montgomery, but Mrs. Montgomery had nothing to impart. She simply knew that her brother's engagement was broken off, and now that Miss Sloper was out of danger, she preferred not to bear witness in any way against Morris. She had done so before —however unwillingly—because she was sorry for Miss Sloper; but she was not sorry for Miss Sloper now—not at all sorry. Morris had told her nothing about his relations with Miss Sloper at the time, and he had told her nothing since. He was always away, and he very seldom wrote to her; she believed he had gone to California. Mrs. Almond had, in her sister's phrase, "taken up" Catherine violently since the recent catastrophe; but though the girl was very grateful to her for her kindness, she revealed no secrets, and the good lady could give the Doctor no satisfaction. Even, however, had she been able to narrate to him the private history of his daughter's unhappy love affair, it would have given her a certain comfort to leave him in ignorance; for Mrs. Almond was at this time not altogether in sympathy with her brother. She had guessed for herself that Catherine had been cruelly jilted—she knew nothing from Mrs. Penniman, for Mrs. Penniman had not ventured to lay the famous explanation of Morris's motives before Mrs. Almond, though she had thought it good enough for Catherine—and she pronounced her brother too consistently indifferent to what the poor creature must have suffered and must still be suffering. Doctor Sloper had his theory, and he rarely altered his theories. The marriage would have been an abominable one, and the girl had had a blessed escape. She was not to be pitied for that, and to pretend to condole with her would have been to make concessions to the idea that she had ever had a right to think of Morris.

"I put my foot on this idea from the first, and I keep it there now," said the Doctor. "I don't see anything cruel in that: one can't keep it there too long." To this Mrs. Almond more than once replied that if Catherine had got rid of her incongruous lover, she deserved the credit of it, and that to bring herself to her father's enlightened view of the matter must have cost her an effort that he was bound to appreciate.

"I am by no means sure she has got rid of him," the Doctor said. "There is not the smallest probability that, after having been as obstinate as a mule for two years, she suddenly became amenable to reason. It is infinitely more probable that he got rid of her."

"All the more reason you should be gentle with her."

"I *am* gentle with her. But I can't do the pathetic; I can't pump up tears, to look graceful, over the most fortunate thing that ever happened to her."

"You have no sympathy," said Mrs. Almond; "that was never your strong point. You have only to look at her to see that, right or wrong, and whether the rupture came from herself or from him, her poor little heart is grievously bruised."

"Handling bruises—and even dropping tears on them—doesn't make them any better. My business is to see she gets no more knocks, and that I shall carefully attend to. But I don't at all recognize your description of Catherine. She doesn't strike me in the least as a young woman going about in search of a moral poultice. In fact, she seems to me much better than while the fellow was hanging about. She is perfectly comfortable and blooming; she eats and sleeps, takes her usual exercise, and overloads herself, as usual, with finery. She is always knitting some purse or embroidering some handkerchief, and it seems to me she turns these articles out about as fast as ever. She hasn't much to say; but when had she anything to say? She had her little dance, and now she is sitting down to rest. I suspect that, on the whole, she enjoys it."

"She enjoys it as people enjoy getting rid of a leg that has been crushed. The state of mind after amputation is doubtless one of comparative repose."

"If your leg is a metaphor for young Townsend, I can assure you he has never been crushed. Crushed? Not he! He is alive and perfectly intact, and that's why I am not satisfied."

"Should you have liked to kill him?" asked Mrs. Almond.

"Yes, very much. I think it is quite possible that it is all a blind."

"A blind?"

"An arrangement between them. *Il fait le mort*, as they say in France; but he is looking out of the corner of his eye. You can depend upon it he has not burned his ships; he has kept one to come back in. When I am dead, he will set sail again, and then she will marry him."

"It is interesting to know that you accuse your only daughter of being the vilest of hypocrites," said Mrs. Almond.

"I don't see what difference her being my only daughter makes. It is better to accuse one than a dozen. But I don't accuse any one. There is not the smallest hypocrisy about Catherine, and I deny that she even pretends to be miserable."

The Doctor's idea that the thing was a "blind" had its intermissions and revivals; but it may be said, on the whole, to have increased as he grew older, together with his impressions of Catherine's blooming and comfortable condition. Naturally, if he had not found grounds for viewing her as a love-lorn maiden during the year or two that followed her great trouble, he found none at a time when she had completely recovered her self-possession. He was obliged to recognize the fact that if the two young people were waiting for him to get out of the way, they were at least waiting very patiently. He had heard from time to time that Morris was in New York; but he never remained there long, and, to the best of the Doctor's belief, had no communication with Catherine. He was sure they never met, and he had reason to suspect that Morris never wrote to her. After the letter that has been mentioned, she heard from him twice again, at considerable intervals; but on none of these occasions did she write herself. On the other hand, as the Doctor observed, she averted herself rigidly from the idea of marrying other people. Her opportunities for doing so were not numerous, but they occurred often enough to test her disposition. She refused a widower, a man with a genial temperament, a handsome fortune, and three little girls (he had heard that she was very fond of children, and he pointed to his own with some confidence); and she turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of a clever young lawyer, who, with the prospect of a great practice, and the reputation of a most agreeable man, had had the shrewdness, when he came to look about him for a wife, to believe that she would suit him better than several younger and prettier girls. Mr. Macalister, the widower, had desired to make a marriage of reason, and had chosen Catherine for what he supposed to be her latent matronly qualities; but John Ludlow, who was a year the girl's junior, and spoken of always as a young man who might have his "pick," was seriously in love with her. Catherine, however, would never look at him; she made it plain to him that she thought he came to see her too often. He afterward consoled himself, and married a very different person—little Miss Sturtevant, whose attractions were obvious to the dullest comprehension. Catherine, at the time of these events, had left her thirtieth year well behind her, and had quite taken her place as an old maid. Her father would have preferred she should marry, and he once told her that he hoped she would not be too fastidious. "I should like to see you an honest man's wife before I die," he

said. This was after John Ludlow had been compelled to give it up, though the Doctor had advised him to persevere. The Doctor exercised no further pressure, and had the credit of not "worrying" at all over his daughter's singleness. In fact, he worried rather more than appeared, and there were considerable periods during which he felt sure that Morris Townsend was hidden behind some door. "If he is not, why doesn't she marry?" he asked himself. "Limited as her intelligence may be, she must understand perfectly well that she is made to do the usual thing." Catherine, however, became an admirable old maid. She formed habits, regulated her days upon a system of her own, interested herself in charitable institutions, asylums, hospitals, and aid societies, and went generally, with an even and noiseless step, about the rigid business of her life. This life had, however, a secret history as well as public one—if I may talk of the public history of a mature and diffident spinster for whom publicity had always a combination of terrors. From her own point of view the great facts of her career were that Morris Townsend had trifled with her affection, and that her father had broken its spring. Nothing could ever alter these facts; they were always there, like her name, her age, her plain face. Nothing could ever undo the wrong or cure the pain that Morris had inflicted on her, and nothing could ever make her feel toward her father as she felt in her younger years. There was something dead in her life, and her duty was to try and fill the void. Catherine recognized this duty to the utmost; she had a great disapproval of brooding and moping. She had, of course, no faculty for quenching memory in dissipation; but she mingled freely in the usual gayeties of the town, and she became at last an inevitable figure at all respectable entertainments. She was greatly liked, and as time went on she grew to be a sort of kindly maiden aunt to the younger portion of society. Young girls were apt to confide to her their love affairs (which they never did to Mrs. Penniman), and young men to be fond of her without knowing why. She developed a few harmless eccentricities; her habits, once formed, were rather stiffly maintained; her opinions, on all moral and social matters, were extremely conservative; and before she was forty she was regarded as an old-fashioned person and an authority on customs that had passed away. Mrs. Penniman, in comparison, was quite a girlish figure; she grew younger as she advanced in life. She lost none of her relish for beauty and mystery, but she had little opportunity to exercise it. With Catherine's later wooers she failed to establish relations as intimate as those which had given her so many interesting hours in the society of Morris Townsend. These gentlemen had an indefinable mistrust of her good offices, and they never talked to her about Catherine's charms. Her ringlets, her buckles and bangles, glistened more brightly with each succeeding year, and she remained quite the same officious and imaginative Mrs. Penniman, and the odd mixture of impetuosity and circumspection that we have hitherto known. As regards one point, however, her circumspection prevailed, and she must be given due credit for it. For upward of seventeen years she never mentioned Morris Townsend's name to her niece. Catherine was grateful to her, but this consistent silence, so little in accord with her aunt's character, gave her a certain alarm, and she could never wholly rid herself of a suspicion that Mrs. Penniman sometimes had news of him.

XXXIII.

Little by little Doctor Sloper had retired from his profession; he visited only those patients in whose symptoms he recognized a certain originality. He went again to Europe, and remained two years; Catherine went with him, and on this occasion Mrs. Penniman was of the party. Europe apparently had few surprises for Mrs. Penniman, who frequently remarked, in the most romantic sites, "You know I am very familiar with all this." It should be added that such remarks were usually not addressed to her brother, or yet to her niece, but to fellow-tourists who happened to be at hand, or even to the cicerone or the goat-herd in the foreground.

One day, after his return from Europe, the Doctor said something to his daughter that made her start—it seemed to come from so far out of the past.

"I should like you to promise me something before I die."

"Why do you talk about your dying?" she asked.

"Because I am sixty-eight years old."

"I hope you will live a long time," said Catherine.

"I hope I shall. But some day I shall take a bad cold, and then it will not matter much what any one hopes. That will be the manner of my exit, and when it takes place, remember I told you so. Promise me not to marry Morris Townsend after I am gone."

This was what made Catherine start, as I have said; but her start was a silent one, and for some moments she said nothing. "Why do you speak of him?" she asked at last.

"You challenge everything I say. I speak of him because he's a topic, like any other. He's to be seen, like any one else, and he is still looking for a wife—having had one and got rid of her, I don't know by what means. He has lately been in New York, and at your cousin Marian's house; your aunt Elizabeth saw him there."

"They neither of them told me," said Catherine.

"That's their merit; it's not yours. He has grown fat and bald, and he has not made his fortune. But I can't trust those facts alone to steel your heart against him, and that's why I ask you to promise."

"Fat and bald:" these words presented a strange image to Catherine's mind, out of which the memory of the most beautiful young man in the world had never faded. "I don't think you understand," she said. "I very seldom think of Mr. Townsend."

"It will be very easy for you to go on, then. Promise me after my death to do the same."

Again, for some moments, Catherine was silent; her father's request deeply amazed her; it opened an old wound and made it ache afresh. "I don't think I can promise that," she answered.

"It would be a great satisfaction," said her father.

"You don't understand. I can't promise that."

The Doctor was silent a minute. "I ask you for a particular reason. I am altering my will."

This reason failed to strike Catherine; and indeed she scarcely understood it. All her feelings were merged in the sense that he was trying to treat her as he had treated her years before. She had suffered from it then; and now all her experience, all her acquired tranquillity and rigidity, protested. She had been so humble in her youth that she could now afford to have a little pride, and there was something in this request, and in her father's thinking himself so free to make it, that seemed an injury to her dignity. Poor Catherine's dignity was not aggressive; it never sat in state; but if you pushed far enough you could find it. Her father had pushed very far.

"I can't promise," she simply repeated.

"You are very obstinate," said the Doctor.

"I don't think you understand."

"Please explain, then."

"I can't explain," said Catherine. "And I can't promise."

"Upon my word," her father exclaimed, "I had no idea how obstinate you are."

She knew herself that she was obstinate, and it gave her a certain joy. She was now a middle-aged woman.

About a year after this the accident that the Doctor had spoken of occurred: he took a violent cold. Driving out to Bloomingdale one April day to see a patient of unsound mind, who was confined in a private asylum for the insane, and whose family greatly desired a medical opinion from an eminent source, he was caught in a spring shower, and being in a buggy without a hood, he found himself soaked to the skin. He came home with an ominous chill, and on the morrow he was seriously ill. "It is congestion of the lungs," he said to Catherine; "I shall need very good nursing. It will make no difference, for I shall not recover; but I wish everything to be done, to the smallest detail, as if I should. I hate an ill-conducted sick-room; and you will be so good as to nurse me on the hypothesis that I shall get well." He told her which of his fellow-physicians to send for, and gave her a multitude of minute directions: it was quite on the optimistic hypothesis that she nursed him. But he had never been wrong in his life, and he was not wrong now. He was touching his seventieth year, and though he had a very well tempered constitution, his hold upon life had lost its firmness. He died after three weeks' illness, during which Mrs. Penniman, as well as his daughter, had been assiduous at his bedside.

On his will being opened, after a decent interval, it was found to consist of two portions. The first of these dated from ten years back, and consisted of a series

of dispositions, by which he left the great mass of his property to his daughter, with becoming legacies to his two sisters. The second was a codicil, of recent origin, maintaining the annuities to Mrs. Penniman and Mrs. Almond, but reducing Catherine's share to a fifth of what he had first bequeathed her. "She is amply provided for from her mother's side," the document ran, "never having spent more than a fraction of her income from this source; so that her fortune is already more than sufficient to attract those unscrupulous adventurers whom she has given me reason to believe that she persists in regarding as an interesting class." The large remainder of his property, therefore, Doctor Sloper had divided into seven unequal parts, which he left as endowments to as many different hospitals and schools of medicine in various cities of the Union.

To Mrs. Penniman it seemed monstrous that a man should play such tricks with other people's money; for after his death, of course, as she said, it was other people's. "Of course you will immediately break the will," she remarked to Catherine.

"Oh no," Catherine answered; "I like it very much. Only I wish it had been expressed a little differently."

XXXIV.

It was her habit to remain in town very late in the summer; she preferred the house in Washington Square to any other habitation whatever, and it was under protest that she used to go to the sea-side for the month of August. At the sea she spent her month at a hotel. The year that her father died she intermitted this custom altogether, not thinking it consistent with deep mourning; and the year after that she put off her departure till so late that the middle of August found her still in the heated solitude of Washington Square. Mrs. Penniman, who was fond of a change, was usually eager for a visit to the country; but this year she appeared quite content with such rural impressions as she could gather, at the parlor window, from the ailantus-trees behind the wooden paling. The peculiar fragrance of this vegetation used to diffuse itself in the evening air, and Mrs. Penniman, on the warm nights of July, often sat at the open window and inhaled it. This was a happy moment for Mrs. Penniman; after the death of her brother she felt more free to obey her impulses. A vague oppression had disappeared from her life, and she enjoyed a sense of freedom of which she had not been conscious since the memorable time, so long ago, when the Doctor went abroad with Catherine and left her at home to entertain Morris Townsend. The year that had elapsed since her brother's death reminded her of that happy time, because, although Catherine, in growing older, had become a person to be reckoned with, yet her society was a very different thing, as Mrs. Penniman said, from that of a tank of cold water. The elderly lady hardly knew what use to make of this larger margin of her life; she sat and looked at it very much as she had often sat, with her poised needle in her hand, before her tapestry frame. She had a confident hope, however, that her rich impulses, her talent for embroidery, would still find their application, and this confidence was justified before many months had elapsed.

Catherine continued to live in her father's house, in spite of its being represented to her that a maiden lady of quiet habits might find a more convenient abode in one of the smaller dwellings, with brown-stone fronts, which had at this time begun to adorn the transverse thoroughfares in the upper part of the town. She liked the earlier structure—it had begun by this time to be called an "old" house—and proposed to herself to end her days in it. If it was too large for a pair of unpretending gentlewomen, this was better than the opposite fault, for Catherine had no desire to find herself in closer quarters with her aunt. She expected to spend the rest of her life in Washington Square, and to enjoy Mrs. Penniman's society for the whole of this period, as she had a conviction that, long as she might live, her aunt would live at least as long, and always retain her brilliancy and activity. Mrs. Penniman suggested to her the idea of a rich vitality.

On one of those warm evenings in July of which mention has been made the two ladies sat together at an open window, looking out on the quiet Square. It was too hot for lighted lamps, for reading, or for work; it might have appeared too hot even for conversation, Mrs. Penniman having long been speechless. She sat forward in the window, half on the balcony, humming a little song. Catherine was within the room, in a low rocking-

chair, dressed in white, and slowly using a large palmetto fan. It was in this way, at this season, that the aunt and niece, after they had had tea, habitually spent their evenings.

"Catherine," said Mrs. Penniman at last, "I am going to say something that will surprise you."

"Pray do," Catherine answered; "I like surprises. And it is so quiet now."

"Well, then, I have seen Morris Townsend."

If Catherine was surprised, she checked the expression of it; she gave neither a start nor an exclamation. She remained, indeed, for some moments intensely still, and this may very well have been a symptom of emotion. "I hope he was well," she said at last.

"I don't know; he is a great deal changed. He would like very much to see you."

"I would rather not see him," said Catherine, quickly.

"I was afraid you would say that. But you don't seem surprised."

"I am—very much."

"I met him at Marian's," said Mrs. Penniman. "He goes to Marian's, and they are so afraid you will meet him there. It's my belief that that's why he goes. He wants so much to see you." Catherine made no response to this, and Mrs. Penniman went on. "I didn't know him at first, he is so remarkably changed. But he knew me in a minute. He says I am not in the least changed. You know how polite he always was. He was coming away when I came, and we walked a little distance together. He is still very handsome, only of course he looks older, and he is not so—so animated as he used to be. There was a touch of sadness about him; but there was a touch of sadness about him before—especially when he went away. I am afraid he has not been very successful—that he has never got thoroughly established. I don't suppose he is sufficiently plodding, and that, after all, is what succeeds in this world." Mrs. Penniman had not mentioned Morris Townsend's name to her niece for upward of the fifth of a century; but now that she had broken the spell, she seemed to wish to make up for lost time, as if there had been a sort of exhilaration in hearing herself talk of him. She proceeded, however, with considerable caution, pausing occasionally to let Catherine give some sign. Catherine gave no other sign than to stop the rocking of her chair and the swaying of her fan; she sat motionless and silent. "It was on Tuesday last," said Mrs. Penniman, "and I have been hesitating ever since about telling you. I didn't know how you might like it. At last I thought that it was so long ago that you would probably not have any particular feeling. I saw him again, after meeting him at Marian's. I met him in the street, and he went a few steps with me. The first thing he said was about you; he asked ever so many questions. Marian didn't want me to speak to you; she didn't want you to know that they receive him. I told him I was sure that after all these years you couldn't have any feeling about that; you couldn't grudge him the hospitality of his own cousin's house. I said you would be bitter indeed if you did that. Marian has the most extraordinary ideas about what happened between you; she seems to think he behaved in some very unusual manner. I took the liberty of reminding her of the real facts, and placing the story in its true light. *He* has no bitterness, Catherine, I can assure you; and he might be excused for it, for things have not gone well with him. He has been all over the world, and tried to establish himself everywhere; but his evil star was against him. It is most interesting to hear him talk of his evil star. Everything failed; everything but his—you know, you remember—his proud, high spirit. I believe he married some lady somewhere in Europe. You know they marry in such a peculiar matter-of-course way in Europe: a marriage of reason they call it. She died soon afterward; as he said to me, she only flitted across his life. He has not been in New York for ten years; he came back a few days ago. The first thing he did was to ask me about you. He had heard you had never married; he seemed very much interested about that. He said you had been the real romance of his life."

Catherine had suffered her companion to proceed from point to point, and pause to pause, without interrupting her; she fixed her eyes on the ground, and listened. But the last phrase I have quoted was followed by a pause of peculiar significance, and then, at last, Catherine spoke. It will be observed that before doing so she had received a good deal of informa-

tion about Morris Townsend. "Please say no more; please don't follow up that subject."

"Doesn't it interest you?" asked Mrs. Penniman, with a certain timorous archness.

"It pains me," said Catherine.

"I was afraid you would say that. But don't you think you could get used to it? He wants so much to see you."

"Please don't, Aunt Lavinia," said Catherine, getting up from her seat. She moved quickly away, and went to the other window, which stood open to the balcony; and here, in the embrasure, concealed from her aunt by the white curtains, she remained a long time, looking out into the warm darkness. She had had a great shock; it was as if the gulf of the past had suddenly opened, and a spectral figure had risen out of it. There were some things she believed she had got over, some feelings that she had thought of as dead; but apparently there was a certain vitality in them still. Mrs. Penniman had made them stir themselves. It was but a momentary agitation, Catherine said to herself; it would presently pass away. She was trembling, and her heart was beating so that she could feel it; but this also would subside. Then suddenly, while she waited for a return of her calmness, she burst into tears. But her tears flowed very silently, so that Mrs. Penniman had no observation of them. It was, perhaps, however, because Mrs. Penniman suspected them that she said no more that evening about Morris Townsend.

XXXV.

Her refreshed attention to this gentleman had not those limits of which Catherine desired, for herself, to be conscious; it lasted long enough to enable her to wait another week before speaking of him again. It was under the same circumstances that she once more attacked the subject. She had been sitting with her niece in the evening; only on this occasion, as the night was not so warm, the lamp had been lighted, and Catherine had placed herself near it with a morsel of fancy-work. Mrs. Penniman went and sat alone for half an hour on the balcony; then she came in, moving vaguely about the room. At last she sank into a seat near Catherine, with clasped hands, and a little look of excitement.

"Shall you be angry if I speak to you again about *him*?" she asked.

Catherine looked up at her quietly. "Who is *he*?"

"He whom you once loved."

"I shall not be angry, but I shall not like it."

"He sent you a message," said Mrs. Penniman. "I promised him to deliver it, and I must keep my promise."

In all these years Catherine had had time to forget how little she had to thank her aunt for in the season of her misery: she had long ago forgiven Mrs. Penniman for taking too much upon herself. But for a moment this attitude of interposition and disinterestedness, this carrying of messages and redeeming of promises, brought back the sense that her companion was a dangerous woman. She had said she would not be angry; but for an instant she felt sore. "I don't care what you do with your promise," she answered.

Mrs. Penniman, however, with her high conception of the sanctity of pledges, carried her point. "I have gone too far to retreat," she said, though precisely what this meant she was not at pains to explain. "Mr. Townsend wishes most particularly to see you, Catherine; he believes that if you knew how much, and why, he wishes it, you would consent to do so."

"There can be no reason," said Catherine—"no good reason."

"His happiness depends upon it. Is not that a good reason?" asked Mrs. Penniman, impressively.

"Not for me. My happiness does not."

"I think you will be happier after you have seen him. He is going away again—going to resume his wanderings. It is a very lonely, restless, joyless life. Before he goes he wishes to speak to you; it is a fixed idea with him—he is always thinking of it. He has something very important to say to you. He believes that you never understood him, that you never judged him rightly, and the belief has always weighed upon him terribly. He wishes to justify himself; he believes that in a very few words he could do so. He wishes to meet you as a friend."

Catherine listened to this wonderful speech without pausing in her work; she had now had several days to accustom herself to think of Morris Townsend again as an actuality. When it was over she said simply, "Please say to Mr. Townsend that I wish he would leave me alone."

She had hardly spoken when a sharp, firm ring at the door vibrated through the summer night. Catherine looked up at the clock; it marked a quarter past nine —a very late hour for visitors, especially in the empty condition of the town. Mrs. Penniman at the same moment gave a little start, and then Catherine's eyes turned quickly to her aunt. They met Mrs. Penniman's and sounded them for a moment, sharply. Mrs. Penniman was blushing; her look was a conscious one; it seemed to confess something. Catherine guessed its meaning, and rose quickly from her chair.

"Aunt Penniman," she said, in a tone that scared her companion, "have you taken *the liberty* . . . ?"

"My dearest Catherine," stammered Mrs. Penniman, "just wait till you see him."

Catherine had frightened her aunt, but she was also frightened herself; she was on the point of rushing to give orders to the servant, who was passing to the door, to admit no one; but the fear of meeting her visitor checked her.

"Mr. Morris Townsend."

This was what she heard, vaguely but recognizably, articulated by the domestic, while she hesitated. She had her back turned to the door of the parlor, and for some moments she kept it turned, feeling that he had come in. He had not spoken, however, and at last she faced about. Then she saw a gentleman standing in the middle of the room, from which her aunt had discreetly retired.

She would never have known him. He was forty-five years old, and his figure was not that of the straight, slim young man she remembered. But it was a very fine presence, and a fair and lustrous beard, spreading itself upon a well-presented chest, contributed to its effect. After a moment Catherine recognized the upper half of the face, which, though her visitor's clustering locks had grown thin, was still remarkably handsome. He stood in a deeply deferential attitude, with his eyes on her face. "I have ventured—I have ventured," he said, and then he paused, looking about him as if he expected her to ask him to sit down. It was the old voice, but it had not the old charm. Catherine, for a minute, was conscious of a distinct determination not to invite him to take a seat. Why had he come? It was wrong for him to come. Morris was embarrassed, but Catherine gave him no help. It was not that she was glad of his embarrassment; on the contrary, it excited all her own liabilities of this kind, and gave her great pain. But how could she welcome him when she felt so vividly that he ought not to have come? "I wanted so much—I was determined," Morris went on. But he stopped again; it was not easy. Catherine still said nothing, and he may well have recalled with apprehension her ancient faculty of silence. She continued to look at him, however, and as she did so she made the strangest observation. It seemed to be he, and yet not he; it was the man who had been everything, and yet this person was nothing. How long ago it was—how old she had grown—how much she had lived! She had lived on something that was connected with *him*, and she had consumed it in doing so. This person did not look unhappy. He was fair and well preserved, perfectly dressed, mature and complete. As Catherine looked at him the story of his life defined itself in his eyes: he had made himself comfortable, and he had never been caught. But even while her perception opened itself to this, she had no desire to catch him; his presence was painful to her, and she only wished he would go.

"Will you not sit down?" he asked.

"I think we had better not," said Catherine.

"I offend you by coming?" He was very grave; he spoke in a tone of the richest respect.

"I don't think you ought to have come."

"Did not Mrs. Penniman tell you—did she not give you my message?"

"She told me something, but I did not understand."

"I wish you would let *me* tell you—let me speak for myself."

"I don't think it is necessary," said Catherine.

"Not for you, perhaps, but for me. It would be a great satisfaction—and I have not many." He seemed to be coming nearer; Catherine turned away. "Can we not be friends again?" he asked.

"We are not enemies," said Catherine. "I have none but friendly feelings to you."

"Ah, I wonder whether you know the happiness it gives me to hear you say that!" Catherine uttered no intimation

that she measured the influence of her words; and he presently went on, "You have not changed—the years have passed happily for you."

"They have passed very quietly," said Catherine.

"They have left no marks; you are admirably young." This time he succeeded in coming nearer—he was close to her; she saw his glossy perfumed beard, and his eyes above it looking strange and hard. It was very different from his old—from his young—face. If she had first seen him this way she would not have liked him. It seemed to her that he was smiling, or trying to smile. "Catherine," he said, lowering his voice, "I have never ceased to think of you."

"Please don't say these things," she answered.

"Do you hate me?"

"Oh no," said Catherine.

Something in her tone discouraged him, but in a moment he recovered himself. "Have you still some kindness for me, then?"

"I don't know why you have come here to ask me such things!" Catherine exclaimed.

"Because for many years it has been the desire of my life that we should be friends again."

"That is impossible."

"Why so? Not if you will allow it."

"I will not allow it!" said Catherine.

He looked at her again in silence. "I see; my presence troubles you and pains you. I will go away; but you must give me leave to come again."

"Please don't come again," she said.

"Never?—never?"

She made a great effort; she wished to say something that would make it impossible he should ever again cross her threshold. "It is wrong of you. There is no propriety in it—no reason for it."

"Ah, dearest lady, you do me injustice!" cried Morris Townsend. "We have only waited, and now we are free."

"You treated me badly," said Catherine.

"Not if you think of it rightly. You had your quiet life with your father—which was just what I could not make up my mind to rob you of."

"Yes, I had that."

Morris felt it to be a considerable damage to his cause that he could not add that she had had something more besides; for it is needless to say that he had learned the contents of Doctor Sloper's will. He was nevertheless not at a loss. "There are worse fates than that," he exclaimed, with expression; and he might have been supposed to refer to his own unprotected situation. Then he added, with a deeper tenderness, "Catherine, have you never forgiven me?"

"I forgave you years ago, but it is useless for us to attempt to be friends."

"Not if we forget the past. We have still a future, thank God!"

"I can't forget—I don't forget," said Catherine. "You treated me too badly. I felt it very much; I felt it for years." And then she went on, with her wish to show him that he must not come to her this way, "I can't begin again—I can't take it up. Everything is dead and buried. It was too serious; it made a great change in my life. I never expected to see you here."

"Ah, you are angry!" cried Morris, who wished immensely that he could extort some flash of passion from her calmness. In that case he might hope.

"No, I am not angry. Anger does not last, that way, for years. But there are other things. Impressions last, when they have been strong.—But I can't talk."

Morris stood stroking his beard, with a clouded eye. "Why have you never married?" he asked, abruptly. "You have had opportunities."

"I didn't wish to marry."

"Yes, you are rich, you are free; you had nothing to gain."

"I had nothing to gain," said Catherine.

Morris looked vaguely round him, and gave a deep sigh. "Well, I was in hopes that we might still have been friends."

"I meant to tell you, by my aunt, in answer to your message—if you had waited for an answer—that it was unnecessary for you to come in that hope."

"Good-by, then," said Morris. "Excuse my indiscretion."

He bowed, and she turned away—standing there, averted, with her eyes on the ground, for some moments after she had heard him close the door of the room.

In the hall he found Mrs. Penniman, fluttered and eager; she appeared to have been hovering there under the irreconcilable promptings of her curiosity and her dignity.

"That was a precious plan of yours," said Morris, clapping on his hat.

"Is she so hard?" asked Mrs. Penniman.

"She doesn't care a button for me—with her confounded little dry manner."

"Was it very dry?" pursued Mrs. Penniman, with solicitude.

Morris took no notice of her question; he stood musing an instant with his hat on. "But why the deuce, then, would she never marry?"

"Yes, why, indeed?" sighed Mrs. Penniman. And then, as if from a sense of the inadequacy of this explanation, "But you will not despair—you will come back?"

"Come back? Damnation!" And Morris Townsend strode out of the house, leaving Mrs. Penniman staring.

Catherine, meanwhile, in the parlor, picking up her morsel of fancy-work, had seated herself with it again—for life, as it were.

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF, as a New York paper recently said, the journalist is superseding the orator, it is full time for the work upon *Journals and Journalism*, which has been lately issued in London. The New York writer holds that in our political contests the "campaign speech" is not intended or adapted to persuade or convert opponents, but merely to stimulate and encourage friends. The party meetings on each side, he thinks, are composed of partisans, and the more extravagant the assertion and the more unsparing the denunciation of "the enemy," the more rapturous the enthusiasm of the audience. In fact, his theory of campaign speeches is that they are merely the addresses of generals to their armies on the eve of battle, which are not arguments, since argument is not needed, but mere urgent appeals to party feeling. "Thirty centuries look down from yonder Pyramid," is the Napoleonic tone of the campaign speech.

As an election is an appeal to the final tribunal of the popular judgment, the apparent object of election oratory is to affect the popular decision. But this, the journalist asserts, is not done by the orator, for the reason just stated, but by the journal. The newspaper addresses the voter, not with rhetorical periods and vapid declamation, but with facts and figures and arguments which the voter can verify and ponder at his leisure, and not under the excitement or the tedium of a spoken harangue. The newspaper, also, unless it be a mere party "organ," is candid to the other side, and states the situation fairly. Moreover, the exigencies of a daily issue and of great space to fill produce a fullness and variety of information and of argument which are really the source of most of the speeches, so that the orator repeats to his audience an imperfect abstract of a complete and ample plea, and the orator, it is asserted, would often serve his cause infinitely better by reading a carefully written newspaper article than by pouring out his loose and illogical declamation.

But the argument for the newspaper can be pushed still further. Since phonographic reporting has become universal, and the speaker is conscious that his very words will be spread the next morning before hundreds of thousands of readers, it is of those readers, and not of the thousand hearers before him, of whom he thinks, and for whom his address is really prepared. Formerly a single charge was all that was needed for the fusillade of a whole political campaign. The speech that was originally carefully prepared was known practically only to the audience that heard it. It grew better and brighter with the attrition of repeated delivery, and was fresh and new to every new audience. But now, when delivered to an audience, it is spoken to the whole country. It is often in type before it is uttered, so that the orator is in fact repeating the article of to-morrow morning. The result is good so far as it compels him to precision of statement, but it inevitably suggests the question whether the newspaper is not correct in its assertion that the great object of the oration is accomplished not by the orator, but by the writer.

But this, after all, is like asking whether a chromo copy of a great picture does not supersede painting, and prove it to be an antiquated or obsolete art. Oratory is an art, and its peculiar charm and power can not be superseded by any other art. Great orations are now prepared with care, and may be printed word for word. But the reading can not produce the impression of the hearing. We can all read the words that Webster spoke on Bunker Hill at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument fifty years after the battle. But those who saw him standing there, in his majestic prime, and speaking to that vast throng, heard and saw and felt something that we can not know. The ordinary stump speech which imperfectly echoes a leading article can well be spared. But the speech of an orator still remains a work of art, the words of which may be accurately lithographed, while the spirit and glow and inspiration of utterance which made it a work of art can not be reproduced.

The general statement of the critic, however, remains true, and the effective work of a political campaign is certainly done by the

newspaper. The newspaper is of two kinds, again—that which shows exclusively the virtue and advantage of the party it favors, and that which aims to be judicial and impartial. The tendency of the first kind is obvious enough, but that of the last is not less positive if less obvious. The tendency of the independent newspaper is to good-natured indifference. The very ardor, often intemperate and indiscreet, with which a side is advocated, prejudices such a paper against the cause itself. Because the hot orator exclaims that the success of the adversary would ruin the country, the independent Mentor gayly suggests that the country is not so easily ruined, and that such an argument is a reason for voting against the orator. The position that in a party contest it is six on one side and half a dozen on the other is too much akin to the doctrine that naught is everything and everything is naught to be very persuasive with men who are really in earnest. Such a position in public affairs inevitably, and often very unjustly to them, produces an impression of want of hearty conviction, which paralyzes influence as effectually as the evident prejudice and partiality of the party advocate. Thorough independence is perfectly compatible with the strongest conviction that the public welfare will be best promoted by the success of this or that party. Such independence criticises its own party and partisans, but it would not have wavered in the support of the Revolution because Gates and Conway were intriguers, and Charles Lee an adventurer, and it would have sustained Sir Robert Walpole although he would not repeal the Corporation and Test laws, and withdrew his excise act.

Journalism, if it be true that it really shapes the policy of nations, well deserves to be treated as thoughtfully as Mr. "John Oldcastle" apparently treats it in the book we have mentioned, for it is the most exacting of professions in the ready use of various knowledge. Mr. Anthony Trollope says that anybody can set up the business or profession of literature who can command a room, a table, and pen, ink, and paper. Would he also say that any man may set up the trade of an artist who can buy an easel, a palette, a few brushes, and some colors? It can be done, indeed, but only as a man who can hire a boat may set up for an East India merchant.

THE violent action and reaction in literary fame during an author's life, and for a long time after his death, is often observable. No fame seemed greater, sounder, or better assured than that of Scott. It partook apparently of his own healthy, hearty nature, and the universal personal tenderness of public sympathy in his decline and death seemed to foreshow an unswerving public allegiance to his renown. But Carlyle's review of Lockhart's *Life*, noble and admiring and pathetic in the highest degree, yet marked distinctly the beginning of a reaction of feeling about Scott, which rapidly grew, and has prevailed for a generation. But the return feeling, the counter-reaction, is as distinctly marked by Mr. Frederic Harrison's fine article of last year. The explanation of the feeling of the past generation, so far as the feeling can be explained, is to be sought in the protest of popular sympathy in England against the long and narrow Tory ascendency which followed the Reform Bill of '32, to which Scott, as a Tory, was opposed. It is not the fact that he was a Tory, merely, which explains the reaction, but the spirit of the age was anti-feudal, and opinion burst with an exultant spring from the thralldom of the terror produced by the French Revolution. Of the many aspects of this feudal spirit Scott had been the laureate in prose and verse, and his fame shared the natural hostility of the reaction.

The new spirit at once showed itself in Dickens, whose broad, bright, kindly, aggressive democracy, making the hero of his story a friendless work-house boy instead of a knight at arms, and its scene a city lane or Wapping instead of a stately castle or a historic land, was the representative of the changed feeling and the new day. There was, on our side of the sea at least, an eagerness of delight in Dickens which was very striking, and which the Scott generation somewhat resented. "I don't know much of Dickens," said one of the older school, with reproving severity, "but I read Scott all through every year." It was said with the proud and indignant air of the true believer who upholds his faith among pagans. "Who is this Dickens? I must look him up," said another, with exquisite scorn, as he listened to the praise of the new author, and hurried home to restore his equanimity with the *Antiquary*. But although Dickens's letters are only published within the year, the reaction against him is already in full career, and curious critics are wondering how much of the extravagance of so broad a caricaturist can possibly interest or entertain the reader of another century.

But against no great author of the last century has this reaction been more pronounced than against Byron, and the counteraction is just as plainly marked as with Scott. Mr. Ruskin's ardent homage, and the *Life of Byron*, by John Nichol, in the series of "English Men of Letters," show the matured judgment of to-day, and reverse that of a generation. It is interesting to compare this later biography with Moore's. There is a slightly subacid tone of belligerence in Professor Nichol's book which is very amusing. He evidently means to show that he understands the reasons of the judgment of Byron, and that he has no wish whatever to conceal anything, or to depict him as a hero or a saint. Indeed, the first and signal charm of the book is its veracity. The painter is a realist, with a singularly firm touch, and the story of Byron's life has never been better told. The author makes us see the man as he

was, no finer and no coarser than the actual clay. Then he does not judge the poet by the man. Neither concealing nor equivocating, describing everything fairly, he estimates his poetry as poetry, not as the work of the lover of La Guiccioli nor the fortune-hunting husband of Miss Milbanke. Byron's poetry, indeed, as Professor Nichol says, was intensely biographical, that is, intensely individual. The striking inconsistencies of his nature are reflected in his poems; but the insight and the power of "Don Juan," which made Shelley despair, are the truly great work of the age. One sentence, perhaps, may be quoted as summarizing Professor Nichol's estimate: "If he did not bring a new idea into the world, he quadrupled the force of existing ideas, and scattered them far and wide." But Nichol's criticism of details and of the excellence of Byron's literary work is curiously different from that of Ruskin, who claims for him the greatest literary skill. Such points, indeed, are mere refinements when the grasp of a poet's genius and its hold upon the world are considered.

In this country certainly the influence of Byron and the admiration for his genius did not survive his generation. Halleck and Willis show the literary impression that he made; but none of our great authors have been in the least subject to him, and the judgment of this country would differ widely from that of Europe as cited by Professor Nichol. His own generation in this country, indeed, was fascinated and dazzled by him. And the men of that day listened with incredulity to his own contemporaries of another strain, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats; and the later Tennyson seemed to them mere attar of roses. How often have we heard against the most subtle and melodious and aromatic lines of Tennyson, a strong manly voice urging the pomp and pathos and broad natural simplicity of the "Battle of Waterloo" and of the Italian cantos of "Childe Harold"? Pomp and pathos, retorted the Tennysonian, yes; but simplicity, never; tinsel and meretricious feeling, always. So the debate went on, but it was plain that Wordsworth and Keats and the Germans, among the later poets, spoke more sympathetically to the American educated intelligence of a later day. Tennyson and Browning, like Carlyle, found no earlier or wiser recognition than here, and it was not at all unusual for the American travelling in Europe to be asked whether Browning was not an American poet.

Byron's genius is revealed in nothing more signally than in the fact that for half a century it has compelled English and American pilgrims to see Italy through his eyes. This is conclusive as to his power of description, of which there has been so much discussion. In Rome and Venice, at Terni and at Arqua, as at Laurens and Geneva, memory murmurs Byronic melody, and all the tens of thousands of the English-speaking race who go to Rome can not see to-day the statue called the Dying Gladiator, without at once beholding his young barbarians all at play, and feeling that it is the poetry, not the statue, which weaves the spell. This is the vital power of the poet, whom Professor Nichol has drawn in his habit as he lived.

The English colony which Mr. Thomas Hughes and his friends propose to found in Tennessee has been misunderstood as being an enterprise exclusively English, which was to maintain itself as English, cultivate English traditions and feelings, and aim to be a little England in the midst of the United States, in the same way that Plymouth was a new England in the wilderness of 1620. The American and English critics of the scheme showed at once that such an undertaking must fail because the movement springs from no religious or social theory, but is merely an industrial enterprise. The result would inevitably be the mingling of the colony with the American life around it, and gradual absorption in the great American community. But when this had been all cogently set forth and reasoned to a logical conclusion, Mr. Hughes made a speech at the opening of the town, so to speak, in which he stated that such was not the intention, that the gates of the colony would stand wide open to the entry of industry and intelligence from every quarter, and that while in its beginning it was necessarily English, "we hope that this will very soon cease to be so."

It is, in fact, merely an escape from the narrower opportunities of life in older communities, and its hope and aim apparently are to give more and fairer chances to capable and well-meaning people than they are likely to find at home. There is a price to be paid, indeed, for so great a gain, and that price is separation from the associations of older regions and of home, and the formation of new ties with strangers. There is another price to be paid also, which is inevitable, and that is the attempted entrance of the shiftless and impracticable. No body of persons can found a simple industrial community which is designed to lessen the friction of the great contest for existence without being beset by a swarm of drones who hope somehow to be helped without helping themselves. There is perhaps to be added to this price-list the slight unnaturalness which seems to belong to the impression of such endeavors. This is not, indeed, what can be called an original feeling, because from the community in some form our modern society has sprung. But individualism and every man for himself have become so wholly the principle of our society that there is now a shrinking from any return to any form of communism.

Of this Mr. Hughes is well aware, and in his very tranquil and sensible speech he alludes to the odium which attaches to the word community, and repudiates entirely all sympathy

with the state communism of which we have had some ugly teachings in this country, and of which Lasalle and Marx are leaders in Europe. Indeed, the Rugby community is to be neither political nor religious, but simply Arcadian. It proposes no reorganization of society, no revision of fundamental laws. It accepts with perfect contentment the laws relating to property and to family life as they exist, and hopes to make the business of living under those laws somewhat easier. The colonists intend to lay out a pretty town, with due provision for parks and gardens, and to erect suitable, simple, and attractive buildings. They mean also to apply co-operation to the supply of many of the fundamental and constant necessities of daily life, economizing health and labor and expense, and thereby greatly increasing the common stock of vigor and rational enjoyment; and they consecrate the colony to perfect religious freedom.

It is thus a unique enterprise. The colony will avail itself of the results of experience elsewhere, and begin with the taste and foresight which are usually wholly wanting, or which are entirely contemned in the beginnings of such communities. Towns and villages are chance growths. They gather around some water-power, or mine, or spring, or natural advantage, or they are agricultural centres growing without purpose or plan. There is scarcely a pretty or pleasant town or village which a little forethought would not have made very much more charming. The village improvement societies are signs of the wish to remedy congenital defects of rural communities. Where there is a beautiful shore, of a river or a lake, it has been generally sequestered to private and individual use, and is lost to the community. If the natural beauty of thousands of towns had been developed for the common benefit, it would be found that profit and pleasure are different faces of the same fact, for property in an attractive community is more valuable than in one which is not so.

But when, as at Rugby, it is proposed to add to this cheap and easy care for the common pleasure the lightening of the common labor by the introduction of a kind of co-operation whose value is incontestable, the only question that remains is whether the colonists who will come to settle will have the taste and intelligence of the few leaders, or will yield to them the control. The hope of the colony, as Mr. Hughes expressed it, is that it will be a community of natural, not of artificial or conventional, ladies and gentlemen. This is the natural hope of generous enthusiasm. The Pantisocracy of Coleridge and Southey was none other, and in this country forty years ago it was the dream and endeavor of Brook Farm. Association was substantially co-operation, and if Brook Farm failed, it may have served the good cause of human fraternity by providing a beacon light of warning for the guidance of Rugby. Certainly there could be no more valuable study for the fathers of Rugby than the history of Brook Farm.

THE Rugby enterprise recalls so vividly, under changed conditions, the earlier movement at Brook Farm, that the following letter from Mr. Ripley, the head of the Brook Farm Association, will be found very interesting by those who have any interest in such endeavors. It shows a lofty enthusiasm which will strike with wonder many who knew Mr. Ripley only in later years, and who will learn almost with incredulity that a man so gay, so occupied, so unlamenting, and who apparently accepted the world and its ways with such cheerful good-humor, could have written as Shelley might have written. The letter refers to the project of a "community" in the technical sense of a community of goods, of which Mr. Collins was the head, and it is valuable as an authoritative exposition of the principle of Brook Farm.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me the circular calling a convention at Skeneateles for the promotion of the community movement.

"I had just enjoyed a short visit from Mr. Collins, who explained to me very fully the purpose of the enterprise, and described the advantages of the situation which had been selected as the scene of the initiatory experiment. I hardly need to say that the movers in this noble effort have my warmest sympathy, and that, if circumstances permitted, I would not deprive myself of the privilege of being present at their deliberations. I am, however, just now so involved in cares and labors that I could not be absent for so long a time without neglect of duty.

"Although my present strong convictions are in favor of co-operative association rather than of community of property, I look with an indescribable interest on every attempt to redeem society from its corruptions, and establish the intercourse of men on a basis of love instead of competition. The evils arising from trade and money, it appears to me, grow out of the defects of our social organization, not from the intrinsic vice in the things themselves; and the abolition of private property, I fear, would so far destroy the independence of the individual as to interfere with the great object of all social reforms, namely, the development of humanity, the substitution of a race of free, noble, holy men and women instead of the dwarfish and mutilated specimens which now cover the earth. The great problem is to guarantee individualism against the masses on the one hand, and the masses against the individual on the other. In society as now organized the many are slaves to the few favored individuals in a community. I should dread the bondage of individuals to the power of the mass; while association, by identifying the interests of the many and the few, the less gifted and the highly gifted, secures the sacred personality of all, gives to each individual the largest liberty of the children of God. Such are my present views, subject to any modification which farther light may produce. I consider the great question of the means of human regeneration still open—indeed, hardly reached as yet, and Heaven forbid that I should not at least give you my best wishes for the success of your important enterprise.

"In our little association we practically adopt many community elements. We are eclectics and learners, but day by day increases our faith and joy in the principles of combined industry, and of bearing each other's burdens instead of seeking every man his own.

"It will give me great pleasure to hear from you whenever you may have anything to communicate interesting to the general movement. I feel that all who are seeking

the emancipation of man are brothers, though differing in the measures which they may adopt for that purpose. And from our different points of view it is not, perhaps, presumptuous to hope that we may aid each other by faithfully reporting the aspects of earth and sky as they pass before our field of vision.

"One danger, of which no doubt you are aware, is the crowd of converts who desire to help themselves rather than to help the movement. It is as true now as it was of old that he who would follow this new Messiah must deny himself and take up his cross daily, or he can not enter the promised kingdom. The path of transition is always covered with thorns, and marked with the bleeding feet of the faithful. This truth must not be covered up in describing the paradise for which we hope. We must drink the waters of Marah in the desert, that others may feed on the grapes of Eshcol. We must depend on the power of self-sacrifice in man, not on appeals to his selfish nature, for the success of our efforts. We should hardly be willing to accept of men or money for this enterprise, unless called forth by earnest convictions that they are summoned by a Divine voice. I wish to hear less said to capitalists about a profitable investment of their funds, as if the holy cause of humanity were to be speeded onward by the same forces which construct railroads and ships of war. Rather preach to the rich, 'Sell all that you have, and give to the poor, and you shall have treasure in heaven.'"

If Daniel O'Connell had ever been in America, his course in Ireland would have been followed with that kind of interest which springs from personal familiarity with a leader in great public affairs. The successor of O'Connell as Irish agitator in chief is undoubtedly Mr. Parnell, and him all who wished saw and heard in this country during his visit last winter. No two men could be more different in temperament than the great Repealer and his successor. The slim, almost spare, figure, serious mien, and dry manner of Mr. Parnell are absolutely contrasted with the burly form and jovial, ready-witted eloquence of the shrewd Irishman who liked to play with fire forty and fifty years ago. Mr. Parnell shows plainly his part American origin. There was a quiet gentlemanliness of impression produced by his public appearance in this country, but there was none of the characteristic Irish geniality. He did not seem like a man who had ever made a joke or taken one—a reformer rather of the lean Cassius type than of the order of St. Patrick. Upon the delivery of his first speech in New York there was not what can be called enthusiasm among the audience; at least the impression was that the feeling of the audience impatiently sought an occasion in his speech to manifest itself rather than that it was resistlessly evoked by the speech. He was cool, measured, prudent, and without the least trace of pandering to the passions of his audience. These also are qualities of a leader who knows his men and pursues his own ends.

Within a few months the Irish agitation has been again very active, and enormous demonstrations have taken place in honor of Mr. Parnell, while the murder of a landlord-nobleman and the tone of the speeches of Mr. Parnell and his associates have aroused very deep feeling and much apprehension. Mr. Froude has contributed one of his characteristic articles to the literature of the contest, his remedy for the situation being a firm and uncompromising assertion of British power. His doctrine is that the islands can not be severed, and that humanity, reason, and every interest require that fact to be conceded, and that the imperial authority be imperially maintained, justly but inexorably. The article is vigorous, but no policy which Mr. Froude could propose for Ireland would be acceptable to the Irish.

Looking over the ocean, it seems to be clear that the real object of the present agitation is the old object—the practical independence of the country. Perhaps Mr. Parnell would say that he aims at peaceful revolution. His purpose seems to be to produce a state of feeling which will cause the Irish tenantry to refuse to pay rent for land except upon its own terms. This would be practically reconfiscation by revolution. If the refusal were really general and national, it could be met only by arms, and anarchy would ensue. The terrible famine of the last year is a powerful ally of Mr. Parnell. War and anarchy may be bad, but are they worse than starvation? This would be the unconscious or open argument of the tenant and the agitator. This is the situation which confronts the Gladstone administration. Any government might be perplexed by the problem of Ireland. It is the result of prolonged and ingenious and outrageous misgovernment, and the feeling in England, as shown by the action of the House of Lords, which holds a veto upon legislation, only increases the difficulty.

From the American point of view the true policy of the friends of Ireland would have been to make a cordial alliance with Mr. Gladstone's government, in the confidence that a statesman so able and so sincere, who had shown himself to be a faithful friend of justice in Ireland as elsewhere, would do everything that could be done, if not everything that Irish agitating ardor might desire. But to perplex his administration by demands whose concession would involve the overthrow of the most cherished and fundamental British principles and traditions seems at this distance to be the deliberate preference of an enemy to a friend. The Irish agitation has a very simple choice of alternatives, unless it has decided to invoke war. It must choose between the most liberal of possible Liberal governments, which is that of Mr. Gladstone, and a Tory administration such as the vote in the House of Lords indicates. But the unreason of the agitation, like the old misgovernment, and the bitter race and religious prejudice, is one of the chief elements of trouble for an administration of the best intentions.

The Irish agitation has evidently decided that Mr. Gladstone's inheritance of trouble is its opportunity. Here in America, where there

is strong sympathy with the suffering of any people, there is also a profound faith in the sure and permanent, even if gradual, remedy of law. Although a republic and with burning questions to consider, we do not take to revolutionary short-cuts. It seems to us here that it will be long before Ireland is likely to have so powerful a friend among British statesmen as Mr. Gladstone, and that co-operation, not distrust and opposition, is the balm for the present ill. The domain of the Easy Chair, indeed, is not the realm of politics, in any local or partisan sense. But a tranquil spectator looking out upon current events at home and abroad, and chatting of them without acrimony, can not but hear, as the whole world has heard during the year, the cry of Irish suffering, and look with sympathy and friendly interest upon the methods proposed not only for feeding the starving, but for preventing starvation.

THE Easy Chair receives as these pages go to press the following note, which it gladly prints for "information," and "without debate at this time":

"MY DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Will you please call to the notice of American scholars and editors one of our insults to a foreign tongue?

"Alexis de Tocqueville, or Monsieur de Tocqueville, is the name of the great French writer and statesman. But the rules of the French language require that when we omit the 'Alexis,' or the 'Monsieur,' and give only the family name, it should be simply *Tocqueville*.

"There are, in French, a few exceptions to this rule. For instance, names of one syllable, like De Thou, retain the 'de'; and names beginning with a vowel.

"Tocqueville is not one of these exceptions. But all American editors insist on the 'de.' Sumner and you, Mr. Easy Chair, stand stiffly by the 'De.' Ticknor and Fields put on the back of their volumes, 'Memoir and Remains of De Tocqueville'; though they had only to open their own pages to find Senior, M. de Beaumont, and Cornewall Lewis uniformly calling him, 'Tocqueville.'

"The learned Professor Bowen, of Harvard, prints an edition of the *Democracy*, proposing to correct the mistranslations of Reeve, the English editor, and Bowen parades 'De Tocqueville' on the back of his volumes, and in his preface, notes, and life luxuriates in the fatal 'De.'

"I do not know an American publication—Appleton, Alibone, Johnson—a journal, daily, weekly, or monthly, that does not revel in this awkwardness: though once, years ago, I did chance to see one of your weekly journals which astonished me by its correctness in this particular. But the next time I saw a number it had lapsed into the besetting sin.

"If, in speaking, you adhere to the rule, and say 'Tocqueville,' you are sure, the next morning, to find that in the report of your speech the careful and judicious editor has inserted the inevitable 'De,' and made you, in spite of yourself, a French ignoramus.

"I am told the *Evening Post* has in its office a list of words forbidden to any employé. Beg them to add this to the catalogue, and rid the American press of this ridiculous error or at least make it invent some plausible excuse for thus violating the rules of a friendly nation's language. Yours, WENDELL PHILLIPS."

Editor's Literary Record.

THE most cursory review of Macaulay's miscellaneous writings reveals the extraordinary variety and extent of his knowledge; but only a close examination of them will enable the reader to arrive at anything like a just estimate of the readiness, ingenuity, skill, and judgment with which he marshalled the infinite details of his multiform acquisitions to sustain particular propositions, or to illustrate and enforce general principles. The five large and elegant volumes of his *Miscellaneous Works*,[1] edited by his sister, Lady Trevelyan, and just issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper, are a cyclopedia not merely of facts and information, but of a wide range of knowledge practically applied, and woven into the discussions of large and living subjects in the realms of politics, history, criticism, philosophy, morals, and general literature. The study of his methods of bringing his magnificent resources into play for attack, defense, exposition, or illustration is an instructive exercise to the student who would perfect himself in the art of reasoning and of using his knowledge to the best advantage, and in the manliest and most forcible way. The historical and critical essays, the biographical sketches, and the speeches and state papers of which the volumes under notice are composed, supply examples of the use of nearly every agency that can be employed to give dignity to debate or potency and effect to argument. As a writer or an orator, Macaulay was a master of every device to make the truth transparent, or the "worse appear the better reason." It may be true that he was never able to reach the grandest heights of oratory, and it must be acknowledged that he was surpassed by many in originality and logical power, but it is also true that he had the power, more effectively than far greater orators and reasoners, to envelop his speeches and essays with a glamour of fairness, manliness, good sense, and justice, made attractive by splendid rhetoric, that captivated those whom he failed to convince. He was a master of satire and invective, of irony and antithesis, of paradox and sophistry, as well as of hard facts drawn in overwhelming array from history and experience, and supported by deductions, inferences, and proofs with an ingenuity and an affluence that have never been surpassed. The first three volumes of his *Miscellaneous Works* are devoted to the critical and historical essays and reviews that he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* from 1825 to 1844, including his famous papers on Milton, Dryden, History, Mill, Bunyan, Croker's *Johnson*, Hampden, Burleigh, Bacon, Clive, and Warren Hastings; the fourth vol-

[1] *Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay.* Edited by his Sister, Lady TREVELYAN. In Five Volumes. 8vo, pp. 623, 654, 670, 669, 570. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ume contains his biographies of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and William Pitt, his celebrated Report upon the Indian penal code, his early contributions to Knight's *Quarterly*, his "Lays of Ancient Rome," and a number of miscellaneous poems; and the fifth volume is appropriated to a collection of his speeches in Parliament and elsewhere, as revised and corrected for the press by himself.

In the concluding volumes of his *History of Our Own Times*,[2] Mr. McCarthy outlines the history of England in all its phases, civil, social, political, colonial, international, philosophical, scientific, and literary, from the conclusion of the Crimean war to the close of the Berlin Congress—a period of twenty-two years. He also gives a brief glance at the political revolution which displaced Earl Beaconsfield and recalled Mr. Gladstone to power, and by which, as he remarks, a new chapter of English history was opened. The public events that are recorded in these volumes include, among others of less significance, the Sepoy mutiny and its suppression; the extinction of the East India Company; the admission of Jews to political equality; the commercial treaty with France; the civil war in America, with its legacy of the *Alabama* claims and arbitration; the reform agitation and victories; the disestablishment of the Irish Church; the Zulu war; the revival of the Eastern Question by the war between Russia and Turkey, and its adjustment by the Congress of Berlin. Concise sketches are given of the statesmen who were prominent in these occurrences, or who made an impression upon home and foreign policies; and the state of the nation, in its various departments, at various periods during the twenty-two years covered by the history, is displayed in surveys which are remarkable for their condensed comprehensiveness. These final volumes are more decidedly partisan in their tone than their predecessors were; nevertheless, Mr. McCarthy has seldom departed from the calmness and fairness that we have a right to look for in a historian, even when it is impossible for him to be coldly judicial.

A cheap edition of Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*[3] has been published by Messrs. Robert Carter and Brothers, in the excellent translation by Dr. Murdock. The work, which is usually printed in several volumes, is now compressed into a large octavo of over 1400 pages. Of course the edition is not a luxurious one, but it is a good, serviceable volume, printed in clear type on paper of fair quality, and it contains the complete text both of Mosheim and of his capable and patient editor and translator.

Gleanings from a Literary Life[4] is the title of a volume by Professor Francis Bowen, of Harvard College, made up of selections from his miscellaneous papers, some of which are now printed for the first time, while the larger number are taken from the different periodicals in which they appeared during the last forty years. The papers are appropriately arranged according to their subject-matter, under the heads of Education, Political Economy, and Philosophy. The opening essay, on Classical and Utilitarian Studies, is a strong argument maintaining the position that the proper end and aim of the higher education which is sought within the walls of a university or college is not to impart useful information, which may be best obtained from scientific, technical, and professional schools, but to develop the intellect and form the character by those liberal studies and scholastic exercises for the promotion of which universities were first instituted. The four papers which follow are on topics of political economy, and are almost exclusively devoted to calling attention to the serious evils which menace the peace of society, and the safety of property and trade, through tampering with the standard of value and the public credit by reckless experiments with the currency, and by permitting the enormous increase of national and municipal debt which has marked the financial history of the world during the present century. The remainder, and far the larger number, as well as the most incisive of the essays in the collection, are upon philosophical subjects, and are intended to controvert those doctrines of materialism and fatalism, of agnosticism and pessimism, which have been imported into America from England and Germany, under the name and garb of biological and physical science. Dr. Bowen maintains with earnestness and ability that the upholders of these doctrines are at war with morality and religion, and that they are attacking those institutions of property, the family, and the state on which the whole fabric of modern civilization is based; and he controverts them because it is his conviction not only that the consequences of their doctrines are pernicious, but that their method is misleading and unsound, their inferences are in conflict with all sound reasoning and faithfully observed facts, their science is unscientific, and their philosophy unphilosophical.

Bishop Coxe, of the diocese of Western New York, introduces to the members of the

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[2] *A History of Our Own Times.* From the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin McCarthy. "Franklin Square Library." No. II., Containing Vols. III. and IV. 4to, pp. 132. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 682. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern.* In Four Books, Much Corrected, Enlarged, and Improved from the Primary Authorities. By John Lawrence von Mosheim, D.D. A New and Literal Translation from the Original Latin, etc. By James Murdock, D.D. Three Volumes in One. 8vo, pp. 470, 485, 506. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[4] *Gleanings from a Literary Life.* 1838–1880. By Francis Bowen, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 513. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Protestant Episcopal communion, with hearty words of commendation, a manual of daily meditations and devotions, entitled *The Daily Round*,[5] by an author whose name is withheld, which is intended as a corrective and tonic for the defective piety of our day, and as an aid to spirituality in these active and worldly times. The idea that has animated the author in its preparation is that religion is not for the end of life, or for stray hours in life, but that it is for the whole of life, and for every hour of life, and should influence us in our common work as well as inspire our worship. Its plan is day by day to help those who wish to know God's truth, to gain God's grace, and to do God's will, by presenting them daily, in the order of the Christian year, with a page in five parts, each of which is distinct, but naturally leading from one to the other, comprising a few words of Holy Scripture, a short statement of the meaning and teaching of those words, some thoughts and reflections bringing home the general lesson of the words, a brief prayer laying before God what has thus been brought before the mind and heart, and a single appropriate verse from some hymn. Although the volume is primarily designed for Episcopalians, there is nothing in it that is distinctively, certainly nothing that is exclusively, denominational. Fervent, yet free from unreal and extravagant ideas, it is exceedingly practical and healthful in its tone, and may be profitably used by all evangelical Christians as a brief and suggestive supplement to their regular family devotions, without being in any wise a substitute for them.

An article by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes appeared in the *International Review* for July last, in which he stated with some display of exultation that he had been "informed on unquestionable authority that there is or was in existence a manuscript of Jonathan Edwards in which his views appear to have undergone a great change in the direction of Arianism, or of Sabellianism, which is an old-fashioned Unitarianism, or, at any rate, to show a defection from his former standard of orthodoxy." Dr. Holmes further intimated that for interested reasons the orthodox custodians of the manuscript withheld it from the public, and he made a quasi appeal to them for its publication. The charges were reiterated and enlarged upon with considerable vehemence by other Unitarian writers, and an impression was undoubtedly created that there had been a suppression and a concealment by the friends of Edwards in the interest of orthodoxy. The charges and appeals of Dr. Holmes and his coadjutors have been at length met, and in a manner that must thoroughly disappoint their expectations, by the publication of the manuscript treatise[6] to which they referred, with a bibliographical and historical introduction by Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, satisfactorily explaining the reason for its non-publication hitherto. If the manuscript thus published be the manuscript alluded to by Dr. Holmes, as there is no reason to doubt, in view of Professor Smyth's full and precise introductory paper, it is a conclusive refutation of the charges and insinuations of suppression, and a complete vindication of Edwards's orthodoxy at the date of its composition.

Ripe and golden as grains gleaned from a generous harvest field are the less than a score of poems gathered by Mr. Longfellow into the little volume which he has prophetically christened *Ultima Thule*:[7] like those grains, though ripe and golden, without any sign of decay; like them, carrying us back to the time when the young shoot sprang green and tender and full of promise from the sweet-smelling earth, and so on through the season of its vigorous growth, of its rich and fruitful prime, and of its mellow and still fruitful maturity; and like them, again, forecasting the coming on apace of the frosty but kindly season when, as honest old Tusser warns us, "Time itself" shall be "forgotten full soon, as the tune of a chime." We trust it may be long ere Mr. Longfellow's tuneful chimes shall cease, and we are sure it will be very long ere their music and teachings are forgotten; but we can not conceal from ourselves what he himself sees so clearly, and of which he hints so little obscurely, that he is nearing the harbor where he must "lower his sails," and "rest from the unending and endless quest" after the "lost Atlantis" of his youth. Several of the poems in the collection have, we will not say all the fire, but all the sweetness and vivacity, all the tenderness, gentleness, and pathos, all the active play of fancy and imagination, and all the perfect artistic finish, that distinguished his most successful efforts. Especially conspicuous for one or the other of these characteristic merits are the fine poems, "The Chamber Over the Gate," "From My Arm-Chair," "Robert Burns," and "Old St. David's at Radnor"; the cheery folk-songs, entitled "The Maiden and the Weathercock," and "The Windmill"; and the noble sonnets, "My Cathedral," and "The Burial of Richard H. Dana."

If Dr. Holmes's new volume, *The Iron Gate, and Other Poems*,[8] should fail to add to his renown as a poet, it will at least maintain his

[5] *The Daily Round.* Meditation, Prayer, and Praise. Adapted to the Course of the Christian Year. With an Introduction and other Additions by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 18mo, pp. 418. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[6] *Observations Concerning the Scripture Œconomy of the Trinity and Covenant of Redemption.* By Jonathan Edwards. With an Introduction and Appendix by Egbert C. Smyth. 12mo, pp. 97. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *Ultima Thule.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 18mo, pp. 61. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[8] *The Iron Gate, and Other Poems.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 12mo, pp. 82. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

well-earned reputation as a genial egoist, a ready wit and humorist, and an easy and voluble versifier, with a happy knack for uttering neat and well-turned phrases in musical rhyme. Much the larger portion of these poems are occasional pieces prepared within the last two or three years for class, society, college, and festive reunions; and they are, for the most part, in the retrospective vein—looking backward upon the past with fond and lingering glances, seldom attempting to picture the present or to penetrate the future, and still more seldom venturing to scale the dizzy heights of imagination. Their general tenor is aptly epitomized in one of the stanzas of the opening poem:

"Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last."

THE Messrs. Harper have been mindful of the importance of making good biographical reading accessible to the masses, as is evinced by their publication in a single number of their excellent "Franklin Square Library" of the lives of Robert Burns, Oliver Goldsmith, and John Bunyan,[9] respectively by Principal Shairp, William Black, and James A. Froude, which were recently noticed at more length in this Record. Such works, in a form so cheap and desirable, are destined to become the most potent educators and the most influential guides of the youth of our country in all ranks and conditions of life. Nothing could be devised so well calculated to extirpate the taste for trashy and polluting books and periodicals, and make the reading of them an impossibility, as the liberal provision of such relishing and nourishing intellectual food as is supplied in these and other volumes of the "English Men of Letters Series."

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland, with a selection from his letters by Mrs. Austen, was published in two volumes, and received with genuine delight by all admirers of the wit and humor qualified by wisdom for which the genial and brilliant dean was proverbial. Since then a new generation of readers has sprung up, as capable as their predecessors of relishing the agreeable mixture of gayety and seriousness, of manliness, tenderness, sociality, cleverness, and benevolence, which was served up in these entertaining memoirs. But the most of these have been unaware of the existence of such a volume, or were prevented by its expensiveness from becoming possessors of it. The work[10] is now published, with the omission only of some of the letters that have no interest to general readers, in a single number of the "Franklin Square Library."

THAT so few romances have been built upon the life of the Saviour is undoubtedly due to a feeling of profound reverence. Good taste and good sense have seconded this wide-spread sentiment, until the feeling is almost co-extensive with Christianity that it is unseemly, for our mere amusement, to pretend to lift the veil that conceals a part of that Wonderful Life, and that any attempt, by drafts upon the imagination, to fill up the outline more fully than has been revealed would be not only impious, but vain. No genius, however great, who might presume to add to what has been written in the Gospels, could expect otherwise than to make the perfect life recorded there with brief simplicity seem less perfect. The vigilant and scrupulous reserve which Mr. Lew. Wallace has exercised in his romance, *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ*,[11] has generally preserved him from offending against this sentiment, or from doing violence to good taste. It is seldom that he departs from the sacred text in the words that he ascribes to the Saviour, and he never, either in the words or deeds that he ascribes to Him, impairs the pre-eminent dignity and godlikeness of His character. Very wisely Mr. Wallace confines his allusions to the Saviour to the incidents attending His birth, to a single glimpse of Him in His boyhood (which, as well as one or two miraculous acts ascribed to Him at a later period, might, indeed, have been dispensed with as needless interpolations), and to a few passages in His life in the period that intervened between His meeting with John the Baptist at Bethabara and His crucifixion. Nor has Mr. Wallace been guilty of the bad taste, not to say the impiety, of making the Saviour in any sense the hero of the story. Certain imposing incidents of His life, or connected with His advent—such as the coming of the Wise Men from the East, the manifestation, the appearance of the heavenly hosts to the shepherds on the night of the nativity, the birth of the Babe, certain of the miracles worked by the Saviour, His entry into Jerusalem, His arrest, trial, and crucifixion, and the amazing events that attended this last stupendous act—comprise nearly all that directly relates to the deeds or sayings of Christ; and the recital of these is confined to comparatively small portions of the tale, at its beginning and close. Nor are these incidents introduced as mere scenic or histrionic accessories, designed to heighten the dramatic or spectacular effect; but they are treated in the most reverent manner, and with the purpose of giving the reader

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[9] Three Volumes of the "English Men of Letters." Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 1. *Robert Burns*, by Principal SHAIRP. 2. *Oliver Goldsmith*, by WILLIAM BLACK. 3. *John Bunyan*, by JAMES A. FROUDE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 81. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, Lady HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. AUSTEN (abridged and re-arranged). "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 87. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Ben-Hur.* A Tale of the Christ. By LEW. WALLACE. 16mo, pp. 552. New York: Harper and Brothers.

an intelligent idea of the mental, moral, and social condition of the world at the coming of the Saviour, more especially the state of marvellously high-wrought expectation and of clashing opinion in which it found the Chosen People. It is true that the incidents, legendary, prophetic, and historical, relative to Christ, which are wrought into the narrative, exert a potential influence upon some of the principal characters, and largely supply the motive for their actions. But the use of them is never permitted to exceed legitimate bounds, or to transgress upon sacred ground. The hero of the romance, Ben-Hur, is a Jew of princely family, whose career is traced from early youth to ripe manhood. In the earlier part of the story he is made the type of his nation—the representative not only of the national thirst for independence, but of the virtues and vices, the hopes and aspirations, the zeal, the prejudice, and the pride, of the individuals of his race. After suffering grievous wrongs, injustice, and cruelty at the hands of the Roman, and after having been successively a galley-slave, a freedman, the adopted son of a noble Roman hero, a victor in the Roman games, and a soldier, in all which situations he was preparing himself as in a sort of apprenticeship for a great act of revenge on the Roman oppressors—after all this suffering and preparation, just as he had organized a formidable military power, and was ready to strike the long-meditated blow, and place the expected King of the Jews upon the throne of Israel, he is diverted from his revenge by the peaceful appearance of that King preaching a kingdom of souls and not of men, a spiritual and not a temporal kingdom. Ben-Hur becomes a Christian, abandons all his warlike hopes and designs, and is changed from a warrior seeking to establish a temporal throne by the sword into a disciple devoting all his vast means and splendid abilities to bring the hearts not only of Jews and Romans, but of all nations, into subjection to a heavenly King. As a work of romantic art the tale compares favorably with Bulwer's historical novels relating to the same period. Its accounts of Oriental scenes and people, and of Oriental, Grecian, and Roman manners, customs, religions, and philosophies, are as rich, as varied, and as authentic as Bulwer's; its descriptions of personal encounters in battle and in the amphitheatre are as vividly dramatic; its men are as splendidly good or evil; and its women are as beautiful, but less sensuous, purer, and more womanly. The book is a timely and most acceptable one for Christmas reading, rich but severe in its coloring, dramatic without being spectacular, brilliant but reverent, and intensely interesting.

The Grandissimes,[12] by George W. Cable, is a spirited reproduction of the manners, customs, social life, and institutions of the early French colonists and their descendants at New Orleans, just prior to and at the time of the Louisiana purchase. The narrative brings out in strong relief the characteristic traits of the French creoles, and in particular the social groupings and exclusiveness which were the fruit of their relationship to the mother country, and of their attachment to its memories and institutions, as modified by the new country into which they had been transplanted, and in whose soil they had taken root. Out of the composite and peculiar material afforded by these artificial surroundings, Mr. Cable has woven a romance congenial to the atmosphere in which his actors live and to their temperaments, in which he depicts with considerable skill the play of passion and prejudice, of self-interest and lofty principle, and the power of love to triumph over barriers that had been considered insurmountable. The action of the story generally is spirited, but its interest is diluted and its movement retarded by the undue space allotted to the reproduction of the peculiarities of intonation and pronunciation of the Anglo-Gallican dialect that prevailed in Louisiana at the time of the events described. The dialect dialogues with which the story is profusely garnished have often little to commend them beyond their singularity, and although sufficiently novel and curious to amuse the reader at first, finally become tedious by their excess.

THE author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor* bears the same relation to tales of the sea that Mr. Blackmore does to tales of the land. Both are unrivalled story-tellers, both excel in the minuteness and delicacy of their descriptions, both are hearty lovers of nature, both are masters of a diction which is attractive from its racy simplicity and occasional rich quaintness, and both contribute to the delight of their readers by their quiet humor and unexpected brief touches of pathos. The highest praise that can be awarded Mr. Russell's new sea story, *A Sailor's Sweetheart*,[13] is to say that it is a worthy successor of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*. There is no living writer that is so thoroughly as he in sympathy with a ship and a sailor, and his new story is a stirring chronicle of the qualities of the one and the life and feelings of the other. It is, moreover, a thrilling record of adventure, mutiny, and shipwreck, the incidents of which are heightened by the madness of the captain of the ship and his tragic end.

As might be inferred from its title and the name of its author, *Bricks Without Straw*[14] is a plea for the education of the colored people of

[12] *The Grandissimes.* A Story of Creole Life. By GEORGE W. CABLE. 12mo, pp. 448. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[13] *A Sailor's Sweetheart.* An Account of the Wreck of the Sailing Ship Waldershaw. From the Narrative of Mr. William Lee, Second Mate. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 81. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Bricks Without Straw.* A Novel. By ALBION W. TOURGÉE. 12mo, pp. 521. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

the South, who have been suddenly made citizens without preparation for citizenship, and of whom impossibilities were expected, while they were left unfurnished with the means for overcoming them. Taking the case of a single negro as the representative of his people, the author gives a vivid description of his condition under the system of slavery as it existed before the war. Each successive step of his life is followed, from his birth till the present hour, exhibiting him as a slave, an aspirant for freedom, a Union soldier, and a thoughtful and provident freedman, farmer, and citizen. The development of his hopes and aspirations, his virtues and defects, is minutely portrayed, and a strong picture is given of his unequal contest with the circumstances and surroundings, political, social, and traditional, which fettered and obstructed him after he became a freeman and a citizen almost as absolutely as when he was a slave. What the man was able to accomplish in spite of these circumstances, and in the face of disabling, even when well-intended, legislation, is suggested as indicating what he might accomplish if strengthened and enlightened by education. The book is a thoughtful one, intended for thoughtful men; and although the author's political sympathies are frankly avowed, sometimes rather offensively, no one of those who differ most widely from its author can afford to disregard his suggestive and incisive treatment of a subject in which the whole country is profoundly interested.

Miss Braddon's *Just as I am*[15] is an instance of the sensational in literature carried to the verge of true art. The story is told as only a story can be told by one who excels in vivid and picturesque delineation of situation and character. To the critic not the least of its merits are the firmness and skill with which the author holds her proclivities in check, and the grace and delicacy with which the most startling incidents of her tale are introduced. Sensational the story must undoubtedly be pronounced, dealing as it does with a life-long concealment of jealousy and murder; but it is a sensationalism that is free from any alloy of coarseness or melodramatic extravagance. It must be objected to it, however, that the moral to be evolved from the story, that red-handed murder may be condoned by mere repentance, is inconsistent with the ideas of justice and retribution that, fortunately for society, are generally in vogue.

For lack of space several novels of fair merit must be grouped, with only brief comments on each. Of these, perhaps the most unequal in its interest and in its literary execution is *Salvage*,[16] the latest of the "No Name Series." This is a tale of love and courtship after instead of before marriage, the interest being concentrated upon the incidents and accidents that happily re-unite two lives, which had been sundered by mutual incompatibility and uncongeniality of sympathies followed by a long separation, and which were on the brink of being finally severed by a divorce.—While it is decidedly inferior to *The First Violin* as a work of art, *The Wellfords*,[17] a new novel by the same author, is still a very readable one. With great cleverness the author has drawn the character of a hero, with many graces, accomplishments, and refinements, but whose native weakness and love of ease and selfishness conspire to make him inconstant in love, and finally the easy tool and victim of the intrigues of a Jesuit. In like manner, but by the operation of very different causes, the heroine of the story, who is endowed with every quality that should insure constancy and firmness of purpose, is made to forget and finally to renounce her first love, and to find a refuge from his perfidy in a more serene and restful love for a nobler, more steadfast, and stronger character. —*Brigitta*,[18] by Berthold Auerbach, is a quiet but touching story of German and Swiss rural and peasant life, in which the beautiful faculty of doing good to one's enemies is finely exemplified in the life and deeds of its pure and simple-minded peasant heroine.—*Lord Brackenbury*[19] is a sterling novel by Miss Edwards, with a plot which, if not absolutely original, is sufficiently remote from the commonplace and customary to impress us by its freshness and novelty. The interest of the story turns upon the noble self-mastery and self-sacrifice of an elder brother, the Lord Brackenbury of the tale, who is moved by his fraternal affection for a younger brother, and his pure and unselfish love for his own betrothed, to surrender her and to renounce his title and estates that he may insure their happiness. The methods he pursues to this end are rife with romantic interest.

The books for the young that are making their appearance along with the holiday season are of a highly satisfactory quality. In the number are several that are suited to the taste and understanding of those youths of both sexes who have entered upon their "teens." Such of these as take an interest in books of travel are admirably ministered to by Mr. Knox's new volume, the *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java*,[20]

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[15] *Just as I Am.* A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 80. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Salvage.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 293. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[17] *The Wellfords.* A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 428. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[18] *Brigitta.* By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Clara Bell. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 244. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[19] *Lord Brackenbury.* A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 82. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[20] *The Boy Travellers in the Far East.* Part II. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java.

which is a sequel to the instructive and entertaining book on China and Japan, by the same author, that was published a year ago. In the new volume the enterprising young travellers take up the thread of their narrative where it was dropped last year, and give their impressions of Siam, Java, Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago in the same graphic and perspicuous style, and in conformity with the same general plan, that made their former record so attractive. Nothing that was worth seeing in these interesting lands and seas escaped the vigilant observation and research of the youthful travellers. The country of each place visited, its climate, sea-ports, cities and villages, its scenery, its resources, antiquities, natural curiosities, and objects of interest in the domain of natural history, together with its people, their social and business character, their dress, habits, religion, dwellings, temples, and historic buildings, are described with sufficient fullness of detail to be profitable for instruction, and yet with such sparkling brevity as to prevent the curiosity and interest from flagging. The volume is elegantly and copiously illustrated.—Youths who have a relish for books of the kind just noticed will also find wholesome and appetizing food in Jules Verne's account of the *Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century.*[21] The account is written in the captivating and grandiose vein for which Verne is celebrated, and supplies very satisfactory epitomes of the voyages of Anson, Barrow, Cook, Bougainville, Parkinson, Pérouse, Valliant, Vancouver, and other intrepid navigators, and of their discoveries, accompanied by interesting biographical sketches of the more famous of the number.—*A Jolly Fellowship*[22] is another engaging story of travel, in Florida and some of the West India Islands, by two lads, the elder of whom is supposed to be sixteen, and who gives a lively account of the sights they saw and acquaintances they made. With the exception of a shipwreck, which is described with great animation, the book is a quiet one, amusing and entertaining rather than exciting or impressive.—Agnes Giberne, the author of several admirable historical romances based on events in English history, designed for the entertainment and instruction of young people, has prepared a little volume of rare excellence, suited to beginners in astronomy, entitled *Sun, Moon, and Stars.*[23] She tells the tale of the stellar universe with great simplicity, and in an earnest and pleasant style which is equally free from technicality and excessive juvenility. She gives the outlines of elementary astronomy without resort to mathematics or technical phraseology, and presents the chief results of the researches of the most eminent philosophers in a series of simple and attractive forms and pictures that may be easily comprehended by very youthful readers.—Although Mr. Habberton's new book, *The Worst Boy in Town,*[24] may not have been designed primarily as a boys' book, it is destined to be even a greater favorite with wide-awake and mischief-loving boys and girls than with their much-enduring but secretly greatly tickled fathers and mothers. If there is any sort of mischievous prank boys have not yet learned, or any ingenious trick or enterprise of which they are ignorant, Jack Whittingham, the "worst boy in town" of Mr. Habberton's sprightly tale, can fully enlighten their curiosity for further knowledge in that line. And if they read the record of Jack's career between the lines, they will also learn that they may be mischievous without being mean, malicious, or undutiful, and that when the time comes for them to give up "sowing their wild oats," their energies may be so directed as to make them industrious and honorable men.—*Queer Pets at Marcy's,*[25] by Olive Thorne Miller, is a delightful book of natural history for very youthful readers, intended as a companion for the home circle, or for a quiet nook in the chimney-corner. It is an arrangement, in a continuous story, of a large number of true facts in natural history, in connection with familiar or well-known birds and animals, related in a way that will interest the attention and pique the curiosity and desire for knowledge of its readers. It is superbly illustrated from drawings by Mr. James C. Beard, and is beautifully printed.—Three short stories, *Christie's Old Organ, Saved at Sea,* and *Little Faith,*[26] have been grouped in a modest holiday volume, intended for juveniles who are seriously inclined. The actors in each of the tales are themselves juveniles; each has a religious under-tone leading up to a religious moral; and each is written in simple and unaffected style, and in a tone of gentle gravity calculated to make a durable impression upon the mind.—Mrs. E. T. Corbett, who is not unknown to readers of *Harper,* gives the young folk a peep into a delightful Nonsense Land of her creation, in a little book which she styles *Karl and the Queen of Queerland.*[27] It consists of a variety of apologues, fairy tales, and extravaganzas, in prose and verse, told in the good old-fashioned style so dear to children, exciting their fancy without burdening them with a tedious moral.

With Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, etc. Illustrated. By Thomas W. Knox. 8vo, pp. 446. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[21] *The Exploration of the World.* The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century. By Jules Verne. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 409. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[22] *A Jolly Fellowship.* By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo, pp. 298. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[23] *Sun, Moon, and Stars.* A Book for Beginners. By Agnes Giberne. With a Preface by Professor Pritchard. 12mo, pp. 296. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[24] *The Worst Boy in Town.* By the Author of *Helen's Babies.* 16mo, pp. 214. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[25] *Queer Pets at Marcy's.* By Olive Thorne Miller. 4to, pp. 426. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

[26] *Christie's Old Organ, Saved at Sea,* and *Little Faith.* By Mrs. O. F. Walton. 16mo, pp. 427. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[27] *Karl and the Queen of Queerland.* By Mrs. E. T. Corbett. Square 12mo, pp. 148. New York: American Book Exchange.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of October.—Elections were held, October 12, as follows: Indiana for State officers, 13 Congressmen, Legislature, and county officers. Total vote for Governor: Porter (Republican), 230,291; Landers (Democrat), 222,740; Gregg (National), 14,863; plurality for Porter, 7551. Congressmen, 8 Republicans and 5 Democrats. Ohio elected a Secretary of State and minor State officers. There were four tickets in the field—Democratic, Republican, Greenback, and Prohibition. Republican plurality about 20,000. West Virginia voted for State officers, Legislature, and county officers. Probable Democratic plurality of 10,000 on the vote for Governor. Legislature Democratic.

Local elections in Connecticut, October 4, resulted in a Republican gain of twenty towns over the election of 1878.

The New Hampshire Greenback State Convention met at Manchester, September 29, and nominated for Governor Warren S. Brown. Presidential electors, Congressmen, and other officers were also nominated.

The South Carolina Greenback State Convention met at Chester, September 28, and nominated for Governor L. W. R. Blair; Lieutenant-Governor, B. C. Gist.

Hon. Alfred H. Colquitt was re-elected Governor of Georgia, October 6, by a majority of over 50,000.

The Vermont Legislature, October 19, re-elected George F. Edmunds, United States Senator.

The centennial celebration of the capture of Major André took place at Tarrytown, New York, September 23. There was an immense procession, after which ex-Governor Tilden made an address, and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivered an oration.

The Sultan of Turkey, October 11, signed an irade in which he ordered the surrender of Dulcigno. On the 25th the conditions of the convention for the surrender were still unsettled. One of the questions was as to the road by which the Montenegrins should advance on Dulcigno. Riza Pasha had undertaken to form a cordon around the town to prevent an Albanian invasion. In any case the Porte had ordered the surrender to be made within five days, and in view of this the Ottoman Commissioner withdrew several conditions to which Montenegro objected, notably those relating to the retention of the Turkish flag on coasting vessels and the maintenance of Turkish laws in the Dulcigno district.

The French cabinet council, October 13, unanimously approved the proposal of M. Constans, Minister of the Interior and of Worship, for the enforcement of the decrees against the unauthorized religious communities.

The Indian chief Victorio was pursued by Mexican troops and killed, together with fifty of his braves and eighteen women and children, on October 14.

The Czar of Russia was married, October 19 (Old Style), to the Princess Dolgorouki, in the chapel of the imperial palace.

Chili and the United States of Colombia signed a compact, October 16, in which it is agreed to submit to arbitration all questions in dispute between the two republics. In case the arbitrators should not agree, the matter is to be referred to the President of the United States of America.

The Kurds have destroyed totally or partially one hundred and seventy Persian villages, and the Shah has telegraphed to Turkey for help to quell the outbreak.

There was great rejoicing in Buenos Ayres, October 13, on the occasion of the installation of General Roca as President of the new Argentine government. Romero has assumed office as Governor of the province of Buenos Ayres.

News was received in London, October 16, that Don Candido Bareiro, President of Paraguay, was dead, and that General Caballero, Minister of the Interior, had succeeded to the Presidency.

DISASTERS.

September 18.—Land-slip at Naini Tal, Bengal, killing thirty-nine Europeans, of whom several were British soldiers.

October 8.—Collision on the New York and New England Railroad, at Willimantic, Connecticut. Five killed and several wounded.

October 9.—Collision in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, between two trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Twenty-seven persons killed.

October 12.—Water burst into the Ford Pit of the Albion Mines, Stellarton, Nova Scotia, killing ten men.

October 16.—About this date the steamer *Alpena*, of the Goodrich line, on her way from Grand Haven for Chicago, was lost, with all on board, numbering, it is said, seventy or eighty.

October 20.—Boiler explosion, Terre Haute, Indiana, killing five men, and wounding many. —Factory burned at Cincinnati, Ohio. Five women killed.

October 23.—The sea-port town of Iquique, Peru, almost totally destroyed by fire.

OBITUARY.

October 4.—In Paris, France, Jacques Offenbach, musician, aged sixty-one years.

October 6.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Professor Benjamin Peirce, of Harvard College, aged seventy-one years.

October 20.—At Wayland, Massachusetts, Lydia Maria Child, authoress, aged seventy-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE following story, sent to the Drawer by a Boston friend, is told by the victim himself, a well-known Boston minister, a part of whose official duty is to preach in different pulpits in behalf of a society for the relief of the poor. This he does with success, seldom failing to bring tears from the eyes and money from the pockets of his hearers by harrowing descriptions of destitution and misery. One Sunday, after he had done his very best in this line, and was leaving the meeting-house, a gentleman accosted him with the remark, evidently made in all innocence, "I declare, Mr. W——, those were very sad stories you told, *and I suppose most of them were true.*"

OF course there are some of us who are a trifle bored when compelled to listen a second time to the same sermon. The weariness would be a little alleviated if repeaters would bear in mind the remark of a little girl of twelve years, the daughter of a clergyman, who was asked, "Sadie, does papa ever preach the same sermon twice?" After thinking a moment Sadie replied, "Yes, I think he does, *but I think he hollers in different places.*"

NOT long since, in a Mississippi court, a colored man sued a neighbor for damages for killing his dog. Colonel M——, defendant's lawyer, called Sam Parker, a colored gent, to prove that the dog was a worthless cur for whose destruction no damage ought to be recovered.

COLONEL M——. "Sam, did you know this dog?"

SAM. "Yes, sah, I wer' pussonally acquainted wid dat dog."

COLONEL M——. "Well, tell the jury what sort of dog he was."

SAM. "He wer' a big yaller dog."

COLONEL M——. "What was he good for?"

SAM. "Well, he wouldn't hunt; he wouldn't do no gyard duty; he jes lay 'round an' eat. Dat make 'em call him wat dey did."

COLONEL M——. "Well, sir, what did they call him?"

SAM. "Dey called him '*Lawyer*,' sah."

A VERY delightful book is *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg*, recently published by Harper and Brothers. Dr. Muhlenberg enjoyed in a remarkable degree the respect and love of his clerical brethren of other denominations. The simplicity and beauty of his character, and the manner in which his whole life was given up to works of benevolence and charity, endeared him to all. He was a man, withal, of much humor, and altogether delightful as a companion. His neatness as a raconteur was proverbial.

His grandfather, Henry W. Muhlenberg, was paying his addresses to Miss Mary Sheafe at the time that the nation was agitated in reference to the Jay Treaty. The House of Representatives was composed largely of the opponents of the treaty, and it was for a long time doubtful if the bills for the indemnification of Great Britain, which made part of it, would be passed. Mr. Sheafe, a strong Federalist, anticipating that the vote would be a very close one, perhaps a tie, when the casting vote of the Speaker would be all-important, is reported to have said to Frederick A. Muhlenberg, "If you do not give us [the Federalists] your vote, your Henry shall not have my Polly." It was ascertained that the leaning of the Speaker was in the right direction, and Henry and Polly were married accordingly. The bills subsequently passed by a bare majority. Dr. Muhlenberg was fond of telling this story, as showing how nearly he might not have been what he was, usually adding, "But the vote went the right way, peace was secured, *and here I am.*"

An incident connected with his father's death strongly impressed him. In the excitement attendant upon his sudden illness the boy was left for a time unheeded, not even knowing that his father had expired. Wandering in a melancholy manner about the house, he was mounting the stairs, when a door opened above, and some member of the household came out. "Well, William," she said, "your father's dead;" and then, in the same breath, to a servant who stood below, "*Betsy, put on the hams*"—the funeral hams, that is, according to a custom in those times of spreading a collation for the mourners.

The great work of Dr. Muhlenberg's life was the building of St. Luke's Hospital, which was done entirely by voluntary contributions. There were gifts of from two thousand to twenty thousand dollars. One morning there came in the ordinary Sunday morning offertory in his church five bills of one thousand dollars each, labelled, "For St. Luke's Hospital," without any clew to the donor. Mr. Robert B. Minturn happened to be in the vestry when the five bills were brought in among the usual offerings. "Doctor, let me hold those bills—let me hold them a moment," he said, in his quick way; "I want to touch such money."

A valuable lesson would often be conveyed, in passing, by a forcible remark. To a rich old man with whom he was familiar, and who was one of those "who withhold more than is meet," he said, grimly, as he turned away from him, "Shrouds have no pockets." Again: A newly entered patient, a rather conceited youth, as soon as Dr. Muhlenberg began to talk with him, said, "I don't believe in eternal punishment." The rejoinder was, "I never heard that that was the first article of the Christian faith,"

and thereupon the pastor pressed home the cardinal verities of the Gospel.

The bright, pertinent word seemed ever at the Doctor's command. On one occasion, at the hospital, a sister came excitedly to his room, saying, "Oh, Dr. Muhlenberg, there is a Methodist minister making a prayer aloud in the middle of the ward!"

"Indeed!" he replied. "Make haste back, my dear sister, and stop the prayer before it gets to heaven."

THE author of "A Puzzle for Metaphysicians," Mrs. H. W. Baker, sends the following in reply to Captain Codman's paper, "The 'Sophia Walker,'" published in the October number of this Magazine:

"*Editor of Harper's Magazine:*

"DEAR SIR,—Soon after the publication of 'A Puzzle for Metaphysicians' in your June number, Captain Codman wrote me that he intended to send you a paper with the attempt to solve the puzzle, and I have been looking for it with great interest. Justice to myself, or rather to the puzzle which I have given to the public, compels me to make a brief criticism on his ingenious solution.

"In the logic I studied when at school I was taught that I must not found a theory or argument on imagination: it must have a basis of *fact*. My friend Captain Codman has proved that he has an imagination as lively as the one he has been so kind as to attribute to me. He forms a pleasing picture of a 'united family circle,' in which all the letters received, all the interesting events occurring in one part, are equally well known in the other. This has, however, little foundation in fact. The family of Rev. Mr. Stetson and my own were certainly on the most friendly terms. The two clergymen being members of the School Committee and other committees for the benefit of the town, might perhaps have been called intimate; but our families were so little acquainted that I never but once saw the young man whose death I have described. The younger son attended the same school with my eldest boy, now Rev. George Stuart Baker, of St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

"Mrs. Stetson and I, each occupied to the full with our own families and our own parishes, exchanged calls certainly not more than half a dozen times in as many years, until after their sad bereavement called forth the warmest sympathy from all who knew them.

"Until Captain Codman's paper in your October number I never knew that Thanksgiving-day was so charmingly celebrated on board the *Sophia Walker*, nor that the day closed with dancing by all on board, nor that Rev. Mr. Walker preached every Sunday. Neither was I aware, though my husband may have been, that the ship was on her return voyage; nor, indeed, that she and all her crew had not already returned. My mother's decease late in February was so closely followed by my own severe and dangerous illness that I scarcely had a thought outside my own family circle. In such circumstances it is very improbable that any one was sent to inquire about the ship *prior* to the 10th, though we certainly did after my 'vision' had created such an agitation of my nerves that Dr. Baker resorted to this, not on account of his anxiety concerning the safety of Frederic, but as a means of soothing me.

"Captain Codman says: 'Mrs. Baker was an invalid. She was taking medicine for her cough, and we know that cough medicine means opium.' Here again Captain Codman's imagination comes in. To the best of my recollection I had no cough. Congestion of the lungs was followed by a severe hemorrhage. I may or may not have taken opium in some form; but if opium can produce such a remarkable state of prescience—'vagaries,' as Captain Codman calls them—they would soon cease to be puzzles, being of every-day occurrence.

"Captain Codman is no doubt correct when he says, 'The language of the vision is not nautical'; but here I must be content to be classed with the writer of St. Paul's shipwreck, condemned also in an article published years ago by the same gentleman for not being nautical in his description. I confess that I did not distinguish between a mast-head and a foretopsail yard-arm. I could only see in my vision that Frederic fell from a great height into the boiling, foaming billows.

"Whether or not Captain Codman remained perfectly silent during the dreadful scene, he knows, of course, better than I; but that there was a cry, 'Man overboard!' and that there were the most vigorous exertions to save poor Frederic on the part of the warm-hearted crew, I am sure, not only from what I heard and saw in my vision, but from what was afterward narrated by one who was on board.

"As no claim has been set up for the supernatural, the facts being narrated exactly as they occurred, Captain Codman's protest concerning the difference of time falls to the ground.

"On the whole it is unfortunate for the satisfactory solution of the puzzle that Captain Codman did not postpone till a future opportunity the account of previous voyages of the *Sophia Walker*, and thus secure the 'space' which he regrets can not be 'permitted' to the narration of events connected with this particular voyage."

"RESPECTING his grandfather's grave," the following story of one of the Basuto chiefs, told by the London *Daily News* correspondent in South Africa, is very rich: Pete, the grandfather of Mashesh, the Basuto chief, had the misfortune to be eaten by one of his friends, or enemies, the story does not say which. The cannibal was captured and brought before Mashesh, who was urged to kill him. "No," said Mashesh; "why should I disturb *my grandfather's grave?*"

RATHER good, this: When Brother Bledso was pastor of a colored congregation in Texas, he was so naughty as to "jine in a game of keerds" one night, and lost all the Sunday-school funds at monte. For this he was duly tried, and the verdict of the tribunal was: "De Rev. Amindab Bledso am acquitted ob de sin ob gamblin', pervided he pays de money back by next Saturday night. *In de mean time* de members ob dis congregashun is warned agin playing keerds wid Brudder Bledso."

THERE were many good things and bright things said and done at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church recently held in this city. One of the bishops—Elliott, of Texas—kept his hearers in capital spirits by his pungent, humorous way of putting things. Speaking of the late Dr. Montgomery, of this city, and Montgomery Institute, which he had named to his memory, he said he would be glad of $4800 for it, and when he heard about having $65,000 or $100,000, he felt that with such a sum they would blow their bugles and charge upon the fortresses of folly. He said the missionary bishop would come back, after visiting his charming friends, to be received with open arms, but if "collec-

tion" was mentioned, he would be informed, "We are so glad to see you," but that there were seven others sitting up and waiting for him, expecting that he brought material encouragement. A young clergyman once wanted to know if there was "any more encouraging work in Western Texas." "I wrote him," said Bishop Elliott, while the Convention laughed in enjoyment of the question, "that never since the days of the apostles had there been any difficulty in finding plenty of men to do encouraging work. When you come across such a sweet young person as that [laughter], don't say, 'Go West, young man.' [Laughter.] Give him a dear comfortable little parish, a sweet little rectory, and let the ladies work slippers for him. [Great laughter.] I never will tell any man I've got an easy place for him. If you want an easy place, come and make it."

This is told of Colonel Frobel, of Atlanta, Georgia, who some time ago was called on to gauge the water in a neighboring stream. While engaged in this operation an old "woolhat" came along with a cart drawn by a single ox, on which was a small quantity of wood. Halting his team as he came near, he said, "What on 'arth are them men doin' thar?"

"Well," replied the colonel, "they are trying to find out how many bucketfuls of water run down this creek in twenty-four hours."

The man gazed at the party in mute wonder, and asked, "Mister, are that a fact?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "that is just what they are doing."

After an earnest contemplation the man shook his head, and in grave tones replied, "Well, mister, it do appear to me that that thar thing are *onconstitootional*."

Not a few of our anecdotes of wit and humor are connected with the clergy, all denominations of whom are at times represented. This time it is a good Methodist brother of whom we speak. Through the influence of a presiding elder, who, as he thought, was prejudiced against him, he was appointed to a small and scattered settlement, when he and most of his friends felt that he ought to have been sent to some prominent position. Lamenting the narrowness of the field to which he had been allotted, he was reminded by a friend that he ought not to be dissatisfied, but rather to pray that he might see the hand of the Lord in his appointment to just such a place. To which he replied, "I have—I have tried, brother, to do as you say; and time and again I have prayed to the Lord that I might see His hand in it, but every time, as I looked up, *all I could see was the big paw of that presiding elder*."

A young man, whose mind was wandering, was placed by his friends in the care of Dr. ——, of the town of ——, in the State of New Jersey, in the hope that he might, under his judicious treatment, soon be restored to health. He was, however, very discontented with the place, and with the restraint on his movements that was felt to be needful; and the doctor, more than once, in kind and friendly conversation, endeavored to make him feel reconciled to his situation. And as the young man was of a religious turn of mind, and a constant reader of his Bible, the doctor one day, when talking with him, said, "You ought to remember, my friend, that the apostle has taught us that in whatsoever state we are, we should therewith be content."

"Yes, yes," replied the other, "I know Paul says that; but then I don't think Paul ever was *in the State of New Jersey*."

The decease of the late sexton of Grace Church brings to mind the long-time sexton of old Trinity, David Lyons, who died some twenty years ago, and who, like Brown, was quite large in bodily diameter, and very well known in his day. In decorating the church one Christmas he caused a canopy supported by four wreath-twined posts to be erected over the lecturn, giving it very much the appearance of a parrot cage. As a finishing touch to this work of art he proposed an inscription in German text for its front. He thought it best, however, to consult one of the clergy before adding this final embellishment; and it was well that he did, as the sequel will show. To the question, "What do you propose for the inscription?" he replied that inasmuch as the lecturn held the sacred Scriptures, he thought, "*The Bible, the biggest Book in the World*," would be eminently appropriate.

"There will be no objection to that," the witty clergyman responded, "if you will put underneath it, '*Trinity Church the biggest Church, and David Lyons the biggest Sexton.*'"

It was in 1842—a week-day appointment for a Methodist meeting at Anthony's Creek, Greenbrier County, Virginia. Brother J—— was to preach. The larger game, bear, wolf, and even panther, were not uncommon thereabouts, and deer were abundant. The preacher had some pulpit ability, and at times was impassioned and eloquent. Though not young, he was unmarried, peculiar, and seldom smiled. The congregation were mainly rude hunters and their rustic families; and the trusty rifle, the faithful dog, the picturesque hunting-shirt, with "brain-tanned" moccasin, and belt, and gleaming knife, were as sure to put in their appearance at "week-day meeting" as the hunter himself. The place of worship was at Father Perkins's double cabin, which had been built with as much reference to worship as to the comfort of his own family. This notable man of fourscore was quite distinguished for piety and his gifts both in prayer and as class-leader, but not more so than he had been for

his superiority as a hunter. With him the ardor of the passion for the chase was unabated, though he was entirely disabled by the infirmities of age. The writer has, at the same sitting, been entranced at narrations of the hazards of his hunter's life, and edified by his deep, undoubted, child-like piety.

It was a grand occasion for Brother J——. With a crowded house, and Father P. in the Amen corner, and nothing to divert attention, unless it were the large number of rifles and guns, which, as usual, were placed conveniently near against the fence of the yard, and outside the wall of the house itself. The opening service gave great promise of a "good meeting." Both Brother J—— and Father Perkins were quite demonstrative in their devotions. The congregation became deeply interested. The preacher warmed with his subject, argument culminated into poetic imagery, and the pathos and power of unstudied eloquence melted and overwhelmed the rude audience.

But between the eloquent strains of the impassioned preacher the trained ears of the congregation detected the peculiar yelp of a well-known old hound. The sagacious brute was understood and believed, and the congregation was electrified. This manifestation of intense interest invaded the rude pulpit, and roused Brother J—— to still higher strains, which were presently interrupted by the thunder of the approach of a herd of deer closely pursued by the fleet and faithful dogs. Simultaneously with the climax of the last burst of eloquence the entire congregation, pell-mell, broke for the door.

As the earnest preacher dropped his hands to the rude desk, with a comical tone of sadness and disappointment on his lips, and holy horror depicted on his face, with bitterness of soul he exclaimed: "It is no use! It is no use!"

To which the piping voice of the infirm and rheumatic old hunter and class-leader responded, with great earnestness, "Yes, it is, Brother J——; they'll catch 'em, *certain sure*."

It is not very funny, but it is very fine—the enigma ascribed to Charles James Fox, where, by the addition of a letter, the word *cares* is turned into one of the sweetest words in the English language.

A word there is of plural number,
Foe to ease and tranquil slumber;
Any other word you take
And add an *s*, will plural make;
But if you add an *s* to this,
So strange the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, is well known among his friends as a capital *raconteur*—one of the best, indeed, in London. He tells this of the late Mr. Fitzball, a prolific dramatist, who always looked upon himself as an injured man. "I wrote a play," he said on one occasion, "and manager after manager refused it point-blank. The great authorities were unanimous. They would have none of it. What did their judgment prove worth? I took it to Astley's. It was put in rehearsal at once *with fifty horses*. It was brought out, and ran for a hundred nights." Mr. Fitzball always complained that he did the same things on the English as Victor Hugo on the French stage, but that people attacked him furiously instead of praising him. "You an English Victor Hugo!" said Keeley. "You mean *Victor No-go*."

The following examination recently occurred in Northern New York, in what are known as "Supplementary Proceedings." The questions and answers were as follows:

"Do you reside in ——?"
"I think I duz."
"Don't you know you do?"
"Yes."
"What is your business?"
"That is *my* business."
"You must answer my question."
"What is the question?"
"What is your occupation?"
"That is not the same question."
"Answer the question."
"It's farming I am."
"You are a farmer?"
"As much as anything."
"Where is your farm?"
"It is under a mortgage."
"No, no. Where is your farm?"
"At home, I suppose."
"In ——, is it not?"
"It is, sur."
"Do you hold the deed?"
"I do not, sur."
"Who does?"
"The banker, sur."
"How came he by it?"
"I left it wid him for safe-kaping."
"You own the property, do you?"
"I do, sur."
"Did you lease the property?"
"I gev me son the farm, sur."
"Did you give him a paper called a lease?"
"I don't know what they called it."
"Where was the paper made?"
"At the paper-mill, I suppose."
"You have a drag?"
"Yes, wid five teeth in it."
"Have you other property?"
"Four tin plates."
"What else?"
"A tin cup, sur."
"What else?"
"An old woman; but sure she's no good, sur."
"*Now what else have you got?*"
"A sick child." (Applause.)
"Have you swine?"
"No, sur; I have a little sow about half the size of B——'s fut."

The "supplementary" interrogatories didn't seem to have any special heft in them.

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THE ENGLISH LAKES AND THEIR GENII.

WORDSWORTH'S WALK, RYDAL MOUNT.

II.

THE glowing sunset has changed Windermere into a vast opal. On the hills we are leaving the cattle are standing still, as if carved in relief against the sky—a sign of fair weather to-morrow, the driver says. We pass an ancient grove, to which innumerable rooks are noisily repairing for their rest. The driver says he never heard of the notion we had suggested, that they bring good luck to a house, but knew that they pecked out lambs' eyes, and that they make good pie to eat! And we pass the "unpretending rill," which a happy day with his sister beside it made more sacred to Wordsworth "than Ganges or the Nile"; and so, after a glorious little journey, we drive on into Ambleside. The town is rather merry, for it is the second rush-bearing day. Ambleside is one of the two or three towns in the country where this ancient ceremony is observed. The observance is supposed to date from the time of Gregory IV., who recommend-

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EAGLE CRAG.

"When from behind that craggy steep, till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power extinct,
Upreared its head."—WORDSWORTH'S "PRELUDE."

ed the early missionaries in England to rededicate the pagan temples and observe their festivals, so as to invest the new faith with the prestige of the old. Instead of the rushes which used to be strewn on the floor of the church, garlands of flowers are now borne by a procession of village girls on the last Sunday in July, and they are removed on Monday, when a sermon is preached. Entering Ambleside, I observed two "Druidic" stones set up before a shop for gate posts.

A moonlight row on Windermere, who can tell its charms? Far out on the soft, motionless water, watching the lights on shore, each making its comet tail in the still lake, gliding at our own sweet will, and across the reflex of many a star; pausing now and then to count the sounds faintly wafted through the slumberous air—a dog's bark turned to music by aural perspective, a lonely night bird, or call of the water-fowl; looking up to the sky, radiant with stars double as large and clear as any visible in London—so passed we our first evening by Ambleside. Voyaging round a promontory dense with green foliage, which made a dark path in the water, we neared the mouth by which the Rothay and the Brathay bring their united waters into the lake. The Rothay comes from singing its gentle praises beside the hallowed graves of Grasmere; the Brathay comes with its sobbing dirge for the beauty and the joy that briefly lit up its banks, then withered amid pain, and made it a name of desolation.

For Brathay is associated with Charles Lloyd, a man much valued by the Lake poets, and who combined with Charles Lamb and Coleridge to give the world a volume of poems in 1797. The triad was lampooned in the *Anti-Jacobin Review* as "the anarchists," and Gilray caricatured Coleridge with ass's ears, Lamb as a frog, and Lloyd as a toad. Lloyd trans-

lated "Alfieri," and Coleridge wrote that in his babyhood Genius had plunged him "in the wizard fount hight Castaly." Yet Charles Lloyd would appear to have been quite forgotten. He was not indeed a great poet, but he was a fine scholar, a graceful writer, and his mansion, called Low Brathay, his brilliant hospitalities, the joy and tragedy of his life, form much of the romance of this region. Painful histories

RYDAL WATER.

have strangely haunted this picturesque country, but few so sorrowful as that of Lloyd. The son of a wealthy banker, who allowed him plenty of money for himself and his literary friends, he came here to reside with his wife (whom he had married while at Cambridge University), and began to write poems expressive of his happiness and his beautiful home on the Brathay. Insanity having been hereditary in the family, this young man appears to have surrendered to its first faint premonitions in his own case as the summons of fate. He then plucked up courage to struggle; he took exercise and anodynes. An ingenious writer, the author of *Business*, in an unpublished volume which I have seen, remarks that the processes of Charles Lloyd's disturbed mind correspond with descriptions written by Coleridge and Wordsworth. Lloyd said to De Quincey: "Ay, that landscape below, with its quiet cottage, looks lovely, I dare say, to you; as for me, I see it, but I feel it not at all." Coleridge, in his "Ode to Dejection," looking during a serene eve on clouds, stars, and crescent, exclaims:

> "I see them all so excellently fair,
> I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

Wordsworth, on the other hand, elevated by the gorgeous vision described in the second book of "The Excursion," speaks of Blea Tarn—

> "This little vale, a dwelling-place of man,
> Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
> I saw not, but I felt that it was there."

Again, Lloyd told De Quincey that he seemed to hear a "dull trampling sound ....the sound of some man, or party of men, continually advancing slowly, continually threatening, or continually accusing him....again and again....he caught the sullen and accursed sound, trampling and voices of men, or whatever it were, still steadily advancing." Coleridge says, in "The Pains of Sleep":

> "But yesternight I prayed aloud
> In anguish and in agony,
> Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
> Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;

THE KNOLL.

A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned those only strong."

Lloyd was overmastered. The owner of Low Brathay—mansion of brilliant hospitality, amidst whose festivities De Quincey first saw Professor Wilson, dancing with his future wife, then the leading belle of the Lake country—was torn from all its joys and treasures of heart and intellect, and lodged in an asylum. De Quincey has told of Lloyd's escape after some years of confinement, and his sudden entry into Grasmere. The wanderer refused the shelter of De Quincey's home; he set out in the evening for his old home. When the two reached Rydal Mere, Lloyd stopped and poured out his sorrows for an hour by the side of the gloomy water; the friends then separated. Lloyd fled into the darkness. After being several times put in an asylum, after temporary liberation or escape, he was sent to a house in France for treatment, and there died.

"I am dearly fond of Charles Lloyd," wrote Charles Lamb; "he is all goodness, and I have too much of the world in my composition to feel myself thoroughly deserving of his friendship."

Charles Lloyd ought to be famous, if only because his memory inspired a passage concerning him by De Quincey hardly surpassed by any prose writing in the English language for solemn eloquence: "Charles Lloyd never returned to Brathay after he had once been removed from it, and the removal of his family soon followed. Mrs. Lloyd, indeed, returned at intervals from France to England upon business connected with the interests of her family; and during one of these visits she came to the Lakes, where she selected Grasmere for her residence, so that I had opportunities of seeing her every day for the space of several weeks. Otherwise I never saw any of the family except one son, an interesting young man, who sought most meritoriously, by bursting asunder the heavy yoke of constitutional inactivity, to extract a balm for his own besetting melancholy from a constant series of exertions in which he had forced himself to engage for promoting education or religious knowledge among his poorer neighbors. But often and often, in years after all was gone, I have passed old Brathay, or have gone over purposely after dark, about the time when for many a year I used to go over to spend the evening; and, seating myself on a stone by the side of the mountain river Brathay, have staid for hours listening to the same sound to which so often Charles and I used to hearken together with profound emotion and awe—the sound of pealing anthems, as if streaming from the open portals of some illimitable cathedral; for such a sound does actually arise, in many states of the weather, from the peculiar action of the river Brathay upon its rocky bed; and many times I have heard it of a quiet night, when no stranger could have been persuaded to believe it other than the sound of choral chanting—distant, solemn, saintly. Its meaning and expression were, in these earlier years, uncertain and general; not more pointed or determinate in the direction which it impressed upon one's feeling than the light of setting suns, and sweeping, in fact, the whole harp of pensive sensibilities rather than striking the chord of any one specific sentiment. But since the ruin or dispersion of that household, after the smoke had ceased to ascend from their hearth, or the garden walks to re-echo their voices, oftentimes, when lying by

the river-side, I have listened to the same aerial, saintly sound, whilst looking back to that night, long hidden in the forest of receding years, when Charles and Sophia Lloyd, now lying in foreign graves, first dawned upon me, coming suddenly out of rain and darkness; then young, rich, happy, full of hope, belted with young children (of whom also most are long dead), and standing apparently on the verge of a labyrinth of golden hours. Musing on the night in November, 1807, and then upon the wreck that had been wrought by a space of fifteen years, I would say to myself sometimes, and seem to hear it in the songs of this watery cathedral, 'Put not your trust in any fabric of happiness that has its root in man or the children of men.' Sometimes, even, I was tempted to discover in the same music a sound such as this: 'Love nothing, love nobody, for thereby comes a killing curse ain river, a more solemn, if a less agitated, admonition—a requiem over departed happiness, and a protestation against the thought that so many excellent creatures, but a little lower than the angels, whom I have seen only to love in this life—so many of the good, the brave, the beautiful, the wise—can have appeared for no higher purpose or prospect than simply to point a moral, to cause a little joy and many tears, a few perishing moons of happiness and years of vain regret. No! that the destiny of man is more commensurate with the grandeur of his endowments, and that our own mysterious tendencies are written hieroglyphically in the vicissitudes of day and night, of winter and summer, and throughout the great alphabet of nature."

But the night has deepened on Windermere. The moon is low, and the lake has drawn over it a sheet of white mist;

STICKLE TARN.

in the rear.' But sometimes, also, very early on a summer morning, when the dawn was barely beginning to break, all things locked in sleep, and only some uneasy murmur or cockcrow in the faint distance, giving a hint of resurrection for earth and her generations, I have heard, in that same chanting of the little mount- the stars have veiled themselves, and warn us to the shore. There, sure enough, we find them all radiant again, and beneath them a merry score or two of villagers dancing to music of a violin, which shows that "oald Ben Wales" is still marching on. My reverie ends with a happy reminder that mirth and joy will still bloom

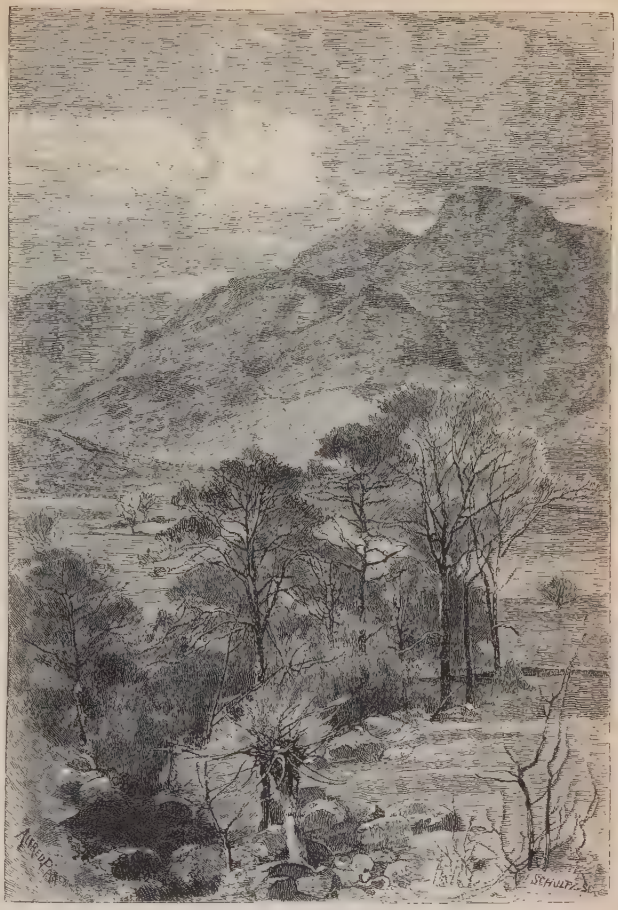
on where pain and death have passed, and that whatever be the agonies, our little life, like this full day, is rounded with a sleep.

As we pass out of Ambleside we pause to observe a group of children stationary around some absorbing scene. A nearer approach reveals at the centre of this admiring circle an artist with his easel set out on a small grassy triangle between converging streets. Indefatigable artist, sketching, no doubt, the long sweep of Windermere, and the crags of Coniston! But no; our artist's eyes are bent earthward: six yards before him, prostrate on the grass, with small bundle near him, is an ancient wayfarer, who has there apparently passed the night, and has not yet awakened to his fame. His long hair is dishevelled on his shoulders; his long tangled beard falls on his breast; his knee-breeches fall short of his gray stockings by several inches, leaving his knees bare and blue with the cold of the night; his coat is antediluvian with its quaint cut and brass buttons; his coarse striped shirt lies open about his neck and breast. He is indeed a picture. Such figures still haunt these weird ravines and hills, and they used to be characteristic. They are "survivals;" ancient folk of Westmoreland and Cumberland who have fallen on new and strange scenes and times, and can not keep abreast with civilization. "Hermits," as such were called, have nearly disappeared now before the presence of irreverent tourists; but Ambleside still cherishes the memory of one who bore the reputation of a saint until he was taken to a lunatic asylum, where he died not long ago. He dwelt in a hut somewhere amid the hills near Ullswater, and was long regarded with some awe as a man of preternatural knowledge. He loved these hills and vales in his own way as devotedly as Wordsworth himself. Who knows but he was a mute, inglorious Wordsworth, a poet in the rough, whom the mere fact of his never having seen the inside of a college consigned to an asylum instead of Parnassus?

A little way from where the artist and his slumbering model are surrounded by their village admirers is "The Knoll," a charming villa completely covered with ivy, the garden gay with flowers, where Harriet Martineau passed so many happy years. Adjacent is a pleasant Wesleyan chapel, and many a time, while she and Mr. Atkinson and their friends were conversing on philosophy, the hymns and prayers of these humble worshippers must have floated in through the windows, and mingled with the fragrance of the roses climbing over them. Harriet never wrote a word against or about this chapel, which almost touches "The Knoll." The only thing that troubled her was the ugly church steeple, which obtruded itself upon her every outlook, and one can hardly help sympathizing with her offended taste. The biography of Harriet Martineau is too fresh in the mind of the reading world for me to write much about her here. I was pleased to find that, notwithstanding her heresies, the common people in Ambleside held her in gentle and kindly remembrance. She was a good neighbor, charitable to all, considerate toward the unlettered, never cynical or ill-tempered, always cheerful and happy as the roses and ivy of "The Knoll" she so much loved. No one ever pondered more profoundly and lovingly the mystery of nature than she, and she often saw much in scenes least regarded by ordinary eyes. For instance, she admired the small tarns, which are so apt to be eclipsed by the great lakes, and rejoiced in the good work they are doing.

"After rain, if the waters came down all at once, the vales would be flooded—as we see, very inconveniently, by the consequences of improved agricultural drainage. The tarns are a security, as far as they go, and at present the only one. The lower brooks swell after the rain, and pour themselves into the rivers, while the mountain brooks are busy in the same way, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury." Her sympathy with human excellence never fails because of her general dissent from the beliefs with which it may be associated. Whether it be the charity of tarns or of faithful ministers, she recognizes its greatness. Writing of little Newfield church, where the Rev. Robert Walker served so nobly a poor population for sixty long years, Miss Martineau wrote: "The church is little loftier or larger than the houses near. If it were not for the bell, the traveller would hardly distinguish it as a church on approaching; but when he has reached it he will see the porch, and the little grave-yard

with a few tombs, and the spreading yew, encircled by a seat of stones and turf, on which the early comers sit and rest till the bell calls them in. A little dial on a whitened post in the middle of the inclosure tells the time to the neighbors who have no clocks. Just outside the wall is a white cottage, so humble that the stranger thinks it can not be a parsonage, though the climbing roses and glittering evergreens, and clear lattices and pure uncracked walls, make it look as if it might be. He walks slowly past the porch, and sees some one who tells him that it is indeed Robert Walker's dwelling, and who courteously invites him to see the scene of those life-long charities. Here it was that the distant parishioners were fed on Sundays with broth, for which the whole week's supply of meat was freely bestowed. Hither it was that in winter he sent the benumbed children in companies from the school in the church to warm themselves at the single household fire, while he himself sat by the altar during the whole of the school hours, keeping warmth in him by the exercise of the spinning-wheel."



LANGDALE PIKES.

Standing in front of "The Knoll," where the old lady used to sit in the sunshine, as she passed down the gentle flower-wreathed path that led from a life of toil to a peaceful grave, fair Nature appeared to me a more bountiful mother than her children have yet recognized. Here on her great breast she has nourished and soothed with impartial love the pious Felicia and the heretical Harriet, devout Wordsworth and skeptical Shelley, men of the world seeking respite from commercial cares, and mystics moving in worlds unrealized.

When days are clear in the Lake district they are wondrously clear. As we drive on this radiant morning toward Coniston the very seams of the rocks on distant mountains are seen, the snowy torrents are visible even to the beads of their foam, and we can see their furze so plainly that we almost listen to hear the droning of the bees amid it. When we arrived at those tarns about which Miss Martineau wrote so earnestly, and stopped for the Abbé to sketch the chief of them and the hills rising beyond, I watched the surface of these liquid mirrors, and they sometimes were strange as magic mirrors. Once in particular the wind swept rather strongly over the large one near us, and it seemed to darken with reflections of frowning faces in the air—vague indefinable shapes not in the clear sky nor on the hills. The wind drew its own weird pictures on the water. I had never before seen such an effect. A little later and the same wind which had sud-

denly sprung up summoned from an unseen cloud-land a number of clouds of various shades, which all seemed swiftly sailing southward, as if definitely guided to some common point. There must have been a congress of aerial genii somewhere that afternoon. How they frescoed the hills and vales with their shadows! The great Langdale Pikes even seemed to nod in the distance. The vast landscape seemed astir; the mighty hills once more melted and waved under the ebb and flow of cloud-shadows. In no two looks could one see the same landscape, or the same mountain or lake, so often were they transformed by this revolutionary movement of light clouds.

HONEY-MOONING.

Arrived at the fine hotel at Coniston Water—the Waterhead Hotel—we found ourselves in land where the honey-moon blooms with notable resplendence. It was beaming on two young faces in the dining-room (though slightly clouded so long as *our* luncheon lasted), and out on the lawn, wherever we ventured to seek a good point of view, we had the misfortune to startle young people rehearsing their honey-moonlight sonatas. We could not but acknowledge that Coniston was a well-selected fairy-land for the purpose. Some of these young people are readers of Wordsworth too. At least I judge so from having heard one of these youths, who came in hungry, call for trout with the remark to his bride, "To me the humblest trout that swims could give thoughts too deep for tears!" The bride, being poetical, was properly shocked. It is generally young university men whom one meets in this neighborhood. One never meets with any roughs (always excepting holidays), rarely with any vulgar people. It has been of old the favorite place for reading parties of university under-graduates to come and enjoy walking, boating, bathing, talking, while they are completing their studies for examination. They are genial, affable, hearty, and there is no other place where Young England may be seen to such advantage.

Mr. John Ruskin's villa, Brantwood, is visible just across the head of Coniston Water. Since his severe illness, and his leaving the State Professorship of Art at Oxford, which sorely taxed a man so conscientious in the fulfillment of his duties, Mr. Ruskin has much improved in health. And if Manchester would only turn Thirl-

mere Lake into its reservoir, or else abandon the notion, this brilliant author might be expected to live long and peacefully in his charming abode. But he is now haunted by the phantasm of moiling Manchester swallowing up his favorite lake, as the giant Thor tried to swallow up the sea. The god of the Hammer failed then, and the city of the Hammer may fail now. But one might think so benevolent a gentleman might find something picturesque in Thirlmere going to refresh and wash the million toilers in the mills. The founder of the new Society of St. George might now be represented as an armed saint contending with a dragon (whose horns will be factory chimneys), to prevent its devouring a fair Lady of the Lake. But why should he not be equally chivalrous for the Manchester ladies actually in the dragon's mouth? It has occurred to me, when listening to this unique man, whose talk is equally charming in public and private, to speculate what might have been the result had he possessed a little more humor. His satire sometimes almost amounts to it, but never quite reaches it. Had he the power of Carlyle to laugh heartily, he would have been a happier man; but would the world have had its great art-critic? Laughter and humor depend on incongruities, and anything incongruous, grotesque, out of proportion, gives Ruskin as much pain as a cut from a knife.

Mr. Ruskin appears to me to have been for some time a living illustration of the development of the artistic nature which Goethe has mystically dramatized in the second part of *Faust*. As Faust finds in Art (symbolized by Helena) merely the raiment of the real Art, the art of Life, and floats away on her garment to be set before his task, in accomplishing which he finds repose, so has this fine artist of England become impatient of mere pictorial beauty, and to demand fiercely the reality it seemed to promise him. He has sold most of his beautiful pictures, and come to sit down in full view of Coniston Old Man—a great, rugged mountain (it is 2633 feet), a perfect symbol of wild strength in repose. Here he is scheming and planning that ideal village community on which he can look, and then lie down amid the roses, and say, with dying Faust, "Remain—thou art fair."

He has some cultured and sympathetic neighbors, among these Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, of Monk Coniston—a mansion possessing pleasant and picturesque grounds. We were indebted to Mrs. Marshall for advice as to our further wanderings which we found very useful. As for the man-

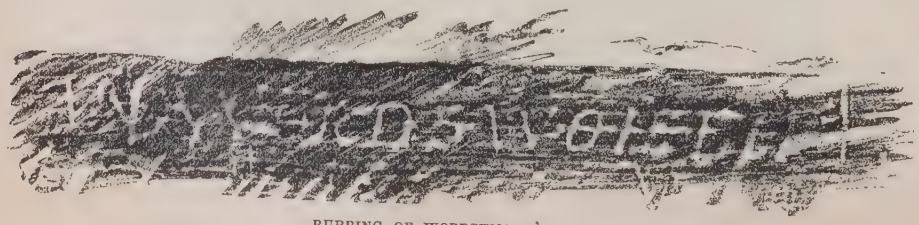
THIRLMERE.

SCHOOL-HOUSE, HAWKESHEAD.

sion, although something has been done to improve the original structure, the Abbé found the ancient farm-house occupied by one of their tenants more to his purpose.

The next point made for was Hawkeshead. This village presents more of the signs of antiquity than any other in the Lakes; there are probably few in England that can show such quaint old houses, with so much well-carved wood-work about them. Here is an ancient Baptist chapel, and I can well believe in the justice of its reputation as among the oldest of the Dissenting places of worship in this kingdom. There is also an old meeting-house of the Quakers, standing apart, snow-white, in its peaceful grove. Yet these buildings are mere things of yesterday compared with a farm-house near the road, whose mullioned window arrested our attention. In this house several of the monks of Furness Abbey resided, and the abbots held their manor courts in the room lighted by that mullioned window. It was in this ancient town that Wordsworth was sent to school, and by far the best of his poetry is connected with it, and the development of his mind in boyhood under the influence of nature.

We carried some introduction to the master of the famous school, Mr. H. T. Baines, whom we found thoroughly informed about all we desired to know in that neighborhood. The ancient school-room is kept so clean and ventilated that one could not imagine its great age were it not for the desks and benches. These have been so notched, dated, autographed, by many generations of boys, that an urchin now could hardly find space for the smallest initial. Perhaps the care with which the masters have for a long time guarded with pride the signatures of the brothers Wordsworth may have given rise to a notion among the lads that to cut one's name there is the first step toward becoming a poet or a bishop. There can have been few Hawkeshead boys, judging by the wood-cuts they have left, who have not shown something of the Wordsworthian aspiration to make a name in the world, and date it.



RUBBING OF WORDSWORTH'S NAME.

Mr. Baines takes great care of the archives of his school. In one of the upper rooms there is a library of old and well-bound books. The school was founded by Edwyne Sandys, Archbishop of York, in 1585. The large and elaborate charter issued by Queen Elizabeth is still perfect. The parchment is decorated with a contemporary full-length portrait of Elizabeth on her throne, and with the symbols of her kingdom, as described in her title —"Elizabeth Regina, Anglie, Francie, et Hiberne." The lion and unicorn, harp and shamrock, are there, but instead of the Scotch thistle there is the French lily. All these illuminations, including the portrait, were made by the hand. The ancient "Rules" of the school are in Archbishop Sandys's handwriting; they prescribe, among other queer things, that the master must not enter public-houses on the days of fairs, nor participate in cock-fights, nor wear a dagger. Hawkeshead was a market-town, with four fairs a year, and such regulations were very important. The archbishop's Bible, metal-bound (1572), containing his family register, is also kept here. Among the sponsors for his grandchildren I observed the name of Washington recurring: Sir John Washington, 1621; Lady Washington, 1629; Mrs. Margaret Washington, 1632 and 1636. It was pleasant to see this name associated with that of the brave chancellor who preferred going to the Tower rather than proclaim Mary queen, and helped to translate the "Bishop's Bible." Edwyne Sandys was born at Hawkeshead, and his devotion to the culture of the young was rewarded in his son George, called by Dryden "the ingenious and learned Sandys, the best versifier of the former age." George was also an accomplished traveller, and wrote a good book about the East. The ancient seal of the "Grammar School" represented a master with a boy before him; the master's left hand points upward, his right grasps a bundle of birch rods. The motto is, *Docendo discimus*. Mr. Baines has learned enough by teaching to allow the birch to remain an antiquarian feature of the school on its seal. Altogether this school-house, with its surrounding larches, and the swallows flitting around it, and the clustering memories, was a very pleasant object.

As we looked, a tall and aged gentleman passed its door, supporting himself by a cane, whom one could almost imagine to be Wordsworth himself revisiting the scenes of his boyhood. He was presently followed by a quaintly dressed old lady. They were on their way to the church, which is on the hill in a field near by. I was eager to see the Hawkeshead church, remembering the little picture of it in the "Prelude":

> "The snow-white church upon the hill
> Sits like a thronèd lady, sending out
> A gracious look all over her domain."

A "restoration" has changed this snow-white to stone-gray, but it has also added a very sweet chime of bells, which ring out solemnly on the clear air. Around this church sheep and lambs are grazing, even up to its doors. Its Norman character is preserved. The decorations inside

WORDSWORTH'S DESK.

FOX HOW.

are rather too new and bright, consisting chiefly of colored frescoes framing texts. While I was there alone a man entered and pulled at the ropes which rang the bells; then this bell-ringer disappeared into a room beside him, and presently reappeared in his gown, and moved up the aisle. Bell-ringer and clergyman were one and the same. Seven persons came to hear him read the daily morning service.

Ann Tyson was the name of the woman in whose cottage Wordsworth boarded. The house remains unchanged, and the room where the young poet

> "so oft
> Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
> The moon in splendor couched among the leaves
> Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood."

Of Ann he wrote,

> "The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
> Upon thy grave, good creature."

"Fair seed-time had my soul," wrote Wordsworth of his life at Hawkeshead. Rambling in this neighborhood he felt the

> "first virgin passion of his soul
> Communing with this glorious universe."

It was on neighboring Esthwaite Water that occurred the famous skating scene described in the first book of the "Prelude." Even then, amid the merry scene and the glad voices of the boys, for this boy

> "far distant hills
> Into the tumult sent an alien sound
> Of melancholy;"

and it would not have been Wordsworth had he not sometimes retired from the uproar into some silent bay "to cut across the reflex of a star." In his tenth year it was, and in this vale of Esthwaite, that he felt

> "Gleams like the flashings of a shield, the earth
> And common face of Nature spake to him
> Rememberable things."

Among the boys was a beloved minstrel (Robert Greenwood, afterward Senior Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge), who used to take his flute when they went to row. They used to leave him on an island rock and go off a little way to listen; and

> "while he blew his flute,
> Alone upon the rock—oh, then the calm
> And dead still water lay upon my mind
> Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
> Never before so beautiful, sank down
> Into my heart, and held me like a dream!"

But it is also pleasant to know from the poet that there was a house in this vale where, during summer vacation,

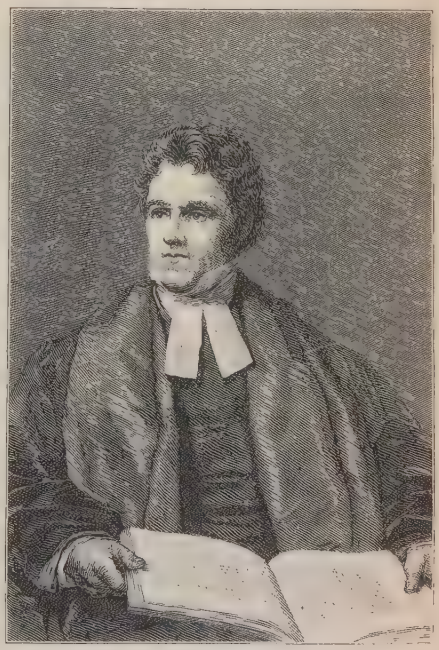
"mid a throng
Of maids and youths, old men and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, he had passed
A night in dancing, gayety and mirth."

Wordsworth began writing poetry while at Hawkeshead school, and here partly composed the poem entitled "Lines left upon a seat on a Yew-tree which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect." This yew has been cut down because of a popular belief that its leaves were poisonous, and injured the cattle.

One might pass a long time in this peaceful vale and village, with the "Prelude" for guide; but we must part. Our last thought may well be upon kindly William Taylor, Wordsworth's schoolmaster, buried in Cartwell church-yard, where the poet wrote:

"He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command,
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs."

Our next visit is to Fox How, long the residence of Dr. Arnold, and still occupied by his daughter. The name may seem curious, but it was given the place in ancient times. "How" is a frequent name in the Lake district; it is from O. N. *haugr*, a sepulchral mound. Sometimes the remains of a warrior have been found in the hills so called, but the word seems to have been applied to any mound-like hill. The home of the Arnolds is a beautiful place in itself, but made more so by the remembrance of the good work that has been done here. Here the *History of Rome* was written. Here also Arnold used to gather around him the young scholars who were children of his nurture. Since his death it has remained a hallowed spot for the sons of old Rugby. John Keble little knew what he was doing when he persuaded Arnold to take orders in the Church: he was laying the corner-stone of the Broad-Church. Along these walks, and from these far away over hill and dale, two friends used to walk whose lives and works are the filtrated expression of Dr. Arnold's real aim and work. These two were Matthew Arnold and Arthur Clough. Together they studied, thought, succeeded. Fellows of Oriel when there the reigning spirits were Newman, Pusey, and the other Tractarian leaders, they were brothers amid these scenes of nature, and sat together at the feet of the great poet of Rydal, who loved them. Sometimes, with other friends, they would form a reading party in some charming nook among the lakes. "I came to Fox How about three weeks ago



DR. ARNOLD.

to meet Matt," writes Clough from Patterdale, July 31, 1844, and goes on to describe their ways. "We began with—breakfast, 8; work, 9.30 to 2.30; bathe, dinner, walk, and tea, 2.30 to 9.30; work, 9.30 to 11. We now have revolutionized to the following constitution, as yet hardly advanced beyond paper: Breakfast, 8; work, 9.30 to 1.30; bathe, dinner, 1.30 to 3; work, 3 to 6; walk, *ad infinitum;* tea, ditto. M. has gone out fishing, when he ought properly to be working, it being nearly four o'clock, and to-day proceeding in theory according to Constitution No. 2. It has, however, come on to rain furiously; so Walrond, who is working sedulously at Herodotus, and I, who am writing to you, rejoice to think that he will get a good wetting." The following year Clough writes: "First of all, you will be glad to hear that Matt Arnold is elected Fellow of Oriel. This was done on Friday last, March 28, just thirty years after his father's election. Mrs. Arnold

is, of course, well pleased, as also the venerable poet at Rydal, who has taken M. under his special protection. The beauties of Parson's Pleasure, where we were wont to bathe in the early morning, have been diminished by the unsightly erec-

PARSON'S PLEASURE.

tion, by filthy-lucre-loving speculators, of a bathing-house, and I have therefore deserted it."

Clough was always the best swimmer of his party; and he had a curious way of climbing a mountain by throwing his body forward, almost horizontal, toward the slope, and with long strides got ahead quickly. His friends declare that he knew this region, to its minutest detail, better than any of them, and could never get too much of walking over it. The most pathetic incident of modern literary history is the death, at forty-three, of Arthur Clough. What a freight of treasures sank into that Florentine grave! Though his body is buried there, his heart is enshrined in the undying love of those who knew him in England and in America. There never was a tenderer love than that which has raised in this beautiful country, where the beauty of nature and friendship evoked from his brain the unique poem "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" (notwithstanding its Scotch frame), a monument to that fine genius. In the September of 1861 he was

rambling with Tennyson in the Pyrenees —he seeking health, Tennyson revisiting the spots where he had wandered with Arthur Hallam thirty-one years before. In less than a month from the time they parted, this second of the Arthurs Tennyson loved was dead, and a quatrain from "In Memoriam" is inscribed on the Grasmere cenotaph:

> "Now thy brows are cold,
> We see thee as thou art, and know
> Thy likeness to the wise below,
> Thy kindred with the great of old."

Having an introduction to the family now occupying Rydal Mount, we were in no danger of making the mistake of Hawthorne, who passed some time peering about, admiring, and perhaps pilfering ivy leaves from a fictitious Rydal Mount. He discovered next day that his enthusiasm had been lavished on the abode of a respectable Quaker. The affluence of flowers and foliage, which made it seem to Hawthorne as if Wordsworth's poetry had manifested itself in flowers, shrubbery, and ivy, still makes the better part of Rydal Mount. As we passed from room to room, they were filled with the fragrance of flowers. The old walk along the grounds, where the poet had chanted every line of his works, reverently as if at his breviary in nature's cathedral, is still here. We moved beneath the same archway of trees, and sat in the bower at its end, which reminded me of those which Mr. Alcott used to build in the grounds of his friends at Concord. Here the young Emerson sat, and listened to the poet reciting his poems. And here, indeed, or on his beat between this and the house door, was the real study and library of Wordsworth. The bower is made of the branches of trees, and its only ornament is such as has climbed from the earth or been deposited from the air. He must have sat here gazing upon Rydal Water with its islets, and the hills with their shining raiment of cloud and cascade, until he was in a state of absorption, like a holy Hindoo yogi in his sacred grove, on whose lap the serpent unnoted casts its skin.

A lady who in her youth passed some time at Rydal Mount, the families being intimate, told me that when she saw the old man out in this or some other haunt of his, silent, motionless, gazing, he appeared like some natural object. The very homeliness of his face was its attraction, and in its furrows there were tanned patches that looked somewhat like lichens. But it was not only in external habit and look that Wordsworth was a true Brahmin: he had strangely repeated in spiritual history the mystical development of his far Aryan ancestors. There was much discussion, soon after the "Ode to Immortality" appeared, as to what the poet meant by his thanksgivings for "fallings from us, vanishings, blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized." A professor at Oxford related to me that, being on a walk with Wordsworth, he asked him what he meant by those phrases. Whereupon the poet grasped the rail of a gate with both hands, and said: "I have again and again in my life been driven to grasp the nearest object, like this, in order to convince myself that the world is not an illusion. It has seemed falling away, vanishing, leaving me, as it were, in a world not realized."

We went by the way of Radical Reform to Grasmere. Dr. Arnold gave the three roads between Rydal and Grasmere their names: the highest, "Old Corruption"; the middle, "Bit-by-bit Reform"; the lowest and most level, "Radical Reform." Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy also added to these new *Pilgrim's-Progress* names, having called a spot "Point Rash Judgment." Wordsworth never liked "Radical Reform," whereby a fine carriage-road had been carried over a country he had known when it was wild (to him another word for picturesque). But this is a region where one could by no effort escape the picturesque. When first the eye rests upon Grasmere Water, and upon the hills and dales everywhere, it really stills conversation; one lapses into a hushed feeling, as if it were dream-land, and a loud word might break the spell. The Grasmere cottages, too, were so charming that I could understand the absoluteness with which Hawthorne said, "This little town of Grasmere seems to me as pretty a place as ever I met with in my life." And among these none is more charming than Dove Cottage. Here, at the close of the last century (December 21, 1799), Wordsworth and his sister came to dwell, in what had formerly been a public-house—The Dove and Olive-Bough. There, in 1807, De Quincey visited him. "I was," he wrote, "ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen in all, to a little

NAB SCARR, HARTLEY COLERIDGE'S HOME.

drawing-room, or whatever the reader chooses to call it. It was not fully seven feet six inches high, and in other respects pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the rustic hall below. There was, however, in a small recess, a library of perhaps 300 volumes, which seemed to consecrate the room as the poet's study and composing-room, and such it occasionally was. But far oftener he both studied, as I found, and composed, on the high-road."

De Quincey had travelled with the family of Coleridge (who himself could not then go) to Grasmere, and his picture of the family at Dove Cottage is delightful. While the young man of twenty-two stands trembling, the figure of the "tallish man" emerges to salute him with cordial welcome, and after him came the ladies. "The foremost, a tall young woman, with the most winning expression upon her features that I had ever beheld, made a slight courtesy, and advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner. This was Mrs. Wordsworth. She was now the mother of two children, a son and a daughter; and she furnished a remarkable proof of how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigor of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical power and fascination of beauty through the more compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect, and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. Immediately behind her moved a lady much shorter, much slighter, and perhaps in all other respects as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. 'Her face was of Egyptian brown'—rarely in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate gypsy tan. The eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their nature." But the portrait of Dorothy Wordsworth is too well known for me to make room for its full length. The world has shared in the vision of her busy, thrifty hands making ready the cottage which De Quincey is to enter as the Wordsworths leave it. Dorothy was the "Martha" of all that circle of dreamers, albeit not without that sympathy with the poet which led Wordsworth to attribute to her so much of the influence which humanized his poetry.

Then came Coleridge. The Wordsworths were now (1809–10) living at Allan Bank, a mile away, and De Quincey in

Dove Cottage. Coleridge lived for a long time at Allan Bank as a guest, otherwise fed by De Quincey's library.

The romance of Mignon is hardly more pathetically beautiful than that which passed in this vale at that time. De Quincey, heart hungry, found in little Kate Wordsworth all that divine beauty and sweetness which Nature was aiming at in her flowers, streamlets, and rosy dawns. To walk these grassy lanes, to watch the growth of her mind, to listen to her lyrical voice—this was his library, his study, his heaven. He had often known what it was to wander all night, cold and nearly starved, along the streets of London, huddling with the wretched of both sexes under any rude shelter from sleet and rain; he had touched, albeit morally unscathed, the very floor of the pit of poverty and every horror; little by little he had toiled upward, and the benediction of his life, the spirit of his dawn after the long black night, was little Kate, nestling in his heart, interpreting for him the meaning of the world in her unconscious grace and joyousness. At sunset on June 4, 1812, she went to bed in good health; at dawn she was dead. "Never," wrote her unhappy friend—"never from the foundations of those mighty hills was there so fierce a convulsion of grief as mastered my faculties on receiving that heart-shattering news." His visits were no longer to Allan Bank, but to the little grave. Many a night of frantic grief did De Quincey pass on that grave. Then she rose again for him, and as he walked the fields her form appeared, but always on the opposite side of the field. "Almost always she carried a basket on her head; and usually the first hint upon which the figure arose commenced in wild plants, such as tall ferns, or the purple flowers of the fox-glove; but whatever might be the colors of the forms, uniformly the same little full-formed figure arose, uniformly dressed in the little blue bed-gown and black skirt of Westmoreland, and uniformly with the air of advancing motion." When this after-glow of a beautiful life episode sank, up rose in its place the dark phantasm which lurked in the drug with which a weary heart and worn body sought to still their pain.

Here, too, was passed another life of alternating brilliancy and tragedy—that of Hartley Coleridge. But for the evil habit that preyed upon him he had been a great man. One of his friends has spoken of him as sometimes like the lofty column which the simoom raises in its mighty breath; the inspiration of great passion ceasing, there remained only the desert sand over which the serpent crawls. Poor Hartley waged unceasing war with his serpent, but never quite conquered it. The cottage where he lived, Nab Scarr, still attracts visitors. Wordsworth loved him. When he heard that Hartley was dead (January 6, 1849), he was profoundly moved. "The day following," writes Hartley's brother, "he walked over with me to Grasmere, to the church-yard—a plain inclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond. 'When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave,' he exclaimed, 'he was standing there.....Keep the ground for us: we are old people, and it can not be for long.'"

THE FAME OF THE CITY.

A GREAT rich city of power and pride,
With streets full of traders, and ships on the tide;
With rich men and workmen, and judges and preachers,
The shops full of skill, and the schools full of teachers.

The people were proud of their opulent town;
The rich men spent millions to bring it renown;
The strong men built and the tradesmen planned,
The shipmen sailed to every land;
The lawyers argued, the teachers taught,
And a poor shy poet his verses brought,
And cast them into the splendid store.

The tradesmen stared at his useless craft,
The rich men sneered, and the strong men laughed;
The preachers said it was worthless quite,
The school-men claimed it was theirs to write.
But the songs were spared, though they added naught
To the profit and praise the people sought,
That was wafted at last from distant climes.
And the townsmen said, "To remotest times
We shall send our name and our greatness down."

The boast came true; but the famous town
Had a lesson to learn when all was told.
The nations that honored cared naught for its gold,
Its skill they exceeded a hundredfold;
It had only been one of a thousand more
Had the songs of the poet been lost to its store.

Then the rich men and tradesmen and school-men said,
They had never derided, but praised instead;
And they boast of the poet their town has bred.

DAME ELIZABETH SHIPLEY had a dream.

She was living at the time—which was in the year of grace 1730—at Ridley Township, near the good town of Philadelphia. Her husband, William, who was of honest, plodding English country folk, was not one that a dream would lie upon; for such natures as his are of hard, dry substance, in which flowers of imagination do not bloom freely, and from which the dews of night pass readily in the open daylight. But Elizabeth's dream lay upon her mind the next day, and she told it to her husband. It was thus: She was travelling on horseback, along a high-road, and after a time she came to a wild and turbulent stream, which she forded with difficulty; beyond this stream she mounted a long and steep hill-side; when she arrived at its summit a great view of surpassing beauty spread out before her. The hill whereon she stood melted away in the distance into a broad savannah, treeless and covered with luxuriant grass. On either side of the hill ran a stream—upon one, the wild water-course which she had just crossed; upon the other, a snake-like river that wound sluggishly along in the sunlight. Then for the first time she saw that a guide accompanied her, and she spoke to him.

"Friend, what country is this that thou hast taken me to?"

"Elizabeth Shipley," answered he, "beneath thee lieth a new land and a fruitful, and it is the design of Divine Providence that thou shouldst enter in thereto, thou and thy people, and ye shall be enriched even unto the seventh generation. Therefore, leave the place where now thou dwellest, and enter into and take possession of this land, even as the children of Israel took possession of the land of Canaan." He finished speaking, and as she turned to look, he vanished, and she awoke.

William Shipley bade his wife think no more of her dreams, for if one pulls up blue beans after they have sprouted, one's pot is like to go empty. So, meeting with no encouragement, after some days the sharpness of her dream became dulled against the hard things of every-day life.

A year passed, and Elizabeth received a Divine call to go and preach at a meeting of the Society of Friends held in that peninsula that lies between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. It was in the spring-time, when the meadows were clad with bright green, when the woodlands were soft with tender leaves unfolding timidly in the generous warmth of the sun, when the birds sang, when the cocks crowed lustily, when the wren chattered under the eaves, and all the air was burdened with the sweetness of the apple blossoms, among which the bees swarmed with drowsy hum. So she set forth on her journey, jogging southward along the old King's Road. She passed many streams of sweet water untainted with lime, where the little fish darted here and there as her old gray farm horse went splashing across their pebbly reaches. After a journey of sixteen or eighteen miles she came to a roaring stream that cut through tree-covered highlands, and came raging and rushing down over great rocks and bowlders. The cawing of crows in the woods, and a solitary eagle that went sailing through the air, was all the life that broke the solitude of the place. As she hesitated on the bank before entering the rough-looking ford, marked at each end by a sapling pole to which a red rag was fastened, the whole scene seemed strangely familiar to her. After she had crossed the stream she began ascending a hill up which the highway led, that feeling strong upon her which one has at times of having lived through such a scene before. At the top of the hill she came to a clearing in the forest where an old Swede had built him a hut, and begun to till the land. Here the woods unfolded like a curtain, and beneath her she saw the hill melt away into level meadows that spread far to a great river sparkling in the sunlight away in the distance. Upon one hand ran a sluggish river curving through the meadows; on the other, the brawling stream she had just crossed. She sat in silence looking at the scene, while the little barefoot Swedish children gathered at the door of the hut, looking with blue-eyed wonder at the stranger; then clasping her hands, she cried aloud, "Behold, it is the land of my vision, and here will I pitch my tent!"

Over the wooded hill-sides and across the grassy savannahs which Dame Ship-

ley saw first in her dream and afterward in the reality, now spreads a busy and populous city, of which she and her husband were the chief founders. The smoke from factory chimneys streaks the air with black ribbons of vapor; on the breeze come the clatter, the rattle, and the hammering of the great ship-yards that now lie along the banks of the slow-running, snake-like river that she saw in her dream; while beside the other brawling stream stand cotton, woollen, paper, flour, and powder mills. Everywhere is the busy excitement and teeming rush of close population. That was the sower, that the seed, and this the fruit that grew from it—the city of Wilmington, the metropolis of Delaware.

But there was a settlement older by a hundred years than the one that Elizabeth Shipley and her husband helped to build up. It was the mother of the modern town, and then stood some little distance from the site of the proposed Quaker village. It was a settlement of queer old-fashioned Swedes, a collection of steep-roofed little houses, forming the old village of Christianaham.

It was in the autumn of the year 1637 when the good ships *Key of Calmar* and *The Griffin* sailed from Gottenburg, in Sweden, arriving in the Delaware—then called the South River—in the spring of the following year. The promontory on which they landed they named Paradise Point.

The chief of this little expedition bore a name well known in the annals of the New Netherlands—Peter Minuit, first Governor of the Dutch West India Company's Provinces in the Americas, also first Governor of the Swedish colonies in this country; for he had had a disagreement with the honorable company, and had offered his services to Gustavus Adolphus, which offer had been gladly accepted by the Swedish monarch.

Paradise Point was thought to be an unlucky spot for implanting a new colony; for it was here that, some years previously, De Vries and his infant settlement of Dutchmen had been cut off, and had perished to a man by the hands of the Indians. Accordingly, the adventurers directed their course further northward along the broad river that stretched out before them. The next day they came to a tributary river that opened into the Delaware, and sailing up the stream for a couple of miles, they came to a promontory of fast land, "where was fine anchorage for ships." And here they built a fort of mud and logs, and then erected a few temporary dwellings, calling the place Christianaham. The river they named the Christiana, or Christeen, in honor of their infant queen.

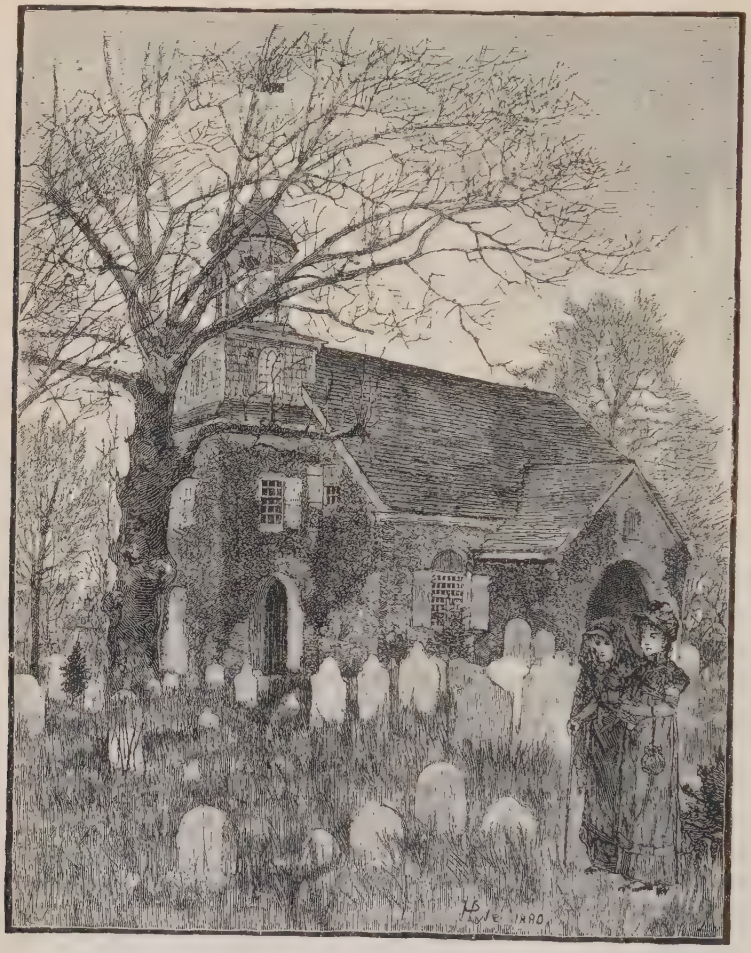
The Swedish provinces had but three Governors before they passed under another rule. The one succeeding Peter Minuit was Johan Printz, a lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish army. He was a man of great stature, and was said to weigh nearly five hundred pounds; a fierce man, quick to take a passion, and slow in forgiving. From his mustached lips great military oaths rolled like bullets on a drum-head, much to the terror of his family and the household servants. As his seat of government he took the island of Tinicum, lying in the Delaware River some distance below the settlement of Wicacoe, now a part of the city of Philadelphia, and here he built himself "a fine house, with gardens and lawns, which he called Printz Hall." The great, dark, rambling building stood there as late as the year 1823, a nucleus for superstitious stories and thrilling traditions that had accumulated for nearly two hundred years.

Him succeeded Johan Claudii Rising, the last of the Swedish rulers, who once more removed the seat of government to the town of Christianaham.

Early in the time of the Swedish rule the Dutchmen from New Amsterdam had come intruding with a claim to prior settlement. A message dated Thursday, 6th of May, 1638, came to Peter Minuit, saying, "I, William Kieft, Director-General of the New Netherlands, residing in the island of Manhattan in the Fort Amsterdam, under the government that appertains to the high and mighty States-General of the United Netherlands and to the West India Company privileged by the Senate-Chamber in Amsterdam, make known to thee, Peter Minuit, who stylest thyself Commander in the service of her Majesty the Queen of Sweden, that the whole South River of the New Netherlands, both the upper and the lower, has been our property for many years, occupied by our forts, and sealed by our blood," etc. (alluding to the massacre of De Vries in 1632). To this protest against the Swe-

dish settlement of the country Peter Minuit made no answer, but went on building forts, while the Swedes raised their pigs and chickens in peace and prosperi-

as a portion of the Province of Pennsylvania, the State of Delaware being known as the lower county of Newcastle. In the year 1682 Penn visited this country, and



OLD SWEDES CHURCH, WILMINGTON.

ty. The matter did not rest here, however, and in Johan Printz's time the Dutch built a fort on the South River and victualled it, in spite of the deep oaths of the gigantic Swede. Then came Johan Claudii Rising, bringing with him fierce discord, that raged during all his short rule, and ended only in his defeat by the doughty Peter Stuyvesant.

The Dutch, however, did not hold these provinces long. A few years and they, together with the New Netherlands, were taken possession of by England. They were afterward granted to William Penn upon his landing at Newcastle, a delegation of Swedes headed by Captain Lassé Cock waited upon Penn to congratulate him upon his safe arrival. They came as a distinct people, and the address was read in the Swedish language, while the simple folk stood around, smoothing down their hair with the palms of their hands, and thinking what a wise man their Captain Lassé was.

Such were the people of the old town of Christianaham, from which the city of Wilmington really grew.

When Dame Elizabeth Shipley and her

husband William came to settle in this new land to which she had been so mysteriously directed, they found there an enterprising Quaker, Joshua Willing, who had married the daughter of a rich Swedish proprietor, and who had laid out a portion of his farm, lying along the banks of the Christeen River, in town lots, which vacant cow-paths he had dignified by the name of Willingstown. He lived at the time in a little steep-roofed Swedish farm-house, which remained standing till within five or six years of the present time. When this little house, the first building in Wilmington, was torn down, an old Swedish prayer-book and a pair of heavily bowed "barnacles" were found behind the wainscoting. The early name of the town was soon changed to its present title, Wilmington, in honor of the earl of that name.

The shrewd eye of William Shipley saw directly the capabilities of the spot to which his wife's vision had directed her for the establishment of a town. On one side was a broad smoothly flowing river, suitable for commerce; on the other, a stream having a fall of one hundred and twenty feet in four miles—an almost limitless mill-power. So he settled in the locality himself, building "a fine large house of real English bricks," which is yet standing, and also persuaded several other Quaker families of good position to join him. From the time of its settlement Wilmington was essentially a Quaker community. It was founded by English Quakers; it was peopled by English Quakers; and as Quakers marry and intermarry almost exclusively among themselves—for to marry otherwise means, or did mean, expulsion from the society—traditions, manners, customs, and peculiarities of old English life have been handed down from generation to generation, as carefully preserved as an old quilted petticoat in lavender. Broader contact with the world and the world's people has rubbed away much of the bloom of quaintness during the last two generations; but the chronicles of the old town, redolent of local flavor, still preserve in a series of sketches the queer life of the old settlement. Even yet many old-fashioned customs are extant in the modern city, such, for instance, as the "curb-stone markets."

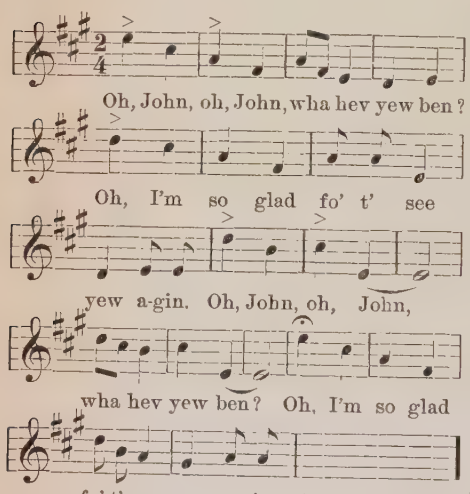
The country people from the neighborhood bring their produce to town in carts, dearborns, and market-wagons, which stand with their tail-boards to the pavement, while a row of benches placed along the curb displays their wares: butter as yellow as gold and as sweet as a nut, milk, eggs, sausage, scrapple, vegetables, and poultry, all fresh from the farm. Up and down, in front of this array of benches, the town-folk crowd and jostle, inspecting the marketing, and driving shrewd bargains with the country people. Rain or shine, on every Saturday and Wednesday, the line of farm wagons stands along the pavement. In the hottest day of summer, when the sun beats down on straw hats and shirt sleeves, in the coldest day of winter, when the snow drifts in blinding sheets up the street, these good folk come to town to turn an honest penny. In summer-time the wagons stand on the east side of the street, to avoid as much as possible the morning sun, for market is over by noon; in winter they shift to the west side, so as to gain the warmth as soon as possible. On market-days the itinerant vender of patent medicines and the auctioneer of cheap goods do a thriving business at the principal street corners.

During the spring and early summer the markets are gay with flowers, sometimes ranged tier on tier in a gaudy tableau of color and fragrance newly transported from the greenhouse, sometimes tied in homely nosegays of homely flowers—daffodils, lilacs, and pinks, pied and plain. Around these stands gather a group of feminine folk, and in many a market-basket butter and eggs contest the place with a bouquet, or jostle against a flower-pot in which blooms some sweet blossom, or are decked with a bunch of the water-lilies which barefoot boys offer at every corner. Then in the season come the fruits in their natural order, free from forcing-houses, from the early strawberry of spring to the apples of late autumn, each with a freshness and ripeness only too rarely found in our larger cities.

It has been only a few years since the old town bellman was a dignitary of considerable importance as he walked along the stony streets ringing his bell, its measured rhythmical clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang, keeping time with the tap of his club-foot on the cobble-stones. At the street corners he would stop, while passers-by would halt, the windows of neigh-

boring houses be thrown up, and the business of life arrested for a moment to listen to him, while he would speak in loud measured voice his announcement. For instance: "Will be held—at the Town Hall—this evening—at eight *o*'clock—a meeting—*for* the advancement—of the temperance movement—all the ladies and gentlemen—*of* the town—are respectfully invited to attend." (Clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang.)

Another well-known voice was that of an old negro peddler of lime, who used to drive around in an open wagon dragged by a horse as old and decrepit-looking as its master; and as he passed along the hilly streets, under the shade of the maples, he used to sing in his high-pitched, quavering voice,


Oh, John, oh, John, wha hev yew ben?
Oh, I'm so glad fo' t' see
yew a-gin. Oh, John, oh, John,
wha hev yew ben? Oh, I'm so glad
fo' t' see yew a-gin. Any lime—lime!

There is but little about the Wilmington of the present day that is different from other towns where the Quaker element predominates, but one hundred years ago it was the oddest, the quaintest, the coziest, the homeliest old town one could find in the country-side.

Nothing of the Swedish life remains now but an old church built long before good Dame Shipley ever dreamed of the "hill between two valleys," while Philadelphia town was in its tenderest infancy, and while Governor Rising's fort at Christianaham was a favorite playground for the children of that town, between which and the crumbling fort the church was built. The building was formally consecrated on Trinity-Sunday, in the month of May, 1699, hence its name Trinity Church. The building was begun in 1698, and the papers of contract, still extant, are curious, not only in phraseology, but as showing in the receipt the price of skilled labor at the time.

"These indentures were drawn up and concluded by and betwixt Hance Pietterson, Jan Stalcop, and Charles Springher, of y^e^ County of Newcastle & Cristeen Creek, of y^e^ one parte, and Joseph Yard, Mazon and Brick layer of Philadelphia Toune, of y^e^ other party, witnesseth as followeth. It is agreed, and I, Joseph Yard, do obledge and engage myself and my heirs (that is, with y^e^ help of God,) to laye all y^e^ stones and brick work of a church, wh. is to bee built in and upon y^e^ churchyard at Cristeen," etc.

A year later follows the receipt, a portion of which is as follows: "I, Joseph Yard, Mazon and Brick layer, receiued of y^e^ Reuerend Minister Ericus Biork eighty and six pounds in silluer money, and for my mortar Laborer y^e^ Neger five pounds four shill. and 6 pense." The church which it cost ninety-one pounds to build, and which it took one year to complete, has lasted for nearly two hundred years in as perfect condition as when first erected. Some of the Swedes who were too poor to contribute ready money assisted in the erection of the church, and tradition speaks of the women carrying mortar in their aprons to assist the men. Some additions were made to the building in 1762, but it stands now essentially the original church. Over one of the porticoes the word "Immanuel" was built in the wall with iron letters, and in the west end, over the large door, letters of the same character form the inscription:

1698
SI. DE. PRO. NOBIS. QUIS. CONTRA. NOS.
SUB. IMP. REG. D. G. REX.
WILL. III.
PROPR. WILL. PENN. VICEGUB. WILL.
MAGNIF. REG. SUEC. NUNC. GLOR. MEMOR.
CAROL. XI.
NUNC. ABLEG.
E. T. B.
W. S.
P L*

The old church stands on a little rise of ground looking down upon the railroad

* "If God be with us who can be against us?" Under the reign of William III. by the grace of God King. William Penn Proprietary. William (Monkham) Vice-Governor. In memory of the great King Charles XI. of glorious memory. Delegated minister E. T. Biorck. Whilley Silsby Hayherst Subscriber.

GOING TO CHURCH.

that runs around the foot of the grave-yard. It seems, as it were, to draw itself together from contact with the surrounding houses, that crowd up to the very edge of the church-yard. Around it lie many ancient graves, some even dating back before the building of the church. It is here, undoubtedly, that old Peter Minuit lies buried, for the church is built upon the site of the old grave-yard of Christianaham, and it was there that the old Governor died.

In the old times the church stood outside the borders of the town of Wilmington, in an open meadow that sloped gently down to the banks of the Christiana River. It was then a favorite place of resort for the towns-people.

A chronicler has carefully embalmed an account of those bucolic days, when the swallows built under the rafters, and swept in breezy flight from end to end of the church over the heads of the congregation, while the Rev. Dr. Girelius monotoned his lengthy sermon, under seven heads. "We were sure," says the narrator, "to meet a large number of the neighbors' cows hastening toward the church at the ringing of the bell. This practice had been kept up *from time immemorial.* The attraction was good pasture on opening the gate. Once our cow left her companions and followed grandfather to his pew door." Speaking of the church in the old days, the narrative continues: "A brief statement of the mode of conveyance may not prove uninteresting. Many crossed the Delaware River from Jersey in boats; others from the Christiana and the Neck landed on the Rocks [where the Swedes first landed]; canoes and bateaux were used, though very unsafe. In win-

AT EVENING.

ter rough sleighs, sleds on runners, and jumpers were common, as the snows were deep and lasting. Some went on horseback, with one behind, plunging through the snow. There was no fire in the church, even while they were listening to a long sermon, and there was but one service each week. These religiously disposed people highly valued the privilege of hearing the Gospel preached, and they never allowed the weather to be a hinderance. In summer an old-fashioned chair, with one horse, was in use, and once upon a time there was but one of these. A rough wagon would be geared up on Sunday morning for the use of the family, but riders on horseback were most numerous, and many walked."

Old Joel Zane, "a respectable Friend," lived near the Christiana River, at a spot now occupied by a railroad dépôt. He predicted that things would always remain just as when he lived. "And so be it," said Joel, and called the place "Amen Corner," for he did not like the idea of change; and as Amen Corner it was known for many a year. Just beyond Amen Corner was a beautiful square, a town common, sloping gently down to the river's brink, where the shipping was the busiest, and where a row of noble walnut-trees stood, with staples driven into their trunks to fasten boats to. It was covered with a carpet of rich grass, and shaded by weeping-willows and Lombardy poplar-trees. Here, in a soft summer evening, while the dusk settled apace, the townspeople would sit on benches, enjoying the balmy air and a view of the shipping, while the young folks would shout in many-pitched voices as they played at "prisoner's base," or "old witch by the way-side." The annual fairs, the event of the year, second in importance not even to the king's birthday, were held here. They are thus described by the historian already quoted:*

"At these fairs there was always a large assemblage, a joyous mingling of lookers-on and performers. The musical instruments were the violin, bugle, flute, fife, bagpipe, and banjo. There was dancing, too, and many a sober one took a peep at the Swedish lads and lasses dancing hypsey-saw. Fair-days were merry days, and moonlight nights were chosen. About the year 1765 the country people were supplied with spring and fall goods at these fairs, held in the town, and attended by young and old. Some went to buy, others for fun and frolic. On a fine day young men came by hundreds, with a lass alongside. Their shirt sleeves were nicely plaited and crimped as high as the elbow, above which they were tied with a colored tape or ribbon, called sleeve-strings. Their coats were tied behind the saddle. They wore their soled shoes for dancing, and two pairs of stockings,

* Ferris. *History of the Original Settlements on the Delaware.*

the inside ones white, and the outer ones blue yarn, the top rolled neatly below the breeches' knee-band to show the white, and guard them from the dirt of the horses' feet. Boots were not worn at the time: a man booted and covered with an umbrella would have been exposed to scoffs. At those fairs stalls were erected in the streets. From the upper market down, dry-goods of every variety were displayed, and everything good in season was there, feasting not being the least part of the attraction. There were plenty of customers who saved money to make purchases at the fairs."

Speaking of the advent of that useful article the umbrella, mentioned above, the chronicler goes on to say: "The first green silk umbrella seen was brought by Captain Bennett from Lisbon for his wife; the second by John Ferris for his wife Lydia, by the same captain; and the third by my father from the West Indies. I remember being so much ashamed of it that I only held it a few moments over my head while walking by his side one day in the year 1770. 'Somewhere about the year 1787 or 89 my mother received from a friend in the West Indies a present of two umbrellas—one large green silk one for herself, and a smaller sized red one for me. My schoolmates came to see it, and it was hoisted with the greatest care, and exhibited to many who had never seen the like. It was a topic of conversation among the young, and this elegant present was viewed as an emblem of pride."

In the last century Wilmington was eminently a commercial town. Its pre-eminence in this respect has since passed away, and it is now a manufacturing cen-

THE UMBRELLA—A CURIOUS PRESENT.

tre of the first importance. But in those days many of the prominent citizens were boat-owners, and their docks and their warehouses stood along the Christiana within easy distance of their houses. Along the Brandywine River, the brawling stream which Dame Shipley crossed, beside which flour mills, once the greatest in the country, were subsequently located, the price of grain was all the topic of interest. Along the Christiana it was the Irish and the West India trade. The arrival of the ships was looked forward to with the most intense interest, as bringing the town not only the latest foreign news, but many luxuries then only to be procured in the Old World. Sometimes an immigrant ship would move slowly up the Christiana, laboriously towed by two row-boats ahead, to which lines were attached. "It was amusing," says the chronicle, "to see the people land in the sun, some without bonnets, and often wrapped in red and blue cloaks. In those days there was an odd custom in practice called *chairing the captain*, if his treatment on the voyage had gained their good feeling, and if he would submit to the lofty honor. Two long poles were fastened under an arm-chair, where he was seated; four stout men took each an end of the pole on his shoulder, bearing the chair, and paraded the streets, men, women, and children following in a long procession, cheering and shouting, 'Hurrah! hurrah for Captain ——!'"

Some of the stories handed down border so closely upon the legendary that one hesitates to place the entire reliance upon them which a historical narrative deserves. Such, for instance, is the story of the boat *Friday*, built by Isaac Harvey, which runs thus: Isaac laid the keel of the brig on a Friday; that night his wife had an ill dream, and strongly urged him to tear it up, and begin the ship anew on Saturday (seventh day, in the Quaker vernacular). But Isaac was a hard-headed, matter-of-fact man, and placed no faith in a woman's dreams. It is these little things in life that breed strife in a family, and strife was bred in this; but altercation only made Isaac more fixed in his own way, so that, out of pure perversity, he not only fitted the brig out on Friday, but he named her the *Friday*, and sent her out under command of a good captain on Friday. On that Friday week, in the midst of a gale that piped and roared and thundered as if the Dutchman and his demon crew were loose, a homeward-bound vessel, running before the gale, saw the hulk of a brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside. As the homeward-bound vessel darted past down the slippery side of a great wave, a wail went up from the doomed brig, and under her counter they saw, painted in white letters,

FRIDAY
of
WILMINGTON.

The oncoming wave rose like a wall between the vessels, and when they lifted on the crest of the next, nothing was to be seen but a few floating timbers. When Mrs. Harvey heard the news she folded her hands and remarked: "I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequence. *Thee never had the vessel insured.*"

During the Revolution in France numbers of the *émigrés* settled in and around Wilmington, forming a society entirely of themselves, visiting among each other, dining with each other, and associating but little with the community in the midst of which they had established themselves. Whether there was something that suited them in the hilly streets of the queer old-fashioned town, or whether it was that the strict conservatism of the Quaker folks was congenial to them, certain it is that there were few if any such communities of these people outside of England. They kept their manners, customs, and language intact while they remained in this country. Along the mill-race banks of the Brandywine on the Wilmington side they built their bath-houses, and on every Monday morning their French servants washed the linen on benches in the clear water there. Among these French refugees were names famous and noble. The Duponts de Nemours, whose parent, the famous Pierre Samuel, now lies buried at the family estates near Wilmington; General Anne Louis de Toussard, who served along with Lafayette in the war of the Revolution; la Marquise de Sourci and her son; Doctor Didie, a noted French physician of the time; M. Garesché; M. Bauduy—were among the members of the French society of this period. Stories concern-

ing the lives and habits of these people have been handed down in the chronicles of the town to the present day. General De Toussard found his house damp after he had settled in it, and so had canvas stretched on frames and set into the walls. Many of his guests, notably M. Bauduy, had been friends and patrons of the artists that flourished in the times of Louis XVI.; and so, after dinner, when the wine warmed them generously, perhaps, they would amuse themselves by painting figures, still-life, or landscapes on the conveniently canvassed walls; and so those walls became a gallery of extempore art.

M. Michel Martel was another French refugee, formerly of wealth and position in his own country. He was a linguist of considerable note, being proficient in fifteen different languages. Through this proficiency he gained an easy and comfortable living both in Boston and New York. At length he heard news of some of his friends in Wilmington, and of the pleasant little settlement there; so he determined to resign the more lucrative business in the larger cities, and to enjoy the society of his friends with the modest income that he could realize by teaching in Wilmington; but not long after his arrival in that town he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he recovered but slowly, and then only with impaired faculties and an entire loss of knowledge of any language but French. His compatriots were too poor to render him any material assistance; and although many friends came forward to help him, they could not be expected to maintain him for his life. Charity is only too apt to wane with loss of interest, so that in time poor old M. Martel found himself in the county almshouse—a great white building standing near the spot where Dame Shipley first saw "the hill between the valleys." M. Martel had once been a teacher of languages to Theodosia Burr, and on intimate terms with her father. To the lady he had dedicated several of the works, chiefly translations, which he had written after coming to this country.

The Marquise de Sourci's life in this country was even more sorrowful than that of M. Martel. She was reared in France with every luxury; she left there with scarcely money enough to transport her and her boy across the ocean, and she arrived in Wilmington in a totally destitute condition. Being infirm and deformed from childhood, she had not the strength, even if she had had the experience, to struggle for her living in a strange land and among strange people. Her countrymen came forward to her assistance, until her son took her support into his own hands. The boy had a considerable talent for contriving ingenious toys and knickknacks. A dwarf gourd grew in the garden of the little stone house in which they lived; he shaped the fruit into little globe boxes, carved figures upon them, varnished them, and peddled them about the streets. Finding these sold rapidly, he contrived toy boats and other playthings, which he sold to the school-children. Among other things, he invented a grasshopper of wood and whalebone, which he caused to hop across the ice on the Christiana Creek, when it was frozen over, to the vast amusement of a crowd of men and boys who stood spectators on the banks. The following year, with his own hands, he built himself a boat, by means of which he transported sand and gravel, for building purposes, across from New Jersey. During one of these expeditions a storm arose, and the following day young De Sourci's boat was found floating bottom upward down the river. His body was never recovered. His mother did not survive his loss very long, and now lies buried in the old Swedes Church yard.

Few of those French families remained in this country permanently. The Duponts still live along the Brandywine, where are the great gunpowder-works belonging to them. M. Garesché, who married the daughter of M. Bauduy, also established powder-works near the Christiana, but no direct descendant of the family remains of late years. Such of the others as were able seem to have returned to their native land upon the re-establishment of the old dynasty. For some years the Dupont family have been nearly the only remains of the French *émigrés* in Wilmington.

Besides the French refugees there were other political aliens who found their way to this peaceful old town, the tranquillity and quietude of which shielded them from the storms of life without. In the year 1797 Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a noted Irish patriot, who had been imprisoned in his own country on account of his efforts as an agitator, established himself as a calico printer and dyer on the banks of

WILLIAM COBBETT'S SCHOOL.

the Brandywine, in an old barley mill that stood at the ford where Elizabeth Shipley crossed the stream on her first memorable visit.

William Cobbett, also, the well-known "Peter Porcupine," taught school for a while in an old house standing in a part of the town called Quaker Hill (so named not only on account of the numerous Quaker families who lived there, but also on account of the old Friends' meeting-house and school-house that stand on the windy summit of the hill). Cobbett's straight, soldierly figure and military tread, and his strongly marked face, were well known in the town, and long remembered by his scholars. A man of such distinguishing characteristics, of note enough to be included in Bulwer's *Historical Characters*, where he figures as the Man of Contention, merits more than a passing mention. His life was one battle, in which his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. A most voluminous political writer, he heaped invective, sarcasm, satire, and reproach upon his opponents without stint. His literary existence was, he tells us, touched to life by Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, for which he spent his last threepence in the face of starvation, and which he read under a hay-stack, so absorbed that hunger and thirst alike were forgotten. He came to America in 1792, and settled at first in Wilmington, whence he afterward removed to Philadelphia, where he started *Peter Porcupine's Gazette*, shooting, as he says, his quills at every game. He attacked the Democracy, then first come into power at the waning of Washington's popularity and the succession of Jefferson to the Presidential chair. Against this party he wrote his most clever if somewhat scurrilous fable of "Democracy among the Pots." But attacks against a party did not seem to satiate his bellicose nature, so he picked out Dr. Rush, who had risen to great repute by his system of purging and bleeding for the cure of the yellow fever, and descended upon him with the swoop of a hawk. The doctor sued him for slander, and the satirical

journalist was fined $5000. Soon after this he sailed for England, where he started *The Porcupine* in advocacy of Pitt's administration. In 1817 he was again exiled to America, under the "Six Acts," but returned in 1819, when those acts were repealed. In this second return from America to England he took with him the bones of Tom Paine; "for which riddance," says one of his critics, "America owes Cobbett's memory no little respect." The London *Times*, in its critical notice of a new edition of Cobbett's collected writings, says, "The general characteristics of his style were perspicuity unequalled and unexampled, a homely, muscular vigor, a purity always simple, and a raciness often elegant."

Wilmington lay on the outskirts of the Battle of Brandywine. The importance of its flour mills, and its location as the key that opened the door to the province of Pennsylvania, rendered it a point of position desired by both parties during the Revolutionary war. General Washington made a considerable stay here, and he and his staff officers were entertained by a worthy Friend, Joseph Tatnall, who alone dared to grind corn for the famishing patriot army.

Several small naval engagements occurred in the Delaware River and Bay during the time that the British occupied Philadelphia, and just previous to the occupation of that town. In one of these fights, off the coast at Cape May, the American sloop of war *Randolph* was victorious. A travelling artist, who gained a precarious living by painting tavern signs, was at that time in Wilmington, and painted for John Marshall, who kept an inn, the Sign of the Ship—an ideal pic-

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SIGN.

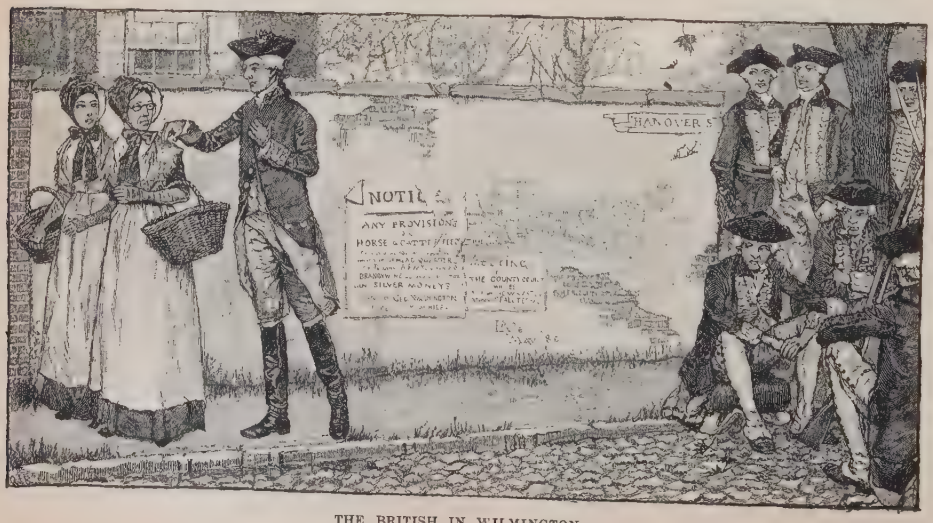
ture of the battle, in which the little American sloop was annihilating two British three-deckers in the most imposing manner. The narrator says: "When the English fleet lay opposite this town, the sailors passing to and fro were much annoyed by the sign, and always made some harsh remark as they passed. One day two sailors, dressed in petticoat trousers, carrying a bag up the street, arrested the attention of a young girl who was a great observer of the daily events, and who watched their doings. They stopped at the foot of the post, emptied their budget, took out an axe and other tools, ran up the post and drew down the sign, and split the hateful painting to atoms, and, hewing down the post, left not a vestige of its former glory."

John Marshall watched them from the porch of the tavern, not daring to interfere. "'Tis a vast pity," said he, pointing to the wreck of the sign as he spoke—"'tis a vast pity that you did not have pluck enough to beat the little *Randolph*, for then I would not have had a handsome sign hacked to pieces in that way."

The day after the battle the British entered Wilmington before the dawn, and stacked their muskets along the stony streets in the moonlight. Governor McKinley was at that time in the town, and was awakened by the noise of the enemy entering the streets. The morning following the capture of the town was market morning, and as the contending forces had foraged upon the farms in the vicinity, there was a great scarcity of provisions. Two ladies, bent on marketing errands, met in the street, which was filled with soldiers lounging near their stacked arms, and expressing their indignation at seeing the redcoats pervading their peaceful streets in this manner, blamed the constable of the town for permitting it. An officer who was standing near stepped forward, and, tapping the elder dame upon the shoulder, said: "Do you know, madam, that you are all prisoners? I advise you to go quietly home, so you may avoid being locked up yourselves." And they went.

The great events of the world are like mountains, their magnitude only to be seen as we are removed from them. No doubt the builders of the Parthenon were more pleased with the goodness of the mid-day meal which their wives brought them than with the magnificence of the temple they were erecting. No doubt Shakspeare thought more of the acting qualities of *King Lear* than he did of the echoes it would send down through the hollow depths of futurity. The little events of every-day life are like the stones in a mosaic, each going to make up the whole picture.

So in this paper the aim has been to chronicle, not the great events that affect the destiny of a nation, but rather the homely every-day life of the last century.



THE BRITISH IN WILMINGTON.

JAMES GULICK.

THE OLD NEW YORK VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

I.

THE romance of the earlier days of the city of New York is largely and closely associated with the heroism and hilarity of the members of its old Volunteer Fire Department, and is precisely the material for a stirring chapter of American folk-lore. Although that illustrious organization has been disbanded only fifteen years, its deeds of gallantry are already fast passing into the realm of fable. It was but yesterday that I heard a story of an old fireman who, when asked to "step up and take a drink," would accept the invitation, walk straight to the bar, call for two glasses of liquor, and empty them into his boots. The inference, of course, was that he belonged to a species of teetotaler that disdained to put ardent spirits where most men who use them put them. But a little investigation disclosed the fact that it was once very common for New York firemen in

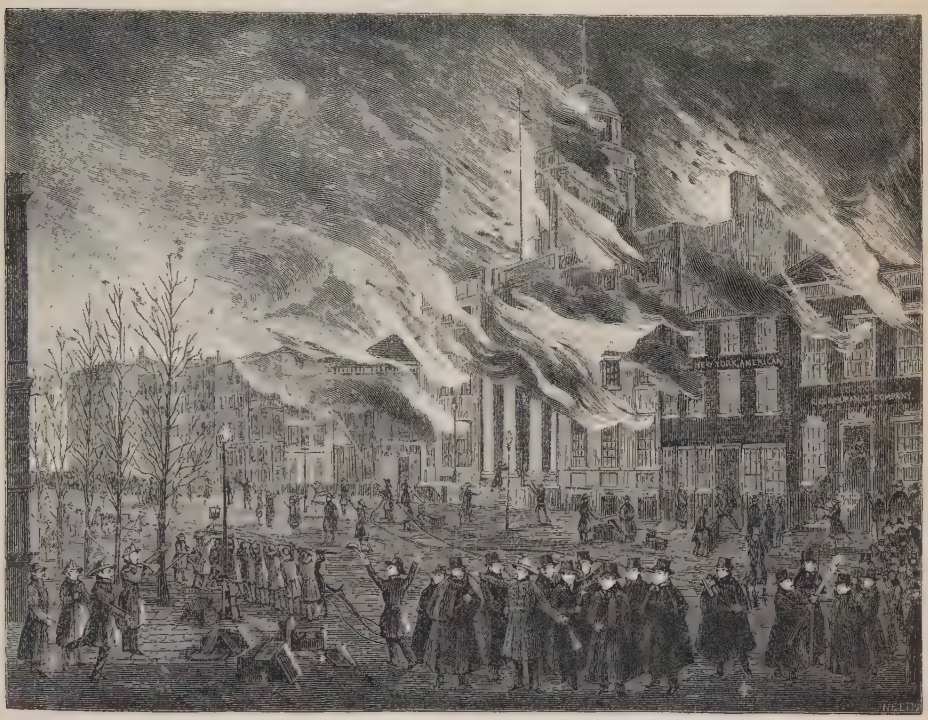
ZOPHAR MILLS.

winter to keep their feet from freezing by pouring rum, brandy, or whiskey into their boots. Many a member of the old Volunteer Fire Department had his feet frozen repeatedly in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Zophar Mills, for example, foreman of Engine No. 13, went home several times with frozen feet, ears, and hands; on one occasion he was unable to turn the knob of his front door, and was compelled to ask the help of a passer-by. At the great fire in 1835, which began at nine o'clock on the night of the 16th of December, and continued until four o'clock of the next afternoon, destroying property of the value of $20,000,000, the thermometer indicated seven degrees below zero, and the sight-seers walked about muffled with blankets that had been dragged in bales from the dry-goods stores. Mr. Charles Forrester, foreman of Engine No. 33, asserts that the winters nowadays are unquestionably much less severe than they were thirty years ago: so that putting liquor in one's boots turns out to be an old recipe for keeping the feet from freezing. It would be easy to enumerate other signs of the advent of the myth period, and any person who proposes to write the history of the old Volunteer Fire Department of the city of New York—and few histories are better worth the writing — must needs bestir himself if he wishes to tell the facts, especially since, if he is at all familiar with his subject, he will recognize in it several explicit reasons why the charming story of the old firemen's exploits has a natural affinity for the fabulist.

II.

A sufficiently convenient way of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the subject is to listen to two short recitals from the lips of living firemen who were prominent during the good old days of the department. Let them speak without preface. "The pride and ambition of each fire company," says Mr. Zophar Mills, "were to be the first to reach a fire, and the most efficient in putting it out. We had as much love for that as we possibly could have for anything else. We would leave our business, our dinner, our anything, and rush for the engine. The night I was getting married there was a fire. I could see it, and I wanted to go immediately. But the next morning early, before breakfast, there was another fire, and I went to that. So you may judge how we liked it. If we had a parade, we paid the expenses ourselves. We always paid for the painting, repairing, and decorating of our engines. Engine No. 13, to which I belonged, was silver-plated—the first that was so—at a cost of perhaps $2000. We didn't ask the corporation to foot the bill. I kept an account of my expenses in connection with the Fire Department, and I found that in seven years I had paid, in charity, in

clothing, and in incidentals, $3000. Mr. W. L. Jenkins, president of the Bank of America, was a member of Engine Company No. 13. Many of its other members were Quakers. There were few 'roughs' then, as in modern times. Nor were there any salaries, except in the case of the Chief Engineer, and temporarily of the assistant engineers. Firemen now are liberally compensated; they get $1200 a year each, and are retired on half-pay, if infirm, after ten years' service. Many and many a time have I worked my breath out while pumping old Thirteen, and lain in the street, and jumped up again and seized the brakes, because there was no one to take my place. The city was not then divided into districts. I once went from this very building [in Front Street, near Wall] to Astoria, in 1841, and saved four frame buildings whose roofs were already burned off. When the alarm sounded I thought the fire was somewhere up the Bowery. I ran nearly all the way to the Hell Gate Ferry at Eighty-sixth Street, and then crossed the river.



GREAT FIRE, DECEMBER 16 AND 17, 1835.

"At a fire in Haydock's drug store, in Pearl Street, near Fulton, on the 1st of July, 1834, I had a narrow escape. The building was high, and all of it above the second story was consumed, leaving only the gable walls standing. Several firemen, after the flames had been extinguished, were ordered to take their hose up to the second story, and play upon the débris, in order to prevent sparks from flying about, and fire from smouldering. As I stood there, at six o'clock in the morning, with two or three of my men, I suddenly saw one of the high gable walls spread out like a blanket, and coming down upon us. My only chance was to turn my back and take it; there was no time to run. I was knocked flat, of course, by the falling mass of brick, and was forced through the second-story floor, and also through the first-story floor, into the cellar. I remember raising myself on my elbows, and then getting up and walking out, after having gone through two floors with that wall on top of me. Why didn't it kill me? I don't know. It was Providence—a miracle. Eugene Underhill and Frederick A. Ward, who

THE RUINS.—"TAKE UP: MAN YOUR ROPE."—[AFTER LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES, 1854.]

stood a few feet from me, and were holding the hose-pipe, were instantly killed. John T. Hall and William Phillips, two other firemen on the same floor, jumped out of a window, and one of them landed upon a fence, and was badly injured. I wore a tin trumpet swung across my back, and my flesh in consequence was black and blue for six months. My cap was not dug out of the cellar until evening. The former foreman of Thirteen, who was on the second story, advising us, was buried standing up to his neck in hot bricks—so hot as to burn off some of his toes, and a brick's length off the calf of his leg. In consideration of his misfortune he was made the first fire-bell ringer of the City Hall. He lived for thirty years after that. Chief Engineer Gulick displayed great presence of mind in the emergency. His first order was to Engine No. 17, which was working near the fire, to take off the tail-screw, let the water out of the box, and then pump air into the ruins. The men were digging all day for their buried comrades, and for the bodies of poor Underhill and Ward, who stood not fifteen feet away from me when the wall fell without warning. We were playing 'washing down,' as we called it, the object being thoroughly to put out the fire that lingered in the straw, cotton, and so on. We considered that the fire was pretty much out, and were only giving a few finishing touches. 'Thirteen' afterward erected a marble monument to Underhill and Ward in the cemetery in Carmine Street, opposite Varick. On one side is the inscription [Mr. Mills brought out his manuscript copy, and read]:

'Here are interred
the Bodies of
EUGENE UNDERHILL,
aged 20 years, 7 months, and 9 days,
and
FREDERICK A. WARD,
aged 22 years, 1 month, and 16 days,
who lost their lives by the falling of a building
while engaged
in the discharge of their duty as Firemen,
on the first day of July,
MDCCCXXXIV.'

On another side are the words:

'This Monument is Erected
By the Members of
Eagle Fire Engine Company,
No. 13,
in connection with the Friends of the
Deceased,
to commemorate the sad event
connected with their Death,
and the Loss
which they deplore.'

This monument can be seen there now.

"At a fire at Nos. 142 and 144 Front Street, in 1833, where my office is now,

the building was burned, the walls being left standing. On the De Peyster Street side there was a stairway leading up to the rear of the second story. A fireman stood at the head of these stairs, and held a pipe that played upon the smoking ruins. Suddenly the wall began to fall over into De Peyster Street. The fireman ran down the stairs and under the wall, and was crushed to death. But, wonderful to relate, another fireman, a member of Thirteen, Charles Miller by name, who was standing with his back against the wall, and who kept his position, was saved. The falling wall broke off at about fifteen feet above him, and dashed into the street in front of him, leaving him unhurt. He was standing there to keep warm: it was about three o'clock in the morning, drizzling and cold. People generally would not believe such a story as this, but it is as true as gospel. The shock affected Miller for months. It completely unnerved him. He was in a constant tremor. I knew him well, but haven't seen or heard of him these twenty years. He was in the leather business in 'the Swamp.' Our foreman then was William S. Moore, a grocer in Front Street, near Peck Slip—a very nice man of Quaker parentage. He is dead now.

"Still another time," continued Mr. Mills, "I was carried under. At the Jennings's clothing-store fire on Broadway, near Barclay Street, in the year 1854, where eleven firemen were killed, I was on the roof of an extension to the main building. I was not a fireman then, but an exempt, and had gone there to help the men get the hose up. As I was returning to the street, and had got half way down the ladder between the roof and the second story, the rear wall of the main building fell over upon the extension, carrying down perhaps twenty-five by forty feet of it. I went down with it, ladder and all, into the cellar, through two floors. You wouldn't think it possible for a man to live after going through such an experience as that. While clambering to get out I felt a man's thigh as distinctly as possible; the poor fellow was dead, I suppose. Finally I succeeded in climbing to the level of the first floor, and walked through the store into the street by the front door. The first man I saw was Matsell, Chief of Police. I had lost my cap, and the foreman of No. 42 said, 'Come around with me and I will get you a cap.' While I was gone more of the wall fell, and killed several firemen who were trying to rescue the others from the ruins. I shouldn't want to go through that again."

III.

This experience is typical, and every old fireman will recognize it as such. Typical also is the experience of Mr. Charles Forrester:

"I never lost a day in my business. Often I was out with my engine four nights in the week, yet I was at work as usual in the morning. In those earlier times—say previous to 1836—the city was not districted, and whenever there was a fire anywhere all the engines were out in a jiffy. The excitement kept us up, I suppose. One night my company went up as far as Fifty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Another night I was sitting at home with a bad cold, and taking a vapor bath. The fire-bell rang; I threw off my blankets, and though in a dripping perspiration, ran with the engine up to Forty-second Street and Tenth Avenue. The next morning I never felt better. I was fit to run for my life. What was the inducement? Well, the love of excitement, and of excelling the rival companies. We were fully repaid when we could brag about our exploits, and make our neighbors feel jealous. The only compensation that the law allowed us was release from military and jury duty. But how cold the winters were! Six or seven feet of snow in Beekman Street in 1836, at the fire in the cabinet-maker's shop! Outside, the building was coated with ice and icicles; inside, it was a raging furnace. We ran our engine on runners—simple runners made of planking six inches wide and sixteen feet long, with the ends turned up. We had steamed the ends and turned them up ourselves. On these runners, planed smooth on the bottom, we placed the engine, wheels and all, screwing the wheels down to them by the aid of simple clamps over the rims. Four men could pull the engine easily on these runners, though it weighed three thousand pounds. We would roll her out from the engine-house across the pavement to the street on broomsticks. Everything was cheap and effectual in those days. I suppose that now hundreds of dollars would be expended to do what we did with so many cents then. In front of the house of Jonathan Thompson (late Collector of the Port of New York), at No. 83 Beek-

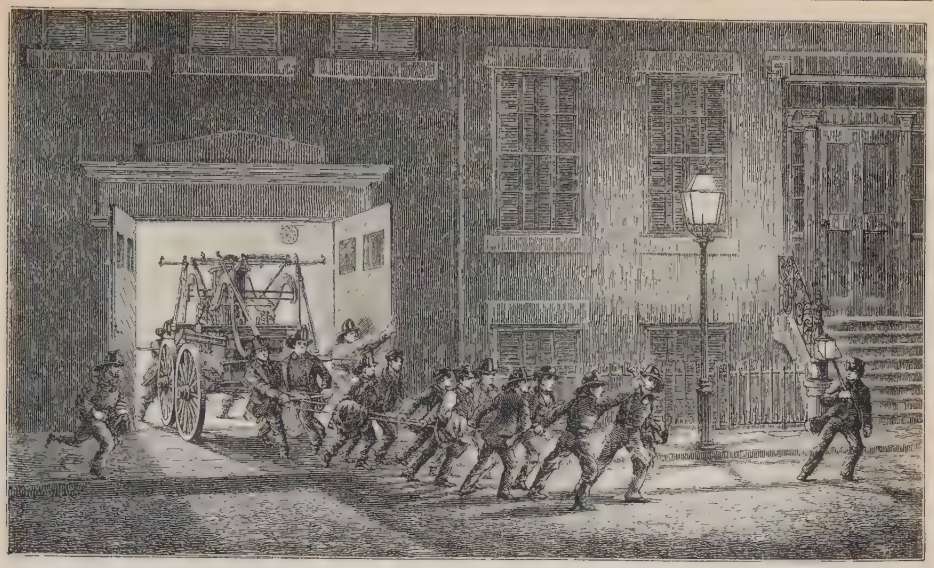
CHARLES FORRESTER.

man Street, there was a tunnel through the snow. Oh, we don't have any such winters now! The charm of it all lay in the excitement of the running, in the victory over rivals, and in the daring feats in and about burning buildings. Many men lost their lives. There, for instance, was the great fire in West Street, near the Battery, in 1841 or 1842, the worst I ever knew. I was an engineer at that time, and had two streams, one from Engine 33, and the other from Hose 13, playing up the hatchway of the building; but the water came back upon us so scalding hot that it was like cards of needles in our backs every time it struck us. At length Chief Anderson ordered me to back the men out, and go to the rear of the building, to prevent the fire from getting into Washington Street. His plan always was, 'If the fire is in its infancy, go into the building; if it is well under way, go to the rear, and protect that, for the front will protect itself,' since there are always engines arriving that will help it. When we reached the rear, the floors fell in, and I saw the walls tottering. I ordered my men to drop their hose and run. No. 33 did so, but No. 13 were too proud to lose their hose, and attempted to take it with them. The wall fell, and three of them were crushed, not twenty-five feet from where I stood. A wall of a burning building will totter for a little while, but when it comes, it comes like distress. I always regretted that fire, because I felt that I was the cause of those men's death. Well, if they had obeyed orders, like 33, they wouldn't, any of them, have been caught.

"At a fire in Orange Street, now Baxter Street, Chief Anderson ordered one of his engineers to get a stream upon the burning building from the rear in Mulberry Street. To do so it was necessary to take the hose through the house behind, through a room in which two men were sleeping on two beds. The engineer thought that they were negroes, they looked so tawny. Presently one of his assistants cried out that the sleepers had 'the black small-pox.' The pipe was dropped, the firemen decamped, followed in hot haste by the engineer. They hauled their hose out after them, and they weren't reported for disobeying orders either.

"At the large fire in 1835 a number of engines were present from the neighboring cities, among them the Northern Liberties, of Philadelphia, which reached the scene of the disaster on the second night. The railroad communication was not complete; there was a stretch of six miles in New Jersey, over two sand-hills, where the rails had not been laid. Passengers were accustomed to cover the distance in stage-coaches, but the Philadelphia boys dragged their engine across those sand-hills with unflagging energy. They arrived too late to be of service, but their New York brothers handsomely dined and wined them for their pains.

"At No. 231 Water Street, near Beekman, in 1842, a stove store caught fire on the third floor. I had two streams on the



THE NIGHT ALARM.—"START HER LIVELY, BOYS."—[AFTER LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES, 1854.]

second floor, and was throwing them up the hatchway. The floor above suddenly gave way, and the weight of the stoves on it carried every staircase down into the cellar. We looked around for means of escape, and found an old sign-board covered with a preparation of smalts—small pieces of broken glass. We put one end of the board on a window-sill, and the other down on a small out-house below, forming a very steep inclination. Then we slid down. Each of us lost the seat of his trousers, and I parted with some flesh besides, so that I didn't sit down for some time afterward.

"At the Buck's Horn Tavern fire, in 1842 or 1843, at the junction of the Boston Post-road and the Bloomingdale Road, near where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands, the engines were ordered to form 'a hose line' in order to save the barn. I opened the nearest hydrant, and the next, and the next, but there was no water. They had been building a fountain in Union Square, and had shut the water off. I couldn't get a drop till I got to Fourth Street. Then we began to pump from one engine into another, and so on to the end of the line; but the hose was so leaky that all the water escaped before it reached the fire, all because the Common Council had refused to make an appropriation for new hose. Finally we found a cistern near the barn, and used that.

"At the famous Crystal Palace fire, in 1858, some statuary—figures of the Twelve Apostles, which had been sent from France in the hope that they would be bought for the adornment of a Catholic church in the city—was destroyed. The commissioners of the exhibition had notified the owners to remove them before the fire started, but the latter had neglected to do so. Horace Greeley was one of the commissioners, and not long afterward, while on a visit to Paris, was thrown into Clichy Prison by the owners, who were trying to make him indemnify them for their loss. They never got any money from him, though. I remember Horace well. He used to come down to the post-office to get his newspaper exchanges, and carried them home himself. He was then editor of the *Log-Cabin*, a General Harrison campaign sheet. His shoes had no strings; his trousers caught in them behind; he wore the old white coat which James Gordon Bennett made famous; his hat was on the back of his head; and his neckcloth, when he wore one, showed its knot under his ear. Was it affectation? No; it was carelessness or recklessness. After he got married his wife rather improved him.

"At a fire in Ann Street in 1836, one morning at about sunrise, old Mr. Bennett, who had just opened an office in Clinton Hall, next door to the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, where the

Nassau Bank now stands, came out upon the front steps, and presented each one of a crowd of two thousand persons or more with a copy of that day's *Morning Herald*. He stood in the open air, and gave a paper to everybody that came. It was a curious sight to see the entire company, seated on curb-stones and stoops, reading the *Morning Herald*. It was the best advertisement he ever had.

"At a fire in Broad Street in 1845, which burned through to Broadway and down almost to Bowling Green, there was an explosion, said to be of several tons of saltpetre, although afterward it was a popular conundrum whether saltpetre would explode at all. Some of Five's men were on the roof of the building. The roof went down, and they walked off unhurt to the pavement. One of them said that the sensation was 'as if the roof had been hoisted up and then squatted down.'

"At a fire in 1812 in Chatham Street hundreds of houses were burned to the ground. A sailor climbed up the steeple of Dr. Spring's Brick Church, which occupied the site of the *Times* Building, went out upon the roof, and extinguished the flames that had just started there. A reward was offered for his feat of valor, but he could never be found. This was considered the greatest fire in New York city up to the conflagration of 1835.

"At a fire which broke out at three o'clock one Sunday morning in March, 1824, in the ship-yard of Adam and Noah Brown, bounded by Stanton, Houston, and Goerck streets and the East River, my engine itself, known as Black Joke, No. 33, was so burned that nothing remained of it but a blackened scrap heap. This engine was the first on the ground. Its odd name was the name of an Albany sloop which, during the Revolutionary war, was transformed into a privateer, and distinguished itself by capturing a number of prizes off the coast of Nova Scotia. In the yard were two steamboats nearly finished, and two ships on the stocks, one of them under cover of the ship-house. Although Black Joke, 33, got to work very expeditiously, the flames spread so rapidly that the firemen were soon driven away from the engine, some of them being compelled to jump into the river in order to save their lives, while others were rescued in a row-boat. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to launch the ships that were on the stocks. Every vessel and all the property in the yard were totally destroyed. This is one of the few instances where a New York fire-engine, taken out to extinguish a fire, was itself extinguished.

"The thermometer stood at more than 100° Fahrenheit one Sunday in July, 1824, when a fire broke out in a rope-walk on Orchard Street, extending into the fields. So intense was the heat that seven firemen died from the effects of it. Mr. Thomas Franklin, then Chief Engineer, father of Mr. Morris Franklin, now president of the New York Life-insurance Company, was seriously affected by the same cause.

"The Bowery Theatre has been burned three times; the first time was in 1828, when it was the finest theatre in New York city, and when Mlle. Celeste, Monsieur and Madame Achilles, Monsieur and Madame Hutin, the first importation of French dancers into this country, were drawing immense houses, and creating extraordinary excitement. Some stables south of the theatre, near Bayard Street, took fire, and the neighboring houses served as a bridge for the flames, which soon attacked the eaves of the theatre, then the roof, and in a short time the interior. For hours the conflagration was beyond the control of the firemen, notwithstanding the presence and activity of every one of the forty-seven engines and nine trucks belonging to the Department, each engine representing forty men. The difficulty of obtaining water was very great. A line was formed of not less than seventeen engines, stretching from the foot of Catherine Street to the burning building, and engaging the services of six hundred and eighty men. The water was pumped from the East River by the first engine in the line, and thence into the second engine, which pumped it into the third, and thence into the fourth, which pumped it into the fifth, and so on. The law then, and until 1835, required each householder to keep in the hall of his house two leather buckets, and to throw them into the street when an alarm of fire was heard in his neighborhood. They were picked up for use by citizens, who put themselves in lines between the fire and the nearest cisterns and pumps, and proceeded to fill the engines as rapidly as possible, passing the buckets from hand to hand. Each bucket was marked with the name and address of its owner, and was returned to him after the fire. When the

THE RACE.—"JUMP HER, BOYS; JUMP HER."—[AFTER LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES, 1854.]

third fire had burned out the Bowery Theatre, the walls were found to be so fused from successive bakings that each wall seemed to be one immense brick."

IV.

Though the recollections of these old firemen go back fifty or sixty years, they do not reach the epoch when the Volunteer Fire Department was incorporated, much less the more distant period of its origins. The act of incorporation was passed eighty-two years ago, in 1798; and at least as long ago as two hundred and three years there were regular firemen in the city of New York. From certain manuscript and unpublished documents that have come into my possession it appears that the earliest municipal records on the subject are that in January, 1677, "overseers of chimneys and fires were appointed" by the corporation. Six years later, in March, 1683, the first law with respect to the prevention of fires was enacted by the city authorities. This law provided for the appointment of "viewers and searchers of chimneys and fire-hearths," and inflicted a penalty of twenty shillings for every defect found in the construction of those modest conveniences. It went further. "No person," it said, "shall lay hay or straw or other combustible matter within their dwelling-houses." "A fine of fifteen shillings," it added, shall be imposed "upon every person who shall suffer his chimney to be on fire." It arranged also for the purchase of "hooks, ladders, and buckets." The business of the citizen was to diminish the necessity for firemen. If his chimney caught fire, no matter how, he was fined. He should have had it properly built, and kept it cleaned. A trial of three years showed that these simple and rigorous regulations were insufficient. In 1686, "by reason of great damage done by fire," it was ordered, first, "that every person having two chimneys to his house provide one bucket"; secondly, "that every house having more than two hearths provide two buckets"; and thirdly, "that all brewers shall have six buckets, and all bakers six buckets, under penalty of six shillings for every bucket wanting." The former provision for hooks and ladders seems to have been futile, for in February, 1689, the records show that "fire ladders, with sufficient hooks thereto," were "ordered to be made"; and having gone so far, the city fathers proceeded to appoint "Brandt Meisters," or fire masters, to take charge of the property—another name for the "overseers of chimneys and fires" of the year 1677, with in-

creased scope of operation. When the buckets got lost at a fire, the law-making power was equal to the emergency. "There was complaint," says the town-clerk's book, "of several buckets that were lost at the late fire in the ffly [a market at the foot of Maiden Lane], and it was ordered that the cryer give notice round the city that such buckets be brought to the Mayor." This was in 1692, and the law is known to have been in force for at least a hundred years afterward. When a fire had been put out, the buckets were taken to the front of the City Hall, and were there claimed by the respective owners.

The chimneys in those days bore a bad character. In December, 1697, it is recorded that "this Court, taking into consideration the danger that may happen by fire for want of a due inspection made to cleaning of chimneys and mending of hearths within the city, ordered that two sufficient persons in every ward of this city be appointed as viewers of chimneys and hearths, to view the same once a week; upon finding a defect, to give notice that such be repaired; if a person refuse, he to forfeit the sum of three shillings, one half to the city, the other half to the viewers." Still further we read that "if any person's chimney be on fire after such notice, he shall forfeit the sum of forty shillings; if the viewers neglect to perform their duty, they forfeit the sum of six shillings, and others shall be appointed in their place." This is the first record of a paid Fire Department in the city of New York. "Viewers" and "overseers" there were already; but now arrangement is made for paying, for fining, and for discharging them; and also a systematic performance of duty is required: they are to view the chimneys and hearths once a week. Five years later the constables were pressed into the inspective service: "Constables are ordered to inspect every house, to see whether they have the number of buckets required by law." As the city increased, more hooks and ladders were provided. Twenty-two years after their first appearance it is recorded that in February, 1705, Alderman Vandenburgh was ordered to "be paid nine pounds five shillings for hooks and ladders by him provided"; while in October, 1706, it was "ordered that eight ladders and two fire-hooks and poles be provided, to cost £19 2*s.* 0*d.*"; and in October, 1716, that "a committee be appointed to provide a sufficient number of ladders and hooks for public use"; but no fire-engine seems to have been in operation until fifteen years later, when the Department was fifty-four years old.

On the 6th of May, 1731, it was that the city authorities adopted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, With all convenient speed to procure two complete fire-engines, with suctions and materials thereunto belonging, for the public service; that the sizes thereof be of the fourth and sixth sizes of Mr. Newsham's fire-engines; and that Mr. Mayor, Alderman Cruger, Alderman Rutgers, and Alderman Roosevelt, or any three of them, be a committee to agree with some proper merchant or merchants to send to London for the same by the first conveniency, and report upon what terms the said fire-engines, &c., will be delivered to this corporation." By December of the same year preparations were made for receiving the new apparatus; it was "ordered that workmen be employed to fit up a room in the City Hall [then located where the United States Treasury Building, formerly the Custom-house, now stands] of this city for securing the fire-engines of this corporation, with all expedition." Probably in the same month the engines arrived, for we find it further "ordered that Alderman Hardenbroeck and Mr. Beekman be a committee to have the fire-engines cleaned, and the leathers oiled and put into boxes, that the same may be fit for immediate use." The next month, January, 1733, it was "ordered that a committee employ a person or persons forthwith to put the fire-engines in good order, and also to look after the same, that they may be always in good plight and condition, and fit for present use." Mr. Engs, an old fireman, writes that he distinctly remembers to have seen one of Mr. Newsham's engines, with the maker's name on a brass plate, accompanied by a date, indicating that it was eighty years old. "It had a short oblong square box, with the condenser case in the centre, and was played by short arms at each end, and mounted on four block wheels, made of thick plank. There was no traveller forward for the wheels to play under the box; so that when you turned a corner, the machine must have been lifted around, unless there was a large sweep to move in." Suction pipes were unknown at that

THE FIRE.—"SHAKE HER UP, BOYS."—[AFTER LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES, 1854.]

time, notwithstanding the fact that the committee had been ordered to obtain, with the engines, "suctions, leather pipes, and caps." The suctions were probably what was known afterward as "pump hose," which led the water from the pump to the engine box; the "leather pipes" were for the same purpose as the ones subsequently made of brass or other metal, and the "caps" were the nozzles.

V.

Such were the origins of the old Volunteer Fire Department. The "room in the City Hall" where the first engine was kept soon became the forerunner of a series of engine-houses; and old firemen tell how, from about the year 1820 until about the year 1836, these buildings were places of orderly rendezvous in the evenings. Tweedism was not rampant in those days. Except on Saturday nights, the boys went home as early as 10 P.M., and went to bed. They did not "bunk" with the "machine." Singing and story-telling were the chief entertainments. There was no drinking, no eating, no sleeping, no misbehavior. Even smoking and "chewing" seem to have been finable offenses in some houses; for a few days ago, while consulting the minutes of Engine Company No. 13—an organization, however, exceptionally select and efficient—I found these curious entries:

"*December* 1, 1829.—Charles J. Hubbs reports D. T. Williams for chewing tobacco in the engine-house."

"*December* 3, 1829.—William M. Haydock reports Washington Van Wyck for smoking in the engine-house."

Liquor, however, was allowed at fires, when the men were in actual service, provision for a regular supply of it having been made by the same engine company as early as the year 1801, when the following *naïve* minute was entered on the books:

"*Berkley's Tavern, November* 12, 1801.—It being thought by the company that a steward to the company be necessary, whose business it shall be to furnish the company with liquor, &c., at the times of fire, and when it will be paid for by the company; any other member than the person above appointed finding liquors, &c., at time of fire, will do it at his own expense, as the company will not pay the same."

This provision obviated the necessity for the repetition of such entries as these:

"*November* 9, 1792.—Eighteen shillings paid to Elias Stillwell for gin at the time of the fire at the Fly Market."

"*November* 17, 1795.—Paid six shillings for Geneva had at fires, and carting sled."

"*December* 3, 1795.—This morning, between eight and nine o'clock, a most dreadful fire happened in William Street, between John Street and the North Church, in which six or seven houses were consumed.....Paid six shillings for gin."

As time wore on it became the custom to use the engine-houses as dormitories, and demoralization went hand in hand with it. The law, however, still forbade the practice, and Mr. "Joe" Hoxie one night signified his accession to the office of alderman by making a general raid upon the buildings and ordering all hands out. Engine Company No. 33 thereupon made friends with the sexton of All Saints' Episcopal Chapel (now used as a machine shop), in Grand Street, near Pitt, the members lying in the pews, and using the ends of the cushions for bolsters. When turned out of this comfortable nest, they hired the second story of a house in Scammel Street, near by, only a hundred and fifty feet from their engine-house, and paid for it themselves, disdaining to modernize themselves by calling upon the city to meet the expense. They had two rooms, and these they fitted up with three rows of berths, or "bunks," along the walls, one row above another. "I was so long," says an old fireman, "that my feet hung over the end of my bunk, and the fellow who slept below me used to amuse himself by sticking pins into my bare soles." Often a member who happened to be wakeful would go to the signal lantern, which was a part of the fixtures of the establishment, scrape out of it a handful of lamp-black, and proceed to paint mustaches on the upper lips of the smooth-faced slumberers, who, when they awoke—it might have been a fire-alarm that roused them—would try to wipe the nasty stuff off, thereby making their appearance considerably worse, for the lamp-black would stick like a brother. "I have worn such mustaches many a time," continued the speaker. "All such harmless little performances made fun enough then, though they look rather silly now." There were thirty "bunks" in the Scammel Street lodging-house.

By-and-by the tastes of the firemen became less simple, and brown-stone houses were not uncommon. Harry Howard was the first Chief Engineer who openly encouraged the men to sleep in these buildings. Among the finest houses in earlier days were those of No. 13, in Duane Street; No. 6, in Henry Street, near Gouverneur (which is still standing, and is used by a steam-engine company; No. 44, in Houston Street, near Columbia, now occupied by a steam-engine; and No. 32, in Hester Street. About the year 1849 the late Mr. Tweed became foreman of Engine No. 6, most of whose members were ship-carpenters and calkers in the Seventh Ward. He was instrumental in erecting for them a fine three-story building, large enough for a ward meeting, and practically the political head-quarters of that part of the city, which excited the envy of other companies less sumptuously provided for by the corporation. Mr. Mills relates that when he belonged to Engine No. 13 there was not room enough in her house for the men to sit down. "We used to drag our engine out when we wanted to hold a meeting of the company."

VI.

It was at "a convivial party," on a winter evening in 1792, at a small tavern in Nassau Street, near Fair (now Fulton) Street, that some members of the Volunteer Fire Department first bestirred themselves with reference to the creation of a fund for the benefit of indigent and disabled firemen and their families. The building was long ago torn down, and on its site is a magnificent marble structure owned by ex-Mayor Wood; its frequenters also have long since disappeared, but their good deed has built for them a name. Six years afterward matters had taken very definite shape and finish; and when, on the 20th of March, 1798, an act "to incorporate the firemen of the city of New York" was passed by the Legislature, one of its provisions was, "that the funds of the said corporation which shall arise from chimney fires, certificates, and donations, and from such other objects as may have been heretofore or may be hereafter agreed on by the respective fire-companies, shall be appropriated to the relief of such indigent or disabled firemen, or their families, as may be interested therein, and who may, in the opinion of a majority of the trustees, be worthy of assistance; but if they shall amount to a greater sum than the trustees may think necessary to apply to the said purposes, then the said representatives shall have power to apply such

surplus to the purpose of extinguishing fires, under such limitations and restrictions as they may, with the sanction of the corporation of the city of New York, deem proper." For thirty-seven years the course of the charity ran smooth. The recipients of the fund were few, and the disbursements small. What better use of the principal than to invest it in fire-insurance stock? The idea found favor, and the investment was made. Whenever thereafter the firemen put out a fire, or prevented the destruction of property, they added to the value of their charitable stock. The better they worked, the more money they had for their widows and orphans. Every dollar saved to the fire-insurance companies was a gain for the fund. But the disastrous conflagration of the year 1835 nearly swept the insurance companies from existence, and in their fall the fund also declined. It became, indeed, scarcely a fund at all. With admirable promptness and energy the trustees set themselves to the task of soliciting subscriptions for the purpose of putting the charity on its feet again, and so successful were they and their friends that in a few weeks the sum of $24,000 was secured. Tradition has not failed to embalm with especial care the names of Adam W. Spies, of Engine No. 12, and James Russell, of Hose No. 4, who distinguished themselves by their zeal in the work. Once started again, the fund moved without apparent friction. "In those days," says Mr. Giles, its present treasurer, "it was a rare occurrence for a fireman to ask relief from the fund. It seemed as if they felt unwilling, however great were their necessities, to seek assistance from a source which they thought should be reserved as a sacred trust for the benefit of widows and orphans only." Thirteen years afterward, however, in 1848, another crisis was reached. The trustees, in their annual report, regretted to state that "for three years past they have not only been unable to add anything to the permanent fund, but have experienced great difficulty in raising sufficient money to meet their actual and necessary expenditures." The principal causes of the deficiency were the great increase in the number of the widows, orphans, and other beneficiaries; the decreased sums collected from chimney and gunpowder fines, and from penalties for violating the fire laws; and the neglect or inability of the city fire-insurance companies, which had suffered terrible losses, to contribute as liberally as had been their custom. The first-mentioned cause was the chief. The city had been growing rapidly, and the number of firemen had in consequence increased from five or six hundred to about two thousand. The condition of affairs was earnestly considered at a special meeting convened for the purpose, and each member promised "to use his best efforts to find some new source of revenue to sustain the sinking fortunes of the fund." It did not take long to discover that not less than twenty-one foreign insurance agencies were neglecting to pay to the Comptroller of the State, as required by law, two per cent. of the premiums received on policies of insurance issued by them. The law was clear; the neglect was inexcusable. Why not get the Legislature to make over to the fund this levy of two per cent.? asked the trustees one of another, and the reply being in favor of such a course, a bill was forthwith drawn, "praying the Legislature to transfer the two per cent. tax from the coffers of the State to the charitable fund of the Fire Department." A delegation of the board, accompanied by other of its friends, proceeded at once to Albany, and the bill was introduced, but on account of the lateness of the season it was not reached before the Legislature adjourned. The next winter the bill was again presented —this time early. Its friends "were met by a powerful lobby of foreign insurance agents and their friends, to defeat, if possible, its passage. Finding that we were determined to have the bill passed," continues Mr. Giles, "they proposed a conference, and offered, if we would withdraw our bill, or would not press its passage, to give to the Fire Department Fund annually $1500 so long as the Volunteer Fire Department existed. We informed them that we could not comply with their request, as our instructions were to get the bill passed; and that if we were unsuccessful we would return to the representatives of the Fire Department with the proud assurance that we had done our duty and obeyed our instructions. But by means of great exertions we were successful, the bill was passed, and we returned to our constituents, the representatives of the Fire Department, with a certified copy of the law in our pockets." The books show that during the next fif-

teen years the passage of this law benefited the fund to the amount of more than $200,000.

When the volunteer system was succeeded by a paid Fire Department, the opponents of the former, having gained, says Mr. Giles, the object for which they went to Albany, "turned their attention to this charitable fund; and so anxious were they to blot out and destroy every nucleus that the Volunteer Department might rally around that they were disposed to make the trustees of the paid Department the sole arbiters of this charity, with power to fill vacancies in their board." But at length the Legislature enacted that to the Exempt Firemen should be confided the trust, with the proviso that no money should be taken from the permanent fund without the consent of the Legislature. This fund at that time was $90,000. Last year it had increased to $129,307 89.

"The present paid Fire Department," however, says Mr. Zophar Mills, "have a fund of their own of about $400,000, obtained from fines and penalties for violating the building laws, through licenses for selling petroleum, fire-works, etc. The interest on this sum is twice as much as the Department spends for its widows, orphans, and infirm members. We were eighty years in collecting our fund, they only fifteen years. Five years ago they received one-third of our revenues, three years ago one-half, but about a year ago the law was changed so as to give the whole back to us. They didn't need the money, but they knew that we did; yet it is a wonder that they consented to give it up." The fund of the old Volunteer Department now yields yearly the sum of $40,000. It is one of the most modest, efficient, and praiseworthy charities in the world.

VII.

A principal source of its revenue was the "Annual Ball for the Benefit of the New York Fire Department Fund." Almost every engine company had an annual ball, but the ball of the season was the general ball for the fund. It occupied for many years a position corresponding to that of the Charity Ball in the Academy of Music, and enlisted the sympathy and support of the fashion and wealth of the metropolis. The first ball of the series was held in the Bowery Theatre in the year 1828, not long before the burning of that building. The price of tickets was two dollars; afterward it was never less than five dollars. Great care was taken in the distribution of tickets, that the entertainment should be as select as possible. The places of assembly in succeeding years were the Park Theatre, on Park Row, the Opera-house (Clinton Hall), Niblo's, and the Academy of Music, and the success was perfect, until the disbandment of the Department in 1865, when the interest began to diminish, and the difficulty of paying expenses to begin. The last entertainment given by the "Firemen's Ball Committee of the Old Volunteer Fire Department" was not a ball, but a concert, in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers, held in the Academy of Music on the 2d of October, 1878, and resulting in the collection of the handsome net sum of $5462. In the palmy period of the Department immense preparations were made for the decoration of the building in which the ball was to take place. For several days previous to the event wagons laden with trumpets, torches, hooks, ladders, axes, tormentors, and other implements of the craft might be seen driving up to the head-quarters of the Chief Engineer, at No. 21 Elizabeth Street, and depositing their treasures, so that as soon as the theatre was available all the material for ornamenting it might be within reach for expeditious use. When the curtain dropped on the stage the night before the ball, the firemen took possession of the building, and their labors in equipping its interior continued through the night and the next day. Enthusiasm, diligence, and quick intelligence presided over the task of preparation. The tickets were handsomely engraved on steel.

The preparations for the balls given by the several companies were scarcely less notable. Fine "fancy" paper with ornamented cut margins was not considered too choice, nor gilt ink too costly, nor "politest" phrases too precious.

It is almost needless to add that at a firemen's ball the dancing ceased only with the break of day.

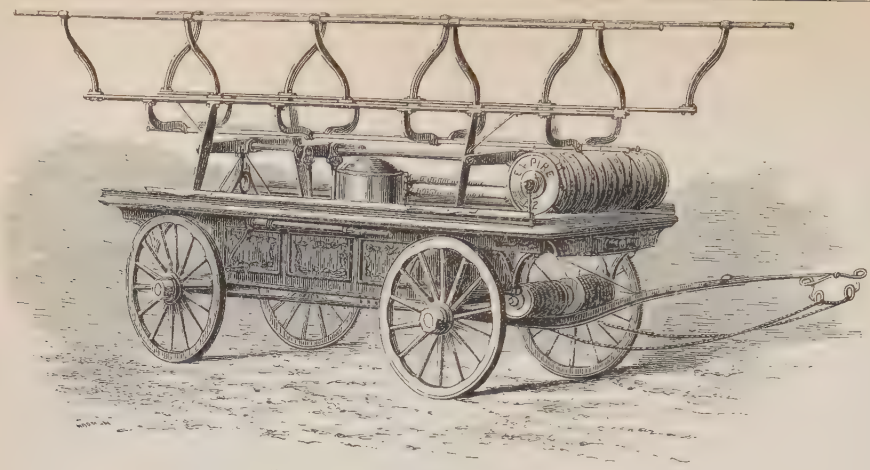
VIII.

On one memorable occasion the labors of the New York firemen were exerted with triumphant success in Brooklyn also. In the latter city, a few blocks west of Fulton Street, near Fulton Ferry, in 1842, a fire started, burned through to Fulton

Street, crossed that street, and destroyed the houses on each side of it for a considerable distance. The Chief Engineer, in view of the extent and ferocity of the flames, was about to dispatch a messenger to the Navy-yard requesting the authorities to detail an officer for the purpose of blowing up a row of brick buildings as the only means of staying the progress of the fire. It so happened that near the Brooklyn Chief Engineer was Chief Engineer Anderson, of the New York Fire Department, and Engineer Charles Forrester. These officers urged the Brooklyn Chief to withhold the request to the Navy Department, and promised to bring over from New York a force sufficient to save the doomed buildings and extinguish the fire. The offer was gladly accepted, and Engineer Charles Forrester started for New York, bearing an order from Chief Anderson to have the City Hall bell strike five—the signal for calling out the engines in the district southeast of the City Hall Park. With characteristic forethought, Mr. Forrester got the ferry-master on the New York side to promise to keep the boat in the slip until it could be packed with engines and firemen from New York. The ferry-boats then ran less often than now. He started the Fulton Market bell, and next the City Hall bell was heard. This was responded to successively by the bells in the North Dutch tower and the old Brick Church tower. In an incredibly short time the ferry was a rendezvous of engines and firemen, the river was crossed, and a line of engines was formed from the Brooklyn side of the river, Engine No. 15 being at the dock, Engine No. 22 next, Engine No. 42 next, and Engine No. 38 next. The fire was conquered, and the row of brick buildings saved.

The Exempt Engine Company was composed of firemen who had served their time and been honorably discharged. It was called out only in extraordinary emergencies. During the war riots in 1863 many of its members staid in the *Tribune* Building for several days and nights, ready to perform duty at a moment's notice; and perilous duty it was, when the rioters, who had set fire to private houses and orphan asylums, determined that these should be consumed. At the burning of Barnum's Museum, on Broadway, where the *Herald* Building now stands, the Exempt Engine Company is believed to have saved a quarter of a million of dollars. It had three engines —one of them a hand-engine known as the "Hay-Wagon," and the others steam-engines, which were self-propellers, each manned by ten Exempts, who did the work of five hundred firemen and an ordinary engine. These, with the exception of the one used by Engine Company No. 8, were the first efficient steam-engines in New York city. The "Hay-Wagon" was sold to the United States government about the year 1862, and taken to Fortress Monroe for the protection of that important place when the rebels were thought to be meditating the capture and burning of it. Mr. John Baulch, an assistant engineer of the New York Fire Department, went with the "Hay-Wagon" to Fortress Monroe, entered the service of the government, and staid there, performing "fire duty." The "Hay-Wagon," an engraving of which accompanies this article, was originally the engine of Empire Company, No. 42, but being extremely heavy and lumbersome, was abandoned by that organization for a new one. The Exempts think-

CORNELIUS V. ANDERSON.

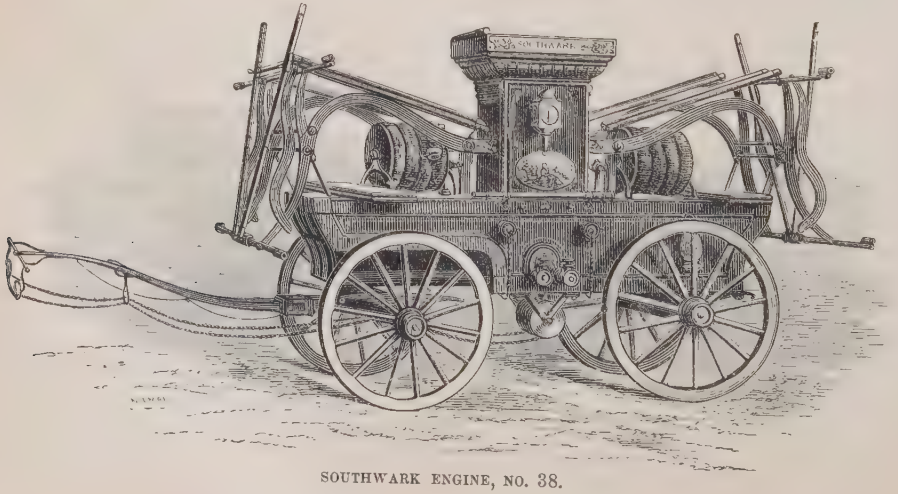


THE "HAY-WAGON."—EMPIRE ENGINE, NO. 42.

ing that she was too good a servant to be discharged, resolved to form a company of their own, and take her into their service. A good specimen of a "double-decker" engine is seen in the reproduction of the Southwark Engine, No. 38, which was the first machine of the kind in use in New York city.

IX.

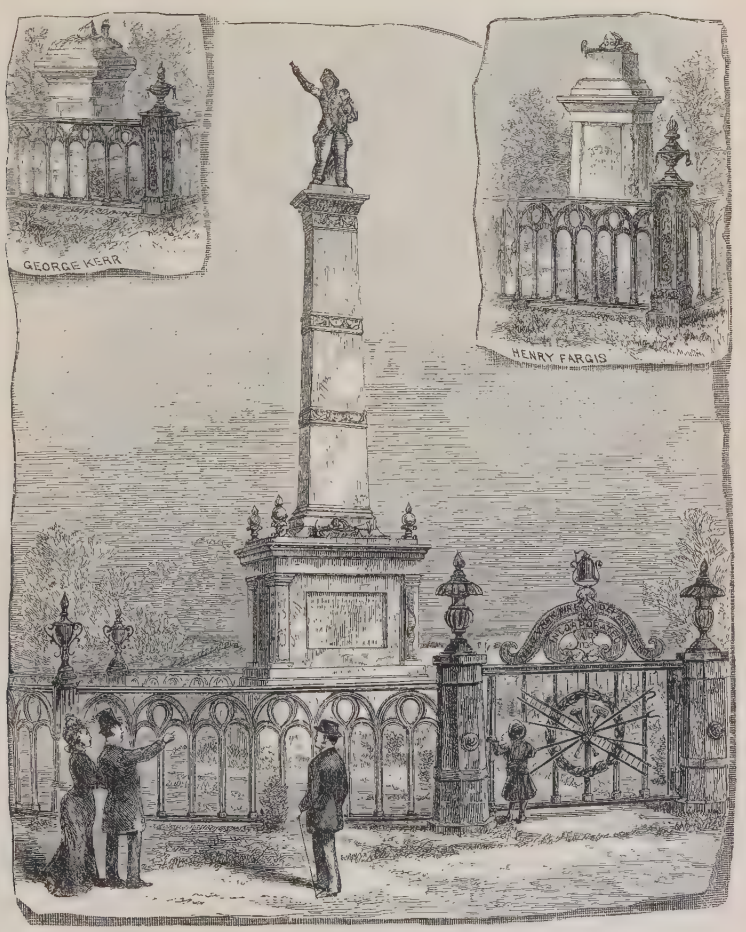
A few months ago—or, to be precise, on the 18th of June, 1880—there appeared in the New York *Evening Post* a short letter, signed "C. J.," which began as follows: "Over in Greenwood there is a stately monument to the New York fireman who lost his life in saving a child. It is the only one in that city of the dead before which I take off my hat." I do not know the name of the writer, but his sentiments are chivalrous. The occasion of the first purchase of lots in Greenwood Cemetery for the burial of firemen was the gallant deaths of Engineer George Kerr and Assistant-Foreman Henry Fargis, of the Southwark Engine Company, No. 38, at the fire in Duane Street, New York, on the 2d of April, 1848. These sad events made a deep impression upon the hearts of New York firemen, and led them to a resolution to honor in an especial manner the memory of their brave associates. A committee, consisting of Cornelius V. Anderson, George A. Buckingham, Lawrence Turnure, George W. Littell, John K. Bowen, Warren Bliven, James W. Barker, Furman Neefus, John A. Cregier, and Charles McDougall, was intrusted with the business on the 2d of May, 1848.



SOUTHWARK ENGINE, NO. 38.

These old firemen entered (to quote their own words) upon "the performance of the duties assigned them with a melancholy pleasure—melancholy in the recollection of the events which prompted this movement on your [the Fire Department's] part, but, at the same time, pleasant in the reflection that though dead in body, the virtues and excellency of character of your late associates still live in your memory, and that the remembrance of them will thus be perpetuated to your posterity." They proceeded at once to visit Greenwood Cemetery, in order to select a suitable site for the erection of a monument. The comptroller of the Cemetery Association, Mr. J. A. Perry, lent them his help, and, after a careful inspection of the grounds, they chose a spot—now well known to so many thousands of Americans and foreigners—"which for its natural scenery, commanding view of the bay and surrounding country, can not be surpassed." So, at all events, they reported to the Fire Department, and probably their judgment will not be questioned by anybody who has seen the beautiful place on Summit Avenue, in the southern part of that fair city of the dead.

The ground being secured, a magnificent monument, designed and built by Mr. Robert E. Launitz, was erected, at an expense of $2500. Who does not recall the leading features of this splendid memorial and this enchanting spot? The white marble shaft with its pedestal is twenty-three feet ten inches high, and is surmounted by a statue four feet eight



MONUMENT AT GREENWOOD.

inches high—the statue of a fireman in the act of saving a child from the flames. The shaft consists of three plain blocks, relieved by festoons of oak leaves—the emblem of strength and endurance. The pedestal is of notable design. Its base block bears the coat of arms of the city of New York, whose firemen are to be commemorated; its pilasters are adorned with tastefully grouped hydrants, hose, hooks, and ladders, the hose companies as well as the engine companies having a share in the memorial work. Above the cornice a fireman's cap and two speaking-trumpets repose on a cushion. The wreath of oak leaves that surrounds the cap is the historic emblem that the wearer has saved a citizen's life. Firemen's torches, ornamented with leaves of water plants, rise from each corner of the cornice. The general effect of the structure is exceedingly impressive.

This is the Firemen's Monument, and on its right the engineers of the Department have erected a special memorial in honor of their late associate George Kerr, while on its left rises a similar tribute to the memory of Henry Fargis, reared by the company of which he was a member. With characteristic generosity the deed of the lot on which the Kerr monument stands was made out in the name of a representative of his family, a similar course being pursued in the case of the Fargis monument. The entire ground is inclosed by a substantial and choice iron railing, the pedestals for which represent hydrants surmounted by an urn. The gate, also of iron, is composed of hose-pipes crossed by a hook, a ladder, a torch, an axe, a trumpet, and a tormentor—all of them firemen's instruments—bound together by a length of hose, and encircled by a laurel wreath. Over the gate is a scroll inscribed with the words, "New York Fire Department, incorporated A.D. 1798," and above the scroll is a bell. The cost of the railing and gate was $982 75. The entire cost of the monument and its inclosure was $4316 46, every cent of which was paid by New York volunteer firemen.

Peaceful and honored has been the sleep of the brave men who lie beneath the sward of that lovely place. On the 12th of June, 1849, the bodies of Engineer Kerr and Assistant Foreman Fargis were laid there, and it was the intention to do the same with the bodies of all New York firemen who had been killed in the discharge of their duties; but it is a curious fact that when search was made for their graves in various burial-grounds, it was found impossible to identify them, except in two instances, namely, those of Messrs. Underhill and Ward (the story of their death has already been told), whose friends were unwilling to have the removal made unless the monuments already erected over their graves were transferred to the plot in Greenwood. This the committee could not consent to do, and the whole plan was abandoned.

Messrs. Kerr and Fargis, it may be added, were killed by the falling of a wall. Chief Engineer Anderson, in a communication to the Common Council of the city of New York a few days after the fire, eulogized his dead associates in the warmest terms.

Several attempts, in addition to the first one, were made to have the bodies of Underhill and Ward removed to Greenwood Cemetery, but the disinclination of the Trustees of the Exempt Firemen's Benevolent Fund, who have control of the firemen's plot and monument, to allow the erection of any obstruction to the view, or any unsightliness, prevented the success of the efforts. The trustees persisted in their refusal to permit the monuments now standing in the Carmine Street cemetery to be transferred to the plot in Greenwood. It is not improbable, however, that when in the course of time the former cemetery shall be converted into building lots, the dust of those two brave men will be brought away and deposited near that of their fellows who died in the same cause. After the erection of the Firemen's Monument in Greenwood it was the custom to bury at its feet the bodies of firemen who fell in the discharge of their duty. For sixteen years, or until the disbandment of the Volunteer Fire Department, the custom continued, broken only occasionally by the desire of friends to bury their dead in the family lot. The slumbers of the sleepers are not disturbed now by the advent of new-comers. Nor will they be. The beautiful spot has received its consecration of human dust, and has entered into history. Its area has never been enlarged, its tenants remain in undisturbed possession, and its turf smiles.

FROM EXILE.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 3, 1879.

(*A Mother speaks.*)

AH, dear God, when will it be day?
I can not sleep, I can not pray.
Tossing, I watch the silent stars
Mount up from the horizon bars:

So patient and so calm are they.
Ah, dear God! when will it be day?

—O Mary, mother! Hark! I hear
A cock crow through the silence clear!

Orion with his flaming sword,
Proud chieftain of the glorious horde;
Auriga up the lofty arch
Pursuing still his stately march—

The dawn's faint crimson streaks the east,
And, afar off, I catch the least
Low murmur of the city's stir
As she shakes off the dreams of her!

List! there's a sound of hurrying feet
Far down below me in the street.
Thank God! the weary night is past—
The morning comes—'tis day at last.

Wake, Rosalie! Awake! arise!
The sun is up, it gilds the skies.
She does not stir. The young sleep sound
As dead men in their graves profound.
Ho, Rosalie! At last? Now haste!
To-day there is no time to waste.
Bring me fresh water. Braid my hair.
Hand me the glass. Once I was fair
As thou art. Now I look so old
It seems my death-knell should be tolled.

Ill? No! (I want no wine.) So pale?
Like a white ghost, so wan and frail?
Well, that's not strange. All night I lay
Waiting and watching for the day.
But—there! I'll drink it; it may make
My cheeks burn brighter for his sake
Who comes to-day. My boy! my boy!
How can I bear the unwonted joy?—
I, who for eight long years have wept
While happier mothers smiling slept;
While others decked their sons first-born
For dance, or fête, or bridal morn;
Or proudly smiled to see them stand
The stateliest pillars of the land!—
For he, so gallant and so gay,
As young and debonair as they,
My beautiful, brave boy, my life,
Went down in the unequal strife!
The right or wrong? Oh, what care I?
The good God judgeth up on high.

And now He gives him back to me!
I—tremble so—I scarce can see.
How full the streets are! I will wait
His coming here beside this gate,
From which I watched him as he went,
Eight years ago, to banishment.
I will sit down. Speak, Rosalie, when
You see a band of stalwart men,
With one fair boy among them—one
With bright hair shining in the sun,
Red, smiling lips, and eager eyes,
Blue as the blue of summer skies.
My boy! my boy! Why come they not?
O Son of God! hast Thou forgot
Thy Mother's agony? Yet she,
Was she not stronger far than we,
We common mothers? Could she know
From her far heights such pain and woe?—
Run farther down the street, and see
If they're not coming, Rosalie.

Mother of Christ! how lag the hours!
What? just beyond the convent towers,
And coming straight this way? O heart,
Be still and strong, and bear thy part,
Thy new part, bravely. Hark! I hear
Above the city's hum the near
Slow tread of marching feet; I see—
Nay, I can *not* see, Rosalie—
Your eyes are younger. Is he there,
My Antoine, with his sunny hair?
It is like gold; it shines in the sun:
Surely you see it? What? Not one—
Not one bright head? All old, old men,
Gray-haired, gray-bearded, gaunt? Then—
then
He has not come—he is ill, or dead!
O God, that I were in thy stead,
My son! my son! Who touches me?
—Your pardon, sir. I am not she
For whom you look. Go farther on
Ere yet the daylight shall be gone.

"Mother!" Who calls me "mother"? You?
You are not he—my Antoine. You
Are a gray-bearded man, and he
Is a mere boy. You mistake me
For some one else. I'm sorry, sir.
God bless you! Soon you will find her
For whom you seek. But I—ah, I—
Still must I call and none reply?
You—kiss me? Antoine? O my son!
Thou art mine own, my banished one!

NUNEHAM.

DOWN THE THAMES IN A BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

"IT'S an alligator's skin!"

"Look at the Chinese junk!"

"That's made o' leather!"

Such and countless other remarks of men, boys, bargees, and fishermen were constantly overheard as a veritable birch-bark canoe was being paddled through locks, alongside fields, meadows, and parks, past villages and farm-houses, on its way from Oxford to Hampton Court. But people would have gazed with still greater astonishment had they known that a year previous this singular craft had covered the trunk of some stately birch in the Acadian forest. It was an unusually good specimen of the canoe of the Micmac Indian, and on either side of the stern a representation of the moose and of the fish of Nova Scotia was neatly scraped on the bark. Its weight was not more than sixty pounds, so that, at the numerous locks, if one did not care to wait until those big troughs were filled and emptied, he could very easily "portage" his craft in a few minutes.

It was in the month of July, when college halls and quads were well-nigh deserted, and only a few disconsolate undergrads were to be seen about the streets or at the river, that the writer prepared to start off on a canoe trip down the Thames. Such a trip is one of the best remedies possible for that state of morbid melancholy that often comes over one after the students have "gone down." Before setting out there was a little mending to be done, but this was very shortly accomplished by boiling some resin with soap to the consistency of molasses candy, and daubing the mixture over the likely leaking spots. A friend took his seat in the bow, and together we started off, paddling with a rapid stream at the rate of about four miles an hour. A most charming afternoon favored the start. Earth, air, and sky blended in such lovely harmony about the fields and meadows of Oxford that one could not but sigh to leave. Passing Iffley, with its quaint Norman church just visible through the trees, and Sandford, where boating men love to rest their limbs over a tankard of "training beer," or to saunter about the lock, mill, and weir, we soon began to catch a glimpse of the old town of Abingdon, that was to terminate the first day's journey. One is not likely to forget the charm with which natural and artificial beauty are

linked together in this stretch of water between Sandford and Abingdon. No words could convey any adequate idea of the loveliness that gathers about the trees, the meadows, the cultivated fields and slopes, the old homesteads, the thatched roofs. One rests his paddle, and as he drifts lazily along with the stream, the distant sound of the Oxford bells blends mysteriously with the music of the lark singing from his invisible height, the notes of the cuckoo, and the cawing of the rooks. On this side and on that man and nature have lent each other a helping hand to produce picturesqueness and beauty. There is really an irresistible desire to land and stroll about the little retreat of Radley, on the right, that lies nestled amid elms, beeches, limes, and oaks, or to rest beneath the wooded slopes of Nuneham, that most beautiful of English parks. Wander as you will about this princely home of the Harcourts—where the trees bathe their branches in the hurrying stream; where the cattle graze, or horses run and frolic; where the sheep pant beneath a shady elm, or swans "row their state with oary feet" about the rustic bridge that spans a shaded stream, or where orchids, bluebells, buttercups, and daisies sprinkle their hues over sloping lawns—there is a fascination about everything that is sure to leave lasting associations.

At Abingdon we put up at the "Crown and Thistle"—that favorite resting-place of the Oxford under-grad. In the evening my friend returned by rail to Oxford, and so left me to start off alone the following morning. The sky was overcast, and a slight ruffle on the water indicated a storm sooner or later in the day. Paddling past elms, beeches, and "water-wooing willows," through luxuriant meadows, and alongside banks covered with the prettiest wild flowers, a couple of hours brought the church-crowned height of Clifton in view.

The stream now battled with the rising wind, and stirred up a sea in which it was almost impossible to make headway. At a bend of the river where the above village is situated, the canoe, spite of all efforts, was suddenly swept toward the bank. This was a happy incentive to rest awhile. I accordingly landed, and lounged about on the green lawn, listening to an old inhabitant, whose chief topic of conversation was the excellence of the Clifton ale. On the opposite side,

> "by the rushy-fringed bank,
> Where grow the willow and the osier dank,"

swans glided gracefully to and fro, and a time-worn punt was discharging its freight of barge horses and bargees. The bargee is an interesting specimen of humanity. Day after day he stands loungingly at the ponderous rudder, scanning with a cynical air everything and everybody that comes in his path. His existence is an almost complete isolation from his fellow-men, against whom there seems to be an old-standing grudge. He is ever ready to chaff, and scarcely any passer-by escapes his vulgar sarcasm. He will sustain sallies of repartee until his voice is no longer audible; but it often happens that his spirit becomes subdued as the boys taunt him with, "Who ate puppy pies under Marlow Bridge?"*

The river now at times took a very winding course, and so the wind was alternately favorable and adverse. A sail, readily improvised out of an old umbrella, carried the canoe along with a fairy-like movement over many a long reach, but it finally succumbed to the natural fate under such circumstances.

As I approached that ancient town of Wallingford where Matilda the mother of Henry II. found refuge after her escape from Oxford Castle, and where the Fair Maid of Kent breathed her last, the bells and sun-dials were reminding one and all of the dinner hour. I stopped a short time for lunch, and then set out again with renewed energy. But the course continued to be exceedingly rough. Wind and wave had increased, and for a while there was every reason to despair of making any progress. My predicament aroused not only the alarm but even the ridicule of people from the banks. Some sportive youths followed for more than a mile along the meadows, and just then an idea suggested itself that proved as great fun for the boys as it was a relief to the canoeist. A long rope was brought from the neighboring village, and I soon found myself being towed along at a rapid rate by a dozen or more

* This expression had its origin in the story of the landlord of the inn at Medmenham, who, hearing that bargemen intended to plunder his larder, baked a pie of young puppies, which they took, and ate under Marlow Bridge, believing them to be rabbits.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

little chaps, who fairly ran themselves out in their excitement over the sport. They made a succession of spurts over a distance of two miles, and then were dismissed with thanks and a gift of a penny each, with which they seemed particularly pleased.

The locks formed an agreeable variety in the journey. The lock-keeper's house is charmingly picturesque and neat. Vines and flowers grow about his door, and a patch of ground adjoining marks off a garden where he spends most of his time and labor. The river here seems brought to a stand-still, for the ponderous gates of the lock oppose a lake-like surface of water. But one has only to listen for a moment, and the rushing noise, not far distant, tells him that the rapid-flowing stream has gone to feed a mill, or to struggle its way through the wooden rafters of the weir.

The country now gained in loveliness. Wooded slopes lay on one side, and here and there a church spire embosomed in trees. Presently the secluded little villages of Streatley and Goring—the one on the right, the other on the left, and joined by a picturesque wooden bridge—became visible. It seems as if their charming site had been too much for the wind to withstand, for here everything was quiet. As I paddled under the overhanging trees, and followed the graceful windings of the stream, the effect was quite enchanting. It was rather late in the afternoon, and this fact, together with the peculiar beauty of the spot, led me to put up at the Swan, that comfortable old inn of Streatley. The chalk downs sprinkled with yews and junipers, the picturesque church of Goring nestled among the trees, the magnificent panorama to be obtained from the background of hills, certainly make this spot one of the sweetest gems of Thames scenery.

The next day was by no means pleasant; and, as a further inconvenience, the canoe refused to be made proof against leaking. Yet for all this one could not but enjoy the beauty of Pangborne and the surrounding country. Undulating plains, lofty hills interspersed with grand old trees that picturesquely surround here and there a village spire or farm-house, give a most captivating loveliness to the pastoral and cultivated lands around. As I skirted the shore, my eye now and then caught a glimpse of the purple and yellow loosestrife that decked the water's edge; water-lilies carpeted the surface of the quiet nooks, and water-rats played about their burrowed retreats in the bank.

One soon passes a rustic inn where, tradition says, King Charles the First went from his prison-house at Caversham to "amuse himself with bowls." The circumstance is alluded to in the following lines, written on an old sign-board:

"Stop, traveller, stop. In yonder peaceful glade,
His favorite game the royal martyr play'd.
Here, stripp'd of honors, children, freedom, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowl'd for what he drank;
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
And changed his guinea ere he lost his crown."

After a short paddle the canoe entered a delightful stretch of water that disclosed to view the lock and moss-roofed mill of Maple-durham lying amid a rich foliage of trees. The thickly wooded banks shut out the wind, and one drifts lazily down with the stream toward one of the most picturesque spots on the Thames—a very "painter's paradise," as it has been called. The lock-keeper was deeply interested, and remarked: "It's rayther haird woork gettin' along with sich a craft a day like this. You'll find it a wee bit better 'twixt this and Caversham." His prophecy, however, was anything but true, for the wind blew across an unusually open country, and more than two hours were spent in going a distance of two miles.

Toward evening the sky brightened, and as the sun shone through the parting clouds, the famous old bridge of Henley came in sight, and that splendid stretch of water where every summer the amateur regatta gathers a gay and enthusiastic meeting of aquatic votaries.

One leaves Henley, and passing islets of osier beds, arrives at a bend in the river that discloses the captivating surroundings of Medmenham. The ruined abbey lies close by the river, nestled among trees, and its ivy-grown walls are the favorite resort of boating parties from the adjacent villages. The inscription, "Fay ce que voudras," conspicuous above the door, recalls the licentiousness of a band of fashionables in the last century who made the cowl the cloak of the most infamous orgies.

Between this point and Marlow the river takes a winding course through a beautifully rich valley. Lounging in the bottom of the canoe, I drifted lazily with the stream past that memorable old spot, Bisham, where the "mortal parts" of Richard Neville, the "King-Maker," Edward Plantagenet, and others repose within the walls of the ancient church, and alongside the banks where Shelley, sixty years ago, wrote his "Revolt of Islam." I was just being lulled by the canoe's motion into a sleep, when a noisy steam-launch brought me to my senses, and I looked up to find myself passing under the graceful suspension-bridge of Marlow. There, on the right, was the famous old inn, "The Crown," with which many an angler has happy associations. There the fisherman's punt—so characteristic a feature of life on the Thames—is always to be seen, secured by a pole at either end, and equipped with chairs, fishing-rods and lines, nets, a water-tank, a rake, bait consisting of gentles, worms, and a so-called ground-bait made up of clay and soaked bread-crumbs. In such a craft the angler, a true model of patience, sits for hours together, nor is he unfrequently rewarded with a fine catch of roach, chub, dace, gudgeon, pike, or barbel.

It was late in the evening when I drew up my canoe on the landing-place at Cookham. The rain that had been falling for the past half-hour had made things so uncomfortable that the hospitality of the old inn, "Bel and Dragon," seemed a genuine blessing. The good landlord gave me a change of clothes, and supplied every possible comfort. It would be difficult to find a place where one could spend a few weeks more happily than at Cookham, situated as it is in the most beautiful and richly cultivated of English landscapes, and possessing river attractions in which the Thames remains unsurpassed.

One was naturally loath to leave so lovely a spot, yet before ten o'clock the following morning the canoe was being paddled in the direction of Windsor, some twelve miles distant. This part of the river comprises the most delightful scenery in England, and as one approaches Cliefden, nature and art blend in loveliest harmony. The river winds gracefully under hills thickly shrouded in trees from all quarters of the globe, and a beautiful mansion, dating its first foundation from James's favorite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, smiles over pretty lawns and cultivated slopes upon the "silver-winding stream" below. It is doubtful whether in beauty and grandeur combined Cliefden can be surpassed, or even equalled, anywhere in England. A few hours' sunshine about these charming grounds of the Duke of Westminster is sufficient to atone

MARLOW.

for whole days of previous rainy weather. The woods echo with the singing of birds; the sedge-warbler from her nest on the swaying rushes seems to be serenading a circle of graceful swans; the river flowing smoothly by "makes all things double" in its glassy surface; the angler sits in his punt moored under the bank, and casts a sullen look at the pleasure-boats that occasionally break in upon his quiet.

The swans showed a special antipathy to the canoe. Poor creatures! No doubt I ventured too near the osier beds where they had their nests. They have certain territorial rights assigned them by different authorities, and they are ever on the alert to defend themselves against any intruder. Passers-by seem to take pleasure in exciting their irritable natures; but they have a kind friend in the fisherman, who watches over them, and receives a shilling for every cygnet that he successfully rears.

As one leaves the beautiful surroundings of Cliefden, and passes under the bridge of Maidenhead, the imposing turrets of Windsor Castle are distinctly visible, crowning the summit of a distant hill. But it is an unexpectedly long time before that regal castle is reached, so winding is the stream, and so many interesting spots intervene. One stops to admire Taplow Bridge, with arches of extraordinary span, to meditate a moment under the shadow of Bray church, concerning that wonderful vicar, commemorated still in English song, or to learn something of a quaint mansion, Down Place, prettily situated on the right bank of the river. Here lived that famous bookseller Jacob Tonson, and here one Christopher Catt served up "mutton pies" to a table of thirty-nine men of high social and intellectual rank, who formed the well-known "Kit-Cat Club," and whose portraits, as painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were for a long time preserved in one of Tonson's rooms.

The canoe sped swiftly on, and in a very short time, while the curfew bell was ringing out the hour from Cæsar's Tower, I found myself beneath the massive pile of Windsor Castle on the right, and the charming buildings and play-ground of Eton College on the left. It would be out of place here to give a description of either of these very imposing structures. One can not help contrasting the present magnificence of the royal residence with that crude hunting lodge that sheltered William the Conqueror after his day's chase about the neighboring forests, or

with the fortress-like buildings where tourneys and other brilliant displays celebrated the festival of England's patron saint, St. George. The old Bell Tower, beneath which prisoners were once confined; the Round Tower, constructed to receive the round table of the Knights of the Order of the Garter; and St. George's Chapel, the burial-place of present and past royalty—these three structures present a particularly striking appearance from the river. Yet it would seem that one must lose most of the charm of this spot if he fails to stroll along the forest walks, the elm-shaded drives, and the farm lands of the great park, or to enjoy that finest of English views from the noble terrace that surrounds the walls, antique towers, and embattlements of the castle. Among the more striking points that meet the eye are the Gothic chapel and buildings of Eton, occupying a most beautiful site amid trees and "sweet meadows" on the opposite side of the river,

> "Where grateful Science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade."

The grand old playing fields, sloping gracefully down to the river, and adorned with stately elms and pretty green lawns, are wonderfully captivating. It seems as if nature and art could not have produced a lovelier spot for the early boyhood of such men as Gray, Fox, Wellington, Hallam, and Gladstone.

I soon left this tempting spot, and followed the sinuous course of the stream, varied with lines of willows and water-lilies along its bank, and dotted here and there with picturesque islets. One of these—Magna Charta—lying nearly opposite the long level meadow of Runnymede, recalled many historical associations, for

> "There was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
> All marks of arbitrary power lays down."

I spent some time at the little cottage on the island, and examined with a certain degree of curiosity a stone table, on which an inscription declares that "On this island, in June, 1215, King John of England signed the Magna Charta."

There was little to justify any further delay until I reached Chertsey, where the ancient abbey and that lovely point of view, St. Anne's Hill, were sufficient inducements to draw up the canoe. There are, indeed, very few remains of this once famous abbey, that from the seventh century enjoyed such extraordinary wealth and power. Some stone walls, a graveyard, and the tolling of the old curfew bell alone remain to remind one of Erkenwald's foundation. History tell us that this monastery of the Benedictines was a favorite resort of Henry VI., and here the remains of that king found a resting-place previous to their interment at Windsor. A picturesque old place, the Porch House, marks the home of the poet Cowley. His pretty gardens looked out upon St. Anne's Hill, and were interspersed with shady trees, one of which, a famous old horse-chestnut, is pointed out as that beneath which the poet frequently sat. There is something singularly unfortunate in Cowley's career, and one longs to know more of the latent worth of that poet whom Milton ranked with Shakspeare and Spenser, and who enjoyed the highest esteem of Pope and Johnson. There is a beautiful touch of pathos in the lines of Pope over that solemn procession that followed the remains of Cowley down the Thames to Westminster Abbey.

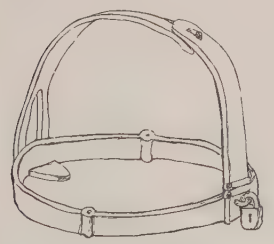
> "O early lost! What tears the river shed
> When the sad pomp along his banks was led!"

If one should walk a mile or so to the west of Chertsey, up the slope of St. Anne's Hill, he would reach that delightful spot where Charles James Fox lived and worked during the summer months. The gardens, woods, and lawns, and the view over the surrounding country, are all so charming that one can well understand how it was that Fox "loved the place with a passionate fondness." He no doubt revelled in the joys of country life. "Where is Fox now?" was asked of General Fitzpatrick at a critical stage in the French Revolution. "I dare say he is at home, sitting on a hay-cock reading novels, or watching the jays steal his cherries," was the reply.

Setting out from Chertsey, my canoe began to leak quite freely, and this was an excuse for landing at the meadows of Coway Stakes, where accounts say Cæsar encountered the "woad-stained" Britons under Cassivelaunus, who had sought to impede his progress by planting stakes on the bank and in the bed of the river. The scenery was not particularly interesting at this point, and so soon as the canoe's stern was well besmeared with soap—the only expedient at hand—I paddled on to-

WINDSOR CASTLE.

ward that extremely picturesque bridge of Walton that Turner has made the subject of one of his most charming pictures.



THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

Here the old village church contains many interesting objects, one of which—the scold's bridle—does not speak very well for the Walton women of two centuries ago, for the inscription upon this curious contrivance tells of one who suffered great material loss "through the instrumentality of a gossiping, lying woman."

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle."

The unfortunate female with tongue tied fast was led about the streets, or exposed to public gaze in the market-places.

This portion of the Thames is a favorite resort of anglers, who can be seen day in and day out in their punts, moored close by the bridge, or under the shade of Oatlands Park—once the cherished home of the young Queen Elizabeth. One old fellow seemed to be having fine sport with the bream that swim in such abundance in these waters, while his companion was sulkily complaining of his luck. The latter could not understand it, and would not be told that it was from any want of skill and experience that he failed to hook a fish.

As I paddled on, the river seemed to lose those charms that gave such peculiar loveliness to the scenery of the Upper Thames, though here and there some pretty villas gave a pleasing character to the banks. One of these, standing some distance back, with beautiful grounds sloping down to the river, and weeping-willows dipping their branches in the stream, is celebrated as having been for twenty-five years the country residence of Garrick after his retirement from the stage. Here the actor entertained at dinner parties and garden parties such men as Horace Walpole and the Duke of Grafton; and here every May-day village children loved to romp, and partake of the cakes, wine, and other good things that Garrick set apart for them. The first thing that attracted my attention, as the canoe neared this charming villa of Hampton, was an octagonal structure, apparently a summer-house, but originally built to receive Roubiliac's statue of Shakspeare, which was

being executed according to Garrick's order, and for which the vain actor sat as a model.

It was now but a short paddle to Hampton Court—my journey's end—and the sight of Wolsey's old palace was particularly welcome after three days of comparatively solitary life on the Thames. There was a picnic party in the neighborhood when I arrived. One of the London steamboats had landed hundreds of men, women, and children, who seemed everywhere—about the town, in the palace grounds, under the chestnuts of Bushy Park, and along the banks of the river. Some were losing themselves in the "Maze"; some were admiring the wonderful "vine" and its huge clusters of Black Hamburgs; others were "doing" the palace, or whiling away the time on a rustic seat beneath some shady tree. That spot where kings resided from the time of Henry VIII. to that of George II. has now become a public thoroughfare. The rooms once frequented by royalty are now assigned to the widows of such men as have done their country noble service, or are thrown open to the throngs of sight-seers who go to look at the pictures, or to satisfy their curiosity in whatever tends to reveal the domestic life of the royal household.

ANNE.

CHAPTER III.

"By this means was the young head furnished with a considerable miscellany of things and shadows of things: History in authentic fragments lay mingled with fabulous chimeras, wherein also was reality."—CARLYLE.

"Wassamequin, Nashoonon, and Massaconomet did voluntarily submit themselves to the English, and promise to be willing from time to time to be instructed in the knowledge of God. Being asked not to do any unnecessary work on the Sabbath day, they answered, 'It is easy to them; they have not much to do on any day, and can well take rest on that day as any other.' So then we, causing them to understand the articles, and all the ten commandments of God, and they freely assenting to all, they were solemnly received; and the Court gave each of them a coat of two yards of cloth, and their dinner; and to them and their men, every one of them, a cup of sack at their departure. So they took leave, and went away."—*Massachusetts Colonial Records.*

DR. GASTON sat in his library, studying a chess problem. His clerical coat was old and spotted, his table was of rough wood, the floor uncarpeted; by right, Poverty should have made herself prominent there. But she did not. Perhaps she liked the old chaplain, who showed a fine, amply built person under her reign, with florid complexion, bright blue eyes, and a curly brown wig—very different in aspect from her usual lean and dismal retinue; perhaps, also, she stopped here herself to warm her cold heart now and then in the hot, bright, crowded little room, which was hers by right, although she did not claim it, enjoying it, however, as a miserly money-lender enjoys the fine house over which he holds a mortgage, rubbing his hands exultingly, as, clad in his thin old coat, he walks by. Certainly the plastering had dropped from the walls here and there; there was no furniture save the tables and shelves made by the island carpenter, and one old leathern arm-chair, the parson's own, a miracle of comfort, age, and hanging leather tatters. But on the shelves and on the tables, on the floor and on the broad window-sills, were books; they reached the ceiling on the shelves; they wainscoted the walls to the height of several feet all around the room; small volumes were piled on the narrow mantel as far up as they could go without toppling over, and the tables were loaded also. Aisles were kept open leading to the door, to the windows, and to the hearth, where the ragged arm-chair stood, and where there was a small parade-ground of open floor; but everywhere else the printed thoughts held sway. The old fire-place was large and deep, and here burned night and day, throughout the winter, a fire which made the whole room bright; add to this the sunshine streaming through the broad, low, uncurtained windows, and you have the secret of the cheerfulness in the very face of a barren lack of everything we are accustomed to call comfort.

The Reverend James Gaston was an Englishman by birth. On coming to America he had accepted a chaplaincy in the army, with the intention of resigning it as soon as he had become sufficiently familiar with the ways of the Church in this country to feel at ease in a parish. But years had passed, and he was a chaplain still; for evidently the country parishes were not regulated according to his home ideas, the rector's authority—yes, even the

tenure of his rectorship—being dependent upon the chance wills and fancies of his people. Here was no dignity, no time for pleasant classical studies, and no approval of them; on the contrary, a continuous going out to tea, and a fear of offending, it might be, a warden's wife, who very likely had been brought up a Dissenter. The Reverend James Gaston therefore preferred the government for a master.

Dr. Gaston held the office of post chaplain, having been, on application, selected by the council of administration. He had no military rank, but as there happened to be quarters to spare, a cottage was assigned to him, and as he had had the good fortune to be liked and respected by all the officers who had succeeded each other on the little island, his position, unlike that of some of his brethren, was endurable, and even comfortable. He had been a widower for many years; he had never cared to marry again, but had long ago recovered his cheerfulness, and had brought up, intellectually at least, two children whom he loved as if they had been his own—the boy Erastus Pronando, and Anne Douglas. The children returned his affection heartily, and made a great happiness in his lonely life. The girl was his good scholar, the boy his bad one; yet the teacher was severe with Anne, and indulgent to the boy. If any one had asked the reason, perhaps he would have said that girls were docile by nature, whereas boys, having more temptations, required more lenity; or perhaps that girls who, owing to the constitution of society, never advanced far in their studies, should have all the incitement of severity while those studies lasted, whereas boys, who are to go abroad in the world and learn from life, need no such severity. But the real truth lay deeper than this, and the chaplain himself was partly conscious of it; he felt that the foundations must be laid accurately and deeply in a nature like that possessed by this young girl.

"Good-morning, uncle," said Anne, entering and putting down her Latin books (as children they had adopted the fashion of calling their teacher "uncle"). "Was your coffee good this morning?"

"Ah, well, so-so, child, so-so," replied the chaplain, hardly aroused yet from his problem.

"Then I must go out and speak to—to—what is this one's name, uncle?"

"Her name is—here, I have it written down—Mrs. Evelina Crangall," said the chaplain, reading aloud from his notebook, in a slow, sober voice. Evidently it was a matter of moment to him to keep that name well in his mind.

Public opinion required that Dr. Gaston should employ a Protestant servant; no one else was obliged to conform, but the congregation felt that a stand must be made somewhere, and they made it, like a chalk line, at the parson's threshold. Now it was very well known that there were no Protestants belonging to the class of servants on the island who could cook at all, that talent being confined to the French quarter-breeds and to occasional Irish soldiers' wives, none of them Protestants. The poor parson's cooking was passed from one incompetent hand to another—lake-sailors' wives, wandering emigrants, moneyless forlorn females left by steamers, belonging to that strange floating population that goes forever travelling up and down the land, without apparent motive save a vague El-Dorado hope whose very conception would be impossible in any other country save this. Mrs. Evelina Crangall was a hollow-chested woman with faded blue eyes, one prominent front tooth, scanty light hair, and for a form a lattice-work of bones. She preserved, however, a somewhat warlike aspect in her limp calico, and maintained that she thoroughly understood the making of coffee, but that she was accustomed to the use of a French coffee-pot. Anne, answering serenely that no French coffee-pot could be obtained in that kitchen, went to work and explained the whole process from the beginning, the woman meanwhile surveying her with suspicion, which gradually gave way before the firm but pleasant manner. With a long list of kindred Evelinas, Anne had had dealings before. Sometimes her teachings effected a change for the better, sometimes they did not, but in any case the Evelinas seldom remained long. They were wanderers by nature, and had sudden desires to visit San Francisco, or to "go down the river to Newerleens." This morning, while making her explanation, Anne made coffee too. It was a delicious cupful which she carried back with her into the library, and the chaplain, far away in the chess country, came down to earth immediately in order to drink it. Then they opened the Latin books, and Anne trans-

"AS SHE BENT OVER THE OLD VOLUME."

lated her page of Livy, her page of Cicero, and recited her rules correctly. She liked Latin; its exactness suited her. Mrs. Bryden was wrong when she said that the girl studied Greek. Dr. Gaston had longed to teach her that golden tongue, but here William Douglas had interfered. "Teach her Latin if you like, but not Greek," he said. "It would injure the child—make what is called a blue-stocking of her, I suppose—and it is my duty to stand between her and injury."

"Ah! ah! you want to make a belle of her, do you?" said the cheery chaplain.

"I said it was my duty; I did not say it was my wish," replied the moody father. "If I could have my wish, Anne should never know what a lover is all her life long."

"What! you do not wish to have her marry, then? There are happy marriages. Come, Douglas, don't be morbid."

"I know what men are. And you and I are no better."

"But she may love."

"Ah! there it is; she may. And that is what I meant when I said that it was my duty to keep her from making herself positively unattractive."

"Greek need not do that," said Dr. Gaston, shortly.

"It need not, but it does. Let me ask you one question: did you ever fall in love, or come anywhere near falling in love, with a girl who understood Greek?"

"That is because only the homely ones take to it," replied the chaplain, fencing a little.

But Anne was not taught Greek. After Cicero she took up algebra, then astronomy. After that she read aloud from a ponderous Shakspeare, and the old man corrected her accentuation, and questioned her on the meanings. A number of the grand old plays the girl knew almost entirely by heart; they had been her reading-books from childhood. The down-pouring light of the vivid morning sunshine and the up-coming white glare of the ice below met and shone full upon her face and figure as she bent over the old volume laid open on the table before her, one hand supporting her brow, the other resting on the yellow page. Her hands were firm, white,

and beautifully shaped—strong hands, generous hands, faithful hands; not the little, idle, characterless, faithless palms so common in America, small, dainty, delicate, and shapeless, coming from a composite origin. Her thick hair, brown as a mellowed chestnut, with a gleam of dark red where the light touched it, like the red of November oak leaves, was, as usual, in her way, the heavy braids breaking from the coil at the back of her head, one by one, as she read on through *Hamlet*. At last impatiently she drew out the comb, and they all fell down over her shoulders, and left her in momentary peace.

The lesson was nearly over when Rast Pronando appeared; he was to enter college—a Western college on one of the lower lakes—early in the spring, and that prospect made the chaplain's lessons seem dull to him. "Very likely they will not teach at all as he does; I shall do much better if I go over the text-books by myself," he said, confidentially, to Anne. "I do not want to appear old-fashioned, you know."

"Is it unpleasant to be old-fashioned? I should think the old fashions would be sure to be the good ones," said the girl. "But I do not want you to go so far beyond me, Rast; we have always been even until now. Will you think *me* old-fashioned too when you come back?"

"Oh no; you will always be Anne. I can predict you exactly at twenty, and even thirty: there is no doubt about *you*."

"But shall I be old-fashioned?"

"Well, perhaps; but we don't mind it in women. All the goddesses were old-fashioned, especially Diana. *You* are Diana."

"Diana, a huntress. She loved Endymion, who was always asleep," said Anne, quoting from her school-girl mythology.

This morning Rast had dropped in to read a little Greek with his old master, and to walk home with Anne. The girl hurried through her *Hamlet*, and then yielded the place to him. It was a three-legged stool, the only companion the arm-chair had, and it was the seat for the reciting scholar; the one who was studying sat in a niche on the window-seat at a little distance. Anne, retreating to this niche, began to rebraid her hair.

"But she, within—within—singing with enchanting tone, enchanting voice, wove with a—with a golden shuttle the sparkling web," read Rast, looking up and dreamily watching the brown strands taking their place in the long braid. Anne saw his look, and hurried her weaving. The girl had thought all her life that her hair was ugly because it was so heavy, and neither black nor gold in hue; and

"HE SEIZED ANNE'S WRIST, AND DRAGGED HER."

Rast, following her opinion, had thought so too: she had told him it was, many a time. It was characteristic of her nature that while as a child she had admired her companion's spirited, handsome face and curling golden locks, she had never feared lest he might not return her affection because she happened to be ugly; she drew no comparisons. But she had often discussed the subject of beauty with him. "I should like to be beautiful," she said; "like that girl at the fort last summer."

"Pooh! it doesn't make much differ-

ence," answered Rast, magnanimously. "I shall always like you."

"That is because you are so generous, dear."

"Perhaps it is," answered the boy.

This was two years before, when they were fourteen and fifteen years old; at sixteen and seventeen they had advanced but little in their ideas of life and of each other. Still, there was a slight change, for Anne now hurried the braiding; it hurt her a little that Rast should gaze so steadily at the rough, ugly hair.

When the Greek was finished they said good-by to the chaplain, and left the cottage together. As they crossed the inner parade ground, taking the snow path which led toward the entrance grating, and which was kept shovelled out by the soldiers, the snow walls on each side rising to their chins, Rast suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Annet, I have thought of something! I am going to take you down the fort hill on a sled. Now you need not object, because I shall do it in any case, although we *are* grown up, and I *am* going to college. Probably it will be the last time. I shall borrow Bert Bryden's sled. Come along."

All the boy in him was awake; he seized Anne's wrist, and dragged her through first one cross-path, then another, until at last they reached the commandant's door. From the windows their heads had been visible, turning and crossing above the heaped-up snow. "Rast, and Anne Douglas," said Mrs. Bryden, recognizing the girl's fur cap and the youth's golden hair. She tapped on the window, and signed to them to enter without ceremony. "What is it, Rast? Good-morning, Anne; what a color you have, child!"

"Rast has been making me run," said Anne, smiling, and coming toward the hearth, where the fort ladies were sitting together sewing, and rather lugubriously recalling Christmas times in their old Eastern homes.

"Throw off your cloak," said Mrs. Cromer, "else you will take cold when you go out again."

"We shall only stay a moment," answered Anne.

The cloak was of strong dark blue woollen cloth, closely fitted to the figure, with a small cape; it reached from her throat to her ankles, and was met and completed by fur boots, fur gloves, and a little fur cap. The rough plain costume was becoming to the vigorous girl. "It tones her down," thought the lieutenant's wife; "she really looks quite well."

In the mean while Rast had gone across to the dining-room to find Bert Bryden, the commandant's son, and borrow his sled.

"And you're really going to take Miss Douglas down the hill!" said the boy. "Hurrah! I'll look out of the side window and see. What fun! Such a big girl to go sliding!"

Anne was a big girl to go; but Rast was not to be withstood. She would not get on the sled at the door, as he wished, but followed him out through the sally-port, and around to the top of the long steep fort hill, whose snowy, slippery road-track was hardly used at all during the winter, save by coasters, and these few in number, for the village boys, French and half-breeds, did not view the snow as an amusement, or toiling up hill as a recreation. The two little boys at the fort, and what Scotch and New England blood there was in the town, held a monopoly of the coasting.

"There they go!" cried Bert, from his perch on the deep window-seat overlooking the frozen Straits and the village below. "Mamma, you must let me take you down now; you are not so big as Miss Douglas."

Mrs. Bryden, a slender little woman, laughed. "Fancy the colonel's horror," she said, "if he should see me sliding down that hill! And yet it looks as if it might be rather stirring," she added, watching the flying sled and its load. The sled, of island manufacture, was large and sledge-like; it carried two comfortably. Anne held on by Rast's shoulders, sitting behind him, while he guided the flying craft. Down they glided, darted, faster and faster, losing all sense of everything after a while save speed. Reaching the village street at last, they flew across it, and out on the icy pier beyond, where Rast by a skillful manœuvre stopped the sled on the very verge. The fort ladies were all at the windows now, watching.

"How dangerous!" said Mrs. Bryden, forgetting her admiration of a moment before with a mother's irrelevant rapidity. "Albert, let me never see or hear of your sliding on that pier; another inch, and they would have gone over, down on the broken ice below!"

"I couldn't do it, mamma, even if I tried," replied Master Albert, regretfully; "I always tumble off the sled at the street, or else run into one of the warehouses. Only Rast Pronando can steer across slanting, and out on that pier."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Bryden; "but your father must also give you his positive commands on the subject. I had no idea that the pier was ever attempted."

"And it is not, mamma, except by Rast," said the boy. "Can't I try it when I am as old as he is?"

"Hear the child!" said Mrs. Cromer, going back to her seat by the fire; "one would suppose he expected to stay here all his life. Do you not know, Bert, that we are only here for a little while—a year or two? Before you are eighteen months older very likely you will find yourself out on the plains. What a life it is!"

The fort ladies all sighed. It was a habit they had. They drew the dreariest pictures of their surroundings and privations in their letters homeward, and really believed them, theoretically. In truth, there were some privations; but would any one of them have exchanged army life for civilian? To the last, thorough army ladies retain their ways; you recognize them even when retired to private and perhaps more prosperous life. Cosmopolitans, they do not sink into the ruts of small-town life; they are never provincial. They take the world easily, having a pleasant, generous taste for its pleasures, and making light of the burdens that fall to their share. All little local rules and ways are nothing to them: neither here nor anywhere are they to remain long. With this habit and manner they keep up a vast amount of general cheeriness—vast indeed, when one considers how small the incomes often are. But if small, they are also sure.

"Rast Pronando is too old for such frolics, I think," said Mrs. Rankin, the lieutenant's wife, beginning another seam in the new dress for her baby.

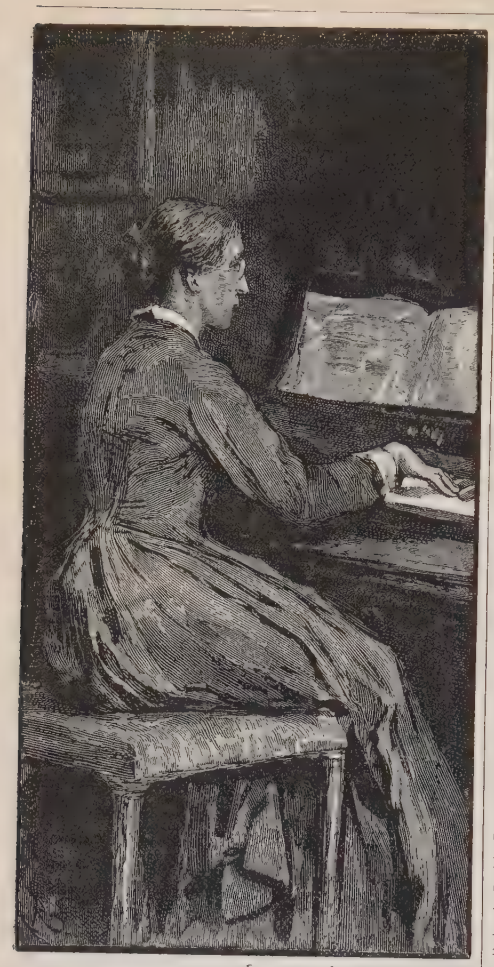
"He goes to college in the spring; that will quiet him," said Mrs. Bryden.

"What will he do afterward? Is he to live here? At this end of the world—this jumping-off place?"

"I suppose so; he has always lived here. But he belongs, you know, to the old Philadelphia family of the same name, the Peter Pronandos."

"Does he? How strange! How did he come here?"

"He was born here: Dr. Gaston told me his history. It seems that the boy's father was a wild younger son of the second Peter, grandson, of course, of the original Peter, from whom the family derive all their greatness—*and* money. This Peter the third, only his name was not Peter, but John (the eldest sons were the Peters)—wandered away from home, and came up here, where his father's name was well known among the directors of the Fur Company. John Pronando, who must have been of very different fibre from the rest of the family, liked the wild life of the border, and even went off on one or two long expeditions to the Red River of the North and the Upper Missouri after furs with the hunters of the Company. His father then offered him a position here which would carry with it authority, but he curtly refused, saying that he had no taste for a desk and pen like Peter. Peter was his brother, who had begun dutifully at an early age his life-long task of taking care of the large accumulation of land which makes the family so rich. Peter was the good boy always. Father Peter was naturally angry with John, and inclined even then to cross his name off the family list of heirs; this, however, was not really done until the prodigal crowned his long course of misdeeds by marrying the pretty daughter of a Scotchman, who held one of the smaller clerkships in the Company's warehouses here—only a grade above the hunters themselves. This was the end. Almost anything else might have been forgiven save a marriage of that kind. If John Pronando had selected the daughter of a flat-boat man on the Ohio River, or of a Pennsylvania mountain wagoner, they might have accepted her—at a distance—and made the best of her. But a person from the rank and file of their own Fur Company—it was as though a colonel should marry the daughter of a common soldier in his own regiment: yes, worse, for nothing can equal the Pronando pride. From that day John Pronando was simply forgotten—so they said. His mother was dead, so it may have been true. A small sum was settled upon him, and a will was carefully drawn up forever excluding him and the heirs he might have from any share in the estate. John did not appear to mind this, but lived on merrily enough for some years



LOIS HINSDALE.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

afterward, until his sweet little wife died; then he seemed to lose his strength suddenly, and soon followed her, leaving this one boy, Erastus, named after the maternal grandfather, with his usual careless disregard of what would be for his advantage. The boy has been brought up by our good chaplain, although he lives with a family down in the village; the doctor has husbanded what money there was carefully, and there is enough to send him through college, and to start him in life in some way. A good education he considered the best investment of all."

"In a fresh-water college?" said Mrs. Cromer, raising her eyebrows.

"Why not, for a fresh-water boy? He will always live in the West."

"He is so handsome," said Mrs. Rankin, "that he might go Eastward, captivate his relatives, and win his way back into the family again."

"He does not know anything about his family," said the colonel's wife.

"Then some one ought to tell him."

"Why? Simply for the money? No: let him lead his own life out here, and make his own way," said Mrs. Bryden, warmly.

"What a radical you are, Jane!"

"No, not a radical; but I have seen two or three of the younger Pronandos, of the fourth generation, I mean, and whenever I think of their dead eyes, and lifeless, weary manner, I feel like doing what I can to keep Rast away from them."

"But the boy must live his life, Jane. These very Pronandos whom you describe will probably be sober and staid at fifty: the Pronandos always are. And Rast, after all, is one of them."

"But not like them. *He* would go to ruin, he has so much more imagination than they have."

"And less stability?"

"Well, no; less epicureanism, perhaps. It is the solid good things of life that bring the Pronandos back, after they have indulged in youthful wildness: they have no taste for husks."

Then the colonel came in, and, soon after, the sewing circle broke up, Mrs. Cromer and Mrs. Rankin returning to their quarters in the other cottages through the walled snow-paths. The little fort was perched on the brow of the cliff, overlooking the village and harbor; the windows of the stone cottages which formed the officers' quarters commanded an uninterrupted view of blue water in summer, and white ice-fields in winter, as far as the eye could reach. It could hardly have withstood a bombardment; its walls and block-houses, erected as a defense against the Indians, required constant propping and new foundation-work to keep them within the requirements of safety, not to speak of military dignity. But the soldiers had nothing else to do, and, on the whole, the fort looked well, especially from the water, crowning the green height with buttressed majesty. During eight months of the year the officers played chess and checkers, and the men played fox-and-geese. The remaining four months, which comprised all there was of spring, summer, and autumn, were filled full of out-door work and enjoyment; summer visitors came, and the

United States uniform took its conquering place, as usual, among the dancers, at the picnics, and on the fast-sailing fishing-boats which did duty as yachts, skimming over the clear water in whose depths fish could be seen swimming forty feet below. These same fish were caught and eaten—the large lake trout, and the delicate white-fish, aristocrat of the fresh-water seas; three-quarters of the population were fishermen, and the whole town drew its food from the deep. The business had broadened, too, as the Prairie States became more thickly settled, namely, the salting and packing for sale of these fresh-water fish. Barrels stood on the piers, and brisk agents, with pencils behind their ears, stirred the slow-moving villagers into activity, as the man with a pole stirs up the bears. Fur-bearing animals had had their day; it was now the turn of the creatures of the deep.

"Let us stop at the church-house a moment and see Miss Lois," said Rast, as, dragging the empty sled behind him, he walked by Anne's side through the village street toward the Agency.

"I am afraid I have not time, Rast."

"Make it, then. Come, Annet, don't be ill-natured. And, besides, you ought to see that I go there, for I have not called upon Miss Lois this year."

"As this year only began last week, you are not so very far behind," said the girl, smiling. "Why can you not go and see Miss Lois alone?"

"I should be welcome, at any rate; *she* adores me."

"Does she, indeed!"

"Yes, Miss Douglas, she does. She pretends otherwise, but that is always the way with women. Oh! I know the world."

"You are only one year older than I am."

"In actual time, perhaps; but twenty years older in knowledge."

"What will you be, then, when you come back from college? An old man?"

"By no means; for *I* shall stay where I am. But in the mean time you will catch up with me."

Handsome Rast had passed through his novitiate, so he thought. His knowledge of the world was derived partly from Lieutenant Walters, who, although fresh from West Point, was still several years older than young Pronando, and patronized him accordingly, and partly from a slender, low-voiced Miss Carew, who was thirty, but appeared twenty, after the manner of slender yellow-white blondes who have never possessed any rose-tints or dimples, having always been willowy and amber-colored. Miss Carew sailed, for a summer's amusement, through the Great Lakes of the West; and then returned Eastward with the opinion that they were but so many raw, blank, inland oceans, without sensations or local coloring enough to rouse her. The week on the island, which was an epoch in Rast's life, had held for her but languid interest; yet even the languid work of a master-hand has finish and power, and Rast was melancholy and silent for fifteen days after the enchantress had departed. Then he wrote to her one or two wild letters, and received no answer; then he grew bitter. Then Walters came, with his cadet's deep experience in life, and the youth learned from him, and re-appeared on the surface again with a tinge of cynicism which filled Anne with wonder. For he had never told her the story of the summer; it was almost the only event in his life which she had not shared. But it was not that he feared to tell her, they were as frank with each other as two children; it was because he thought she would not understand it.

"I do not like Mr. Walters," she said, one day.

"He was very much liked at the Point, I assure you," said Rast, with significant emphasis. "By the ladies, I mean, who come there in the summer."

"How could they like him, with that important, egotistical air?"

"But it is to conquer him they like," said Tita, looking up from her corner.

"Hear the child!" said Rast, laughing. "Are *you* going to conquer, Tita?"

"Yes," said Tita, stroking the cat which shared the corner with her—a soft-coated yellow pussy that was generally sleepy and quiet, but which had, nevertheless, at times, extraordinary fits of galloping around in a circle, and tearing the bark from the trees as though she was possessed—an eccentricity of character which the boys attributed to the direct influence of Satan.

Miss Lois lived in the church-house. It was an ugly house; but then, as is often said of a plain woman, "so good!" It did not leak or rattle, or fall down or smoke, or lean or sag, as did most of the

other houses in the village, in regard to their shingles, their shutters, their chimneys, their side walls, and their roof-trees. It stood straightly and squarely on its stone foundation, and every board, nail, and latch was in its proper position. Years before, missionaries had been sent from New England to work among the Indians of this neighborhood, who had obtained their ideas of Christianity, up to that time, solely from the Roman Catholic priests, who had succeeded each other in an unbroken line from that adventurous Jesuit, the first explorer of these inland seas, Father Marquette. The Presbyterians came, established their mission, built a meeting-house, a school-house, and a house for their pastor, the buildings being as solid as their belief. Money was collected for this enterprise from all over New England, that old-time, devout, self-sacrificing community whose sternness and faith were equal; tall spare men came westward to teach the Indians, earnest women with bright steadfast eyes and lath-like forms were their aiders, wives, and companions. Among these came Miss Lois—then young Lois Hinsdale—carried Westward by an aunt whose missionary zeal was burning splendidly up an empty chimney which might have been filled with family loves and cares, but was not: shall we say better filled? The missionaries worked faithfully; but, as the Indians soon moved further westward, the results of their efforts can not be statistically estimated now, or the accounts balanced.

"The only good Indian is a dead Indian," is a remark that crystallizes the floating opinion of the border. But a border population has not a missionary spirit. New England, having long ago chased out, shot down, and exterminated all her own Indians, has become peaceful and pious, and does not agree with these Western carriers of shot-guns. Still, when there were no more Indians to come to this island school, it was of necessity closed, no matter which side was right. There were still numbers of Chippewas living on the other islands and on the mainland; but they belonged to the Roman Catholic faith, and were under the control of Père Michaux.

The Protestant church—a square New England meeting-house, with steeple and bell—was kept open during another year; but the congregation grew so small that at last knowledge of the true state of affairs reached the New England purses, and it was decided that the minister in charge should close this mission, and go southward to a more promising field among the prairie settlers of Illinois. All the teachers connected with the Indian school had departed before this—all save Miss Lois and her aunt; for Priscilla Hinsdale, stricken down by her own intense energy, which had consumed her as an inward fire, was now confined to her bed, partially paralyzed. The New England woman had sold her farm, and put almost all her little store of money into island property. "I shall live and die here," she had said; "I have found my life-work." But her work went away from her; her class of promising squaws departed with their pappooses and their braves, and left her scholarless.

"With all the blessed religious privileges they have here, besides other advantages, I can not at all understand it—I can not understand it," she repeated many times, especially to Sandy Forbes, an old Scotchman and fervent singer of psalms.

"Aweel, aweel, Miss Priscilla, I donnot suppose ye can," replied Sandy, with a momentary twinkle in his old eyes.

While still hesitating over her future course, illness struck down the old maid, and her life-work was at last decided for her: it was merely to lie in bed, motionless, winter and summer, with folded hands and whatever resignation she was able to muster. Niece Lois, hitherto a satellite, now assumed the leadership. This would seem a simple enough charge, the household of two women, poor in purse, in a remote village on a Northern frontier. But exotics of any kind require nursing and vigilance, and the Hinsdale household was an exotic. Miss Priscilla required that every collar should be starched in the New England fashion, that every curtain should fall in New England folds, that every dish on the table should be of New England origin, and that every clock should tick with New England accuracy. Lois had known no other training; and remembering as she did also the ways of the old home among the New Hampshire hills with a child's fidelity and affection, she went even beyond her aunt in faithfulness to her ideal; and although the elder woman had long been dead, the niece never varied the hab-

its or altered the rules of the house which was now hers alone.

"A little New England homestead strangely set up here on this far Western island," William Douglas had said.

The church-house, as the villagers named it, was built by the Presbyterian missionaries, many of them laboring with their own hands at the good work, seeing, no doubt, files of Indian converts rising up in another world to call them blessed. When it came into the hands of Miss Priscilla, it came, therefore, ready-made as to New England ideas of rooms and closets, and only required a new application of white and green paint to become for her an appropriate and rectangular bower. It stood near the closed meeting-house, whose steeple threw a slow-moving shadow across its garden, like a great sun-dial, all day. Miss Lois had charge of the key of the meeting-house, and often she unlocked its door, went in, and walked up and down the aisle, as if to revive the memories of the past. She remembered the faith and sure hope that used to fill the empty spaces, and shook her head and sighed. Then she upbraided herself for sighing, and sang in her thin husky voice softly a verse or two of one of their old psalms by way of reparation. She sent an annual report of the condition of the building to the Presbyterian Board of Missions, but in it said nothing of the small repairs for which her own purse paid. Was it a silent way of making amends to the old walls for having deserted their tenets?

"Cod-fish balls for breakfast on Sunday morning, of course," said Miss Lois, "and fried hasty-pudding. On Wednesdays a boiled dinner. Pies on Tuesdays and Saturdays."

The pins stood in straight rows on her pincushion; three times each week every room in the house was swept, and the floors as well as the furniture dusted. Beans were baked in an earthen pot on Saturday night, and sweet-cake was made on Thursday. Rast Pronando often dropped in to tea on Thursday. Winter or summer, through scarcity or plenty, Miss Lois never varied her established routine, thereby setting an example, she said, to the idle and shiftless. And certainly she was a faithful guide-post continually pointing out an industrious and systematic way, which, however, to the end of time, no French-blooded, French-hearted person will ever travel, unless dragged by force. The villagers preferred their lake trout to Miss Lois's salt cod-fish, their savory stews and soups to her corned beef, their tartines to her corn-meal puddings, and their eau-de-vie to her green tea; they loved their disorder and their comfort; her bar soap and scrubbing-brush were a horror to their eyes. They washed the household clothes two or three times a year: was not that enough? Of what use the endless labor of this sharp-nosed woman with glasses over her eyes at the church-house? Were not, perhaps, the glasses the consequences of such toil? And her figure of a long leanness also?

The element of real heroism, however, came into Miss Lois's life in her persistent effort to employ Indian servants. The old mission had been established for their conversion and education; any descendant of that mission, therefore, should continue to the utmost of her ability the beneficent work. The meeting-house was closed, the school-house abandoned, she could reach the native race by no other influence save personal; that personal influence, then, she would use. Through long years had she persisted, through long years would she continue to persist. A succession of Chippewa squaws broke, stole, and skirmished their way through her kitchen with various degrees of success, generally in the end departing suddenly at night with whatever booty they could lay their hands on. It is but justice to add, however, that this was not much, a rigid system of keys and excellent locks prevailing in the well-watched household. Miss Lois's conscience would not allow her to employ half-breeds, who were sometimes endurable servants; duty required, she said, that she should have full-blooded natives. And she had them. She always began to teach them the alphabet within three days after their arrival, and the spectacle of a tearful, freshly caught Indian girl, very wretched in her calico dress and white apron, worn out with the ways of the kettles and brasses, dejected over the fish-balls, and appalled by the pudding, standing confronted by a large alphabet on the well-scoured table, and Miss Lois by her side with a pointer, was frequent and even regular in its occurrence, the only change being in the personality of the learners. No one of them had ever gone through the letters; but Miss Lois was not discouraged. Patiently she began over again—

she was always beginning over again. And in the mean time she was often obliged not only to do almost all the household work with her own hands, but to do it twice over in order to instruct the new-comer. By the unwritten law of public opinion, Dr. Gaston was obliged to employ only Protestant servants; by the unwritten law of her own conscience, Miss Lois was obliged to employ only Indians. But in truth she did not employ them so much as they employed her.

Miss Lois received her young friends in the sitting-room. There was a parlor with Brussels carpet and hair-cloth sofa across the hall, but its blinds were closed, and its shades drawn down. The parlor of middle-class households in the cold climate of New England and the Northern States generally is a consecrated apartment, with the chill atmosphere and much of the solemnity of a tomb. It may be called the high altar of the careful housewife; but even here her sense of cleanliness and dustless perfection is such that she keeps it cold. No sacred fire burns, no cheerful ministry is allowed; everything is silent and veiled. The apartment is of no earthly use—nor heavenly, save perhaps for ghosts. But take it away, and the housewife is miserable; leave it, and she lives on contentedly in her sitting-room all the year round, knowing it is *there*.

Miss Lois's sitting-room was cheery; it had a rag-carpet, a bright fire, and double-glass panes instead of the heavy woollen curtains which the villagers hung over their windows in the winter—curtains that kept out the cold, but also the light. Miss Lois's curtains were of white dimity with knotted fringe, and her walls were freshly whitewashed. Her framed sampler, and a memorial picture done with pen and ink, representing two weeping-willows overshadowing a tombstone, ornamented the high mantel-piece, and there were also two gayly colored china jars filled with dried rose-leaves. They were only wild-brier roses; the real roses, as she called them, grew but reluctantly in this Northern air. Miss Lois never loved the wild ones as she had loved the old-fashioned cinnamon-scented pink and damask roses of her youth, but she gathered and dried these leaves of the brier from habit. There was also hanging on the wall a looking-glass tilted forward at such an angle that the looker-in could see only his feet, with a steep ascent of carpet going up hill behind him. This looking-glass possessed a brightly hued picture at the top, divided into two compartments, on one side a lovely lady with a large bonnet modestly concealing her face, very bare shoulders, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a bag hanging on her arm; on the other old Father Time, scythe in hand, as if he was intended as a warning to the lovely lady that minutes were rapid and his stroke sure.

"Why do you keep your glass tilted forward so far that we can not look in it, Miss Lois?" Rast had once asked.

Miss Lois did it from habit. But she answered: "To keep silly girls from looking at themselves while they are pretending to talk to me. They say something, and then raise their eyes quickly to see how they looked when they said it. I have known them keep a smile or a particular expression half a minute while they studied the effect—ridiculous calves!"

"Calves have lovely eyes sometimes," said Rast.

"Did I say the girls were ugly, Master Pert? But the homely girls look too."

"Perhaps to see how they can improve themselves."

"Perhaps," said the old maid, dryly. "Pity they never learn!"

In the sitting-room was a high chest of drawers, an old clock, a chintz-covered settle, and two deep narrow old rocking-chairs, intended evidently for scant skirts; on an especial table was the family Bible, containing the record of the Hinsdale family from the date of the arrival of the *Mayflower*. Miss Lois's prayer-book was not there; it was up stairs in a bureau drawer. It did not seem to belong to the old-time furniture of the rooms below, nor to the Hinsdale Bible.

The story of Miss Lois's change from the Puritan to the Episcopal ritual might to-day fill a volume if written by one of those brooding, self-searching woman-minds of New England—those unconscious, earnest egotists with introverted vision, who bring forth poetry beautiful sometimes to inspiration, but always purely subjective. And if in such a volume the feelings, the arguments, and the change were all represented as sincere, conscientious, and prayerful, they would be represented with entire truth. Nevertheless, so complex are the influences which move our lives, and so deep the under-powers which we ourselves may not

always recognize, that it could be safely added by a man of the world as a comment that Lois Hinsdale would never have felt these changes, these doubts, these conflicts, if William Douglas had not been of another creed. For in those days Douglas had a creed—the creed of his young bride.

"Miss Hinsdale, we have come to offer you our New-Year's good wishes," said Rast, taking off his cap and making a ceremonious bow. "Our equipage will wait outside. How charming is your apartment, madam! And yourself—how Minerva-like the gleam of the eye, the motion of the hand, which—"

"Which made the pies now cooling in the pantry, Rast Pronando, to whose fragrance, I presume, I owe the honor of this visit."

"Not for myself, dear madam, but for Anne. She has already confided to me that she feels a certain sinking sensation that absolutely requires the strengthening influence of pie."

Anne laughed. "Are you going to stay long?" she asked, still standing at the doorway.

"Certainly," replied Rast, seating himself in one of the narrow rocking-chairs; "I have a number of subjects to discuss with our dear Miss Lois."

"Then I will leave you here, for Tita is waiting for me. I have promised to take them all over to Père Michaux's house this afternoon."

Miss Lois groaned—two short abrupt groans on different keys.

"Have you? Then I'm going too," said Rast, rising.

"Oh no, Rast; please do not," said the girl, earnestly. "When you go, it is quite a different thing—a frolic always."

"And why not?" said Rast.

"Because the children go for religious instruction, as you well know; it is their faith, and I feel that I ought to give them such opportunities as I can to learn what it means."

"It means mummery!" said Miss Lois, loudly and sternly.

Anne glanced toward her old friend, but stood her ground firmly. "I must take them," she said; "I promised I would do so as long as they were children, and under my care. When they are older they can choose for themselves."

"To whom did you make that promise, Anne Douglas?"

"To Père Michaux."

"And you call yourself a Protestant!"

"Yes; but I hope to keep a promise too, dear Miss Lois."

"Why was it ever made?"

"Père Michaux required it, and—father allowed it."

Miss Lois rubbed her forehead, settled her spectacles with her first and third fingers, shook her head briskly once or twice to see if they were firmly in place, and then went on with her knitting. What William Douglas allowed, how could she disallow?

Rast, standing by Anne's side putting on his fur gloves, showed no disposition to yield.

"Please do not come, Rast," said the girl again, laying her hand on his arm.

"I shall go to take care of you."

"It is not necessary; we have old Antoine and his dogs, and the boys are to have a sled of their own. We shall be at home before dark, I think, and if not, the moon to-night is full."

"But I shall go," said Rast.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Lois. "Of course you will not go; Anne is right. You romp and make mischief with those children always. Behave now, and you shall come back this evening, and Anne shall come too, and we will have apples and nuts and gingerbread, and Anne shall recite."

"Will you, Annet? I will yield if you promise."

"If I must, I must," said Anne, reluctantly.

"Go, then, proud maid; speed upon your errand. And in the mean time, Miss Lois, something fragrant and spicy in the way of a reward *now* would not come amiss, and then some music."

Among the possessions which Miss Lois had inherited from her aunt was a small piano. The elder Miss Hinsdale, sent into the world with an almost Italian love of music, found herself unable to repress it even in cold New England; turning it, therefore, into the channel of the few stunted psalms and hymns and spiritual songs of the day, she indulged it in a cramped fashion, like a full-flowing stream shut off and made to turn a mill. When the missionary spirit seized her in its fiery whirlwind, she bargained with it mentally that her piano should be included; she represented to the doubting elder that it would be an instrument of great power

among the savages, and that even David himself accompanied the psalms with a well-stringed harp. The elder still doubted; he liked a tuning-fork; and besides, the money which Miss Priscilla would pay for the transportation of "the instrument" was greatly needed for boots for the young men. But as Miss Priscilla was a free agent, and quite determined, he finally decided, like many another leader, to allow what he could not prevent, and the piano came. It was a small, old-fashioned instrument, which had been kept in tune by Dr. Douglas, and through long years the inner life of Miss Lois, her hopes, aspirations, and disappointments, had found expression through its keys. It was a curious sight to see the old maid sitting at her piano alone on a stormy evening, the doors all closed, the shutters locked, no one stirring in the church-house save herself. Her playing was old-fashioned, her hands stiff; she could not improvise, and the range of the music she knew was small and narrow, yet unconsciously it served to her all the purposes of emotional expression. When she was sad, she played "China"; when she was hopeful, "Coronation." She made the bass heavy in dejection, and played the air in octaves when cheerful. She played only when she was entirely alone. The old piano was the only confidant of the hidden remains of youthful feeling buried in her heart.

Rast played on the piano and the violin in an untrained fashion of his own, and Anne sang; they often had small concerts in Miss Lois's parlor. But a greater entertainment lay in Anne's recitations. These were all from Shakspeare. Not in vain had the chaplain kept her tied to its pages year after year; she had learned, almost unconsciously, as it were, large portions of the immortal text by heart, and had formed her own ideals of the characters, who were to her real persons, although as different from flesh-and-blood people as are the phantoms of a dream. They were like spirits who came at her call, and lent her their personality; she could identify herself with them for the time being so completely, throw herself into the bodies and minds she had constructed for them so entirely, that the effect was startling, and all the more so because her conceptions of the characters were girlish and utterly different from those that have ruled the dramatic stage for generations. Her ideas of Juliet, of Ophelia, of Rosalind, and Cleopatra were her own, and she never varied them; the very earnestness of her personations made the effect all the more extraordinary. Dr. Gaston had never heard these recitations of his pupil; William Douglas had never heard them; either of these men could have corrected her errors and explained to her her mistakes. She herself thought them too trifling for their notice; it was only a way she had of amusing herself. Even Rast, her playmate, found it out by chance, coming upon her among the cedars one day when she was Ophelia, and overhearing her speak several lines before she saw him; he immediately constituted himself an audience of one, with, however, the peremptory manners of a throng, and demanded to hear all she knew. Poor Anne! the great plays of the world had been her fairy tales; she knew no others. She went through her personations timidly, the wild forest her background, the open air and blue Straits her scenery. The audience found fault, but, on the whole, enjoyed the performance, and demanded frequent repetitions. After a while Miss Lois was admitted into the secret, and disapproved, and was curious, and listened, and shook her head, but ended by liking the portraitures, which were in truth as fantastic as phantasmagoria. Miss Lois had never seen a play or read a novel in her life. For some time the forest continued Anne's theatre, and more than once Miss Lois had taken afternoon walks, for which her conscience troubled her: she could not decide whether it was right or wrong. But winter came, and gradually it grew into a habit that Anne should recite at the church-house now and then, the Indian servant who happened to be at that time the occupant of the kitchen being sent carefully away for the evening, in order that her eye should not be guiltily glued to the key-hole during the exciting visits of Ophelia and Juliet. Anne was always reluctant to give these recitations now that she had an audience. "Out in the woods," she said, "I had only the trees and the silence. I never thought of myself at all."

"But Miss Lois and I are as handsome as trees; and as to silence, we never say a word," replied Rast. "Come, Annet, you know you like it."

"Yes; in—in one way I do."

"Then let us take that way," said Rast.

CHAPTER IV.

—"Sounding names as any on the page of history —Lake Winnipeg, Hudson Bay, Ottaway, and portages innumerable; Chipeways, Gens de Terre, Les Pilleurs, the Weepers, and the like. An immense, shaggy, but sincere country, adorned with chains of lakes and rivers, covered with snows, with hemlocks and fir-trees. There is a naturalness in this traveller, and an unpretendingness, as in a Canadian winter, where life is preserved through low temperature and frontier dangers by furs, and within a stout heart. He has truth and moderation worthy of the father of history, which belong only to an intimate experience; and he does not defer much to literature."—THOREAU.

IMMEDIATELY after the early dinner the little cavalcade set out for the hermitage of Père Michaux, which was on an island of its own at some distance from the village island; to reach it they journeyed over the ice. The boys' sled went first, André riding, the other two drawing: they were to take turns. Then came old Antoine and his dogs, wise-looking, sedate creatures with wide-spread, awkward legs, big paws, and toes turned in. René and Lebeau were the leaders; they were dogs of age and character, and as they guided the sledge they also kept an eye to the younger dogs behind. The team was a local one; it was not employed in carrying the mails, but was used by the villagers when they crossed to the various islands, the fishing grounds, or the Indian villages on the mainland. Old Antoine walked behind with Anne by his side: she preferred to walk. Snugly ensconced in the sledge in a warm nest of furs was Tita, nothing visible of her small self save her dark eyes, which were, however, most of the time closed: here there was nothing to watch. The bells on the dogs sounded out merrily in the clear air: the boys had also adorned themselves with bells, and pranced along like colts. The sunshine was intensely bright, the blue heavens seemed full of its shafts, the ice below glittered in shining lines; on the north and south the dark evergreens of the mainland rose above the white, but toward the east and west the fields of ice extended unbroken over the edge of the horizon. Here they were smooth, covered with snow; there they were heaped in hummocks and ridges, great blocks piled against each other, and frozen solid in that position where the wind and the current had met and fought. The atmosphere was cold, but so pure and still that breathing was easier than in many localities farther toward the south. There was no dampness, no strong raw wind; only the even cold. A feather thrown from a house-top would have dropped softly to the ground in a straight line, as drop one by one the broad leaves of the sycamore on still Indian summer days. The snow itself was dry; it had fallen at intervals during the winter, and made thicker and thicker the soft mantle that covered the water and land. When the flakes came down, the villagers always knew that it was warmer, for when the clouds were steel-bound, the snow could not fall.

"I think we shall have snow again tomorrow," said old Antoine in his voyageur dialect. "Step forward, then, genteelly, René. Hast thou no conscience, Lebeau?"

The two dogs, whose attention had been a little distracted by the backward vision of André conveying something to his mouth, returned to their duty with a jerk, and the other dogs behind all rang their little bells suddenly as they felt the swerve of the leaders back into the track. For there was a track over the ice toward Père Michaux's island, and another stretching off due eastward—the path of the carrier who brought the mails from below; besides these there were no other ice-roads; the Indians and hunters came and went as the bird flies. Père Michaux's island was not in sight from the village; it was, as the boys said, around the corner. When they had turned this point, and no longer saw the mission church, the little fort, and the ice-covered piers, when there was nothing on the shore side save wild cliffs crowned with evergreens, then before them rose a low island with its bare summer trees, its one weather-beaten house, a straight line of smoke coming from its chimney. It was still a mile distant, but the boys ran along with new vigor. No one wished to ride; André, leaving his place, took hold with the others, and the empty sled went on toward the hermitage at a fine pace.

"You could repose yourself there, mademoiselle," said Antoine, who never thoroughly approved the walking upon her own two feet kept up—nay, even enjoyed—by this vigorous girl at his side. Tita's ideas were more to his mind.

"But I like it," said Anne, smiling. "It makes me feel warm and strong, all awake and joyous, as though I had just heard some delightful news."

"But the delightful news in reality, ma-

demoiselle—one hears not much of it up here, as I say to Jacqueline."

"Look at the sky, the ice-fields; that is news every day, newly beautiful, if we will only look at it."

"Does mademoiselle think, then, that the ice is beautiful?"

"Very beautiful," replied the girl.

The cold air had brought the blood to her cheeks, a gleaming light to her strong, fearless eyes that looked the sun in the face without quailing. Old Antoine caught the idea for the first time that she might, perhaps, be beautiful some day, and that night, before his fire, he repeated the idea to his wife.

"Bah!" said old Jacqueline; "that is one great error of yours, my friend. Have you turned blind?"

"I did not mean beautiful in my eyes, of course; but one kind of beauty pleases me, thank the saints, and that is, without doubt, your own," replied the Frenchman, bowing toward his withered, bright-eyed old spouse with courtly gravity. "But men of another race, now, like those who come here in the summer, might they not think her passable?"

But old Jacqueline, although mollified, would not admit even this. A good young lady, and kind, it was to be hoped she would be content with the graces of piety, since she had not those of the other sort. Religion was all-merciful.

The low island met the lake without any broken ice at its edge; it rose slightly from the beach in a gentle slope, the snow-path leading directly up to the house door. The sound of the bells brought Père Michaux himself to the entrance. "Enter, then, my children," he said; "and you, Antoine, take the dogs around to the kitchen. Pierre is there."

Pierre was a French cook. Neither conscience nor congregation requiring that Père Michaux should nourish his inner man with half-baked or cindered dishes, he enjoyed to the full the skill and affection of this small-sized old Frenchman, who, while learning in his youth the rules, exceptions, and sauces of his profession, became the victim of black melancholy on account of a certain Denise, fair but cold-hearted, who, being employed in a conservatory, should have been warmer. Perhaps Denise had her inner fires, but they emitted no gleam toward poor Pierre; and at last, after spoiling two breakfasts and a dinner, and drawing down upon himself the epithet of "imbécile," the sallow little apprentice abandoned Paris, and in a fit of despair took passage for America, very much as he might have taken passage for Hades *viâ* the charcoal route. Having arrived in New York, instead of seeking a place where his knowledge, small as it was, would have been prized by exiled Frenchmen in a sauceless land, the despairing, obstinate little cook allowed himself to drift into all sorts of incongruous situations, and at last enlisted in the United States army, where, as he could play the flute, he was speedily placed in special service as member of the band. Poor Pierre! his flute sang to him only "Denise! Denise!" But the band-master thought it could sing other tunes as well, and set him to work with the score before him. It was while miserably performing his part in company with six placid Germans that Père Michaux first saw poor Pierre, and recognizing a compatriot, spoke to him. Struck by the pathetic misery of his face, he asked a few questions of the little flute-player, listened to his story, and gave him the comfort and help of sympathy and shillings, together with the sound of the old home accents, sweetest of all to the dulled ears. When the time of enlistment expired, Pierre came westward after his priest: Père Michaux had written to him once or twice, and the ex-cook had preserved the letters as a guide-book. He showed the heading and the postmark whenever he was at a loss, and travelled blindly on, handed from one railroad conductor to another like a piece of animated luggage, until at last he was put on board of a steamer, and, with some difficulty, carried westward; for the sight of the water had convinced him that he was to be taken on some unknown and terrible voyage.

The good priest was surprised and touched to see the tears of the little man, stained, weazened, and worn with travel and grief; he took him over to the hermitage in his sharp-pointed boat, which skimmed the crests of the waves, the two sails wing-and-wing, and Pierre sat in the bottom, and held on with a death-grasp. As soon as his foot touched the shore, he declared, with regained fluency, that he would never again enter a boat, large or small, as long as he lived. He never did. In vain Père Michaux represented to him that he could earn more money in a city, in vain

he offered to send him Eastward and place him with kind persons speaking his own tongue, who would procure a good situation for him; Pierre was obstinate. He listened, assented to all, but when the time came refused to go.

"Are you or are you not going to send us that cook of yours?" wrote Father George at the end of two years. "This is the fifth time I have made ready for him."

"He will not go," replied Père Michaux at last; "it seems that I must resign myself."

"If your Père Michaux is handsomer than I am," said Dr. Gaston one day to Anne, "it is because he has had something palatable to eat all this time. In a long course of years saleratus tells."

Père Michaux was indeed a man of noble bearing; his face, although benign, wore an expression of authority, which came from the submissive obedience of his flock, who loved him as a father and revered him as a pope. His parish, a diocese in size, extended over the long point of the southern mainland; over the many islands of the Straits, large and small, some of them unnoted on the map, yet inhabited perhaps by a few half-breeds, others dotted with Indian farms; over the village itself, where stood the small weather-beaten old Church of St. Jean; and over the dim blue line of northern coast, as far as eye could reach or priest could go. His roadways were over the water, his carriage a boat; in the winter, a sledge. He was priest, bishop, governor, judge, and physician; his word was absolute. His party-colored flock referred all their disputes to him, and abided by his decisions—questions of fishing-nets as well as questions of conscience, cases of jealousy together with cases of fever. He stood alone. He was not propped. He had the rare leader's mind. Thrown away on that wild Northern border? Not any more than Bishop Chase in Ohio, Captain John Smith in Virginia, or other versatile and autocratic pioneers. Many a man can lead in cities and in camps, among precedents and rules, but only a born leader can lead in a wilderness where he must make his own rules and be his own precedent every hour.

The dogs trotted cheerfully, with all their bells ringing, around to the back door. Old Pierre detested dogs, yet always fed them with a strange sort of conscientiousness, partly from compassion, partly from fear. He could never accustom himself to the trains. To draw, he said, was an undoglike thing. To see the creatures rush by the island on a moonlight night over the white ice, like dogs of a dream, was enough to make the hair elevate itself.

"Whose hair?" Rast had demanded. "Yours, or the dogs'?" For young Pronando was a frequent visitor at the hermitage, not as pupil or member of the flock, but as a candid young friend, admiring impartially both the priest and his cook.

"Hast thou brought me again all those wide-mouthed dogs, brigands of unheard-of and never-to-be-satisfied emptiness, robbers of all things?" demanded Pierre, appearing at the kitchen door, ladle in hand. Antoine's leathery cheeks wrinkled themselves into a grin as he unharnessed his team, all the dogs pawing and howling, and striving to be first at the entrance of this domain of plenty.

"Hold thyself quiet, René. Wilt thou take the very sledge in, Lebeau?" he said, apostrophizing the leaders. But no sooner was the last strap loosened than all the dogs by common consent rushed at and over the little cook and into the kitchen in a manner which would have insured them severe chastisement in any other kitchen in the diocese. Pierre darted about among their gaunt yellow bodies, railing at them for knocking down his pans, and calling upon all the saints to witness their rapacity; but in the mean time he was gathering together quickly fragments of whose choice and savory qualities René and Lebeau had distinct remembrance, and the other dogs anticipation. They leaped and danced around him on their awkward legs and shambling feet, bit and barked at each other, and rolled on the floor in a heap. Any where else the long whip would have curled around their lank ribs, but in old Pierre's kitchen they knew they were safe. With a fiercely delivered and eloquent selection from the strong expressions current in the Paris of his youth, the little cook made his way through the snarling throng of yellow backs and legs, and emptied his pan of fragments on the snow outside. Forth rushed the dogs, and cast themselves in a solid mass upon the little heap.

"Hounds of Satan?" said Pierre.

"They are, indeed," replied Antoine. "But leave them now, my friend, and

close the door, since warmth is a blessed gift."

But Pierre still stood on the threshold, every now and then darting out to administer a rap to the gluttons, or to pull forward the younger and weaker ones. He presided with exactest justice over the whole repast, and ended by bringing into the kitchen a forlorn and drearily ugly young animal that had not obtained his share on account of the preternaturally quick side snatchings of Lebeau. To this dog he now presented an especial banquet in an earthen dish behind the door.

"If there is anything I abhor, it is the animal called dog," he said, seating himself at last, and wiping his forehead.

"That is plainly evident," replied old Antoine, gravely.

In the mean time, Anne, Tita, and the boys had thrown off their fur cloaks, and entered the sitting-room. Père Michaux took his seat in his large arm-chair near the hearth, Tita curled herself on a cushion at his feet, and the boys sat together on a wooden bench, fidgeting uneasily, and trying to recall a faint outline of their last lesson, while Anne talked to the priest, warming first one of her shapely feet, then the other, as she leaned against the mantel, inquiring after the health of the birds, the squirrels, the fox, and the tame eagle, Père Michaux's companions in his hermitage. The appearance of the room was peculiar, yet picturesque and full of comfort. It was a long, low apartment, the walls made warm in the winter with skins instead of tapestry, and the floor carpeted with blankets; other skins lay before the table and fire as mats. The furniture was rude, but cushioned and decorated, as were likewise the curtains, in a fashion unique, by the hands of half-breed women, who had vied with each other in the work; their primitive embroidery, whose long stitches sprang to the centre of the curtain or cushion, like the rays of a rising sun, and then back again, was as unlike modern needle-work as the vase-pictured Egyptians, with eyes in the sides of their heads, are like a modern photograph; their patterns, too, had come down from the remote ages of the world called the New, which is, however, as old as the continent across the seas. Guns and fishing-tackle hung over the mantel, a lamp swung from the centre of the ceiling, little singing-birds flew into and out of their open cages near the windows, and the tame eagle sat solemnly on his perch at the far end of the long room. The squirrels and the fox were visible in their quarters, peeping out at the new-comers; but their front doors were barred, for they had broken parole, and were at present in disgrace. The ceiling was planked with wood, which had turned to a dark cinnamon hue; the broad windows let in the sunshine on three sides during the day, and at night were covered with heavy curtains, all save one, which had but a single thickness of red cloth over the glass, with a candle behind which burned all night, so that the red gleam shone far across the ice, like a winter light-house for the frozen Straits. More than one despairing man, lost in the cold and darkness, had caught its ray, and sought refuge, with a thankful heart. The broad deep fire-place of this room was its glory: the hearts of giant logs glowed there: it was a fire to dream of on winter nights, a fire to paint on canvas for Christmas pictures to hang on the walls of barren furnace-heated houses, a fire to remember before that noisome thing, a close stove. Around this fire-place were set like tiles rude bits of pottery found in the vicinity, remains of an earlier race, which the half-breeds brought to Père Michaux whenever their ploughs upturned them—arrow-heads, shells from the wilder beaches, little green pebbles from Isle Royale, agates, and fragments of fossils, the whole forming a rough mosaic, strong in its story of the region. From two high shelves the fathers of the Church and the classics of the world looked down upon this scene. But Père Michaux was no bookworm; his books were men. The needs and faults of his flock absorbed all his days, and, when the moon was bright, his evenings also. "There goes Père Michaux," said the half-breeds, as the broad sail of his boat went gleaming by in the summer night, or the sound of his sledge bells came through their closed doors; "he has been to see the dying wife of Jean," or "to carry medicine to François." On the wild nights and the dark nights, when no one could stir abroad, the old priest lighted his lamp, and fed his mind with its old-time nourishment. But he had nothing modern; no newspapers. The nation was to him naught. He was one of a small but distinctly marked class in America that have a distaste for and disbelief in the present, its ideals, thoughts, and actions,

and turn for relief to the past; they represent a reaction. This class is made up of foreigners like the priest, of native-born citizens with artistic tastes who have lived much abroad, modern Tories who regret the Revolution, High-Church Episcopalians who would like archbishops and an Establishment, restless politicians who seek an empire—in all, a very small number compared with the mass of the nation at large, and not important enough to be counted at all numerically, yet not without its influence. And not without its use too, its members serving their country, unconsciously perhaps, but powerfully, by acting as a balance to the self-asserting blatant conceit of the young nation—a drag on the wheels of its too-rapidly speeding car. They are a sort of Mordecai at the gate, and are no more disturbed than he was by being in a minority. In any great crisis this element is fused with the rest at once, and disappears; but in times of peace and prosperity up it comes again, and lifts its scornful voice.

Père Michaux occupied himself first with the boys. The religious education of Louis, Gabriel, and André was not complex—a few plain rules that three colts could have learned almost as well, provided they had had speech. But the priest had the rare gift of holding the attention of children while he talked with them, and thus the three boys learned from him gradually and almost unconsciously the tenets of the faith in which their young mother had lived and died. The rare gift of holding the attention of boys—O poor Sunday-school teachers all over the land, ye know how rare that gift is—ye who must keep restless little heads and hands quiet while some well-meaning but slow, long-winded, four-syllabled man "addresses the children." It is sometimes the superintendent, but more frequently a visitor, who beams through his spectacles benevolently upon the little flock before him, but has no more power over them than a penguin would have over a colony of sparrows.

But if the religion of the boys was simple, that of Tita was of a very different nature; it was as complex, tortuous, unresting, as personal and minute in detail, as some of those religious journals we have all read, diaries of every thought, pen-photographs of every mood, wonderful to read, but not always comfortable when translated into actual life, where something less purely self-engrossed, if even less saintly, is apt to make the household wheels run more smoothly. Tita's religious ideas perplexed Anne, angered Miss Lois, and sometimes wearied even the priest himself. The little creature aspired to be absolutely perfect, and she was perfect in rule and form. Whatever was said to her in the way of correction she turned and adjusted to suit herself; her mental ingenuity was extraordinary. Anne listened to the child with wonder; but Père Michaux understood and treated with kindly carelessness the strong selfism, which he often encountered among older and deeply devout women, but not often in a girl so young. Once the elder sister asked with some anxiety if he thought Tita was tending toward conventual life.

"Oh no," replied the old man, smiling; "anything but that."

"But is she not remarkably devout?"

"As Parisiennes in Lent."

"But it is Lent with her all the year round."

"That is because she has not seen Paris yet."

"But we can not take her to Paris," said Anne, in perplexity.

"What should I do if I had to reply to you always, mademoiselle?" said the priest, smiling, and patting her head.

"You mean that I am dull?" said Anne, a slight flush rising in her cheeks. "I have often noticed that people thought me so."

"I mean nothing of the kind. But by the side of your honesty we all appear like tapers when the sun breaks in," said Père Michaux, gallantly. Still, Anne could not help thinking that he did think her dull.

To-day she sat by the window, looking out over the ice. The boys, dismissed from their bench, had, with the sagacity of the dogs, gone immediately to the kitchen. The soft voice of Tita was repeating something which sounded like a litany to the Virgin, full of mystic phrases, a selection made by the child herself, the priest requiring no such recitation, but listening, as usual, patiently, with his eyes half closed, as the old-time school-teacher listened to Wirt's description of Blennerhasset's Island. Père Michaux had no mystical tendencies. His life was too busy; in the winter it was

too cold, and in the summer the sunshine was too brilliant, on his Northern island, for mystical thoughts. At present, through Tita's recitation, his mind was occupied with a poor fisherman's family over on the mainland, to whom on the morrow he was going to send assistance. The three boys came around on the outside, and peered through the windows to see whether the lesson was finished. Anne ordered them back by gesture, for they were bareheaded, and their little faces red with the cold. But they pressed their noses against the panes, glared at Tita, and shook their fists. "It's all ready," they said, in sepulchral tones, putting their mouths to the crack under the sash, "and it's a pudding. Tell her to hurry up, Annet."

But Tita's murmuring voice went steadily on, and the Protestant sister would not interrupt the little Catholic's recitation; she shook her head at the boys, and motioned to them to go back to the kitchen. But they danced up and down to warm themselves, rubbed their little red ears with their hands, and then returned to the crack, and roared in chorus, "Tell her to hurry up; we shall not have time to eat it."

"True," said Père Michaux, overhearing this triple remonstrance. "That will do for to-day, Tita."

"But I have not finished, my father."

"Another time, child."

"I shall recite it, then, at the next lesson, and learn besides as much more; and the interruption was not of my making, but a crime of those sacrilegious boys," said Tita, gathering her books together. The boys, seeing Père Michaux rise from his chair, ran back around the house to announce the tidings to Pierre; the priest came forward to the window.

"That is the mail-train, is it not?" said Anne, looking at a black spot coming up the Strait from the east.

"It is due," said Père Michaux; "but the weather has been so cold that I hardly expected it to-day." He took down a spy-glass, and looked at the moving speck. "Yes, it is the train. I can see the dogs, and Denis himself. I will go over to the village with you, I think. I expect letters."

Père Michaux's correspondence was large. From many a college and mission station came letters to this hermit of the North, on subjects as various as the writers: the flora of the region, its mineralogy, the Indians and their history, the lost grave of Father Marquette (in these later days said to have been found), the legends of the fur-trading times, the existing commerce of the lakes, the fisheries, and kindred subjects were mixed with discussions kept up with fellow Latin and Greek scholars exiled at far-off Southern stations, with games of chess played by letter, with recipes for sauces, and with humorous skirmishing with New York priests on topics of the day, in which the Northern hermit often had the best of it.

A hurrah in the kitchen, an opening of doors, a clattering in the hall, and the boys appeared, followed by old Pierre, bearing aloft a pudding enveloped in steam, exhaling fragrance, and beautiful with raisins, currants, and citron—rarities regarded by Louis, Gabriel, and André with eager eyes.

"But it was for your dinner," said Anne.

"It is still for my dinner. But it would have lasted three days, and now it will end its existence more honorably in one," replied the priest, beginning to cut generous slices.

Tita was the last to come forward. She felt herself obliged to set down all the marks of her various recitations in a small note-book after each lesson; she kept a careful record, and punished or rewarded herself accordingly, the punishments being long readings from some religious book in her corner, murmured generally half aloud, to the exasperation of Miss Lois when she happened to be present, Miss Lois having a vehement dislike for "sing-song." Indeed, the little, soft, persistent murmur sometimes made even Anne think that the whole family bore their part in Tita's religious penances. But what could be said to the child? Was she not engaged in saving her soul?

The marks being at last all set down, she took her share of pudding to the fire, and ate it daintily and dreamily, enjoying it far more than the boys, who swallowed too hastily; far more than Anne, who liked the simplest food. The priest was the only one present who appreciated Pierre's skill as Tita appreciated it. "It is délicieux," she said, softly, replacing the spoon in the saucer, and leaning back against the cushions with half-closed eyes.

"Will you have some more, then?" said Anne.

Tita shook her head, and waved away her sister impatiently.

"She is as thorough an epicure as I am," said the priest, smiling; "it takes away from the poetry of a dish to be asked to eat more."

It was now time to start homeward, and Père Michaux's sledge made its appearance, coming from a little islet near by. Old Pierre would not have dogs upon his shores; yet he went over to the other island himself every morning, at the expense of much time and trouble, to see that the half-breed in charge had not neglected them. The result was that Père Michaux's dogs were known as far as they could be seen by their fat sides, the only rotundities in dog-flesh within a circle of five hundred miles. Père Michaux wished to take Tita with him in his sledge, in order that Anne might ride also; but the young girl declined with a smile, saying that she liked the walk.

"Do not wait for us, sir," she said; "your dogs can go much faster than ours."

But the priest preferred to make the journey in company with them; and they all started together from the house door, where Pierre stood in his red skull-cap, bowing farewell. The sledges glided down the little slope to the beach, and shot out on the white ice, the two drivers keeping by the side of their teams, the boys racing along in advance, and Anne walking with her quick elastic step by the side of Père Michaux's conveyance, talking to him with the animation which always came to her in the open air. The color mounted in her cheeks; with her head held erect she seemed to breathe with delight, and to rejoice in the clear sky, the cold, the crisp sound of her own footsteps, while her eyes followed the cliffs of the shore-line crowned with evergreens —savage cliffs which the short summer could hardly soften. The sun sank toward the west, the air grew colder; Tita drew the furs over her head, and vanished from sight, riding along in her nest half asleep, listening to the bells. The boys still ran and pranced, but more, perhaps, from a sense of honor than from natural hilarity. They were more exact in taking their turns in the sledge now, and more slow in coming out from the furs upon call; still, they kept on. As the track turned little by little, following the line of the shore, they came nearer to the mail-train advancing rapidly from the east in a straight line.

"Denis is determined to have a good supper and sleep to-night," said Père Michaux; "no camp to make in the snow *this* evening." Some minutes later the mail-train passed, the gaunt old dogs which drew the sledge never even turning their heads to gaze at the party, but keeping straight on, having come in a direct line, without a break, from the point, ten miles distant. The young dogs in Antoine's team pricked up their ears, and betrayed a disposition to rush after the mail-train; then René and Lebeau, after looking around once or twice, after turning in their great paws more than usual as they walked, and holding back resolutely, at length sat deliberately down on their haunches, and stopped the sledge.

"And thou art entirely right, René, and thou too, Lebeau," said old Antoine. "To waste breath following a mail-train at a gallop is worthy only of young-dog silliness."

So saying he administered to the recreant members of the team enough chastisement to make them forget the very existence of mail-trains, while René and Lebeau waited composedly to see justice done; they then rose in a dignified manner and started on, the younger dogs following now with abject humility. As they came nearer the village the western pass opened out before them, a long narrow vista of ice, with the dark shore-line on each side, and the glow of the red sunset shining strangely through, as though it came from a tropical country beyond. A sledge was crossing down in the west— a moving speck; the scene was as wild and arctic as if they had been travelling on Baffin Bay. The busy priest gave little attention to the scene, and the others in all the winters of their lives had seen nothing else: to the Bedouins the great desert is nothing. Anne noted every feature and hue of the picture, but unconsciously. She saw it all, but without a comment. Still, she saw it. She was to see it again many times in after-years— see it in cities, in lighted drawing-rooms, in gladness, and in sorrow, and more than once through a mist of tears.

Later in the evening, when the moon was shining brightly, and she was on her way home from the church-house with Rast, she saw a sledge moving toward the northern point. "There is Père Mi-

chaux, on his way home," she said. Then, after a moment, "Do you know, Rast, he thinks me dull."

"He would not if he had seen you this evening," replied her companion.

A deep flush, visible even in the moonlight, came into the girl's face. "Do not ask me to recite again," she pleaded; "I can not. You *must* let me do what I feel is right."

"What is there wrong in reciting Shakspeare?"

"I do not know. But something comes over me at times, and I am almost swept away. I can not bear to think of the feeling."

"Then don't," said Rast.

"You do not understand me."

"I don't believe you understand yourself; girls seldom do."

"Why?"

"Let me beg you not to fall into the power of that uncomfortable word, Annet. Walters says women of the world never use it. They never ask a single question."

"But how can they learn, then?"

"By observation," replied young Pronando, oracularly.

SOME GREAT VIOLINS.

IN Pavia, many years ago, a great soloist had printed on his concert bills,

"Paganini farà sentire il suo violino."

Discarding the florid style of concert programmes, this sentence, literally translated, would mean, "Paganini will cause his violin to be heard." But taking *sentire* in its more primitive sense, the head-line might thus be rendered, "Paganini will make his violin be felt." Does this not sound like homage paid by a musician to his instrument? That finely organized cerebral tissue, that marvellous digital dexterity, that muscular power, all these gifts Paganini was conscious of possessing, yet in his estimation that box of wood with its catgut strings demanded a recognition, and had to be individualized. If there came to greet his performance great salvos of applause, so much was due to his brain and fingers, but then a certain portion of the vivas was to be allotted to the violin.

Violin making in its perfection is one of the most difficult of callings. It is apparently nothing more than the adjustment of certain bits of wood, which are planed, filed, saw-cut, scratched, sand-papered, carved, pegged, glued, and varnished; but to give it the soul requires the highest capability of human intelligence. Hands must work in a material which, though easier to cut than metal, can not be kept up to the same degree of precision. Fingers must be subservient to brain. For a guide you must have the fine appreciation of tone quality. If with mechanical dexterity you possess the necessary fineness of ear, your wooden case will give out the sound of a Guarnerius, a Steiner, or an Amati. The trick of it all is so subtle that he who makes a good violin is no longer a servile imitator. A commonplace instrument may be quite within the scope of a good pattern-maker, but a really fine violin, such as a great soloist will accept, one perfect throughout the whole register, one that responds to the least touch of the finger, that makes a pure and unalloyed sound, with the tone quality, whether you just touch it, or rasp it with your bow—well, that is nothing less than a *chef-d'œuvre*. Why, there are only four people to-day in the world who can turn you out such an instrument.

The quality of tone must come first; the looks of the violin are secondary. Here is Ole Bull's Gaspar di Salo. The grand old master has just put it on the table before me. The violin is still warm from the nervous hand of the performer, and its final vibration has not yet ceased. Though I remember that adage, "Love me, love my dog," and trusting to be always in the good graces of Ole Bull, I think this Gaspar di Salo is as ugly a violin as I ever saw. Its outline is uneven; on its face the varnish is of an ugly brown; on the back it is much better. If the wildest of violin virtuosi, those who go for looks, were to see this violin hanging in a pawnbroker's shop in Chatham Street, they would pass it by without a second look. I examine it more closely. I have been delighted with its masculine, robust sound. I am, as far as my ears go, positive it has the great tone quality. I call on my reasoning faculties, and argue over the instrument, just as if, in an archæological study, I wanted to get at the idea of some primitive shape. I soon find that something which this violin has impressed on all future makers of violins. The master plays the instrument for me again and again.

I may not like it quite as much as an Amati I am intimately acquainted with, but I am delighted with its amazing tone. Just as Ole Bull says—"It is not so loud, but reaches so far." I must respect it, for I am positive that, made some time between 1560 and 1610, this violin laid down the rule of tone quality which we have loved from that time until now.

I am indebted to Ole Bull for the photographs of his Gaspar di Salo, which has certainly a more distinguished history than any other instrument in the world. Gaspar di Salo made it, and Benvenuto Cellini carved the scroll. This is the violin known for years as the Treasury violin of Innspruck. I have read innumerable descriptions of this violin, in the preparation of this article, and must declare that all accounts of the instrument are deficient, because the examination was made through the glass of a case. This Gaspar di Salo is the acme of work, and is absolutely perfect in all its details. Mechanical execution combined with art can not go further. Its varnish is peculiar, very light, uniform, and there are no dark shades on it. From the ornamentation on it one would think it to be undersized, and it has been so described; but it is quite a full model. Its preservation is perfect. The carved head has been daintily colored. Had viols been in vogue when the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon, and had the king the musical accomplishments of David, he would have played her a serenade on it. Violin enthusiasts get crazed about old scrolls. Did they see this Benvenuto head, with its graceful carving, why, then their delirium might be forgiven. I suppose it was made about 1590.

Ole Bull made his début in the United States with this noted instrument, but it is, perhaps, too delicate for constant concert work. I can not call it a parade violin. I heard it many years ago. I rather object to mentioning values, as the prices of violins are not quotable like stocks, but I think that if Ole Bull were to ask $10,000 for this Gaspar di Salo-Benvenuto Cellini, a telegraphic dispatch from a certain city in the United States would beat by two weeks or so the half-dozen offers of purchase which would come from England.

I offer what I believe to be the best type of the Nicholas Amati in the United States. It is the property of Dr. S. B. Tuthill, of Brooklyn, and is just as perfect as when it was made. It once belonged to Dancla, a well-known professor of the Conservatoire. Inside is the label: "Nicolaus Amati. Cremonæ. Hieronymus, Fil ac Antonium Nepos fecit 1661." I do not always lay great stress on labels, for there is nothing easier than to counterfeit these bits of paper, but this one is authentic every way. Even if the ticket were wanting, the violin would be an Amati. It is the most graceful of instruments, and though in constant use, is admirable for its purity and limpidity of tone. These Amatis were a whole family of violin makers, and of them all Nicholas was the most distinguished. Amati necks and scrolls may be copied with advantage, and the illustration shows their peculiar grace.

To obtain my Straduarius was no easy task. I never was aware before I undertook violin tracking that there were so many "Strads" in New York—at least in the opinion of violin players. When I noted down the number of professionals and amateurs who had "Strads," I became for a while almost sure that some time toward the close of the seventeenth century Anthony Straduarius must have commenced shipping his violins by the crateful to America. I soon narrowed down my list from hundreds to ten, and of these ten I had to expunge from my list nine, until but one was left. This notable instrument, which the illustration shows, is a Simon Pure Straduarius, and belongs to H. C. Havemeyer, Esq., of New York. I suppose its date is of about 1700. Somehow or other Straduarius has fallen from grace within the last fifteen years, and why I can not tell. He lived to be past ninety, and possibly in his old age some one else made violins for him, and they were not good.

I come now to violins made by Giuseppe Antonius Guarnerius. Joseph, it is said, had Straduarius for a master, and Joseph profited thereby. But genius is eccentric, and Guarnerius took to drink, and made the superbest violins when he was sober, and the meanest ones when he was tipsy. But if you ever do get a Giuseppe Guarnerius, made when he was in a normal condition, you have the choicest instrument, according to my belief, that ever was made.

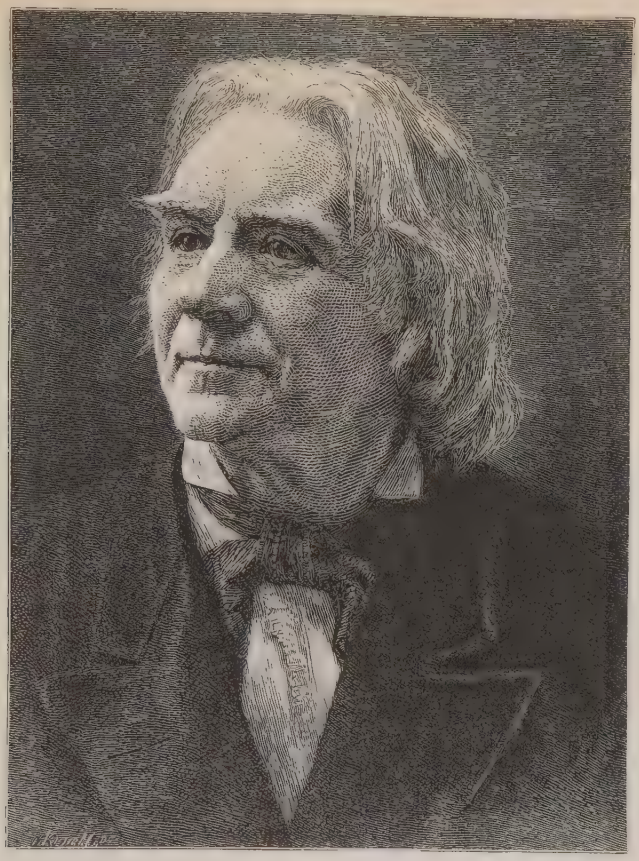
I venture to say that the traditions of the violin maker's art had not been lost. When Vuillaume died in France in 1873, a great master luthier passed

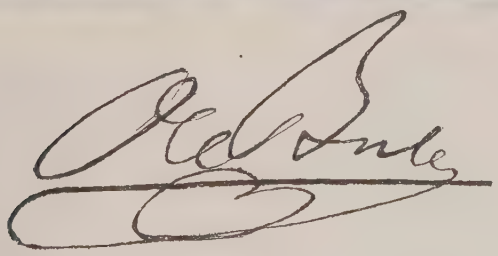
away. I thought then that there was no man who could take his place. Some years ago, however, I insisted that we had a very wonderful violin maker in the United States. Such an announcement caused some little surprise, and although not held then exactly to task for such an opinion, what I had written was much commented upon. Since that time —1878—I am happy to state that my judgment has not only received the corroboration of the most distinguished foreign instrumentalists who have come to this country, but that leading experts who write on these topics, and know about what they write, have confirmed my opinion. It may be that special ingenuity in tool making has helped in the task, but I must put aside this purely material portion of violin making, and insist that Mr. W. E. Colton never could have made his instruments without absolute familiarity with the tone qualities of all the great violins of the world. It is possible for a self-taught artist to paint a picture, even if he has never seen an old master, but a violin maker who has never heard the instruments of Italy can not create the sound of the Cremonese or Brescians. Without having listened to the nightingale, it were folly for any one to try and invent this bird-song. Does this maker dare to turn out a violin that looks as new as a loaf of fresh bread? Such is the stupidity of public opinion that the musical world will have and must have a violin that shall look three hundred years old. What is good about a violin is its age, people think, and I suppose this idea could never be displaced by any amount of reasoning.

Of course, then, these Colton violins are old. Unless they looked as old as time, outside, musical wiseacres might not appreciate them; but, inside, he refuses to tamper with his violin. Outside, they are of the time of Henry of Navarre; inside, of the period of President Hayes. I defy any human being, even those keen and astute English, French, or German violin sellers, to determine the difference between an instrument fashioned yesterday in Brooklyn and one made in Cremona in 1700. Shape, color, varnish, from all the shades of yellow to glorious red, are found in these instruments. The trick of age is perfect. With these Brooklyn violins, it is not the old looks alone which please the connoisseur, but it is their great quality of sound—that precise tone quality that I have been harping about. These violins are not only "those eye violins" Mr. Charles Reade writes about so cleverly in his *Lost Art Revived*, but they are ear violins. My pictures of violins would not be complete if I did not give an illustration of a Colton instrument, a strict copy of a Guarnerius, owned by Mr. H. Havemeyer, of New York.

Some one might ask me, "How can you tell whether American instruments are up to the Italian standards?" My answer would be quite a practicable one. Here is a standard, an Amati, a Steiner, and a Guarnerius. If you have the ear, and one of these old violins is played upon, all you have to do is to listen. Then try the American violin, and if it is not as good in sound, why, reject it. As to the material differences, the imitative art, neither you nor I can find that out. The biography of the instrument is written on its face. Here is the beginner's careless work, where the novice hammered on it, and tripped over the violin with his bow. Here are the marks when the strings were overstretched and flew in twain, and dragged the knot, making furrows and scars. Just here is where hundreds of wet or greasy or unshaven jowls have moistened, soaked, or scratched the right-hand top, or where millions of slidings of hands have used up the marrow of the wood. That split! That is where it crossed the Apennines, and case and violin were splintered by the kick of a mule. When the performer was playing a serenade in Venice, a rival came, and used a bludgeon and beat down the musicians, and that splintering came from it. That is where the mice gnawed into its edge, when the violin was put to rest and forgotten for twenty-five years, for the owner was one of the king's violin players, and had his head cut off on that account. Here is where the former possessor of the instrument went mad from overwork and privation, and dashed the violin on the floor in his frenzy. Here is where the artist's much-loved children, in an unlucky moment, played the mischief with it. Here are all the traces of an existence of three hundred years; all that, either comic or tragic, must happen to any violin during a long lapse of time—and a month ago this instrument was only in the rough blocks of wood!

That brave old Gaspar di Salo, the





brown one, the color of a Toby, is on the table. Ole Bull has been improvising on it, and the walls of a library-room in a historical house in Cambridge have not yet ceased reverberating. The Benvenuto Cellini has been taken out of its case. I incline my ear to it, and am satisfied that it is responsive, for some of the notes played on the other violin it has sympathized with, and it sends out magically its music in a spontaneous way. We talk violins. I recall to Ole Bull how long ago it was when he made me think, as a lad, how beautiful a thing was a violin. I tell him how I first saw him fondle the dismembered portions of his instrument at Mickle's, in Market Street, Philadelphia, and though thirty-five years have passed away since then, he remembers a disaster which befell his Gaspar di Salo at about that time, though he has forgotten me.

"I was twenty-four years old—it was in 1834—when I first heard that Gaspar di Salo in Venice," Ole Bull tells me. "It belonged to Amtmann Zoller. I tried it, and fell in love with it at once. I had an Amati then that I thought a great deal

OLE BULL'S GASPAR DI SALO.

of, and I told a musician, a friend of mine, how much finer I thought the Gaspar di Salo was than my Amati. 'Then why did you not offer to buy it of him?' asked the musician. 'Because,' I replied, 'I should hate to deprive him of it.' 'But do you want it?' 'Of course I do.' 'Then I will speak to him.' 'Do it, then, carefully,' I said. Next morning Zoller came to me in a towering passion. 'Why did you not say to me yourself that you wanted the violin?—why did you send a go-between?' I pacified him all I could, and invited him to breakfast with me next day. He had a good breakfast. When it was over he said to me, 'I have a good-for-nothing son, who is a 'cello-player. Now I am seventy years of age. I can't play any more. If there is anybody who ought to have the violin, it is you, Ole Bull.

A NICOLAUS AMATI.

Give me what I paid for it—which is two hundred louis d'or.' 'I have not that much money,' I replied—'that is, about me—but I will bring it to-day.' I did so, and carried it to him all in gold. I remember some of the gold was a little worn, and he objected to taking certain pieces. When the violin was mine, I felt like a mother who has found a lost child. Now, as the

NECK AND SCROLL OF OLE BULL'S GASPAR DI SALO.

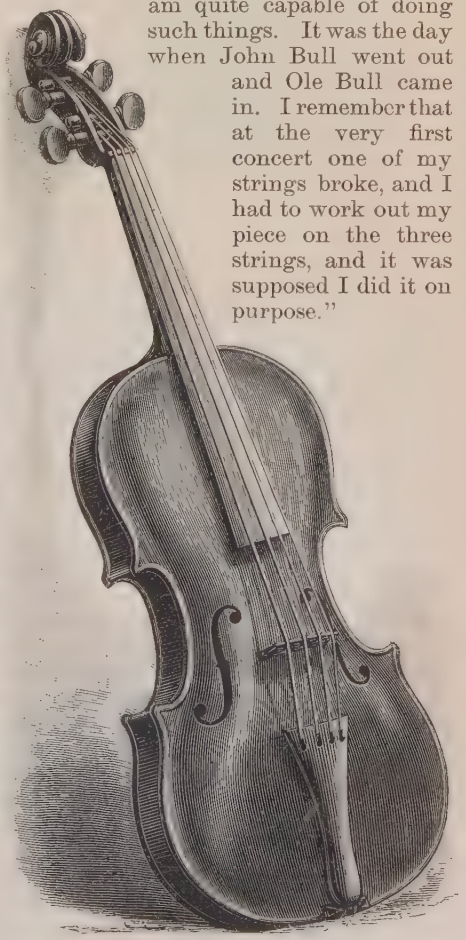
violin was mine, I knew its peculiarities. There was a fountain of sound, but the gushing of the water was a little clogged. I made up my mind that the violin had to be opened. The bar was very strangely placed, and I knew it was too thick. I went to Florence, and when I gave it to a workman, and he saw it, he just cried. 'I was born in Salo,' said the man, 'and if anybody will take good care of that violin, I am the man.' He opened that violin, and found it very thick in the wood—not enough air in it. Some work was then done on it, and it was brought up to its present condition. It has never been touched since."

"And the history of the Gaspar di Salo violin with the Benvenuto Cellini ornamentations?"

"Well, in 1839 I gave sixteen concerts at Vienna, and then Rhehazek was the great violin collector. I saw at his house this violin for the first time. I just went wild over it. 'Will you sell it?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply—'for one-quarter of all Vienna.' Now Rhehazek was really as poor as a church mouse. Though he had no end of money put out in the most valuable instruments, he never sold any of them unless when forced by hunger. I invited Rhehazek to my concerts. I wanted to buy the violin so much that I made him some tempting offers. One day he said to me, 'See here, Ole Bull, if I do sell the violin, you shall have the preference, at 4000 ducats.' 'Agreed,' I cried, though I knew it was a big sum.

"That violin came strolling, or playing rather, through my brain for some years. It was in 1841. I was in Leipsic giving concerts. Liszt was there, and so also was Mendelssohn. One day we were all dining together. We were having a splendid time. During the dinner came an immense letter with a seal—an official document. Said Mendelssohn, 'Use no ceremony; open your letter.' 'What an awful seal!' cried Liszt. 'With your permission,' said I, and I opened the letter. It was from Rhehazek's son, for the collector was dead. His father had said that the violin should be offered to me at the price he had mentioned. I told Liszt and Mendelssohn about the price. 'You man from Norway, you are crazy,' said Liszt. 'Unheard of extravagance, which only a fiddler is capable of,' exclaimed Mendelssohn. 'Have you ever played on it? Have you ever tried it?' they both inquired. 'Never,' I answered, 'for it can not be played on at all just now.'

"I never was happier than when I felt sure that the prize was mine. Originally the bridge was of box-wood, with two fishes carved on it—that was the zodiacal sign of my birthday, February—which was a good sign. Oh, the good times that violin and I have had! As to its history, Rhehazek told me that in 1809, when Innspruck was taken by the French, the soldiers sacked the town. This violin had been placed in the Innspruck Museum by Cardinal Aldobrandi at the close of the sixteenth century. A French soldier looted it, and sold it to Rhehazek for a trifle. This is the same violin that I played on, when I first came to the United States, in the Park Theatre. That was on Evacuation-day, 1843. I went to the Astor House, and made a joke—I am quite capable of doing such things. It was the day when John Bull went out and Ole Bull came in. I remember that at the very first concert one of my strings broke, and I had to work out my piece on the three strings, and it was supposed I did it on purpose."



A STRADUARIUS.

COPY OF GUARNERIUS, BY W. E. COLTON.

Nothing can equal the arch simplicity with which this good old master talked. He is as ingenuous as a child. Aside from hearing him play, it is an æsthetic delight to look at this man, who has defied time. There he stands, tall and erect, with a chest of forty-two inches, and as beautiful in proportion as an Antinous. His head is reared aloft; the white hair floats about, as with an impulsive motion it is thrown down or lifted off his broad forehead. The shoulders are square, the arms well defined; and he is, whether playing his violin or at rest, a model for the sculptor.

Ole Bull has just played a sonata for me under all those circumstances which would render it the most impressive, for I am his guest; and though the storm beats without, beside his hearth-stone, which is all in a glow, I bask; and as the evening brings darkness to the room I hear the violin in an absorbed way, for nothing can divert my thoughts. The lady pianist who accompanies him follows sympathetically each shading of the music. Then around the fire-place, with many a cigar, my host tells me the history of his early life.

"My uncle was a publisher, and had a quantity of sheet music—quartettes and so on. He played the violoncello, and he bought me my first violin. It was a lemon-colored violin, and so sour—so sour! I played for the cats, and absolutely drove them away from their food. I am sure that the cats got ill over Fiorillo's studies. They kept clear of a little summer-house where I used to play. When I was eight years old I played the first violin in a quartette of Pleyel's. When I was nine years I used to play with some very good amateurs, and when my piece with them did not come early in the evening they used to put me asleep in a violoncello case, and wake me up with a red apple. In Bergen there was a garrison, and there was a band of wind instruments; and do you know that a clarionette quacks to-day—at least to me—just as it did then! I used to slumber away in the 'cello case because the amateurs would play two quartettes before supper. It happened occasionally that, from eating too much supper, the players were troubled—yes, troubled. One evening my uncle said, 'Come, let us play a quartette of Beethoven's.' Some one remarked, 'Beethoven is so difficult.' 'But we must,' said my uncle. The quartettes were bound together in one book. They used to let me play the Cramer and Haydn; they were easy; but the Beethoven—ah! in those days he was thought hard. That night the first violin was in trouble after supper. We call it tipsy just as you do. 'What a shame!' said my uncle. 'Ole, do you take the part and play it.'

"I had heard it, but had never tried it. I did not think much about it, but I remember that I was right then and there proposed and elected as a member of that musical club. At very long intervals after that good instrumentalists would come to Bergen, and I would listen to them. I heard the compositions of Rhode and Spohr, and played them as well as I could. Father was an apothecary, and his assistant played the flute. The assistant used to receive musical catalogues from Copenhagen. I devoured the names, and for the first time saw that of Paganini on his famous twenty-four caprices. One evening father came home, bringing with him two Italians. I was fourteen then, and their talk fired me. I wanted to hear about their great violinist Paganini, and they told me all they knew. Even the mention of his name excited my imagina-

tion, and made me wild. I went to my grandmother. 'Dear grandmother,' I said, 'can't I get some of Paganini's music?' 'Don't tell any one,' said that dear old woman, 'but I will try and buy a piece of his for you if you are a good child.' And she did try, and I was wild when I got the Paganini music. How difficult it was, but oh, how beautiful! That garden-house was my refuge. Maybe—I am not so sure of it—the cats did not go quite so wild as some four years before. One day—a memorable one—I went to a quartette party. The new leader of our philharmonic was there, a very fine violinist, and he played for us a concerto of Spohr's. I knew it, and was delighted with his reading of it. We had porter to drink in another room, and we all drank it, but before they had finished I went back to the music-room, and commenced trying the Spohr. I was, I suppose, carried away with the music, forgot myself, and they heard me.

"'This is impudence,' said the leader. 'And do you think, boy, that you can play it?' 'Yes,' I said, quite honestly. I don't to this day see why I should have told a story about it—do you? 'Now you shall play it,' said somebody. 'Hear him! hear him!' cried my uncle and the rest of them. I did try it, and played the allegro. All of them applauded save the leader, who looked mad.

"'You think you can play anything, then?' asked the leader. He took a caprice of Paganini's from a music-stand. 'Now you try this,' he said, in a rage. 'I will try it,' I said. 'All right; go ahead.'

"Now it just happened that this caprice was my favorite, as the cats well knew. I could play it by memory, and I polished it off. When I did that, they all shouted. The leader before had been so cross and savage, I thought he would just rave now. But he did not say a word. He looked very quiet and composed like. He took the other musicians aside, and I saw that he was talking to them. Not long afterward this violinist left Bergen. I never thought I would see him again. It was in 1840, when I was travelling through Sweden on a concert tour, of a snowy day, that I met a man in a sleigh. It was quite a picture: just near sunset, and the northern lights were shooting in the sky; a man wrapped up in a bear-skin a-tracking along the snow. As he drew up abreast of me and unmuffled himself, he called out to my driver to stop. It was the leader, and he said to me, 'Well, now that you are a celebrated violinist, remember that when I heard you play Paganini, I predicted that your career would be a remarkable one.' 'You were mistaken,' I cried, jumping up; 'I did not read that Paganini at sight; I had played it before.' 'It makes no difference—good-by,' and he urged on his horse, and in a minute the leader was gone."

Then Ole Bull seemed to grow young again with the musical reminiscences of almost a half-century, and I thought that, in his case, art is ever young, and the artist never old.

Long into the evening, the master illustrated a point on his Gaspar di Salo—a delightful interlude to his own charming talk. The night came on. How many old musical reminiscences did we not revive! for to me, as a boy, the Benvenuto-Gaspar di Salo had been the first great violin I had ever heard, thirty odd years before. I think that if Ole Bull had not been a wonderful violinist, he would have made a great violin maker. He believed that in the country of his adoption there is no greater event marking artistic progress than the fact that we can now produce at home the finest of instruments. Let it always be remembered to the credit of Ole Bull that a truer, a more refined taste for music dates from the very day when his Gaspar di Salo first vibrated in a New York theatre, almost a lifetime ago.

The object of this article is to call attention to some of the very remarkable old Italian violins owned in the United States. I may as well state that in my hunt for violins, which were to represent the types of the great makers, innumerable instruments were offered me for inspection. In many cases, though the violins had pedigrees much longer than my arm, I was forced to reject them. I believe that there never existed a beautiful thing like a violin which was the indirect cause of more story-telling. If there be a Rubens or a Claude Lorraine to be sold at every auction, there are sufficient Straduariuses, Amatis, and Steiners in New York to make kindling-wood for the next two or three months.

As to the violins which form the subject of the illustrations, I most willingly express my obligations to certain experts who labored diligently with me in securing authentic instruments. Now some of

the violins in these pictures, I am frank to admit, when played on, were dreadfully disappointing. I must say that I would prefer to have played for me—at least for my own particular delectation—a six-dollar fiddle to some of the most famous of them. But sound and looks here are apart, and these violins are entitled to the utmost respect because they are the best examples of great makers, and among the handsomest. If the worst-sounding one of them were taken hold of, new bar and post put in, and re-arranged internally with judgment, there is not a particle of doubt but that they would be astonishing from their loveliness of sound. What has perished about them can be restored. They want that dip in the fountain of Youth in order to come out just as fresh as ever, for there is not one of them that does not show on its face the highest stamp of excellence. In their construction there is that exact balance, that wise proportion of size, which must induce sonority. Remember that under almost all circumstances the workmanship is exquisite.

Look at that varnish! See its double reflection. It takes a ray of light, and the shimmer of it makes the wood blaze. The dapple of it ripples like a wave. Now it takes a roseate tint, and inclines to a copper. Ten years ago I had thought that the secret of that varnish had been lost forever, and now I am rejoiced that it has been found again. I recall the method employed by an American amateur to find it out. He labored in all the old libraries in Europe for a long series of years. He read, or had translated to him, every antique tome on joinery and cabinet-making he could find. Sometimes fifty old volumes, crammed full of technicalities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, would yield him nothing. If he thought he had a clew about varnish such as the Cremona workmen used, and came across a new name for a substance, he had to work afresh, for the past name of a thing in use 300 years would, he found, be almost unknown to-day. Book-delving gave him inklings now and then, but they were mostly theoretical indications. Then he went into the old furniture business. A rococo table that had once been the feasting-board for Venetian nobles was nothing to him, save for its varnish. He bought it, so that he might scrape it. He scraped and scraped, and analyzed the product. He discarded all the hypothetical substances, the amber, the unknown products of the Indies. He was quite certain that the vehicle, the solvent, must be a simple one. He plodded step by step, made thousands of varnishes, and at last he found it. It was a rediscovery, and like a very wise man he has kept his secret. We wanted for our bedsteads and bureaus of to-day a hard-drying varnish, and we found the basis of it in copal. Alas! the Italian varnish has not this durability; but what it does possess is lustrous beauty with somewhat of an ephemeral quality. It is not everlasting. I suppose a certain elasticity is, apart from its beauty, the great quality of the Italian varnish. Our ordinary varnish of to-day does positively destroy the tone quality. Use it on a well-made violin, and the instrument becomes hide-bound, vibrations all in a certain measure checked, and the sound is choked.

Violins are collected for two different purposes—one for show, and the other for use. I have much sympathy for the first class, but a stronger leaning for the performing collector. Still, the world is indebted to the man who locks up a Straduarius, and only allows it to be seen through the glass. He preserves a type for the future. If his days do not surpass those of Methuselah, or if he does not order that his violin be buried with him, somebody, half a century later, will get that violin. Your English collector, bless him! is somewhat of a glass-case violinist, but through accident and the mutations of fortune these choicest instruments occasionally find their way to America, and we rasp on them. We are not afraid to adjust them. Their period of suspended animation is almost always brought to a close in the United States, and we wake them up. We have a right to be bumptious about this, for with the gentlest of fingers we touch the sleeping beauties, and they live again. The traditions of the great school of violin makers have not been lost, for the divine sounds of the instrument have been transmitted to us. Your American is a nervous creature, and his senses are keen. It is often a question with these old violins of proper adjustment. I am careful not to qualify the word adjustment by the defining term of "minor." There can be no minor adjustments about a violin. It is all wrong if a single thing is not right. You must

A JACOBUS STEINER.

NECK AND SCROLL OF A JACOBUS STEINER.

have heard of some sea-faring man who takes a ship that has the reputation of being a dull and torpid craft, heedless of rudder, a perfect sluggard, and by careful adjustment of cargo and trimming of sails makes his craft sensitive to the helm, and as swift as a clipper. Be slipshod with a violin, become hazy as to anything about it, only straddle one leg of your bridge out of its true position, and your instrument, which ought to sing like a woman, caterwauls like a cat.

The above illustration shows a fine example of a Jacobus Steiner, and the violin belongs to Albertini. The maker, Jacobus Steiner, was born in Absom, in the Tyrol, but afterward was established at Cremona. The date of this instrument is possibly some time after 1650. One peculiarity of this violin is that it is somewhat lower, rising less, than is usual in the Steiner violins. Mozart played on a Steiner. His model is somewhat higher than an Amati. Late in life Steiner retired to a convent, where he may have prayed a great deal, but he found time to make sixteen violins, said to be of great excellence. Each Elector had a violin, and the Emperor for his share got four. These instruments are known as the Steiner Electors. I never heard any one of them, but some very good critics inform me that they are by no means fair sounding. This violin, the subject of the illustration, is perfect in every way, and is certainly the best in America—always providing there is a second Steiner in the land of liberty.*

* When this article was written, the reverberation of Ole Bull's violin was still in my ear. I had passed an afternoon and evening with him in March last at Cambridge. My host was so hale and hearty, although I remembered that he had tarried beyond the allotted time, I had no thought that the angel of death was hovering near him. With the joyous impulsiveness of a boy he told me of his intended visit to his dear Norway in the coming summer—of his return in the fall to the country of his adoption. God rest the soul of one who was endowed with many pure and noble qualities! Ole Bull died August 18, at Bergen, in the seventy-first year of his age. His grand old Gaspar di Salo may remain mute for many years. Some day another hand will seize it. Why should it not throb and pulsate again? It is, though, as a mockery of human destiny that a fiddle should outlast a man.

Let whoever awakens this violin remember the master who once so fondly loved it.—*October* 10, 1880.

"I NEVER HAD WOOD THAT I LIKED HALF SO WELL—
DO SEE WHO HAS NICE CROOKED FUEL TO SELL."

PATIENT MERCY JONES.

Let us venerate the bones
Of patient Mercy Jones,
Who lies underneath these stones.

THIS is her story as once told to me
By him who still loved her, as all men might see—
Darius, her husband, his age seventy years,
A man of few words, but, for her, many tears.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont;
Both children were christened at baptismal font
In the very same place, on the very same day—
(Not much acquainted just then, I dare say).
The minister sprinkled the babies, and said,
"Who knows but this couple some time may be wed,
And I be the parson to join them together,
For weal or for woe, through all sorts of weather!"

Well, they *were* married, and happier folk
Never put both their heads in the same loving yoke.
They were poor, they worked hard, but nothing could try
The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye.
She was clothed with Content as a beautiful robe;
She had griefs—who has *not* on this changeable globe?—
But at such times she seemed like the sister of Job.

She was patient with dogmas, where light never dawns,
She was patient with people who trod on her lawns;
She was patient with folks who said blue skies were gray,
And dentists and oxen that pulled the wrong way;
She was patient with phrases no husband should utter,
She was patient with cream that declined to be butter;
She was patient with buyers with nothing to pay,
She was patient with talkers with nothing to say;
She was patient with millers whose trade was to cozen,
And grocers who counted out ten to the dozen;
She was patient with bunglers and fault-finding churls,
And tall, awkward lads who came courting her girls;
She was patient with crockery no art could mend,
And chimneys that smoked every day the wrong end;
She was patient with reapers who never would sow,
And long-winded callers who never would go;
She was patient with relatives when, uninvited,
They came, and devoured, then complained they were slighted;
She was patient with crows that got into the corn,
And other dark deeds out of wantonness born;
She was patient with lightning that burned up the hay,
She was patient with poultry unwilling to lay;
She was patient with rogues who drank cider too strong,
She was patient with sermons that lasted too long;
She was patient with boots that tracked up her clean floors,
She was patient with peddlers and other smooth bores;
She was patient with children who disobeyed rules,
And, to crown all the rest, she was patient with fools.

The neighboring husbands all envied the lot
Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot
To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant spot.
"You think your wife's temper is proof against fate,
But *we* know of something her smiles will abate.
When she gets out of wood, and for more is inclined,
Just send home the *crookedest* lot you can find;
Let *us* pick it out, let *us* go and choose it,
And we'll bet you a farm, when she comes for to use it,
Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's cornet,
And she'll be as mad as an elderly hornet."

Darius was piqued, and he said, with a *vum*,
"I'll pay for the wood, if *you'll* send it hum;
But depend on it, neighbors, no danger will come."

Home came the gnarled roots, and a crookeder load
Never entered the gate of a Christian abode.
A ram's horn was straighter than any stick in it;
It seemed to be wriggling about every minute;
It would not stand up, and it would not lie down;
It twisted the vision of one-half the town.
To *look* at such fuel was really a sin,
For the chance was Strabismus would surely set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it:
It *was* crooked wood—even *she* could not doubt it:
But never a harsh word escaped her sweet lips,
Any more than if the old snags were smooth chips.
She boiled with them, baked with them, washed with them through
The long winter months, and none ever knew

But the wood was as straight as Mehitable Drew,
Who was straight as a die, or a gun, or an arrow,
And who made it her business all male hearts to harrow.

When the pile was burned up, and they needed more wood,
"Sure, now," mused Darius, "I *shall* catch it good;
She has kept her remarks all condensed for the Spring,
And my ears, for the trick, now deserve well to sing.
She never *did* scold me, but now she will pout,
And say with *such* wood she is nearly worn out."

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm, like the stream
That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect beam;
And she looked at Darius, and lovingly smiled,
As she made this request with a temper unriled:
"We are wanting more fuel, I'm sorry to say;
I burn a great deal too much every day,
And I mean to use less than I have in the past;
But get, if you can, dear, a load like the last;
I never had wood that I liked half so well—
Do see who has nice *crooked* fuel to sell:
There's nothing that's better than wood full of knots,
It fays so complete round the kettles and pots,
And washing and cooking are really like play
When the sticks nestle close in so charming a way."

TWO SONNETS.

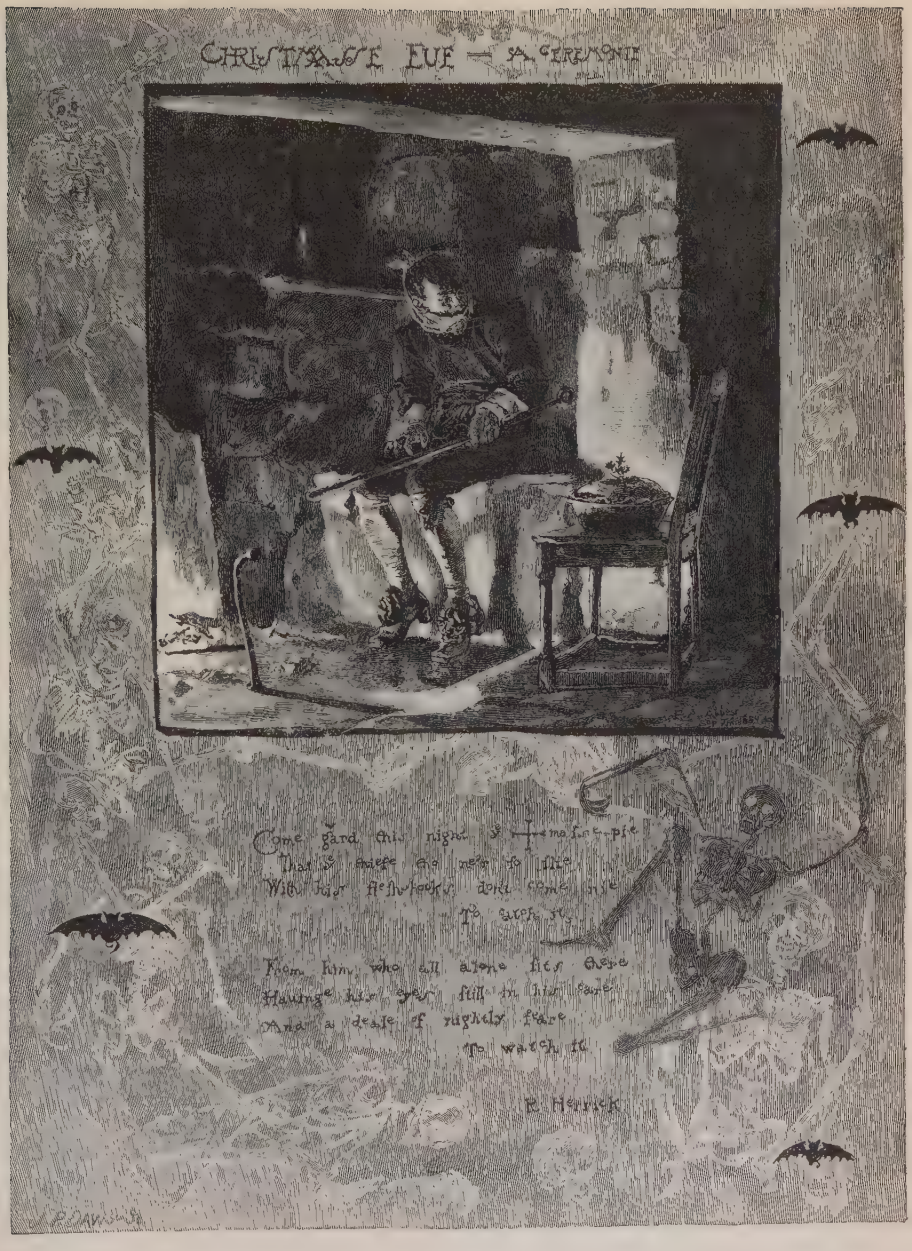
MERCEDES.

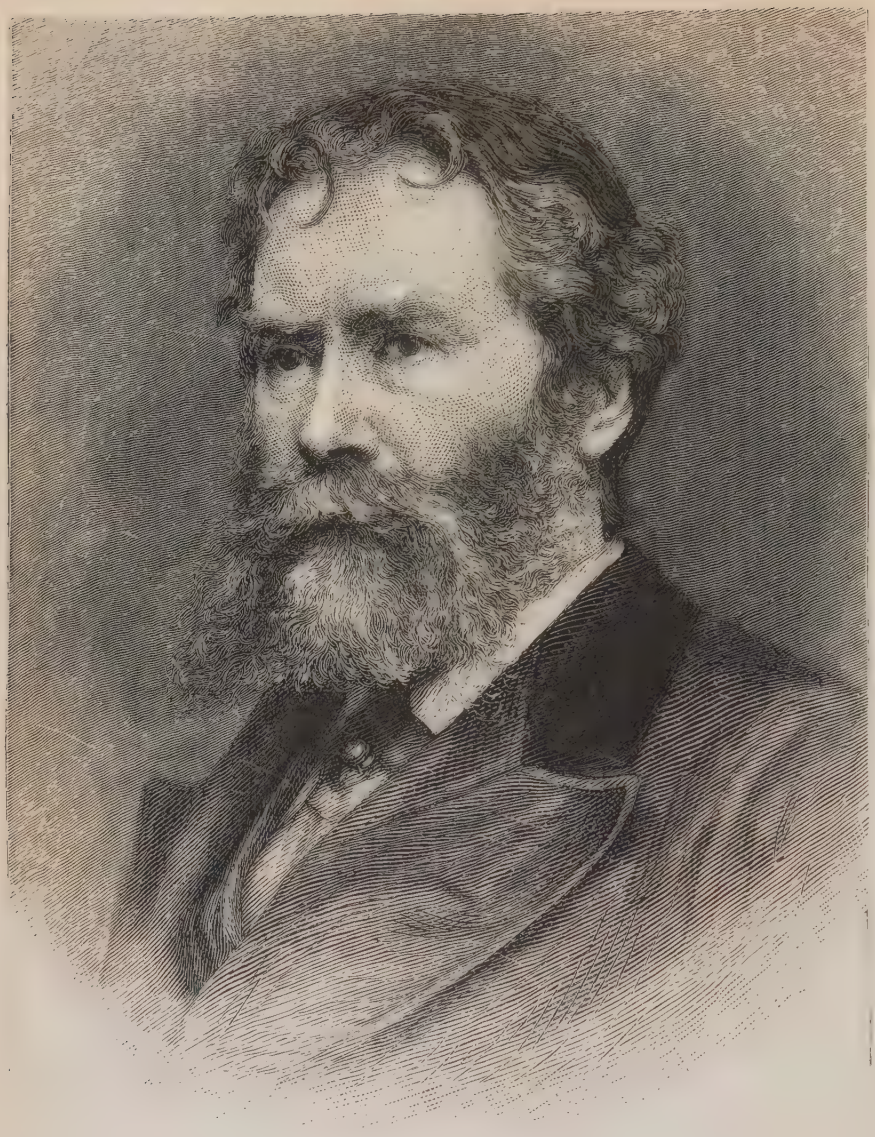
26th June, 1878.

HERS all that life could promise or bestow:
Youth, beauty, love, a crown, the beckoning years;
Lids to be pearled with none but joyous tears;
A life unsoiled with any vulgar woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier flow;
What lurking-place, we thought, for doubts or fears
When, a white swan, she swam along the cheers
Of the Alcalá but five brief months ago?
The cannon shouted hymeneals then
That on her birthday now denounce her doom;
The same white steeds, that tossed their scorn of men,
To-day as haughty drag her to the tomb:
Grim jest of Fate! yet who dare call it blind
Who knows what life is, what our human kind?

THE PRISON OF CERVANTES.

WERE mine such cell! Though nature's firm decree
The narrowing soul with narrowing dungeon bind,
Yet his was free of foot as any wind,
And held both worlds, of spirit and sense, in fee;
What mortals saw of him lay here, while he,
In charmed communion with his dual mind,
Was wandering Spain, himself both knight and hind,
Redressing wrongs he knew must ever be:
His humor wise could see life's long deceit,
Man's baffled aims, nor therefore both despise;
His knightly nature could ill fortune greet
Like an old friend; whose ever such kind eyes
That pierced so deep, such scope, save his whose feet
By Avon ceased 'neath the same April's skies?


CHRISTMASSE EUE — A CEREMONIE
Come guard this night y^e Temples pie
That no sweet Oxe neere y^e stie
With his Hee-hoofes dirt come nie
To ruine it.
From him who all alone lies there
Having his eyes still in his feare
And a desire of ruefull feare
To watch it.
R. Herrick



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE Lowells are descended from Percival Lowell, of Bristol, England, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639. In the ancient records of the colony the name is written Lowle. The family has been distinguished in every generation. Francis Cabot Lowell, for whom the city of Lowell was named, was among the first to perceive that the wealth of New England was to come from manufactures. His son, John Lowell, Jun., who died at the age of thirty-seven, left a bequest of $250,000 to establish the Lowell Institute, in Boston. The father of the poet was Dr. Charles Lowell, an eminent clergyman (1782–1861); his grandfather, John Lowell (1743–1802), was an eminent judge, and the author of the section in the Bill of Rights by which slavery was abolished in Massachusetts.

Dr. Charles Lowell married Harriet Spence, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, belonging to a Scotch family, descended, according to tradition, from the Sir Patrick Spens of the well-known ballad. The mother of Harriet Spence was named Traill, a native of one of the Orkneys. Mrs. Harriet Spence Lowell had a great memory, an extraordinary aptitude for languages, and a passionate fondness for ancient songs and ballads. She had five children: Charles, Robert (the Rev. Robert Traill Spence Lowell, an author and poet), Mary Lowell Putnam (a lady of singular ability and learning), Rebecca, and James Russell, the subject of this sketch, who was the youngest, born February 22, 1819. The children were nurtured with romances and minstrelsy. The old songs were sung over their cradles, and repeated in early school-days, until poetic lore and taste—foreign grafts in many minds—were as natural to them as the bodily senses.

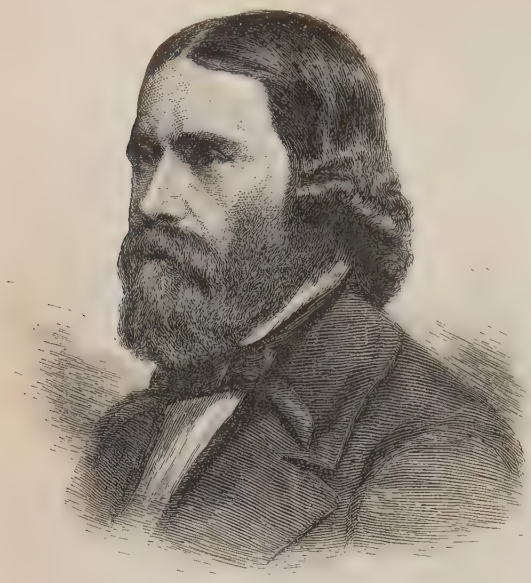
It seldom happens in this country that a lifetime is passed without change of residence; but, except during his visits abroad, Lowell has always lived in the house in which he was born.

Elmwood, though not very ancient, has an interesting history. The house was built by Peter Oliver, who was stamp-distributer just before the outbreak of the Revolution. It will be remembered that, being waited upon by a Boston committee "of about four thousand," and requested to resign his obnoxious office, Oliver hurriedly complied, and shortly after left the country. The house was next occupied by Elbridge Gerry, an eminent man in his day, from whose crooked plan of districting, the political term "gerrymandering" was derived. After his death it became the property of Dr. Lowell, about a year before the birth of the poet. It is of wood, three stories high, and stands on the base-line of a triangle of which the apex reaches nearly to the gate of Mount Auburn Cemetery. The ample grounds have an abundant growth of trees, most of them planted by the prudent doctor as a screen from the winds. There are a few native elms, but those which give the name to the estate are English, sturdy as oaks, standing in front of the house. In front, also, are large and beautiful ash-trees.

In the deep space at the rear there is perfect seclusion: it seems like the still-

HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

ness of the woods. The slopes of Mount Auburn, beautiful with native growths, are separated only by a narrow street. Dwellings are not numerous or near. All around the inclosure a gigantic hedge stands like a jagged silhouette against the sky. This lofty hedge is made up of a great variety of trees: it bristles with points of tufted pines; it is set at mid-height with thrifty and elbowing willows and dense horse-chestnuts; and beneath, it is filled in with masses of shrubs. In the area are broad grassy levels, with a few pear and apple trees, and nearer the house are younger pines, elms, firs, clumps of lilacs, syringas, fleur-de-lis, gorgeous rugs of striped grass, and other ornamental growths disdained by modern gardeners, but immortal in the calendars of poets.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, IN HIS THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Elmwood is full of birds—robins and their homelier cousins, the brown thrushes, swallows, bluebirds, flaming orioles, yellow-birds, wrens, and sparrows. The leafy coverts are inviolate, and some of the tenants, even the migratory robins, keep house the year round. All are perfectly at home, and they appear to sing all day. On summer evenings, after the chatter of the sparrows has ceased, and the robins have sung for curfew, you may hear the *pée-ad* of night-hawks, and the screams of herons and other aquatic birds, as they fly over from the neighboring waters.

During the lifetime of his father the poet occupied as a study the west front room in the upper story. The distant view from the study windows is broad and panoramic, comprising portions of Brighton, Brookline, and Roxbury, and ending on the left with the dome of the State-House in Boston. The nearer view, over the neighboring lawns, includes the Charles and the marshes. The sluggish river winds through tracts of salt-meadow, now approaching camps of meditative willows, now creeping under "caterpillar bridges," and now turning away from terraced villas and turfy promontories. In summer the long coils of silver are set in a ground of green that is vivid and tremulous, like watered silk; in autumn the grasses are richly mottled purple, sage, and brown; and the play of sunlight and shadow, while the winds are brushing the velvet this way and that, gives an inimitable life to the picture.

This study contained about a thousand volumes of books, a few classic engravings, water-color paintings by Stillman, Roman photographs, a table with papers and letters in confusion, and a choice collection of pipes. Over the mantel was a panel, venerable and smoky, that had been brought from the house of one of the ancient Lowells in Newbury, on which was painted a group of clergymen, in their robes, wigs, and bands, seated about a table, each enjoying a long clay pipe. On an arch above an alcove was this legend in Latin: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." This picture, though scarcely a work of art, is interesting for the light it throws upon the social customs of the clergy of the last century. This room was for many years the delightful resort of a few friends, especially on Sunday afternoons.

After the death of Dr. Lowell the libraries were brought together in two connected rooms on the lower floor. The new study was more spacious and convenient, but the precious associations and the beautiful outlook belonged to the upper chamber.

The house throughout was a study of

the picturesque. In the hall were ancestral portraits (one bearing the date of 1582), busts of Dr. Charles Lowell and his father, a stately Dutch clock, and Page's Titianesque portraits of the poet and his wife in their youthful days. The prevailing tone of the rooms was sombre, but the furniture was antique, solid, and richly carved, such as would make a covetous virtuoso unhappy for life. Books were everywhere, mostly well-chosen standard works in various languages, including a liberal proportion of plays and romances.

The nearest neighbor to Elmwood in 1825 was William Wells, who kept a boys' school, and from him the poet got most of his early education; he was for a time, however, pupil of a Mr. Ingraham, who had a classical school in Boston. Mr. Wells was a thoroughly educated Englishman, who had been a member of a publishing house in Boston—Wells and Lily.

Lowell entered Harvard College in his sixteenth year, and was graduated in 1838. Among his classmates and friends were—Charles Devens, a general in our late war, afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and now the Attorney-General of the United States; Rev. Rufus Ellis; the late Professor Nathan Hale; Hon. George B. Loring, M. C.; William W. Story, the sculptor and poet; Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge; Professor W. P. Atkinson; and others less known to fame. The Rev. E. E. Hale was in the class following.

His rank in scholarship was not a matter of pride. He has been used to say that he read almost everything—*except* the text-books prescribed by the faculty. To certain branches of study, especially to mathematics, he had an invincible repugnance; and his degree was perhaps a tribute to his known ability, bestowed as an incentive to future diligence, and partly in deference to his honored father. His vast and multifarious reading was the efficient fertilization of his mind. Learning, in its higher sense, came later. His was the nurture of Cervantes, Boccaccio, Spenser, and Shakspeare. Though eminent and able in many ways, Lowell remains absolutely a poet in feeling. His native genius was fostered by the associations of a singularly beautiful home; it was nourished by the works of the dramatists—masters of emotion and expression—by the ideal pictures of poets and novelists, and by the tender solemnity of the discourses of his father, and of Channing and others of his father's friends. Nature and the early surroundings had been alike favorable; and though he was not a rhyming prodigy like Pope, lisping in numbers, his first effusions, as he came to manhood, were in poetic form.

BEAVER BROOK.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

After leaving college, Lowell entered the law school, and having finished the prescribed course, took his degree of LL.B. in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but it does not appear that he ever seriously engaged in the practice of law. The Rev. Mr. Hale says that his

THE WAVERLEY OAKS.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

brilliant future was prefigured in his youth—that his original genius was evident from the first.

A little before his twenty-second birthday he published a small volume of poems, entitled *A Year's Life*. The motto was from Goethe: *Ich habe gelebt und geliebet;* concerning which it may be said that most young men appear to have reached the maturity of having "lived and loved" at a comparatively early period. The poems are naturally upon the subject that inspires youths of one-and-twenty; and though they do not appear in the author's "complete" collection, they are worthy of consideration. They bear a favorable comparison with the "Hours of Idleness" and other first-fruits of genius. The unnamed lady who is celebrated in the poet's verse, and who afterward became his wife, was Miss Maria White, a person of delicate and spiritual beauty, refined in taste, sympathetic in nature, and the author of several exquisite poems. Notwithstanding the recollections of *A Year's Life* have been set aside by the severe judgment of the poet, the student will discover in them many intimations of the genius that shone out more clearly in later days.

WHEEL OF THE OLD MILL ON BEAVER BROOK.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

In the domain of letters, dead magazines are the ruins, if wrecked air castles ever leave any ruins behind. Nearly every author has at some time felt a shock at the downfall of his castle, and happy is he who is not crushed thereby. In Lowell's case the name of the periodical was the *Pioneer*. He was associated in the editorship with Robert Carter, of whom mention is made further on. The *Pioneer* survived but three months. Lowell's chief contributions were some articles upon song-writers. Previous to this he had written some very striking literary essays for the Boston *Miscellany*, conducted by his classmate and intimate friend Nathan Hale.

About three years after *A Year's Life*, another volume of poems appeared, well known to readers of to-day. The "Legend of Brittany" and "Prometheus" are the longest, but the most popular are "Rhoecus," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," "To Perdita Singing," "The Forlorn," "The Heritage," "A Parable," etc.

The matter and the manner of this volume were new, and not wholly pleasing to the public of 1844. As we look back, and consider the taste of that public, we can not indulge in any great pride. There were a few names held in honor then that are still more honored now. Longfellow was in the first flush of well-won fame. Men had begun to name him in the same breath with Bryant, the recognized chief of the bards. Holmes was thought to be a witty young man of considerable promise; Whittier to be prostituting his Muse in the service of fanatics. His lyrics had some fire, but an Abolitionist could not be a poet. The retributive tar kettle would befit him rather than the exhilarating tripod. Pierpont's odes were shouted by school-boys, and the din of the rhymes on Public Saturdays was like the riveting of steam-boilers. Poe was as supreme a magician as Prospero; Halleck was the American Campbell. John Neal and Richard H. Dana were great poets, and were sure some day to do something worthy of their fame. "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "Home, Sweet Home," had filled the national cup of glory full. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Miss Gould, and Mrs. Welby were quoted with Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Hemans. Philadelphia editors were the final arbiters in criticism; and their magazines, in which music strove with millinery, and poetry was entangled with crochet-work, and plates were fine enough for perfumery labels, represented a power and influence which the sober *Atlantic* and the versatile *Harper* have never since wielded. Poems admitted into those elegant repositories of the arts were already classic. The revolution in letters had not then begun.

In Lowell's verse there was something of Wordsworth's simplicity, something of Tennyson's sweetness and musical flow, and something more of the manly earnestness of the Elizabethan poets. But the resemblances were external; the individuality of the poet was clear. The obvious characteristic of the poems is their high religious spirit. It is not a mild and passive morality that we perceive, but the aggressive force of primitive Christianity.

There are several of the poems in this collection which now seem prophetic. They were bold utterances at the time, and were doubtless considered as the wild rhapsodies of a harmless enthusiast. The ode beginning,

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife,"

may be regarded as a confession of faith. In force of thought and depth of feeling, and in the energy of its rhythmic movement, it is a remarkable production, whether for a poet of twenty-five or older. He decries the bards who seek merely to amuse, and deplores their indifference to human welfare.

"Proprieties our silken bards environ:
He who would be the tongue of this wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron,
And strike it with a toil-embrowned hand."

This stirring ode was a fit prelude to the part our poet was to perform. If there were any doubt as to the application, the grand sonnet to Wendell Phillips in the same volume gives it emphasis.

There are poets whose verse has no relation to time. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" might have been sung by any lyrist from King Solomon to Algernon Swinburne. Others, like Dante, Milton, Marvell, and Dryden, who live in times when strong tides of feeling are surging to and fro, when vital principles are in controversy, and the fate of a people hangs upon the sharp decision of the hour, find themselves, whether they would or no, in the place of actors—at once causes and products of the turmoil in which they are born.

Probably there were never greater changes in the principles, training, habits, tastes, and welfare of any civilized people than were brought about in the Northern States during the fifty years from the date of the poet's birth. This appears at first sight an unnecessarily strong statement, but it will bear scrutiny. That half-century witnessed the astounding changes which followed the application of steam, electricity, and the arts to practical affairs. In the same period the bulk of all our literature was produced, and the press, too, became a power before unknown in this or any country. Legislation and jurisprudence were lifted into the light of morals. Organized benevolence, taking upon itself the burdens of society, began to make the golden rule an active principle in human affairs. In fifty years the United States had outrun the usual progress of centuries.

The function of the critic, as Mr. Stedman has pointed out, is to anticipate the solid and dispassionate judgment of posterity upon the works of to-day—a task sufficiently difficult, for the critic himself may be enslaved by the literary fashions which he ought to resist and deplore. No one can say what may be the standard of taste a century hence, for it can not be known what direction it will receive from some unborn master-spirit who will dominate his age. But in regard to the fundamental laws of ethics there can not be any retrogressive movement: so much is sure.

And to a man in the twentieth century, looking back, what will appear the great fact of our time? Indubitably the abolition of African slavery. It is the most important event since the discovery of America. Yet the time has been when such an opinion would not have been tolerated in polite society. Like its kindred oppressions, monarchy and aristocracy (for which tardy Fate is preparing a similar bloody overthrow), slavery was adorned by the fictile graces of romance and the false glamour of poesy. The antislavery movement is still called an *ism* by those who see no deeper than the surface of things. But it was such an *ism* as Christianity, or democracy, or human brotherhood.

The position of Lowell was fixed from the beginning. The teachings of Channing and of his father, the example of his illustrious grandfather, and the nobility of his own nature, all pointed in one direction. He was an abolitionist when the name signified a fanatic and fool. He did not, however, continue long with the destructive theorists like Garrison, but joined with those who meant to extirpate the evil by legal means within the Constitution. The sincerity and the unflinching zeal of the antislavery leaders are not to be questioned, but in the nature of things they were scarcely entertaining.

It is noticeable that in the first two volumes of Lowell's poems there is not a single witticism, nor a hint of the comic power that was to place him among the first of humorists and satirists. In his *Conversations on the Poets*, now out of print and scarce, there are many keen strokes and ludicrous comparisons, like those in later books with which the public has become familiar. In the *Conversations*, we see more of the natural man; in the early poems, we see the decorous bard in the proprieties of ceremonial robes. One might believe that the brilliant raillery which Lowell afterward turned upon the supporters of slavery had its origin in a reaction from the monotonous oratory of some of his associates.

The Mexican war was in progress, and the Abolitionists declared (what is now accepted as the truth of history) that it was waged to obtain new territory for the extension of slavery, and thereby to counterbalance the growing power of the Northern States. President Polk had been elected to carry out the scheme. The appeal was to Congress, through the conscience of the nation, to stop the supplies.

Mr. Lowell wrote a letter to the Boston *Courier*, purporting to come from Ezekiel Biglow, inclosing a poem in the Yankee dialect, written by his son Hosea, in which the efforts to raise volunteers in Boston were held up to scorn:

> "Thrash away! you'll hev to rattle
> On them kittle-drums o' yourn;
> 'Tain't a knowin' kind of cattle
> That is ketched with mouldy corn."

Society was puzzled. Critics turned the homely quatrains over with their claws as kittens do beetles, and doubted. Politicians thought them vulgar. Reverend gentlemen, who had not been shocked at the auction of "God's images in ebony," considered the poet blasphemous. For the first time in the history of the movement the laugh was on the side of the reformers. The peculiarities of some of the more ec-

centric had furnished the wags heretofore with material for abundant gibes. The long curls of Absalom Burleigh, the sledge-hammer action of Henry C. Wright (perhaps the original of Hawthorne's Hollingsworth?), the white woollen garments, patriarchal beard, and other-world looks of Father Lamson, and the pertinacity of the meek lunatic Abby Folsom, had made every meeting of the New England Anti-slavery Society as rare a show for the baser sort as a circus or a negro concert. Now the leading men in church and state were stung by pestilent arrows. The unanswerable arguments of Garrison, and the magnificent invectives which Wendell Phillips had hurled at well-dressed mobs, were now supplemented by the homeliest of proverbial phrases, set to the airiest lilting rhythm, adorned with the choicest and most effective slang, and tingling with the free spirit that had animated a line of fighting Puritans since the time of Naseby. The antislavery music was in the air, and everybody had to hear it.

The more cultivated of the abolitionists were in ecstasies. Some, however, did not quite understand the levity of tone. When Charles Sumner saw the first Biglow poem in the *Courier* he exclaimed to a friend: "This Yankee poet has the true spirit. He puts the case admirably. I wish, however, he could have used good English."

Hosea Biglow kept up the warfare, and each poem was furnished with a preface and notes by an imaginary Parson Wilbur. First a Mexican war recruit gave his amusing experiences from the field. Then came "What Mr. Robinson Thinks." This tickled the public amazingly, and

> "John P.
> Robinson he
> Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B."

was in every one's mouth, like the "What, never?" of *Pinafore*.

Mr. Robinson was a refined and studious man, unhappily on the wrong side of a moral question, and was not a little annoyed by his "bad eminence"; but he is preserved in the Biglow amber like an ante-Pharaonic fly. He went abroad, perhaps to get out of hearing, but as soon as he landed at Liverpool and got to his hotel, he heard a child in an adjoining room idly singing. He listened. Yes, it was true; the detested refrain had got across the ocean. It was

> "John P.
> Robinson he"

that the baby-ruffian was trolling. He sailed to the Mediterranean, and stopped at Malta. While looking at the ruins of the works of the Templars, he observed a party of English not far distant, and presently another infantile voice sang,

> "But John P.
> Robinson he
> Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

About this time Dr. Palfrey, the historian, then an able and eloquent member of Congress, had refused to vote for Mr. Winthrop, the Whig candidate for Speaker. Hosea Biglow gave expression to the party wrath in a burlesque version of a speech supposed to have been delivered at an indignation-meeting in State Street. This was the opening:

> "No? Hez he? He hain't, though? Wut? voted agin him?
> Ef the bird of our country could ketch him, she'd skin him."

"A Debate in the Sennit, sot to a Nusry Rhyme," followed; then "The Pious Editor's Creed," and a burlesque of General Taylor's letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency. The most musical, adroit, and effective of the series was the second letter from Birdofredum Sawin, the Mexican volunteer. He had been sadly mutilated and ill-treated and disillusionèd. He had imagined Mexico as a country

> "Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,
> An' gold was dug ez taters be, among our Yankee nation—
> Ware nateral advantages were pufficly amazin'—
> Ware every rock there waz about, with precious stuns waz blazin'—
> Ware mill sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could cram 'em,
> An' desput rivers run about a-beggin' folks to dam 'em."

The volunteer finally descants upon his own rare merits and available qualities, and offers himself as a candidate for President under the sobriquet of "The One-eyed Slarterer." In a third letter, the last of the first series, Mr. Sawin withdraws in favor of Ol' Zack.

The poems were finally gathered into a volume, which in comic completeness is without a parallel. The "work" begins with "Notices of the Press," which are delightful travesties of the perfunctory style both of "soft-soaping" and of "cutting up." There happening to be a vacant page, the space was filled off-hand by the first sketch of "Zekel's Courtshïp":

"Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' thare sot Huldy all alone,
With no one nigh to hender."

This is the most genuine of our native idyls. It affects one like coming upon a new and quaint blossoming orchid, or hearing Schumann's "Einsame Blume." Its appearance in the *Biglow Papers* was purely an accident; but it had the air of being an extract, and it was so greatly admired that the poet afterward added new stanzas to fill out the picture. In the original sketch there were six stanzas; there are now twenty-four.

The title itself is a travesty, reminding one of the days of black-letter quartos. The head-line is "MELIBŒUS HIPPONAX," as much as to say, "This is a horse-eclogue." A note informs us of the position of Mr. Wilbur in the learned world, and refers us to some scores of (imaginary) societies to which he belongs. The introduction gives some account of the poet, Hosea Biglow, and quotes specimens of his serious verse.

The notes and comments of the grave and erudite parson are difficult to characterize. One sees that he is professionally solemn and pedantic, and often ridiculous in adhering to obsolete modes of spelling and to old-fashioned ways. In every page there are striking thoughts, as well as a profusion of imagery and an affluence of learning; but there is also a quaint flavor of antiquity, as if the honey of his periods had been gathered from the flowers of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Brown, and holy George Herbert. Nothing finer or more characteristic is to be found in any of Lowell's varied and splendid writings.

The *Biglow Papers* end appropriately with a comic glossary and index. It must be repeated, by way of emphasis, that from the first fly-leaf to the colophon this is the only complete and perfect piece of grotesque comedy in existence.

As the Yankee peculiarities of the *Biglow Papers* are evidently fresh studies, it might appear strange that they could be wrought out by a resident of Cambridge. For that city, though rural, is not in the least rustic. The primeval Yankee has become scarce everywhere; he is hardly obtainable as a rare specimen; he is a tradition, like the aurochs or the great bustard; he and his bucolic manners and speech are utterly gone. There is not the echo of a *haöw* in any of the pretentious Italian villas, nor even the heavy-timbered mansions like that of Lowell's friend G. N., dating from 1656. Oxen are as strange as camels, and if there were a milkmaid to be found, her hands would smell of mille-fleurs or patchouli. As soon expect the return of Jacob and Rachel as to see again the originals of the poet's Zekel and Huldy. The old town as it was in Lowell's boyhood is sketched with rare humor and fine touches in an article by him published in *Putnam's Monthly* in 1853, entitled "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago."

This charming essay, brimming with feeling, and full of the graces that delight cultivated readers, shows Lowell himself, in his early maturity, in the most striking way. Later essays may be more profound, but none of them are so full of the sunshine of the heart. In this masterly picture we see a country village, silent and rural. There are old houses around the bare common, "and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington." One coach sufficed for the travel to Boston. It was "sweet Auburn" then, a beautiful woodland, and not a great cemetery. The "Old Road" from the square led to it, bending past Elmwood. Cambridgeport was then a "huckleberry pastur'," having a large settlement of old-fashioned taverns with vast barns and yards on the eastern verge. "Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its dusty bucket swinging from the hinder axle, and its grim bull-dog trotting silent underneath,.....brought all the wares and products of the country to Boston. These filled the inn yards, or were ranged side by side under broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of the lusty drivers clamored from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables made a Rembrandt of the group of hostlers and horses below."

Commencement was the great day, to which the Governor came in state, with military escort. The annual muster of the militia, which took place sometimes at Cambridge and sometimes in other neighboring towns, brought together all the boys of the county to see the various shows, and the hilarious sport called a "Cornwallis."

The provincial tone was evident. You

have only to talk with an old Bostonian even now to see how it was. But the main thing was that up to 1830 the manners and speech of ordinary folk were those of the seventeenth century. The rustic Yankee was then a fact. In fifty years, by the aid of steam and electricity, Boston became a modern city, on equal terms with the Old World, a centre of itself, and Cambridge was developed into a highly cultivated suburb. The rusticity was gone. The changes of two hundred years went by in a lifetime.

Recalling old Cambridge by the aid of Lowell's reminiscences, we see how the vernacular idioms and the humorous peculiarities of the people are so naturally reproduced in his comic verse.

Mr. Lowell was married December 26, 1844. His domestic life at Elmwood, like the "peace that passeth understanding," could be described only in simile. It was ideally beautiful. And nothing was wanting to perfect happiness but the sense of permanence. Mrs. Lowell was never very strong, and her ethereal beauty seemed too delicate for the climate of New England. Children were born to them, but all died in infancy excepting a daughter (now Mrs. Edward Burnett). Friends of the poet who were admitted to the study in the upper chamber remember the pairs of baby shoes that hung over a picture-frame. From the shoes out through the west window to the resting-place of the dear little feet in Mount Auburn there was but a glance—a tender, mournful association, full of unavailing grief, but never expressed in words. Poems written in this period show the depth of parental feeling. Readers remember "The Changeling," and "She came and went:"

"As a twig trembles which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred:
I only know she came and went."

Mrs. Lowell, as has been mentioned, was a writer of sweet and beautiful verse. One of her poems, "The Alpine Sheep," addressed to a sorrowful mother, was suggested by her own bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell went to Europe in a sailing vessel in the summer of 1851, and spent a year, visiting Switzerland, France, and England, but living for the most part in Italy. They returned in the autumn of 1852. Mrs. Lowell was slowly, almost imperceptibly, declining. Her fine powers were almost spiritualized, and the loveliness of her nature suffered no change by disease. The end came in October, 1853, when like a breath her soul was exhaled.

On the day of Mrs. Lowell's death a child was born to Mr. Longfellow, and his poem "The Two Angels"—perhaps as perfect a specimen of his genius as can be cited—will remain forever as a most touching expression of sympathy:

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

Mrs. Lowell's poems were collected and privately printed in a memorial volume, with a photograph from Page's portrait; many of them have been widely copied, and have become a part of our literature.

After the brilliant success of the *Biglow Papers*, it might have been supposed that Lowell would have continued to produce comic verses; but it would seem that he had not been satisfied with his early serious poetry, and was conscious of the power of accomplishing better results. His next important effort was "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—a noble poem, full of natural beauty, and animated by high Christian feeling. This was composed in a kind of fury, substantially as it now appears, in the space of about forty-eight hours, during which time the poet scarcely ate or slept. It was almost an improvisation, and its effect upon the reader is like that of the outburst of an inspired singer. The effect upon the public was immediate and powerful; the poem needed no herald nor interpreter.

About the same period came "The Present Crisis"—an ardent poem, in a high prophetic strain, and in strongly sonorous measure. This has been often quoted by public speakers, and many of its lines are as familiar as the most trenchant of the Proverbs:

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track."

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne."

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust."

"For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands."

But the whole poem is a Giant's-Causeway group of columnar verses. It is a pity to pry out specimens; they stand better together.

Mention should be made of "Ambrose," a beautiful legend with a lesson of toleration; of "The Dandelion" and "The Birch-Tree," both charming pictures, and already hung in the gallery of fame; and of "An Interview with Miles Standish," a strong piece of portraiture, with a political moral.

But of the poems of this period, the most artistic is "Beaver Brook." There is no finer specimen of an ideal landscape in modern verse—a specimen rich enough in its suggestions to serve as an object lesson upon the poetic art. Beaver Brook, whose valley was a favorite haunt of the poet, is a small stream in the present limits of the town of Belmont, a few miles from Elmwood, not far from Waverley Station. The mill exists no longer, but one of the foundation walls makes a frame on one side for the pretty cascade of

"Armfuls of diamond and of pearl"

that descends into the "valley's cup." The wheel fell in 1876. Our engraving on page 255 is from a picture furnished by Mr. Handyside, near whose house the brook flows. Not far below is a pasture, in which are the well-known Waverley Oaks, the only group of aboriginal trees, probably, standing on the Massachusetts coast. If a bull be permitted, the largest of the oaks is an elm, now unhappily dying at the roots. This tree has a straight-out spread of one hundred and twenty feet—sixty feet from the giant trunk each way. The oaks are seven or eight in number, as like as so many stout brothers, planted on sloping dunes west of the brook. They have a human, resolute air. Their great arms look as if ready to "hit out from the shoulder." Elms have their graceful ways, willows their pensive attitudes, firs their loneliness, but the aboriginal oaks express the strength and the rugged endurance of nature.

Mr. Lowell's next venture was again in the field of satire. "A Fable for Critics"—

"A Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the tub of Diogenes"

was

"Set forth in October the thirty-first day,
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway."

As one looks back—for 1848, though it seems but yesterday to some of us, was really a great while ago—one hardly knows whether to be more amazed at the audacity or the brilliancy of this elaborate *jeu d'esprit*.

To bring up the representative authors of a vain and touchy people for censure was an undertaking of some difficulty and delicacy. But when allowance is made for the humorous and sportive tone of the "Fable," and we get at the real critical opinions, either singly or in mass, it is surprising to see how the poet anticipated the taste of the coming generation, and how sound and appreciative, according to present standards, his judgments are. Naturally there may be undue warmth here, and a shade of coolness there, but there is a general equity and candor. It will be found hereafter that Lowell's Apollo was perhaps more generous than severe in his comments upon the literary procession.

The "Fable" is as full of puns as a pudding of plums. The good ones are the best of their kind, strung together like beads, and the bad ones are so "atrocious" as to be quite as amusing. The successive pages seem like a series of portraits done by an artist who knows how to seize upon the strong points of likeness, and avoid caricature; and that is to produce living pictures in the style of the masters.

The "Fable" appeared anonymously, but such a secret could not be kept. When people had time to think about it, it was evident that no other American could have written it. No poem of the kind in the language equals it in the two aspects of vivid genius and riotous fun. The "Fable" careers like an ice-boat. Breezes fill the light sails as if toying with them; but the course is like lightning, and every movement answers to the touch of the helm.

In 1849 Mr. Lowell's poems were collected in two volumes. "The Biglow Papers," "A Fable for Critics," and "A Year's Life" were not included. In 1853, and for some years afterward, he was a frequent contributor to *Putnam's Monthly*, conducted by George William Curtis and Charles F. Briggs. Some of his finest productions, both in prose and verse, appeared in that brilliant periodical. In the winter of 1854–55 he delivered a course of twelve lectures on English poetry in the Lowell Institute. The lectures made a deep impression upon cultivated audi-

tors, and full reports of them were printed in the Boston *Advertiser*.

It is probable that by this time our poet had begun to think of some connection with the university. The illustrious professor of *belles-lettres*, it was known, desired to retire from the chair, and public opinion pointed to Lowell as a proper person for his successor. In the summer of 1855 Mr. Longfellow resigned, and Mr. Lowell was appointed in his place, with leave of absence for two years. He went to Europe to pursue his studies, and remained abroad, chiefly in Dresden, until the spring of 1857, when he returned, and began his courses of lectures. No professor was ever more popular with his classes.

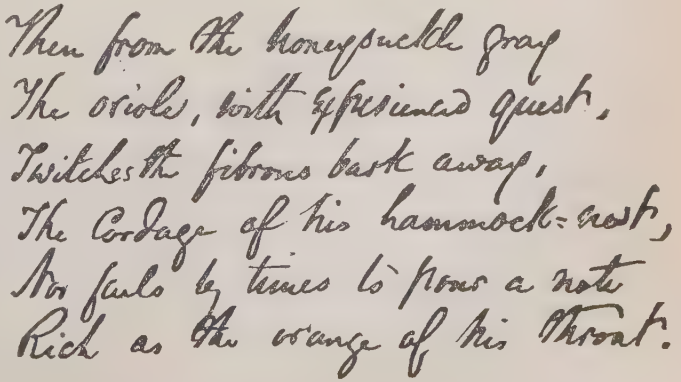
The germs of his literary criticism are to be found in his *Conversations on the Poets*, published in his twenty-fifth year. The book is a valuable part of his literary biography. The sentences give an impression of prolixity at first, not so much of words as of teeming, struggling thought. They attest the yet untrained luxuriance of genius. The style at times runs riot in every form of poetic illustration. The doctrines are of the modern school, in opposition to the formal antithesis and the superficial glitter of Pope and his French masters, and in favor of the simplicity and vigor of the Elizabethan authors and of Chaucer.

The volume of *Fireside Travels* deserves mention. It was published in 1864. The articles were written when Lowell was thirty-four—a mature young man, chastened and thoughtful, but still joyously young. It was the period when fresh feeling was in the ascendant, and when the poet had no inclination to exchange the creative pencil for the scalpel of the critic. There is a tide in the soul of man, and it comes neither too early nor too late in life—a time when the poet or artist is at his best, hand and brain and heart at one.

Fireside Travels, among prose works, is the product of Lowell's best days. Pages appear like the soil of hot-house beds, with thoughts, serious, jocose, learned, allusive, sprouting everywhere. It does not matter where the reader opens, for every sentence has some salient or recondite charm. One often wonders, after reading for the twentieth time, where there is to be found another essay like it. In Thackeray's essays there are points of resemblance. The *Roundabout Papers*, *The Four Georges*, and the *English Humorists*, though totally different in matter and in style, give a similar inward satisfaction.

Two important events occurred in 1857. Mr. Lowell was married in September to Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine—a lady of attractive presence and sterling character, who had had charge of the education of his only daughter during his residence abroad. For a time he resided in Kirkland Street, Cambridge, with Dr. Estes Howe, who had married a sister of Maria White Lowell, but not long after he returned to Elmwood. In November the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, under the auspices of the chief authors of New England, with Mr. Lowell as editor-in-chief. One purpose of the magazine was to give the active support of letters to the antislavery cause, and in this respect its position was decided. The editor's contributions were not numerous, but were conspicuous for their force and pungent wit.

In less than two years from the time the *Atlantic* was started both the senior members of the publishing house, Messrs. Phillips and Sampson, died, and the magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. Mr. Lowell edited it until 1862, when he was succeeded by Mr. Fields. Several fine poems appeared in the first volume, among them "The Nest," of which a stanza is here given in fac-simile:


Then from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole, with experienced quest,
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock-nest,
Nor fails by times to pour a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

FAC-SIMILE OF STANZA FROM LOWELL'S POEM, "THE NEST."

As Lowell was never given to the production of merely fanciful verses—the very lightest of his thistle-downs having some seed in them—and as his mind always moved to the tides in the ocean of human thought and feeling, it will not appear strange that the great events following the election of President Lincoln gave a new direction to his active faculties. In feeling, as before observed, he is primarily a poet, but he is also, like Milton, a thinker, with a fund of uncommon practical sense, and as much of a man of action as any refined and cultured scholar can be. The topsails may fill or flutter in celestial airs while the hull struggles in the heaving sea.

The poetry of the new school was as pure as the gospels, and as uncompromising as the early church. Brook Farm, with its æsthetic communism, had been one of the signs of the times—a precursor, it was hoped, of Arcadian days to come. Plainness in dress prevailed even among the rich and delicately bred. Lowell's youthful portrait by Page represents him in a coarse brown coat, with his broad shirt collar turned down, and with long hair parted at the centre of the forehead, and hanging in careless grace upon ruddy and wind-tanned cheeks. The poetry of the picture is in the calm and dreamy eyes looking out of a shadow of bronze mist.

But the time of boundless hope for humanity went by, and after the reaction the conservatives were stronger than ever before. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill was the answer to the efforts of the Abolitionists. When the contest between the North and South was settled, as far as ballots could do it, by the election of Lincoln, the struggle was immediately transferred to the field, and for four years the power and endurance of the two sections were tried to the uttermost.

The *Atlantic* had a number of vigorous political articles in prose, and a few months after the outbreak Lowell again set up the simple Biglow stage with the old *dramatis personæ*, to ridicule secession. The first attempt was an epistle in rhyme from the veteran Birdofredum Sawin to Hosea. The hero of the Mexican war had become a Southerner, had been tarred and feathered by way of acclimatization, had been in the State-prison on a groundless charge, and on his release had married a widow, the owner of slaves. He had, therefore, reached an eminence from which he could look down on the "mud-sills" of his native State.

The light and mocking tone of this epistle is in strong contrast to the deep and almost passionate feeling that breathes in the later poems of the series. In the summer and autumn of 1861 people thought the campaign was to be something like a picnic excursion.

The capture of the rebel commissioners Mason and Slidell by Commodore Wilkes—a resolute and truly British proceeding—though in violation of the law of nations, will forever endear his name to the American people. Lowell has probably better than any one expressed this feeling in his famous "Yankee Idyl." The preface, by the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, shows that gentleman at his best. It is worth all the starched formality of the state papers on the subject.

In the stern idyl that follows, the talk between Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument sounds like the click between flint and steel. Concord expresses the natural wrath of the nation; Bunker Hill its calm reason and wise policy. The Bridge calls up old grievances:

"I recollect how sailors' rights was won—
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun....
Better that all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze....
Than seek such peace ez only cowards crave:
Give me the peace of dead men, or of brave."

Those who lived as mature men and women in those times well remember the thrilling apostrophe with which the poem concludes:

"O strange New World! that yit wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung;
Brown foundlin' of the woods, whose baby bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains;....
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents;
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away."

Then came the impressive ballad, in which all the force of the preceding argument is fused into a passionate deprecation:

"It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John—
Your cousin tu, John Bull!

Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
We know it now,' sez he.
The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me.

"Shall it be love or hate, John?
It's you thet's to decide.
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Old Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
Wise men forgive,' sez he,
But not forget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.
Ez wal ez you an' me."

The satires of Hosea Biglow had been appreciated by antislavery men and by judges of poetic art—a very select company in any age—but the ballad "Jonathan to John," appealing to a natural patriotic pride, became immediately popular.

The author, who had patiently waited for recognition, could now be satisfied, if fame had been his desire. Many literary reputations have been built up with as much forethought and tact as go to the making of fortunes. Lowell would not be human if he did not relish a good word better than an ill one; but he never asked for the one or deprecated the other.

Mr. Sawin was next heard from in a letter to Hosea detailing his "conversion," descanting upon the superior strain of Southern blood, and anticipating the creation of a batch of nobles as soon as secession should be established. His new wife, he says, was a Higgs, the "first fem'ly" in that region—

"On her ma's side all Juggernot, on pa's all Cavileer."

After some ridicule of "Normal" blood and Huguenot descent, we have an inside view of secession—salt selling by the ounce, whiskey getting "skurce," and sugar not to be had. Meantime the corner-stone of the new state is a powder cask, and Jeff Davis is "cairn the Constitooshun roun' in his hat." The ironical compliments of Mr. Sawin to the national Congress conclude the letter.

One of the most justly celebrated of the series was entitled "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line." It is wonderful to see how the dialect is moulded by the thought. When the sights and sounds and odors of spring come to mind, the crabbed speech becomes poetical, as a plain face glows into beauty on the sudden impulse of the heart.

So in this unique pastoral we pause over the loveliest images and hints of tantalizing likeness, and while the pleasure still lingers we find that Hosea has gone on whittling away at some problem, and using his mother-wit with unconscious and aphoristic art.

After a while Hosea, declaring himself "unsoshle as a stun" because his "innard vane" has been "p'intin' east" for weeks together, starts off to lose himself in the pine woods. He comes to a small deserted "school'us'," a favorite resort when in a bluish reverie, and sitting down, he falls asleep. A Pilgrim Father appears.

"He wore a steeple hat, tall boots, and spurs
With rowels to 'em big ez chesnut burrs."

This was Hosea's remote ancestor, once a colonel in the Parliamentary army. He makes himself known, and tells his descendant that he had

"worked roun' at sperrit-rappin' some,
An' danced the tables till their legs were gone,
In hopes of larnin' what was goin' on.
But mejums lie so like all split,
Thet I concluded it was best to quit."

In his youth, he tells Hosea, he had youth's pride of opinion:

"Nothin', from Adam's fall to Huldy's bonnet,
That I warn't full cocked with my judgment on it."

He makes a parallel between the cause of the loyal North and that of the Commonwealth against King Charles, and exclaims:

"'Slavery's your Charles, the Lord has gin the exe—'
'Our Charles,' sez I, 'has got eight million necks.'"

He likens the rebellion to the rattle of the snake, and adds:

"It's slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin' head,
An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead."

In the preface to the next poem the death of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur is announced, and shadow though he be, the reader feels his loss like that of a friend.

The thought of grief for the death of an imaginary person is not quite so absurd as it might appear. One day, while the great novel of *The Newcomes* was in course of publication, Lowell, who was then in London, met Thackeray on the street. The novelist was serious in manner, and his looks and voice told of weariness and affliction. He saw the kindly inquiry in the poet's eyes, and said, "Come into Evans's, and I'll tell you all about it. *I have killed the Colonel.*" So they walked

in and took a table in a remote corner, and then Thackeray, drawing the fresh sheets of MS. from his breast pocket, read through that exquisitely touching chapter which records the death of Colonel Newcomb. When he came to the final *Adsum*, the tears which had been swelling his lids for some time trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob.

Let us go on with Mr. Wilbur.

In the letter which gives the news of his death the writer declares that the good clergyman's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war.

The poem sent with the good parson's last letter is a vigorous appeal for ending the war—a protest against vacillation and half-heartedness. The prelude shows the heart's desire:

"Ef I a song or two could make,
Like rockets druv by their own burnin',
All leap an' light, to leave a wake,
Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'."

The key-note of the poem is in the last couplet of the first stanza:

"Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme
'Twixt upright Will and downright Action."

If the test of poetry be in its power over hearts, the tenth in this series must be placed in the highest rank. The beginning is quaint, simple, and even humorous, but with a subdued tone: there is no intimation of the coming pathos; nor are we conscious of the slow steps by which we are led, stanza by stanza, to the heights where thought and feeling become one.

It is with some apprehension that the present writer ventures to quote a stanza in the native dialect; though full of delicate feeling, expressed with the inimitable art of a great poet, the unlettered style suggests only what is ridiculous "to the general," who can see nothing touching in the sentiment of a rustic, and are not softened by tears unless shed into a broidered handkerchief:

"Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';
The parson's books, life, death, an' time
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin';
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
That love her 'z though she wuz a woman;
Why th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human."

The poet goes on recalling

"Sights innercent as babes on knee,
Peaceful as eyes o' pastured cattle";

the "yaller pines,"

"When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hears among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented";

then

"The farm smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
Slow thru' the winter air a-shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'."

This brings to mind the poet's slain nephews:

"Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin'—
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?

"Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red tech-stone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt o' men
That rived the rebel line asunder?"

In this last stanza the direct, weighty words, the intensity of feeling, and the force of the bold images create a sensation that is nothing less than sublime. It refers, as readers perhaps know, to the poet's nephew, General Charles Russell Lowell, at the battle of Winchester, who, though he had received a wound which he knew must be mortal, mounted his horse and led his troops in a brilliant charge, was again mortally wounded, and shortly after expired.

Here the sorrowing Hosea exclaims,

"'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full of gifts an' graces."

But the lines are palpitant like naked nerves, and every word is like the leaf plucked by Dante, which trickled blood.

The last of the Biglow papers is a speech of Hosea in the March town-meeting. The preface is by the Melibœus Hipponax himself, and is a delightful *ragout* of Yankee phrases peppered with pungent wit. His summary, or "argymunt," of a popular speech has been often copied, and has done service in many comic readings, but its irresistible drollery keeps it fresh.

"THE ARGYMUNT.

"Interdueshin, w'ich may be skipt. Begins by talkin' about himself: thet's jest natur', an' most gin'ally allus pleasin', I b'lieve I've notist, to *one* of the cumpany, an' thet's more than wut you can say of most speshes of talkin'. Nex' comes the gittin' the good-will of the orjunce by lettin' 'em gather from wut you kind o' ex'dentally let drop thet they air about East, A one, an' no mistaik; skare 'em

up, an' taker 'em as they rise. Spring interdooced with a fiew approput flours. Speach finally begins, witch nobuddy needn't feel oblygated to read, as I never read 'em, an' never shell this one agin."

In the course of the speech Mr. Biglow observes:

"N.B.—Reporters gin'lly git a hint
To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,
An' ez I hev t' report myself, I vum
I'll put the applauses where they'd *ough to* come."

Little did the orator of Jaalam suppose that his shrewd plan would be copied years afterward by a great lecturer.

The President, Andrew Johnson, comes in for the hardest hits:

"'Nobody ain't a Union man,' sez he,
'Thout he agrees, thru thick an' thin, with me.'....
Is this 'ere pop'lar gov'ment that we run
A kin' o' sulky, made to kerry one?....
Who cares for the Resolves of '61,
Thet tried to coax an airthquake with a bun?....
He thinks secession never took 'em out,
An' mebby he's correc', but I misdoubt;
Ef they warn't out, then why, 'n the name o' sin,
Make all this row 'bout lettin' of 'em in?....
[*Derisive cheers.*]
O did it seem 'z ef Providunce
Could ever send a second Tyler?
To see the South all back to once,
Reapin' the spiles of the Free-s'iler,
Is cute ez though an ingineer
Should claim th' old iron for his sheer
Coz 'twas himself that bust the b'iler."
[*Great laughter.*]

From this comparatively long but really brief and inadequate synopsis the reader may infer the high aim and definite moral purpose of the *Biglow Papers*, and their intimate connection with our national history. Poetry seldom needs comment; the lightning flash explains itself; and, in truth, comment rarely carries admiration along with it into the mind of the reader. But the *Biglow Papers* are in a foreign tongue for all city folk, and even in the country the *patois* has for a long time been faithfully grubbed up by schoolma'ams, like the Canada thistle.

As at the beginning Lowell was mentioned as one of the forces and products of the age, an actor and sympathizer in its moral and political movements, it has been deemed essential to dwell more upon the works which have become a part of our history. The usual topics of poetry, nature and man, have been illustrated in many graceful and noble poems by many loved and honored poets, by Lowell also; but in the ordinary acceptation of the meaning and use of poetry he is but one of several eminent masters, each having his own great merits, while in this new field he is wholly without a rival, the sole laureate of the native unlettered speech, and the shining exemplar of the mother-wit of New England.

The introduction to the series is a learned and masterly account of the dialect, as a legitimate derivative of the spoken English of the Elizabethan age, and a protest against the prevalent "fine writing" as tending to weaken prose and stifle poetry. The whole essay is pervaded by the intense individuality of genius.

"Fitz-Adam's Story" was printed in the *Atlantic* for January, 1867, but has not yet been included in any "complete" edition. A note informs us that it was intended as a part of a longer poem to be called "The Nooning." It stands like the wing of a projected edifice, waiting for the main structure to give it countenance.

This poem has many traits in common with the best of the *Biglow Papers*. Like them, it is exuberant in feeling and secular in tone, and its movement is breezy, out-of-doors, and natural. The portrait of Fitz-Adam himself is a masterpiece, an instantaneous view of a complexity of character and motive, genius and whim, kneaded together, and made real flesh and blood.

Fitz-Adam tells us,

"Without a Past you lack that southern wall
O'er which the vines of Poesy should crawl."

He pays his homage to our great romancer:

"You have one story-teller worth a score
Of dead Boccaccio's—nay, add twenty more,
A hawthorn asking spring's most southern breath,
And him you're freezing pretty well to death."

He takes us to Shebagog County, where the summer idlers

"Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
As 'twere Italian opera, or play,
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
And pat the Mighty Mother on the head."

Fond of the frontiersmen and their natural ways, he puts them in a line:

"The shy, wood-wandering brood of character."

He paints the landlord of the rustic inn. The picture seems as deep-lined and lasting as one of Chaucer's. We see the tanned cheeks and the "brambly breast," and how

"a hedge of gray
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
About an Adam's-apple that beneath
Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy heath."

The landlord gives an axiom for the kitch-

en for which the epicure will hold him in affectionate remembrance:

"Nothin' riles me (I pledge my fastin' word)
Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird."

The bar is painted as if by Teniers, with its great wood fire, and the coals in which was heating

"the loggerhead whose hissing dip,
Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip."

Then follows the encounter of teamsters' wits, and the sketch of Deacon Bitters, a mean and avaricious wretch, whose tricks brought him to a sulphureous end. The audacity of the story is forgotten in its absurdly comic keeping. It is the only approach to a Canterbury Tale we remember.

The period in which Lowell's most popular works appeared ended with the late war. They can not be classified, however, in a chronological order, because he sometimes allowed a considerable period to pass before giving a poem to the public. The collection entitled *Under the Willows*, published in 1869, contains "A Winter-Evening Hymn to my Fire," printed originally in *Putnam's Monthly* fifteen years before. "Fitz-Adam's Story," which has just been considered, belongs to a similar period, as do the gay and characteristic acknowledgment of Mr. John Bartlett's trout, and the well-known pathetic ballad, "The First Snow-Fall."

As a critic Lowell has been more unsparing upon his own productions than upon the works of others. Genius and Taste are twin-born; the one creates, the other tests. Many a day Genius produces nothing that Taste will allow. Taste corrects or blots out, so as to leave nothing that Time will destroy. Happy is the Genius with whom Taste continues to dwell as a friend and helper. Too often he goes over to the enemy, and sits in judgment with the reviewers.

The original traits of Lowell's genius are unmistakable; and in spite of the gravity of his later poems, the reader often comes upon the turns of thought which marked his verse twenty years before. But along with the continued likeness there has been a slowly growing divergence. In the development of a scholar and poet we expect to see the evidences of maturing powers, varied experience, and mastery of expression: that is to say, force, wisdom, and skill are the natural gains of twenty years. This is true in the case of Lowell; but what is more remarkable is the steady lifting of his intellectual horizon, and the spiritualizing of thought, so that, as in the celestial mechanics, words become the symbols of ideas that reach toward the infinite.

In "The Foot-Path" the reader begins with a view that is within his not infrequent experience:

"It mounts athwart the windy hill
Through sallow slopes of upland bare,
And Fancy climbs with footfall still
Its narrowing curves that end in air."

But the poet's aerial way only begins where mortal vision ends. The mind follows clews and glimpses, conscious of sensations for which there are no words, and of an upward motion into a realm where ideas are as fluent as air, and as impalpable.

Humboldt said that the vegetation upon the sides of Chimborazo exhibits at successive elevations all the characteristic flora from the equator to the arctic circle: the boundless luxuriance of the tropics at the base, and the eternal ice of the pole at the summit. Poetry likewise comprehends many zones. Its lower level is in scenes of lavish beauty, and it concerns itself in the joy of the senses in external nature. Higher up there are fewer flowers and hardier growths, "but purer air and broader view." Still higher are the brown and lichened steeps that tax strength and demand self-denial. Above, and reaching into the infinite sky, is the silent peak, inaccessible, eternal.

The "Commemoration Ode" (July 21, 1865) naturally succeeds the poignant grief of the later Biglow papers. The dedication is one that only a poet could have written: "To the ever sweet and shining memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard College who have died for their country in the war of nationality." In the privately printed edition of the poem the names of eight of the poet's kindred are given. The nearest in blood are his nephews, General Charles Russell Lowell, killed at Winchester, Lieutenant James Jackson Lowell, at Seven Pines, and Captain William Lowell Putnam, at Ball's Bluff. Another relative was the heroic Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who fell in the assault upon Fort Wagner. The commemoration services took place in the open air in the presence of a great assembly. Prominent among the speakers were Major-General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, and Ma-

jor-General Devens. The wounds of the war were still fresh and bleeding, and the interest of the occasion was deep and thrilling. The summer afternoon was drawing to its close when the poet began the recital of the ode. No living audience could for the first time follow with intelligent appreciation the delivery of such a poem. To be sure, it had its obvious strong points, and its sonorous charms; but, like all the later poems of the author, it is full of condensed thought, and requires study. The face of the poet, always singularly expressive, was on this occasion almost transfigured, glowing as if with an inward light. It was impossible to look away from it. Our age has furnished many great historic scenes, but this commemoration combined the elements of grandeur and pathos, and produced an impression as lasting as life. Of the merits of the ode it is perhaps too soon to speak. In nobility of sentiment and sustained power it appears to take rank among the first in the language. To us, with the memories of the war in mind, it seems more beautiful and of a finer quality than the best of Dryden's. What the people of the coming centuries will say, who knows? We only know that the auditors, scholars and soldiers alike, were dissolved in admiration and tears.

The writer remembers that, as the people were dispersing, a fresh-looking, active, and graceful man, of middle age, in faultless attire, met the poet with an outstretched hand. There was a hearty greeting on both sides, so hearty that one wonders how it could have happened between two Bostonians, whose marble manners the public knows from our fashionable novels. It was not the formal touch of gloved hands, but an old-fashioned, energetic "shake"; and it was accompanied by spontaneous, half-articulated words, such as the heart translates without a lexicon, while eager and misty eyes met each other. The new-comer was William W. Story, the sculptor and poet.

"When did you come?"

"I reached Boston this morning. I heard you were to read a poem; there was just time to make the trip, and here I am."

"And so you have come from Rome merely to hear me recite an ode? Well, it is just like you."

"The Cathedral" is a profound meditation upon a great theme. A poet is not held to the literal meaning of the motto he selects, but the lines prefixed to this poem (Euripides, Bacchæ, 196–199) are strongly significant of a growing conservatism in thought: "Not at all do we set our wits against the gods. The traditions of the fathers, and those of equal date which we possess, no reasoning shall overthrow; not even if through lofty minds it discovers wisdom." This is perhaps a fair indication of the feeling of the poem. The incidents of the day at Chartres are unimportant except in connection with the poet's admiration for Gothic architecture, and his musings upon the associations of the cathedral, the old worship, the old reverence, and the old ways.

It would seem that the intellectual movement in which the poet had been borne on for so many years was latterly becoming too rapid and tumultuous, according to his thinking—ready to plunge into an abyss, in fact. In particular, it may be observed that though the physical aspect of evolution had engaged his attention, as it has that of all intellectual men, and had commanded perhaps a startled and dubious assent, yet his strong spiritual nature recoiled in horror from the materialistic application of the doctrine to the origin of things. Force could never be to him the equivalent of spirit, nor law the substitute for God. In conversation once upon the "promise and potency" phrases of Tyndall he exclaimed, with energy, "Let whoever wishes believe that the idea of Hamlet or Lear was developed from a clod; I will not."

A couplet from "The Foot-Path" makes a similar protest against the theory of the universe which leaves out a Creator:

> "And envy Science not her feat
> To make a twice-told tale of God."

Intimations of the Berkeleyan theory appear in "The Cathedral," not as matters of belief, but of speculation. But the granitic basis of the poem is the generally received doctrine of the being of God, of His works, and His dealings with men. The clear purpose is seen by the attentive reader, although at times through a haze of poetic diction. Its strong points are in the simplicity and suggestiveness of its illustrations, its strong hold upon the past, and its tranquil repose in the care of Divine Providence. The style is for the most part scholastic, nervous, and keen-edged. There are some lovely rural pic-

tures near the beginning, so characteristic that if they were done in color we should not need to look at the corner for the "J. R. L. pinxt."

Two instances of the harmony of sound and sense are quite remarkable. One is the description of the falling of an ash leaf—

"Balancing softly earthward without wind"—

an inimitably perfect line. The other suggests the swinging of a bell blossom—

"As to a bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion swung in air."

True to its name, "The Cathedral" is a grand poem, at once solid and imaginative, nobly ornate, but with a certain austerity of design, uplifting and impressive. These edifices are perhaps the most wonderful productions of mind, but they are gloomy also, and in some moods strike a chill to the very marrow.

Three odes have since appeared, written for important occasions, all characterized by a lofty tone of sentiment and grand poetic diction. First is the one read at Concord, April 19, 1875; the next is that read at Cambridge under the Washington Elm, July 3, in the same year; the third an ode for the Fourth of July, 1876. The Concord ode contains the most exquisite music, and shows the most evident inspiration. The Cambridge ode is remarkable for its noble tribute to Washington, and to the historic commonwealth of Virginia. The last is beautiful also, and strong, but scarcely so clear and fortunate as the others. But these with the Commemoration Ode are an Alpine group, an undying part of our national literature.

The prose works of Lowell consist of the *Fireside Travels*, already referred to, and three volumes of essays, published in 1870, 1871, and 1876. Of these the one entitled *My Study Windows* will be found most interesting to general readers. The other two are entitled *Among My Books*, and are of a purely literary character. A large number of his essays have appeared in magazines and reviews, and have not been as yet reprinted.

It is a common but baseless supposition that the poetic faculty must exist singly, as if the brain, like a flower-pot, could hold but one plant. It is true, great poets are rarely men of affairs, but every genius is an absolutely new combination of traits and powers, and no one knows the possibilities. Four arts owned Michael Angelo master, and he was almost equally great in all. We have seen that in the mind of Lowell there is an unfailing spring of analogy and suggestion, and a power of illustrating subtle and profound thoughts. And side by side with this undeniable poetic power is to be seen the solid understanding, the ready wit, and the practical sagacity that are more commonly the birthright of unpoetic men. It is as if the souls of Shelley and Ben Franklin had blended.

The prose of a true poet, if one reflects upon it, must have some marked peculiarities. That which is of the essence of poetry is not in its musical cadence, not in its shining adjectives and epithets; it is in substance as well as in form different from the ordinary productions of mind. And as the power of appreciation is really rare, though often assumed, the distinctive prose of a poet is necessarily quite removed from general apprehension. The difficulty lies in following the movement of the poetic mind, which is by nature erratic, if measured by prose standards—taking many things for granted which the slower-footed expect to see put down in order, and often supplying the omission of a premise in a logical statement, or the want of a formal description, by a single flashing word. Those people who need to have poetry expounded to them will require similar help to understand the prose of poets. Certain of Lowell's essays—especially those upon Shakspeare, Dante, and Milton—will be fully appreciated by only a limited number of readers in any generation.

The prose essays of Lowell (*Among my Books*, two volumes; *My Study Windows*, one volume) cover a wide range of thought and observation, but all have the inevitable family likeness. Mention has been made of the delightful "Fireside Travels." Of a similar tone are "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." The last is a specimen of pure irony, keen as a Damascus blade, and finished to the utmost. It is doubtful if there is another essay in modern English superior in power, wit, and adroitness. The essay upon Lessing is a charming piece of writing, full of bright passages, but interesting mainly to scholars. "New England Two Centuries ago" is a powerful historical article, in which the Puritans

and Pilgrims are boldly sketched—neither unduly flattered nor summarily condemned.

Bookish men will delight more in the literary essays. They are redolent of learning. They have an incommunicable flavor. The essay on Shakspeare is the best. There will always be some new light radiating from the works of that great poet, and each succeeding generation will be satisfied only with its own estimate; but the most comprehensive estimate to-day is Lowell's.

In general it may be said that the quality which prevents the general appreciation of Lowell's prose is its exceeding richness. It is like cloth of gold, too splendid and cumbrous for every-day wear.

It is upon his poems that the sure foundation of Lowell's fame will rest. Some of them are the clear and fortunate expression of the noblest modern thought, and others are imbedded in the history of an eventful time.

In person Lowell is of medium height, rather slender, but sinewy and active. His movements are deliberate rather than impulsive, indicating what athletes call staying qualities. His hair at maturity was dark auburn or ruddy chestnut in color, and his full beard rather lighter and more glowing in tint. The eyes of men of genius are seldom to be classified in ordinary terms, though it is said their prevailing color is gray. Colonel Higginson mentions Hawthorne's gray eyes; while the present writer, who once studied them attentively, found them mottled gray and brown, and at that time indescribably soft and winning. That they were sometimes *accipitral* we can readily believe. Lowell's eyes in repose have clear blue and gray tones with minute dark mottlings. In expression they are strongly indicative of his moods. When fixed upon study, or while listening to serious discourse, they are grave and penetrating; in ordinary conversation they are bright and cheery; in moments of excitement they have a wonderful lustre. Nothing could be finer than his facial expression while telling a story or tossing a repartee. The features are alive with intelligence, and eyes, looks, and voice appear to be working up dazzling effects in concert, like the finished artists of the Comédie Française.

The wit of Hosea Biglow is the native wit of Lowell—instantaneous as lightning; and Hosea's common-sense is Lowell's birthright too. When the same man, moreover, can extemporize chuckling puns, and blow out a breath of poetical reverie as naturally as the smoke from his pipe, the combination becomes almost startling. Other men may have been as witty, though we recall but three or four in our day; some may have had a similar fund of wisdom mellowed with humor; others have talked the staple of idyls, and let off metaphors like soap-bubbles; but Lowell combines in conversation the varied powers of all. His resources are inexhaustible. It is no wonder that he has been admired, for at his best he is one of the most fascinating of men. There is but one compeer—the immortal "Autocrat"—and it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to draw a parallel between them.

Steele said of a lady that to have known and loved her was a liberal education. More than one man who enjoyed Lowell's society found that the wise and witty converse of years did much to supply lamented defects in his own study and training, and perhaps warmed even late-flowering plants into blossom and fruitage. This also should be said, that every man who has known Lowell well considers him much greater than the aggregate of his works. He always gives the impression of power in reserve.

He used to enter upon the long walks which have aided in making him one of the poets of nature with the keenest zest. There was no quicker eye for a bird or squirrel, a rare flower or bush, and no more accurate ear for the songs or the commoner sounds of the forest. Evidences of this the reader will find in the *Study Windows*. But those who have visited Fresh Pond, Clematis Brook, Love Lane, or the Waverley Oaks in his company remember an acuteness of vision and a delight in every form of beauty of which the essay gives no conception.

His habits were scarcely methodical—reading, correspondence, composition, exercise, and social converse coming often hap-hazard; yet, being incapable of idleness, he accomplished much. His works show the effective use he has made of the intellectual treasures of the world.

Mrs. Hawthorne relates that before her husband completed *The Scarlet Letter* there was a visible *knot* in the muscles of his forehead, caused by the intensity of thought. When a great theme was in

mind, Lowell has always gone to his desk with all his might. Like Sir Walter Raleigh, he could "toil terribly." It has been already mentioned that "Sir Launfal" was written in about two days. The production of a poem like "The Cathedral" or the "Commemoration Ode" taxed his faculties to the utmost, and always left him exhausted in body and mind.

Between 1850 and 1860 Lowell was not much in society, in the present restricted sense of the word. The dinner parties and receptions of the fashionable appeared to have little attraction for him. He never enjoyed being lionized. In Cambridge there were several men with whom he was on intimate terms, and to them he gave his society ungrudgingly. Chief among these was his brother-in-law Dr. Estes Howe, a man of liberal education and delightful social qualities. He is "the Doctor" referred to in the preface to the "Fable for Critics." "The Don" was a pleasant nickname for Mr. Robert Carter, formerly Lowell's coadjutor in the short-lived *Pioneer*, and employed at that time as secretary by Mr. Prescott, the historian. Carter was a remarkable man, principally on account of his great reading and retentive memory. He was an able writer also; and he had read more out-of-the-way things than any man living. Lowell used to say that he would back Carter on a wager to write off-hand an account of a journey in the fifth century B.C. from Rome to Babylon or Pekin, with descriptions of all the peoples on the way. Carter lived at first in a modest house near the Willows (celebrated in Lowell's verse), and afterward in Sparks Street, not far from the Riedesel house. The Sparks Street house has associations such as belong to the tavern of Kit North's friend Ambrose, lacking, however, the overplus of toddy and the coarseness which smirched the discourse of the *Blackwood* coterie. Carter's house was often a rendezvous for whist parties; but whist was the least of the business or pleasure of the evening. The new books—or old ones—magazines, pictures, reminiscences, and stories occupied the available intervals. The silence and severity of Mrs. Battles were unknown. Charles Lamb and his venerable dame were often quoted by Lowell; but the "rigor of the game" was a transparent joke. When a story came to mind, or an epigram, or double-shotted pun, the cards might wait. When the story was told, or the puns had coruscated amid roars of laughter, the Professor would blandly ask, "What are trumps?"

Other players must rest in shadow. Two of them may be named in whom the reading world has an interest. One was John Bartlett, author of the book of *Familiar Quotations*, a charming companion, and a man of refined taste. The other, who was the delight of all companies, was John Holmes, brother of the poet-professor. He was the songless poet, the silent Autocrat. It is difficult to say what he might have done if shut up with pen, ink, and paper; for he had the rarest humor, and a genius for the unexpected. He always had the art of showing the *other side* of a statement, and of bringing a joke out of the impossible, like a conjurer.

Changes in the whist parties occurred, as was natural, owing to illness or absence, but they continued for several years. The members are all living except Carter, who died in Cambridge about a year ago, universally regretted. May he rest in peace! The recollections of that period form a bond not to be sundered while life and thought continue.

Of other intimate friends of Lowell much might be said if there were room. Some of them are named in his books.

The edition of poems published in 1849 was affectionately dedicated to the eminent painter William Page. The second series of the *Biglow Papers* was appropriately inscribed to E. R. Hoar, who is

> "the Jedge, who covers with his hat
> More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense
> Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence."

Fireside Travels is a series of letters addressed to Story the sculptor. *Under the Willows* bears the name of Charles E. Norton, Professor of the History of Art at Cambridge. *The Cathedral* is inscribed to Mr. James T. Fields; *Three Memorial Poems* to Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of *The Nation; My Study Windows* to Francis J. Child, Professor of English Literature; *Among my Books* to the present Mrs. Lowell; the second volume of the same series to the illustrious Emerson. The chief honor appears to have been paid to George William Curtis, to whom the complete edition of the poetical works is dedicated.

Arthur Hugh Clough, an English scholar and poet, lived in Cambridge for about

a year (1855), and appears to have made a deep impression upon Lowell. The public knows little of Clough, but all poets know the author of "The Bothie" and "Qua Cursum Ventus." He had a beautiful, spiritual face and delicate, shy manners: such a face and such manners as are dimly seen in morning dreams. One may be sure that such a rare being, if real flesh and blood, would at some time be found at Elmwood. Clough strongly advised Lowell to continue and develop the Yankee pastorals. In the introduction to the *Biglow Papers* Lowell says, apropos of the approval of friends: "With a feeling too tender and grateful to be mixed with any vanity, I mention as one of these the late A. H. Clough, who more than any one of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius."

The artists Stillman and Rowse were frequent visitors. Many of their pictures and sketches adorn Lowell's house. President Felton was a stanch friend, and had great delight in Lowell's society. He and his brother-in-law, Agassiz, were alike hearty and natural men, fond of social pleasure, and manifesting the unaffected simplicity of children.

Longfellow's house is but a short distance from Elmwood, perhaps a quarter of a mile; and the relations of the two poets have always been intimate, as every observant reader knows. Holmes lived in Boston, but he was a frequent visitor in Cambridge at the old house near the college, especially while his mother lived. Lowell always paid tribute to the consummate art and finish of his friendly rival's verses, and to the vigor and freshness of his style. The father of Dr. Holmes was a stout orthodox clergyman; Lowell's father was a mild and conservative Unitarian. The Autocrat has developed into a liberal, and our poet has been growing more conservative, until now the relative positions of the sons are nearly the reverse of those of their fathers.

The historian Motley and the genial essayist Edmund Quincy were among Lowell's firm friends; but there is no room even for these incomparable persons.

In the course of this sketch there has been little attempt to follow order. The events of Lowell's life since 1860 have been few. The important dates are the dates of his books. One year has been like another, passed at the same residence, cheered by the same friends, engrossed in the same studies and pleasures. He visited Europe with Mrs. Lowell in 1873. He had never held office, not even that of justice of the peace; and though he has always had a warm interest in public affairs, he has not been a politician. It was therefore with some surprise as well as gratification that his friends heard of his appointment as Minister to Spain. He had been offered the Austrian mission, and had declined it; but a good spirit (or Mr. Howells, a relative of the President) suggested that Vienna was, perhaps, not the place to attract a scholar and poet, and that Madrid would be preferable, even with a smaller salary. After the retirement of Mr. Welsh, Mr. Lowell was transferred to London. His reception in the metropolis of letters has been in the highest degree flattering to him, and a matter of just pride to his countrymen.

He still holds his rank as professor at Cambridge, evidently expecting to resume his duties there.

Perhaps in the Indian summer of his life he may put his heart into a poem that will be even more worthy of his genius than any he has yet written.

DOES LIFE-INSURANCE INSURE?

I.—THE AMOUNT OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS.

CHANCELLOR KENT said, in 1828: "Nothing can appear to an English or American lawyer more idle than the alarm of the French jurist, or more harmless than an insurance upon life, which operates kindly and charitably in favor of dependent families."

Chancellor Kent had in mind the idea of a life-insurance business which should be strictly confined to life-insurance, which should be built upon just arithmetic, and managed honestly, wisely, and economically by upright and able men. "Life-insurance," wrote a Massachusetts commissioner in 1873, "consists mainly in receiving premiums, investing them at compound interest, and out of the accumulation paying the sums when deaths occur." Surely nothing could be more harmless or more beneficial in the way of a public trust than life-insurance; and the trust has grown to proportions which indeed call for upright and able men in its management. During the fifty years

since Chancellor Kent wrote as above, Great Britain and Ireland have come to assure 1935 millions of dollars on 810,000 lives; the United States assures 2705 millions on 1,100,000 lives; while the French, who save more money annually than any other country, assure but 390 millions on only 198,000 lives. Is the Frenchman's caution or the American's confidence the better justified by experience? "There are in this country more than half a million families who have voluntarily subjected themselves to a tax amounting in the aggregate to about 100 millions of dollars a year, and are under bonds, more or less, in the aggregate amount of about 400 millions to continue to pay this tax for life or for a long period."*

Let us look at some of the facts in their experience. I will keep mostly to recent dates, in order to avoid the objection which may be made that life-insurance is an essentially different thing to-day from what it was a few years ago. How far it has been bettered, and how far it still needs improving, I will try to show.

Since 1861 thirty-six companies have started in New York State alone: in March of this year only four of them remained. From 1859 to 1878, fifty-two companies ceased doing business in this State: the most of them failed. Of all American life insurance-companies, two have failed, thus far, to one that survives; while not one of our surviving large companies has yet reached the critical period of its career—the age when heavy pressure from death claims might be expected. But that pressure, it must be added, is not likely to be put upon any of our companies very soon, for the sufficient reason that our companies confiscate the vast majority of the policies for non-payment of premiums. This is done generally at an early period in the so-called investment. *The average duration of an American policy is only about seven years.* Of the multitude of policies which terminate yearly in our companies, only "one in ten matures by death; the other nine mature by causes other than death."† Or, as a searching critic of the subject, Professor Van Amringe, of Columbia College, has put it: "Of every ten policies which cease, but one will cease by death and expiry. One and a half will be given up for a slight compensation, and seven and a half will be absolutely thrown away by the holders."

The amount now at risk in the American companies, 2705 millions, though less than it was a few years ago, is more than one-twelfth of the entire capital wealth of the Union. Their yearly income is more than half the yearly accumulation of wealth in the German Empire. In New York State thirty-four companies were doing business at the end of 1878. They had over 600,000 policies outstanding, assuring 1481 millions. Their assets were 404 millions—more than the value of the entire cotton crop of the world. Their income for the year was 80 millions—a sum equal to twice the American tobacco crop of the year, and to more than the entire potato crop; or equal, again, to the entire silk crop of India, China, and Japan.*

II.—THE GETTING OF THE MONEY.

How have the companies come into the possession of this money? By inducing the public to pay it to them in premiums, and by the interest from investments. Most of their bargains with the public are made in the shape of life policies; and endowment assurance policies constitute about a fifth of the business. The first question is, Do the insurance companies make fair bargains with the public? Our annual accumulation of wealth is greater than that of any other nation, and we are paying about one-ninth of it to the life-insurance people. Is that too much or too little? Have the companies charged an equitable price, say within forty millions per year, for the insurance that they have promised?

1. They make a large profit on receiving interest at a higher, and paying it (when they pay it) at a lower rate. They calculate the interest which they promise to pay at four per cent.; they receive six or seven per cent. This is legitimate enough, but the policy-holders are commonly led to think that they are to get much more than four per cent.

* *Traps Baited with Orphan.* By ELIZUR WRIGHT, Ex-insurance Commissioner. Boston, 1877.

† Testimony of Sheppard Homans, Assembly Documents for 1877, No. 103, pp. 348–350. Mr. Homans adds, "The odium attached to the forfeiture of so many policies has made it very difficult to get new business." One would hope so.

* Mulhall's *Progress of the World.* London, 1880. In this article I give the nearest round numbers, whether of cents or of millions of dollars, whenever round numbers will help to make the case clearer.

2. In computing the risks of their business the companies use "a table which gives a death rate, on the whole, considerably larger than that which it expects in practice." Having computed the chances below the average, they then pick out the lives that are above the average, and most of the companies refuse to insure any other. A man can not go in from the street and claim life-insurance at the average mortuary rates: he will not be accepted unless he can satisfy the medical examiners that his health and strength are better than the average. This selection of risks is another source of great profit. One New York company reported its gain from this source, for eleven months of 1869, as $649,000. Did that company charge too little or too much in making its bargains?

3. Every premium on a life policy is composed of three distinct elements. First, the *net premium*, calculated more or less equitably from the mortality tables. That is intended to insure the risk of death within the average lifetime. Second, the *reserve*, or self-insurance; it is the yearly payment which will amount, at four per cent., to the face of the policy at the time of the average lifetime. This is the policy-holder's own money, put out at interest for him. Third, the *loading:* that is guessed at by the companies: it is the charge for expenses. These three items make up the gross, office, or load premium; and all three are legitimate items.

But how great is this third charge, the "loading" for expenses? Instead of computing it, as they should, upon the net premium, they make a charge amounting to one-third of the gross or office premium —say thirty-three per cent. of the many millions per annum which they receive directly from the public. This would seem, indeed, enough to conduct the expenses of the business. An expert estimate gives eighteen per cent. as sufficient, even under the present lavish system, to pay all legitimate expenses of management.

4. Another source of great profit to the companies has been the buying up of policies. This, happily, is not so common as it was. How it was managed we may learn from the instructive testimony of Mr. Stephen English:*

"*Q.* [Mr. Moak]. What were the irregularities which you complained of in regard to the Continental Life?

"*A.* Robbery and plunder.

"*Q.* In what way?

"*A.* They sent agents out all through the West; they would call upon a poor unsuspecting policy-holder, and by telling him the company was insolvent, induce him to give up the policy for a small amount, and then pocket the reserve.

"*Q.* In other words, if the reserve was $600, they would get the policy surrendered for a small sum?

"*A.* Yes, for $40; and then pocket the difference.

"*Q.* Who would?

"*A.* The president and vice-president: they have run away."

5. The profit from all these sources is many millions of dollars per year. Yet even these profits do not account for half of the enormous wealth of the surviving companies. They have a fifth source of profit, which is more abundant than any or all of these four; namely, the confiscation, as already said, of the vast majority of the policies. In spite of the law of 1879, to be mentioned presently, the forfeiture of the policy and the total confiscation of the reserve is still the fate of all but a small minority of the insured. Here are some of the facts: In 1871 lapse and surrender swallowed up ninety-three per cent. of the number of policies that were terminated in the New York business (Van Amringe). In 1876 one company confiscated about 2500 policies—nearly the same number that it issued during the year; 1254 of them were absolutely forfeited, the holders getting nothing for them. In another company, during the same year, about 3000 policies were terminated, only about 300 of these by death. Of the balance, about 150 were re-instated; the rest, over 2000 in number, were absolutely forfeited. Still another company, in the same year, 1876, issued 8000 policies, and confiscated (always legally) no less than 7500. Of these, however, it bought up, according to its actuary's testimony, a large number "simply as a gratuity," being "not legally bound to pay anything" to the policy-holder who is behindhand with his premiums.* During the year 1879 the same company reports 8615 of its policies as terminated; the company is thirty-seven years old, and yet only 1156 of these policies were terminated by death! How many lapses and surrenders there were in its business does not appear in its annual report. The latest State returns are for 1878. During that year the number of policies terminated in the New York business was

* New York Assembly Documents, 1877, No. 103, p. 250.

* Assembly Documents, 1877, No. 93, p. 23.

87,222. Of these, 11,357 terminated by death and expiry; while 57,895 were terminated by lapse and surrender, representing the failure of 151 millions of insurance. The premiums paid upon those policies, and the profits accruing thereon, remain for the most part as profits to the companies. Do their officers lessen the charges for outstanding insurance in view of such experience as this? By no means; "'tis not in the bond." But some of them have announced lessened charges for the future.

The upshot of this slaughtering of policies, which forms the leading feature of our life-insurance thus far, is, as we have seen, that the average duration, or "life," of a policy in an American company is but seven years. On the so-called "life sentences" in our State-prisons the actual average term of imprisonment is computed at the same number of years. This is more than a curious coincidence: it illustrates another of those great illusions which rule our much-believing, soon-forgetting, long-suffering community.

I am speaking of the present as well as the past condition of the case as regards most of the policies heretofore issued and now issuing. Their usual fate is forfeiture. But, for the policies of the future, this principal source of gain to the companies is checked by a recent law, the New York State law of 1879. That law provides that no policy issued after the 1st of January, 1880, and kept up for three years, shall be forfeited by subsequent non-payment of premiums; but that the reserve, computed at four and a half per cent., which shall have accumulated on the policy, shall be applied, according to its amount, to the purchase of further insurance. This further insurance may be either a continuance of the original policy as long as the reserve will pay for it; or paid-up insurance under similar conditions to those of the original policy—of course for a smaller amount, and generally for a very much smaller amount. In one case the law allows a cash payment. In the case of failure to keep up one's endowment policy, the excess of the reserve, if there be any excess at the end of the term of years, shall be paid to the policy-holder if he be still living. The new Massachusetts law (act of April 23, 1880) provides that on policies issued after the 1st of January, 1881, the holder who shall have paid his premiums for two years shall be credited, if he fail to make further payments, with either life or endowment insurance for such an amount as his reserve, less eight per cent. charges, will purchase. If he have no wife or dependent child, he may draw this reserve in cash. A fair surrender value on ordinary life policies is one of the chief things needful in future insurance. But these laws will be a great deliverance to those who shall intrust themselves hereafter to life-insurance under the present system. They would have restored hundreds of millions of dollars to American families had they been enacted and enforced thirty years ago.

These are the chief sources of the profits of the companies, and we see that they are vastly in excess of equity, and that the cost of life-insurance is proportionately too great. This matter is summarized in a few words of expert testimony which I will quote from the State investigation of 1877. The case supposed is that of a policy of $1000, payable at death, the holder being assured at the age of twenty-five years, and paying $20 annually:

"*Q.* [Mr. Moak]. Of an annual premium of twenty dollars, six would be for loading, five for mortality, and nine for reserve; to secure for himself such an insurance at his age he pays $20, and gets just $5 worth?

"*A.* [Mr. Sheppard Homans]. Of insurance, yes.

"*Q.* In other words, on the mutual plan, without expense [of agents and management, etc.], $5 would pay for just as much insurance as he gets now by paying $20?

"*A.* Certainly.

"*Q.* You say $5 actually pays for the benefits which the man actually gets in insurance for which he now has to pay $20, or, in other words, which the present system requires him to pay?

"*A.* Certainly."

—Considering, I should add, that at twenty-five the insurer's expectation of life is thirty-nine years, while that of his policy is but seven years!

Of these excessive profits the agents promise to return a great part in dividends; a small part of them is actually so returned. But the whole system of dividends to policy-holders is a vicious one. The promised dividends are a bait to the public, and the occasion of an irresistible temptation to the officers of the companies: the excessive premiums which make them possible demoralize the business. The more nearly a premium approaches the minimum that is consistent with security, the better both for the companies and for the insured.

III.—THE SPENDING OF THE MONEY.

It may be said, Grant the fact of these abuses: do not these very overcharges make the companies stronger, and so accrue to the benefit of the policy-holders? They would if the companies used the money in that way. But we have seen already that the companies, even the oldest ones, let but a small part of the policy-holders' money go back to them. The agents of the companies distribute little tracts, pleading with the public for their salvation by life-insurance, and pleading with more zeal and at greater expense than any tract society. One company admits paying in one year (1876) the sum of $62,000 for "printing and stationery." And in these tracts they announce, among many other good things, the actual payment of large sums upon their policies. But let us see what large sums, to which attention is not called in their tracts, they spend on other objects than the payment of insurance to the beneficiaries of their policies.

The New York companies reported 80 million dollars income for 1878, and 72 millions expenditures. A considerable part of this sum was doubtless paid to widows and orphans—how much, the report does not make clear. Mr. Wright estimates that of 100 millions paid annually in premiums to all American companies about one-fourth is annually returned to the beneficiaries. In the New York business of 1878, as reported by the companies themselves, three millions were paid to agents; three millions more went for salaries, medical fees, "and other charges of employés"; and a lump sum of five millions is reported, without any explanation, under the heading, "All other expenditures." This makes 11 millions per annum for running the business in New York State.

Nothing is harder than to analyze accounts in which there are concealments and evasions. But we may gather from more sources than one some interesting details respecting the ways in which our insurance companies scatter the policy-holders' money. They are, principally, payments to agents; payments in salaries, fees, and bonuses; cost of buildings; loss in speculation and in bad investments; and loss by legal plunder and wrecking. A glance at each of these great drains will be enough.

1. Payments to agents, called the "cost of getting the business." During the years 1876, 1877, and 1879 a single New York company paid nearly two millions of dollars to agents. If we look back to the times of inflation in the business we shall find still higher figures. During five years, 1867–1871, the authorized companies of New York State paid 40 millions to agents, and but 75 millions during the same period for losses and claims. These are the reported figures; but the usual practice has been to pay the agents thirty per cent. of the first premium paid, and seven and a half per cent. on from six to ten annual renewals. Thus the agent gets $75 out of $700 paid in $100 premiums for seven years; but seven years, as we have seen, is the average limit of the existence of an American policy. As the great majority of the policies last less than seven years, the agent receives at least fifteen per cent. of the whole premium payments. The agents get less now than formerly, because the business is less; but the community is still paying to them a tax of probably ten millions per annum. Millions past our counting have been won from the public by their solicitations. The agents persuade people into insurance that does not insure. The reformed system will insure, but *it will conduct the business without agents.* It should be known to those of us who are interested that the strongest English company, the Equitable Assurance, of London, built up its great business and its reserve of 55 millions of dollars without employing agents; it has "never paid any commission at all."* "Good wine needs no bush," and there will be no need to tease people into insurance that does insure.

2. Salaries and bonuses form an important item in the "cost of conducting the business." Salaries, indeed, there must be, and under the present system not a few of them, in order to get men enough, and capable ones, to manage a business that is injuriously enlarged and complicated by questions of dividends and profits. But even under this system the salaries should be kept within bounds. *Est modus in rebus;* there is, or should be, a limit to everything, even to life-insurance salaries. They should be paid only to competent persons; and they should not be supplemented by bonuses. In 1879 ten New

* Assembly Documents, 1877, No. 103, p. 351.

York companies paid for salaries and "other compensation" to employés in their home offices only, $958,000; this does not include medical fees. And a single president admitted, at the State examination of 1877, that he had received $525,905 25 from the funds of his company during eighteen years, in salaries and "extra compensation."*

In one great company it was testified at the same examination, "There were bonuses paid to the officers for a series of years, and put down as dividends to policy-holders."† The vice-president of that company testified as follows about them:

"*Q.* [Mr. Moak]. How much did the aggregate of the bonuses amount to?

"*A.* I have no recollection, sir.

"*Q.* Can't you give us within half a million?

"*A.* Hardly."‡

He adds that after continuing this practice two or three years, the officers of the company "discovered it gave rise to comments," and stopped the bonuses. The practice, one would say, might profitably "give rise to comments," both on the part of policy-holders and others. So also might the conduct of the president of the same company. The editor of the *Insurance Times* testified that this president's "son had a policy, and he allowed it to lapse, and at his death the policy was revived." In that company, out of 8595 policies terminated in 1878, 6300 were terminated by lapse and surrender. None of these policies were "revived." In 1879 it terminated 8615 risks, but only 1156 of these were terminated by death.

3. Miscellaneous extravagance. Under the head of "all other expenditures," the New York companies report an item, for 1877, of six and a half million dollars, leaving the public to guess how they spent the money. A part of it goes for the costly buildings which the insurance companies think it necessary to put up. The president of one New York company, after stating the amount of his salary to be $37,500 per annum, went on to say that his company had paid about four millions for their building in New York, and more than a million for their building in Boston:* for the two, more than half the estimated total cost of the Cologne Cathedral (40 million marks). The company's officers claim that their buildings are good investments, but whether they are or not is a hard question for an outsider. But another extravagance which I will mention is clearly not a good investment. A vice-president of a leading New York company testified in 1877 that the cost of "luncheons" given to 117 officers and clerks in the New York office was about $6000 per year; and he "could not say" that the cost of luncheons and wine dinners (the wine dinners were stopped in 1876) did not exceed $10,000 per year.†

4. Bad investments and speculation. Of course there is no absolute safeguard in any business against making bad investments. But as the insurance people have got the people's money simply by asking for it, and in vastly greater amount than is needed for fair and honest insurance, the result is that on the one hand the companies indulge in unnecessary and extravagant expenses of many kinds, while on the other they take risks wantonly, and many of them have been ruined in consequence. But I have not space to give details on this point, to which I may return another time; nor can I give more than a glance at the facts respecting the last way I will here mention in which the policy-holders' trust is scattered to the winds.

5. The wrecking of the companies. "The State," says a writer in the *International Review*, "has never saved a company. It has connived at the ruin of many, and has itself ruined some which needed only patience to be cured.... The State is like a physician who, finding a patient with symptoms of a grave disease, should kill him at once lest he die of the complaint hereafter." In the "transfers" of eight companies (1871 to 1877) to the Universal, the same writer estimates that nearly 26 millions' worth of policies disappeared, and that in the Universal 74 millions finally disappeared within that period of seven years.

IV.—REMEDIES.

1. The great majority of our policy-

* Testimony of H. B. Hyde. Assembly Documents, 1877, No. 93, p. 35.

† Testimony of Stephen English. Document 103, p. 246.

‡ Testimony of Richard A. McCurdy. Document 103, p. 98.

* Testimony of H. B. Hyde. Document 93, p. 46; 103, p. 218.

† This is the same vice-president who could not recollect within half a million dollars the amount of the bonuses given to officers in his company.

holders are in the grasp of the old system. What shall they do? Mr. Wright holds out this hope, and it is their principal hope. He says: "The present policy-holders are bound by contracts which they never would have made if they had fully understood the subject. If they will unite they can oblige the Supreme Court of the United States to decide whether their rights, under these contracts, are not as good as if they had been rebels." (In the seceding States policy-holders were allowed their reserve by just decision of the Supreme Court.) Without such a decision, the great majority of the policies now in force will in the future lapse, as they have lapsed in the past.

2. For the future, the individual may secure himself to a certain degree. "Insist upon having inserted in the policy how much *cash* the company will pay at the end of each and every policy year in case of surrender. There are at least twenty solvent companies in this country that will do it when this demand is loud enough and general enough." Remember that "whether a man will be able to pay in some future year is often as much a matter of uncertainty as whether he will die in that year."

3. Take an endowment policy for a long term. Never take a whole-life policy, to embarrass the declining and unproductive years of life. A life policy, if it is kept up, becomes "a trap which screws up tighter and tighter, till liberation comes by death." A friend of mine has already paid on a life policy for $10,000 the sum of $13,000 in premiums. Counting interest at the legal rates on the payments, he is already some $15,000 out of pocket; and though he is no longer young, he bids fair to be called upon to pay premiums for more than a few years to come. I will not call his case a common one, for very few policy-holders keep up their insurance as long as he has done. But for those who do, it is a losing investment, even where dividends have been paid; it is a game in which one can not win even by dying.

Our present system of life-insurance, in a word, needs radical reform, or it will perish. The public has intrusted to the companies a money interest that is far too great for the honesty, ability, and prudence that have been brought to its management. The public has intrusted this money to the companies in the absence of legal safeguards; these are, at last, slowly and painfully, and by an unequal struggle, being raised around this great trust. Never in history or mythology has such a rain of gold as this descended upon the heads of common men. The way in which they have misused it forms the strongest of comments upon the danger to our community, which thinks itself a free one, from the overmastering power of great moneyed corporations—the danger long ago pointed out by Tocqueville.

For the companies of the future a greatly decreased cost of insurance, a greatly decreased cost of management, and summary punishment of peculation must be the rules. The companies should be strictly mutual; there should be no baiting of traps with dividends; the companies must stick to life-insurance, and leave dividends to the banks. For the policy-holders the aid of wise legislation is to be sought. The hasty abandonment of policies chiefly benefits the companies. Mr. Elizur Wright, Mr. Homans, and other able and honest actuaries have their plans, which I can not now describe, for making insurance safer and cheaper; and the experiment of ready-money insurance (like that of the New York Stock Exchange) may be tried and elaborated according to need, the principle being that each person assured shall contribute a stipulated sum on the occurrence of a death in the society. Under this system (extended to include endowment policies) there are no accumulations to be squandered, and no great expenses of management. It is worth trying, until such time at least as the instituted life-insurance shall be radically reformed, and extend its promised and needed blessings to the country that hitherto it has plundered.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBORS.

WE were just returning from the mountains—my father, my sister, and I—and it was while we were waiting at Riverview Station that a party of people came into the train whom we all opened our eyes sleepily to look at, partly because they were the only persons to be seen at that lonely little station, where the express stopped for wood and water. The afternoon was so hot that it would not have disgraced Fourth of July, and Eleanor and I had not even pretended to keep awake. As for papa, he made a strong pretense at going to sleep, but as he al-

ways sleeps with one eye open, he never gets any credit for it. I was sitting facing him and my sister—facing, indeed, nearly all the other passengers, for we were in the front part of the car. Eleanor does not like to ride backward; but then she does not like, either, to study the faces of her fellow-creatures as well as I do. I am so insignificant myself that there is no danger of other people returning the compliment; if it were my sister, the case might be different.

Papa, I knew, would have been very glad to be beside me if he could only have found an excuse to come. Of all old gentlemen—or, rather, of all elderly gentlemen, for he is not much beyond fifty—my father has the kindliest love of gossip, the most unaffected interest in everybody he sees, men, women, and babies, and the most cordial desire to help them to whatever they may happen to want, no matter how preposterous their wants may be. This latter propensity has several times got him into such ludicrous difficulties that now he feels called upon, by way of atonement, to conduct himself with an almost ministerial propriety, especially when Eleanor is with us. He has the misfortune to be a rather tall and dignified man, whom people generally mistake for a judge, until they have spoken to him, and Nelly considers that at his age he ought to act up to the character. About me she does not feel so much responsibility, partly because I am younger, partly because I have been lame all my life, and have enjoyed, in consequence, the somewhat doubtful compensation of having my own way.

To-day he would have been much more comfortable beside me, surveying at his leisure the long rows of faces, and propounding the most unlikely theories concerning each one; but Nelly knew very well that, let him look as dignified as he pleased, if he happened to see a woman fumbling over a refractory window lock at the farther end of the car, he would be on his feet and down there in a minute, utterly oblivious of the fact that her nearest neighbors were the proper ones to render assistance. So he had been gently compelled by a species of moral suasion to keep his seat beside Eleanor, where there was nothing to be seen but the front of the car or the landscape outside. The latter, indeed, was fine in its way, but my father would rather look at one human being than twenty mountains. So, as the afternoon wore on, his face began to wear a look of comical resignation. I comforted him once by leaning forward and whispering that there was really nobody in the car worth looking at, the people were all exceptionally stupid; and he seemed quite cheered up by the intelligence.

But when we stopped at Riverview, and the new passengers came in by the door directly in front of him, the resigned expression was gone in a minute, and I saw a look of the keenest interest flit over his face.

I twisted my head round to get a view of the new-comers. Only three women and a baby—harmless enough looking, all of them, with the exception of the baby, who was evidently preparing to give us a solo. But the eldest of the three was rather handsome, the youngest exceedingly pretty, and all three of them had that air of cheerful bustle and readiness to take the whole company of their fellow-travellers into their deepest confidence which some people find so amusing and others so vexatious.

I was not surprised that Eleanor, after one glance at them, returned to her book with a slight look of annoyance. Neither was I surprised that my father began to look longingly at the empty seat beside me. His new neighbors had settled themselves nearly opposite to him, but just far enough back to be out of sight. I came to his assistance without any compunctions of conscience.

"Papa," I said, tugging at the strap that held my shawl, "I think you'll have to help me with this; the buckle has caught in some way, and I can't manage it."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. I told you before that the seat would be too hard for you without the shawl;" and he took the empty place beside me with an air of concern for my comfort that did him credit under the circumstances.

Nelly looked up at us suspiciously, but our heads were both bent over the innocent buckle, which papa knew as well as I a mere touch would have unloosed. Fortunately she was interested in her book; and when the shawl, which I did not in the least want, had been carefully arranged, we two conspirators found ourselves free to be as frivolous as we pleased. As for me, I frankly confess that I have never got over, and never expect to get over, the childish delight of looking at a

pretty face. And the youngest of the party we were surreptitiously interested in had one of the brightest, sweetest faces I ever saw. Not an angelical kind of loveliness by any means, for she was very dark, her hair was unmistakably "banged," and her pretty little figure covered with all the ribbons and ruffles that could conveniently be got on to it. But these things were of less consequence in so young a girl: she did not look more than fifteen, and I should not have thought her that if she had not worn long dresses. The older woman, who sat beside her, was, as I said before, quite handsome in a sober, matronly way, and looked as if she might be about forty-five. These two were facing us; the third member of the party sat with her back to us, and a veil over her face, but she had a young, slender figure, and we guessed her age to be between twenty-five and thirty. For we were both occupied in the most unblushing fashion, my father and I, in speculating on the probable ages, relations, and occupations of our three unconscious neighbors.

"There's a certain family resemblance between them all—don't you think so?" whispered my father. "Mother and daughters, no doubt."

"She doesn't look old enough for that," said I, referring doubtfully to the matron of the party, "and, besides, which of them does the baby belong to?"

"Oh, to the veiled lady, of course. She seems very quiet, poor thing. I wonder if they are kind to her."

"Depend upon it, Carry, those people think it is a sin to sit still," observed my father, after another prolonged inspection. "Did you ever see anybody so fidgety as that little girl—the one nearest to us, I mean?"

"We will call that one Daisy, for convenience' sake," said I. "I am sure she is pretty enough for it. Oh, well, she is too much weighed down with responsibility about the baby to sit still. Its own mother isn't half so anxious."

"Indeed she isn't, if you mean the veiled lady," said my father, emphatically. "She is the only one of them all who hasn't changed places fifty times in five minutes. I am sorry for that baby; why can't they let the poor thing have some comfort? Anybody would think it belonged to Daisy. Now they are going to open the window, and in precisely two minutes they will close it again, after having let all the cinders fly into the baby's face."

Which prediction was carried out to the letter, and the child testified its natural resentment by screaming at the top of its voice. Then ensued a series of frantic pattings and coaxings and trottings. The sole business, apparently, of all three of them was to take care of the poor little mortal; and they took care of it so impartially that the baby was reduced to the verge of despair.

So also was my father.

"Carry," he whispered, with an air of conviction, "the baby don't belong to any of them. They stole it. And now they are trying to kill it with kindness, to save appearances."

After this alarming announcement his hand went down to his watch chain, and he glanced cautiously across at Eleanor. She was still reading, only a little pucker in her forehead showing that she was aware of any unusual noise in our neighborhood. Then he drew back his hand with his watch in it, and held out this fascinating plaything to the child, who stopped crying, and stared solemnly at it.

All the baby's relatives immediately gave papa their undivided and grateful attention. The veiled lady, presumably the mother, turned round to look at him; the elder woman smiled, and nodded her thanks; and at last, to my horror, Daisy got up with the child in her arms, and quietly brought it across the aisle to where we were sitting, with the air of one disposed to enter into the most friendly relations. Of course it was no use trying to cheat Eleanor any longer. Papa made the best of it by taking the child in his arms, and delivering up his watch to its clutches, meanwhile throwing glances of humorous defiance across at his tyrant.

I think I never saw anything more comical than the blank amazement in Eleanor's face as she looked up from her book to see that baby jumping and crowing in papa's arms, and a pretty young girl standing chattering to us, with one hand resting on the arm of our seat, and the other patting the child. Nelly looked as if she were doubtful of her own identity for a minute. Then she closed the book, and gravely regarded the two culprits in front of her with an expression that boded no good to any of us. But she said nothing—we knew she would not as long as Daisy was there—and at length papa, subdued by

that silent disapproval, meekly delivered up the baby.

"I think the child will be quiet now," he said to Daisy, who responded effusively, "Oh yes, sir, I'm sure she will; and thank you very much for being so kind to her."

Certainly she was rather demonstrative in her manners, and I quite understood the look with which Eleanor was quietly regarding her. But for once I felt resentful of it, and disposed to act on my own impulse.

"I hope you have not much farther to travel," I said to Daisy, who was still lingering beside us; "the little girl looks very tired."

"Only the next station—" she began, turning to me with a bright lighting up of her face that might have disarmed even Eleanor; but the train was already slacking speed, her friends called to her, and she hurried back without finishing her sentence.

The next station! Papa and I looked at each other with amazement and dismay. This would be the last straw for Nelly to bear. The next station was ours too.

He lifted me gently from the cars, for though I can walk easily with a crutch, I never have any occasion to use it when my father is with us; and as we passed our new acquaintances on the platform I saw their look of surprise, and then a sudden sympathy spring into all three of their faces. Daisy even moved forward impulsively, as if she wanted to speak to me; but Nelly was between us, and Nelly's face was not encouraging.

It was pleasant to ride through the village street again, to see the elms with their yellow autumn leaves, and the blue and white asters shining in every yard that we passed. Our home was at the farther end of the village, out of sight of other houses, with the exception of a small cottage that stands close beside it—a picturesque-looking building on the outside, for it is all overrun with vines, but thoroughly uncomfortable inside. For this reason it was hard to find tenants for it, and the cottage stood empty when we went away. Now, however, as we drove up to the gate, I saw that the doors and windows were all wide open.

John Marten met us at the gate, and to him my father immediately applied to know who had taken the cottage.

"James Wood. You know him, don't you? He has a shop down near the station. A very steady, respectable kind of a man."

"Then he won't stay long in that house," said papa, decidedly. "It leaks like a sieve. I don't see what he wanted with it either; he has no family."

"Oh yes, he has. He has taken to himself a wife since you went away."

At this papa immediately began to look interested. Weddings are his special hobby, and even funerals do not come amiss if there is nothing better to be had.

"A wife?" repeated Eleanor, wonderingly. "Mr. Wood is an old man."

"Not by any means; it is his gray hair makes him look so. His wife is forty-eight, and there is only a difference of about a year between them," replied John, who always knows better than the census-taker the exact age of everybody in the community, and indeed all other statistics that are in demand. "A very good match as to age," he added, jestingly, "but not at all so as to looks. Wood is as homely as a hedge fence, while his wife is—or was in her youth—a very handsome woman."

"Well," said my father, cheerfully, "you give a good account of them. One is steady and respectable, the other handsome—excellent qualities in our nearest neighbors."

"Especially as you are forced to overlook all their proceedings," said John, glancing out of the window, which did indeed command a fine view of our neighbors' garden. "There is somebody out there now," he added, a minute later; "not Mrs. Wood, but a girl I never saw before. One of her daughters, probably."

My unwary father hastened to the window, and in his first impulsive surprise betrayed all our underhand scheming of the afternoon to Eleanor.

"My dear Carry," he exclaimed, "it is Daisy herself!"

"Who is—Daisy?" gasped Eleanor, aghast at this familiar mention of a young lady presumably an entire stranger to us. She was obliged to repeat the question before any answer was forth-coming.

"Mrs. Wood's daughter, I suppose; John says so," answered papa at last, trying to put a bold face on the matter. "It is only a name Carry gave to that pretty girl we saw on the train to-day—the one who came and talked to us. You must have noticed her, my dear."

"As if any one could help noticing her! When people make themselves as conspicuous as she did, they usually expect to be noticed."

"She was so very young!" pleaded my father. He would have added, "and so very pretty!" if he had dared.

"She was old enough to know better than to wear her hair in that senseless fashion," replied Nelly, uncompromisingly. "I observed that, if I observed nothing else about her."

Yes, I did not doubt it in the least. Nelly's toleration has its limits, and she would forgive any one for swearing—under extreme provocation—sooner than for venturing into her presence with hair arranged in the fashion euphoniously termed "banged."

"A brunette too!" she went on, with gathering indignation. "Light hair worn in that ridiculous fashion is bad enough, but black hair—an ugly square fringe of black hair covering the whole forehead—"

"Is an evidence of total depravity," interposed I.

"Yes," said my sister, with emphasis, "it is. I can not think how you came to take such an interest in these people, Carry"—she spoke to me, but she looked at papa—"to call her Daisy, too—a girl with a dark face, and a dress all the colors of the rainbow! Could you not invent anything more appropriate if you found it necessary to call her anything at all?"

"It is appropriate," said I, impenitently, "and I liked her. I wish you would not be so hard, Nelly."

This attack John followed up by remarking: "Never mind. Eleanor has Queen Victoria and all the other exclusive people on her side. She can afford to let you and me think as we please, Carry. We are democratic; we rather like totally depraved people."

I fully expected my sister to retort that these last-named characteristics were synonymous. But she said nothing. A rather tired look came over her face, and after a minute she left her seat and went to the window. John followed her and spoke to her, and then, as she turned her head, I saw that her eyes had filled with tears. We were both of us thoroughly conscience-stricken. Why it is that we take so much pleasure in teasing Nelly about her "exclusiveness" I can not imagine; there is no person in the world that we love or admire more. But she is unlike the rest of us; it is her way to attach herself strongly to a few people, and keep the rest of the world at arm's-length.

My sister has a hard time, it must be confessed, among us all. Not only papa and I are so unmanageable, but John, to whom she is to be married this fall, is worse than all the rest of us. If there is a crazy theory going, he may be depended upon to advocate it. To be sure, he never undertakes to put it in practice, but then he always makes us believe that he is just on the point of doing so, which is nearly as bad. For some time past he has been calling himself a socialist, to my sister's unspeakable consternation. She held up the Commune of Paris as a solemn warning to him, and he wasted a whole afternoon in trying to make her understand that communists and socialists were not the same thing. It was of no use; Nelly didn't want to understand, any more than she wants to understand the difference between a crocodile and an alligator.

The next day put an end to our pleasant weather. When I woke up the rain was dashing against the window, the flowers in the garden were all beaten down to the ground, and the wind had risen so violently as to be almost a gale. In the afternoon John came in, his eyes fairly running over with fun. He settled himself into a chair, with a glance of laughing defiance at Nelly, and met papa's expectant look with an air of mild surprise.

"Dismal weather this," he remarked, abstractedly, as if he had come half a mile through that storm to say this and nothing more.

But my father was not to be thrown off the scent in that way. "What is it? What has happened, John?" he demanded. "Anybody been married, or buried, or born?"

"No," answered John, sententiously.

"You were laughing when you came in."

"I have been laughing most of the day."

"At anything in particular?" asked papa, rather sarcastically. His patience was beginning to give way.

"Well, yes, rather so; at a very curious set of relationships I happened to discover this morning."

At the word "happened" Nelly looked up incredulously. I believe in her secret heart she thought that John did nothing else all his days but ferret out other people's affairs.

"It concerns your new neighbors over the way," he went on, with another laughing look at her.

Eleanor did not say anything; she merely waited with an air of polite interest. As for me, I was delighted. "I think you might tell us about it," I said, reproachfully.

"Ask me some questions, then."

"We have done nothing else since you came in," retorted papa. But his curiosity got the better of him. He began again, more amiably. "Tell us if the veiled lady is the baby's mamma."

"No."

"Who is, then?"

"The young lady Carry has named Daisy."

If he wanted to make a sensation, he had certainly done it that time. Papa sat in open-mouthed astonishment, and even Eleanor forgot her dignity. "That child!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say she is married? Why, she doesn't look fifteen years old."

"Yes, she is more than that; she was married at fifteen. It runs in the family."

"Married at fifteen!" repeated Eleanor, in a perfect maze of surprise. If he had said "married at five," it could not have struck her as more heathenish.

"They all were, for that matter," continued John, with an intense delight in the commotion he was creating.

"They were all *what?* John Marten, you are enough to provoke a saint."

"All married at fifteen. I am afraid I do not express myself very clearly today," answered John, with exasperating humility.

There was a minute's silence, and then my father asked, solemnly, "Who is the veiled lady?"

"Her name is Mrs. Morgan, and she is Daisy's mother."

"Her mother! Who, then, is Mrs. Wood?"

"Well, she is Mrs. Morgan's mother, and Daisy's grandmother; also the baby's great-grandmother."

"Bless us and save us!" ejaculated papa. "The family ought to travel with Barnum. Then— Why, they must literally have all been married at the earliest possible age."

"At fifteen; I told you so before," said John, in an injured tone, "and you would not believe me. Grandmother, mother, and daughter were all married at precisely the same age. I have no doubt Daisy—whose real name is Jessie, by-the-way, as well as her little girl's—has the baby in training already for a similar fate."

"And where, for goodness' sake, are all their husbands?"

"Well, Mrs. Wood's first husband is dead, naturally, since she has married again. She was left a widow at seventeen. Mrs. Morgan, her daughter, was also left a widow, at twenty-one."

"Depend upon it, they poisoned their husbands," murmured my father, in an awe-struck voice.

"Daisy has not, at all events," said John, laughing. "Her husband is supposed to be alive and well at the present date. He is a sailor—second mate on a coast schooner—and is obliged to be away from home a good deal, but is expected back shortly, I believe."

"And to cap the climax," cried papa, suddenly beginning to take in the hugeness of the joke, "the great-grandmother has just been and got married herself."

He looked at John, and John looked at him, and then the two men leaned back in their chairs and fairly shook with laughter, till Nelly and I thought they were never going to stop. We were too dazed ourselves to fully comprehend the funny side of it at first. My sister, in addition, was rather shocked, and inclined to suspect that there was some latent germ of John's socialistic ideas in such unheard-of transactions.

"You ought not to laugh about it," she said, reprovingly, to him. "You ought to be sorry for them, poor things."

"Sorry for what?" exclaimed John, unsympathetically. "I don't see but they are as comfortable as most people. Besides, they are not American, or English, though they have spent all their lives in this country. I believe the family came originally from Switzerland. You know, Eleanor, that in some countries girls are married a good deal sooner than with us. It's nothing but a matter of custom."

"I wonder what her husband is like?" said Eleanor, musingly.

This incautious remark brought down an avalanche of statistics upon her head.

"About nineteen years old," commenced John, promptly. "Luther Brandenburg by name, of German parentage, light-haired and blue-eyed, second mate on a coast schooner, belongs to a Second Adventist church—"

Eleanor held up her hands in comical entreaty. "The first fact and the last are enough for me. How, for pity's sake, did you ever find all that out, John?"

"I walked up to the front door and demanded their history," promptly replied that reprobate.

He was quite capable of it—none of us doubted that—in his thirst for information; but it afterward transpired that he had encountered a friend of Mr. Wood's down in the village, and from him had extracted nearly all that was worth knowing concerning the family in question. At the time Eleanor disconcerted him by accepting this remarkable statement in perfect good faith.

"Second Adventists did you say?" she asked, in dismay, a little later. "Then the end of the world will be coming shortly, and we shall find them sitting round their breakfast table in white ascension robes, like that family we knew in Easton, waiting to be taken up to heaven."

"Heaven! They'll never go there!" exclaimed John, with such unusual emphasis, not to say devoutness, that we all looked at him, scandalized. "They'll never go there," he repeated, still addressing Nelly, consolingly—"a place where there shall be no marrying or giving in marriage!" and with this parting shot he disappeared, leaving us to discuss his revelations at our leisure.

We did little else all the afternoon, for it still stormed heavily; and, besides, my father could not get over his amusement at the marriage of the great-grandmother.

"Mr. Wood is a courageous person," he remarked more than once. "How do you suppose one would feel, Carry, to walk into church a respectable middle-aged man—well, yes, most people expect to live a century, at least, so fifty may be called middle-aged—and walk out of it a superannuated old great-grandfather?

I professed my inability to answer this question, and recommended that he make the trial in his own person; but Eleanor looked so alarmed at this last suggestion that I withdrew it in charity to her. She evidently thinks that nothing is too preposterous to be expected of either of us.

The next day it rained and blew, and for two days after the same programme was carried out. We were in the middle of one of those dismal easterly storms that periodically afflict the Atlantic coast, shutting up everybody in the house to repent of his own sins or discuss his neighbors', as his taste may happen to incline. It came to an end at last, however, like all things earthly, and I was sitting at the window, enjoying the first burst of sunlight we had had for four days, when my eyes happened to fall on our neighbors' garden. Daisy was standing at the door. Even at that distance something unusual about her instantly attracted my attention. She had lost all her bright animation, and the sun fell on the pretty childish face without bringing any light or color into it. After standing there a minute she walked down one of the garden paths in a slow, mechanical way, as if she were putting a great restraint upon herself, and when she reached the shelter of some shrubbery that hid her from the house, suddenly threw herself down upon the ground in utter abandonment to some passionate grief that seemed as much beyond her years as beyond her strength to bear. It was the grief of a woman rather than of a child, for she did not cry, or even try to hide her face, but on the contrary kept it lifted up toward the sky with a look of pitiful appeal that brought the tears into my own eyes.

Without stopping to think whether it was kind to bring other spectators, I called to my sister: "Look here, Nelly. What can be the matter over at the other house?"

She started for a moment as her eyes first fell upon the little figure under the lilac bush rocking itself slowly backward and forward in a pathetic unconsciousness of anything but its own trouble; then she stood for a long time silently watching it.

I grew impatient at last at her uncommunicativeness. "Perhaps you believe now that that poor little girl has some feelings," I said. "I can't stand this any longer, Nelly. Somebody ought to speak to her, or else to her friends. If you don't mind, I'm going over to find her mother."

"Stay where you are," said Eleanor, authoritatively. "I will go myself."

She left the room, and a moment later I saw her opening the gate that separated the two gardens. To my great surprise, instead of going to the house she went directly down the path to the place where the young girl was sitting, bent down over her as if she had known her all her life, and laid her hand gently on the dark hair, stroking it like a child's.

People sometimes call Eleanor proud; but I never realized till then what generous and tender pride she had.

Daisy simply looked up into her face for a minute—more as if she were looking into the face of a household friend than a stranger's—then suddenly threw both arms around my sister, leaning her head against her, and sobbing as if her heart was breaking.

I heard papa come into the room, and I hurried away from the window, for I thought Nelly would rather not have any more spectators. But I could not resist a little triumph of my own when, a while after, he asked where Eleanor was.

"Oh, she has only gone over to see Daisy—she will be back in a few minutes," I said, carelessly, as if it were quite an every-day occurrence; and the amazed incredulity with which he repeated, "Gone over to see Daisy?" was abundant reward for my disingenuousness.

At first he could not be made to understand why the rest of us should not immediately follow Nelly's example. Even when I explained, it did not seem to make much impression upon him.

"What trouble could she be in?" he asked, laughingly. "Depend upon it, her grandmother has been scolding her, or her daughter has misbehaved, or—or her husband has refused her a new dress."

I do not think he had ever really believed in any of these relationships up to this time, or considered them anything but a grand joke.

Nelly's return put a different face on the matter. She was looking very serious, and only told us briefly that the schooner in which Jessie's husband sailed was supposed to be wrecked in the last storm.

In spite of my dismay and sympathy I could not help smiling at the name "Jessie." Eleanor said it in such a matter-of-fact way, as if she had been in the habit of speaking it all her life. She always persistently refused to adopt our designation, and it would have seemed ridiculous to call such a baby Mrs. Brandenburg.

My father's levity of demeanor very quickly vanished. In answer to his questions Eleanor told us that the recent storm had been unusually severe out at sea, and the morning paper had brought in a terrible account of loss of life and loss of property along the whole coast. The *Mermaid*, in which Luther Brandenburg sailed, was among the list of wrecks; it had been driven on the rocks at a point between Portland and Camden, and whether any of the crew were saved was not known. When he heard this, my father jumped up and seized the newspaper—we thought, at first, to read the printed accounts of the disasters. But we were speedily undeceived. He turned at once to the railroad time-tables, ran his eye over them, and then throwing down the paper with a look of satisfaction, began to pull on his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" I exclaimed.

"Going? I'm going to look after that boy, of course. Somebody ought to do it. Very likely he's alive, only half killed, and those people never do think of using the telegraph; those lonely little coast villages don't always have a telegraph either. Eleanor, my dear, just help me on with this coat. A Portland train starts in an hour, if I can only catch it."

And to my great surprise Eleanor meekly assisted him into his coat without a word of remonstrance against this wild scheme, only remarking, as he hurried out of the front door, "See that you use the telegraph, then, papa, if—if you have any good news to send."

I could not help laughing at this, for my father was notorious for forgetting that there was any quicker mode of communication than the mails, and if he had anything important to communicate, generally misdirected his letters into the bargain. Still, in spite of precedents, we fully expected to get a dispatch that evening, for he could reach Portland before dark, and even Camden, if it became necessary to go so far. None came, however, though we sat up till eleven waiting, and then as we went to bed we both agreed that the chance of good news was so very slight it would be better not to let our neighbors hear anything about this expedition till we knew the result of it.

In coming to this decision we forgot that there were two men connected with our family whose chief business in life was to upset all our calculations. Late in the afternoon of the next day John got a dispatch from papa—a most exasperatingly indefinite one—"Coming home to-night"; and happening to meet Mr. Wood down town, he confided it to him, as well as the object of my father's journey, before we had heard anything about it ourselves. The result was that just before dark, as I was crossing the hall, I saw Daisy standing in the doorway, a forlorn

little figure, with her white face and trembling hands.

"Could she see Miss Eleanor a minute?" she asked.

I took her into the sitting-room, where my sister was, and she went up to Eleanor at once, taking hold of her hand in a childish way. "Will you let me stay with you just a little while? Mr. Marten told us where your father had gone, and —and that he was coming back to-night. I could not wait over there. I—I wanted to see you."

It was news to us that anybody had heard from papa, or that he was expected home so soon; but Eleanor, without asking any questions, drew her down to a low seat beside her, and so we all sat there in the gathering darkness till John came in to tell us about the telegram. He took a more hopeful view of the matter than we did, and I could see that Daisy shared it. She sat quietly by Eleanor, still holding her hand and starting at every little noise; but the color began to come back to her cheeks, and an expectant look into her eyes.

It was dark before we heard the sound of wheels stopping at the gate—too dark to see anything from the window, and we all hurried out into the hall. I was behind the others, but I heard papa calling out to John, and knew by the very tones of his voice that all was right. When I reached the door he was carefully helping out of the carriage somebody so muffled up in shawls and wraps that if it had not been for a pale boyish face looking out of them I should have been at a loss to guess what manner of person was inside. But Daisy knew, and she ran up to this animated bundle with a little low cry of joy that I never forgot.

My matter-of-fact father interposed, with an anxious face: "My dear, you mustn't touch him! Yes, yes, I know you are glad to see him; and he is all right now, or will be in a few days; but his arm is broken, and so to-night he must be looked at, and not handled."

"His arm broken!" faltered Daisy; and her youthful husband, seeing the terror in her eyes, put out the injured hand, and laid it on her shoulder. There they stood for a minute—mere children both of them —clinging to each other, while the light from the open hall door fell over them. I glanced at my sister, and smiled to see the bewildered look in her eyes. We were looking at the little tableau from different points of view, just as we always did. I saw only its picturesqueness, while she was seriously endeavoring to grasp the perplexing fact that the boy and girl before her were in sober truth Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg.

The young sailor, however, was scarcely able to stand on his feet, and my father hurried him across to his own home, assisted by all of his relatives, with the exception of the baby, who had been left in sole charge of the house while this scene was transpiring. But before they went Daisy left her husband for a minute, and going up to Eleanor, put her arms around her neck with a look of mute gratitude that was more touching than all the voluble thanks of the others. Eleanor looked down at her, smiling. Then the tears started to her eyes, and she stooped and kissed the pretty little face upturned to hers. I think it looked as lovely to her at that minute as it had to me from the very first hour I had seen it. And from that time Daisy—ungrateful little creature that she was—loved my sister better than any of the rest of us, though we had been her firm friends from the beginning.

After that there was no more trouble about our relations with the people in the cottage. Papa and I had things all our own way, and Nelly looked on without making any objection, only now and then a comical smile crossing her face. We had only a month in which to enjoy this idyllic state of things; then came my sister's marriage; after that the wedding tour; and finally John and Nelly came home with their heads full of a plan for European travel, in which they were determined that we should join them.

The end of it was that the house was shut up, and we lost sight of Daisy and her friends for rather more than a year, during which time we were moving about from place to place, and gradually making up our minds that we were ready to stay at home for the rest of our lives. When we came back there was another member added to our family—a little man who belonged nominally to John and Eleanor, but whom my father considered so entirely his property that he resented the smallest advice concerning it from its unfortunate parents as an interference with his rights. It was the first baby we had had in our family for years, and papa was lifted up in spirit accord-

ingly. The very first evening we were at home he insisted upon taking his grandson over to show him to our neighbors.

"We shall get the best of them this time, for their baby will be grown up, and, besides, it never was anything but a girl in the first place!" said this vainglorious owner of a boy, regarding exultingly the sleepy face in his arms.

Eleanor demurred, but finally consented, whether moved by benevolence or a surreptitious desire to see Daisy I will not pretend to say. So a procession was formed, with papa at the head, carrying the baby in its long white robes of state, John, Nelly, and I following in single file, like Indians on the war-path, and in this order we moved across the garden. Papa had his hand on the bell, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a bright light streamed out into the darkness. An opposite procession confronted us, headed, like ours, with a white-robed baby, which Mr. Wood carried carefully in his arms. Behind him came the entire family, evidently prepared to make the same raid on our premises that we were making on theirs. In solemn silence the heads of these two processions stared at each other for a minute, and then such a shout went up that Eleanor, alarmed, hastened to the rescue of her son.

"We were coming," said papa, when he could speak, "to show you our little boy."

"And we were coming," answered Mr. Wood, "to show you *our* little boy."

"Yours, I suppose?" I said, eagerly, to Daisy, who, looking prettier than ever, had found her way to my side.

"Oh no," she answered, smiling, while her lips began to twitch, and a little dimple to come and go in her cheek. "It is —it is my grandmother's."

A more demoralized party than ours was, after that announcement, I have seldom seen. Nelly's composure utterly gave way, and she sat down on the door-step, and laughed till the tears ran down her face. I think for the first minute John and my father wanted to follow her example. But we presently adjourned to the sitting-room; and then Daisy, with an anxious face, propounded a conundrum that took up our attention for the rest of the evening: What was the relationship between the little new-comer and her own little girl?—who at that moment was leaning against her, regarding us all, but especially the two babies, with curious eyes.

We pondered over the question, with no result except complete mental bewilderment. Unmistakably the baby, being Mrs. Wood's son, must be Mrs. Morgan's half-brother, and just as unmistakably Mrs. Morgan was grandmother to Daisy's little girl. But that was as far as we could get for some time.

My father had taken Jessie—we all called her mother Daisy to distinguish the two—on his knee, and was gravely inspecting her from head to foot, while a jumble of cabalistic words, uncle, grandmother, great-grandmother, niece, and the like, issued from his lips. But at last his face lighted up. "The baby, my dear," he said, monotonously, still addressing the bewildered child, "is—your—grandmother's brother. Consequently"—a long and impressive pause—"consequently—the baby—is your own great-uncle. There! that makes the matter clear, I think." And he put Jessie down, and rose to his feet with a triumphant air that carried conviction to us all.

But Daisy had not yet come to the end of her perplexities. A great-uncle—well, it was something to have found out what he was; but surely a great-uncle was a person to be treated with profound deference and consideration. And glancing from her two-year-old daughter to the insignificant little creature in Mr. Wood's arms, she remarked, in all good faith, "I shall bring her up to call him uncle—wouldn't you? Don't you think it would be more respectful?"

What answer we gave her I can not remember. The question upset papa and John again so completely that we departed in almost as disorderly a fashion as we had come. And considering that those two men would rather go without their dinner any day than go without a laugh, I have never ceased to be grateful that this peculiar family came into our neighborhood.

Nelly takes things more philosophically—is interested in the moral training and mental development of the two children; but as for papa and my brother-in-law, I am fully persuaded that they have never regarded their neighbors in any other light than as comic actors performing for their edification, and a daily bulletin of doings over the way has become as much a part of our regular programme as dessert after dinner, being produced at the same time and with quite as much regularity.

A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIRST.—GEORGE SOMERSET.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun blazed down and down, till it was within half an hour of its setting; but the student still lingered at his occupation of measuring and sketching the chevroned doorway—a bold and quaint example of a transitional style of architecture, which formed the tower entrance to an English village church. The graveyard being quite open on its western side, the tweed-clad figure of young Mr. Somerset, the aforesaid student, and the tall mass of antique masonry which rose above him to a battlemented parapet, were fired to a great brightness by the uninterrupted solar rays that crossed the neighboring mead like a warp of gold threads, in whose mazes groups of equally lustrous gnats danced and wailed incessantly.

Somerset was so absorbed in his pursuit, and by flitting thoughts of matters far away, that he did not mark the brilliant chromatic effect of which he composed the central feature, till it was brought home to his abstracted intelligence by the warmth of the moulded stone-work under his touch when he laid his hand upon it for measuring; which led him at length to turn his head and observe its cause.

There are few in whom the sight of a sunset does not beget as much meditative melancholy as contemplative pleasure, the human decline and death that it illustrates being too obvious to escape the notice of the simplest observer; and Somerset, having been brought to this reflection many hundreds of times before by the same spectacle, did not wish to pursue it, and turned away his face, after a few moments, to resume his architectural studies.

He took his measurements carefully, and as if he reverenced the old workers whose trick he was endeavoring to acquire six hundred years after the original performance had ceased and the performers passed into the Unseen. By means of a strip of lead called a leaden tape, which he pressed around and into the fillets and hollows with his finger and thumb, he transferred the exact contour of each moulding to his drawing, that lay on a sketching stool a few feet distant; where were also a sketching block, a small T-square, a bow-pencil, and other mathematical instruments. When he had marked down the line thus fixed, he returned to the doorway to copy another as before.

It being the month of August, when the pale face of the townsman and stranger is to be seen among the brown skins of remotest uplanders, not only in England, but throughout the temperate zone, few of the homeward-bound laborers paused to notice him further than by a momentary turn of the head. They had seen such gentlemen before, not exactly measuring the church so accurately as this one seemed to be doing, but sketching it from a distance, or at least walking round the mouldy pile. At the same time, Mr. Somerset, even exteriorly, was not altogether commonplace. His features were good; his eyes of the dark deep sort called eloquent by the sex that ought to know, and with that speck of light in them which announces a heart susceptible to beauty of all kinds—in woman, in art, and in inanimate nature. Though he would have been characterized as a young man by the elderly, girls of sixteen would have pronounced him a man complete, requiring no word of limitation whatever. This was not so much on account of any prematurity as from his natural thoughtfulness—a characteristic which, externally, had both preserved and developed him. It had preserved the emotional side of his constitution, and with it the significant flexuousness of mouth and chin, while it had played upon his forehead and temples till, at weary moments, they exhibited some traces of being overexercised. A youthfulness about the mobile features, a mature forehead—though not exactly what the world has in past ages been familiar with—is now growing common; and with the advance of juvenile introspection it probably must grow commoner still. Briefly, Somerset had more of the beauty (if beauty it deserved to be called) of the future human type than of the past; but not so much as to make him other than a nice young man.

His age was really six-and-twenty, his build being somewhat slender and tall. His complexion, though a little browned by recent exposure, was that of a man who spent much of his time in-doors. Of beard he had but small show, though he

was as innocent as a Nazarite of the use of the razor; but he possessed a mustache all-sufficient to hide the subtleties of his mouth, which could thus be tremulous at tender moments without provoking inconvenient criticism.

Owing to Somerset's situation on high ground, open to the west, he remained enveloped in the lingering aureate haze till a time when the eastern part of the churchyard was in obscurity, and damp with rising dew. When it was too dark to sketch further he packed up his drawing, and beckoning to a lad who had been idling by the gate, directed him to carry the stool and implements to a road-side inn which he named, lying a mile or two ahead. Somerset leisurely followed the lad out of the church-yard, and along a lane in the direction signified.

The spectacle of a summer traveller from London sketching mediæval details in these neo-pagan days, when a lull has come over the study of English-Gothic architecture, through a re-awakening to the art-forms of times more in harmony with our own, is accounted for by the fact that George Somerset, son of the Academician of that name, was a man of independent tastes and excursive instincts, who unconsciously, and perhaps unhappily, took greater pleasure in floating in lonely currents of thought than with the general tide of opinion. When quite a lad, in the days of the French-Gothic mania which immediately succeeded to the great English-pointed revival under Britton, Pugin, Rickman, Scott, and other mediævalists, he had crept away from the fashion to admire what was good in Palladio and Renaissance. As soon as Jacobean, Queen Anne, and kindred accretions of decayed styles began to be popular, he purchased such old-school works as Revett and Stuart, Chambers, and the rest, and worked diligently at the Five Orders, till, quite bewildered on the question of style, he concluded that all styles were extinct, and with them all architecture as a living art. Somerset was not old enough at that time to know that, in practice, art had at all times been as full of shifts and compromises as every other mundane thing; that ideal perfection was never achieved by Greek, Goth, or Hebrew Jew, and never would be; and thus he was thrown into a mood of disgust with his profession, from which mood he was only delivered by recklessly abandoning these studies, and indulging in an old enthusiasm for poetical literature. For two whole years he did nothing but avoid his barber and write verse in every conceivable metre except an original one, and on every conceivable subject, from Wordsworthian sonnets on the singing of his teakettle to epic fragments on the Fall of the Empires. His discovery, at the age of five-and-twenty, that these inspired works were not jumped at by the publishers with all the eagerness they deserved, coincided in point of time with a severe hint from his father that unless he went on with his legitimate profession he might have to look elsewhere than at home for an allowance. Mr. Somerset junior then awoke to realities, became intently practical, rushed back to his dusty drawing-boards, and worked up the styles anew, with a view of regularly starting in practice on the first day of the following January.

It is an old story, and perhaps only deserves the light tone in which the narrative of the soaring of a young man into extremes and back again, as Somerset did, is always delivered. But, as has often been said, the right and the truth may be on the side of the dreamer. A far wider view than the wise ones have may be his at that recalcitrant time, and his reduction to common measure be nothing less than a tragic event. Most people have seen a man standing in a field with a whip in one hand, and in the other a cord attached to the head of a colt that trots round and round till it makes the beholder dizzy to look at him. The operation is called lunging, and it is visibly a very unhappy one for the animal concerned. During its progress the colt springs upward, across the circle, stops still, flies over the turf with the velocity of a bird, and indulges in all sorts of graceful antics; but he always ends in one way—thanks to the knotted whip-cord—in a level trot round the lunger with the regularity of a horizontal wheel, and in the loss forever to his character of the bold contours which the fine hand of Nature gave it. Yet the process is considered to be the making of him.

Whether Somerset became permanently ruined and business-like under the action of the inevitable break-in, or whether he lapsed into mere dabbling with the artistic side of his profession only, it is premature just now to say; but at any rate it was the impetus of his contrite return to

architecture as a calling that sent him on the sketching excursion under notice. Feeling that something still was wanting to round off his knowledge before he could take his professional line with confidence, he was led to remember that his own native Gothic was the one form of design that he had totally neglected from the beginning, through its having greeted him with wearisome iteration at the opening of his career. Now it had again returned to silence; indeed—such is the contemptible instability of art "principles," as they are facetiously called—it was just as likely as not to sink into the neglect and oblivion which had been its lot in Georgian times. This accident of being out of vogue lent it an additional charm to one of his proclivities; and away he went to make it the business of a summer circuit in the west.

The quiet time of evening, the secluded neighborhood, the unusually gorgeous liveries of the illuminated clouds that lay packed in a pile over that quarter of the heavens in which the sun had disappeared, were such as to make a traveller loiter on his walk. Coming to a stile, Somerset mounted himself on the top bar to imbibe the spirit of the scene and hour. The evening was so still that every trifling sound could be heard for miles. There was the rattle of a returning wagon, mixed with the smacks of the wagoner's whip: the team must have been at least three miles off. From far over the hill came the faint periodic yell of kennelled hounds; while from the nearest village resounded the voices of boys at play in the twilight. Then a powerful clock struck the hour; it was not from the direction of the church, but rather from the wood behind him; and he thought it must be the clock of some mansion that way.

But the mind of man can not be forced to take up subjects by the pressure of their material presence, and Somerset's thoughts were often, to his great loss, apt to be even more than common truants from the tones and images that met his outer senses on walks and rides. He would sometimes go quietly through the queerest, gayest, most exaggerated town in Europe, and let it alone, provided it did not meddle with him by its beggars, beauties, innkeepers, police, coachmen, mongrels, bad smells, and such like obstructions. This feat of questionable utility he began performing now. Sitting on the three-inch ash rail that had been peeled and polished like glass by the rubbings of all the small-clothes in the parish, he forgot the time, the place, forgot that it was August—in short, everything of the present altogether. His mind flew back to his past life, and deplored the waste of time that had resulted from his not having been able to make up his mind which of the many fashions of art that were coming and going in kaleidoscopic change was the true point of departure for himself. He had suffered from the modern malady of unlimited appreciativeness as much as any living man of his own age. Dozens of his fellows in years and experiences, who had never thought specially of the matter, but had blunderingly applied themselves to whatever form of art confronted them at the moment of their making a move, were by this time acquiring renown as new lights; while he— He wished that some accident could have hemmed in his eyes between inexorable blinkers, and sped him on in a channel ever so worn.

Thus balanced between believing and not believing in his own future, so delicately that a feather of opinion turned either scale, he was recalled to the scene without by hearing the notes of a solemn familiar hymn, rising in subdued harmonies from the unexplored valley below. He listened more heedfully. It was his old friend "The New Sabbath," which he had never once heard since the lisping days of childhood, and whose existence, much as it had then been to him, he had till this moment quite forgotten. Where "The New Sabbath" had kept itself all these years—why that sound and hearty melody had disappeared from all the cathedrals, parish churches, minsters, and chapels of ease that he had been acquainted with during his apprenticeship to life, and until his ways had become irregular and uncongregational—he could not, at first, say. But then he recollected that the time appertained to the old west gallery period of church music, anterior to the great choral reformation and the rule of Monk—that old time when the repetition of a word, or half-line of a verse, was not considered a disgrace to an episcopal choir.

Willing to be interested in anything which would keep him out-of-doors, Somerset dismounted from the stile and ascended the hill before him, to learn whence the singing proceeded.

CHAPTER II.

He found that it had its origin in a building standing alone in a field; and though the evening was not yet dark without, lights shone from its windows. In a few moments Somerset stood before the edifice. Being just then *en rapport* with ecclesiasticism by reason of his recent occupation, he could not help murmuring, "Shade of Pugin, what a monstrosity!"

Perhaps this exclamation (being one rather out of date since the discovery that Pugin himself often nodded to an amazing extent) would not have been indulged in by Somerset but for his condition of returned prodigal, which caused his professional opinion to officiously advance itself to his lips whenever occasion offered. The building was, in short, a recently erected chapel of red brick, with pseudo-classic ornamentation, and the white regular joints of mortar could be seen streaking its surface in geometrical oppressiveness from top to bottom. The roof was of blue slate, clean as a table, and unbroken from gable to gable; the windows were glazed with sheets of plate-glass, an iron stove-pipe passing out of the corner of one of these, and running up to the height of the ridge, where it was finished by a covering like a parachute. Walking round to the end, he perceived an oblong white stone let into the wall just above the plinth, on which was inscribed in block-letter,

ERECTED 187–, at the Sole Expense of JOHN POWER, ESQ.

"The New Sabbath" still proceeded, line by line, with all the emotional swells and cadences that had of old characterized the tune; and the body of vocal harmony that it evoked implied a large congregation within, to whom it was as plainly familiar as it had been to church-goers of a past generation. With a whimsical sense of regret at the secession of his once favorite air, Somerset moved away, and would have quite withdrawn from the field had he not at that moment observed two young men with pitchers of water coming up from a stream hard by, and hastening with their burdens into the chapel vestry by a side door. Almost as soon as they had entered they emerged again with empty pitchers, and proceeded to the stream to fill them as before, an operation which they repeated several times. Somerset went forward to the stream, and waited till the young men came down again.

"You are carrying up a great deal of water," he said, as each dipped his pitcher.

One of the young men modestly replied, "Yes: we filled the cistern this morning; but it leaks, and requires a few pitcherfuls more."

"Why do you do it?"

"There is to be a baptism, sir."

Somerset was not at the moment sufficiently interested to develop a further conversation, and observing them in silence till they had again vanished into the building, he went on his way. Reaching the brow of the hill, he stopped and looked back. The chapel was still in view, and the shades of night having deepened, the lights shone from the windows yet more brightly than before. A few steps further would hide them and the edifice and all that belonged to it from his sight, possibly forever. There was something in the thought which led him to linger in a way he had not at all expected. The chapel had neither beauty, quaintness, nor congeniality to recommend it; the dissimilitude between the new utilitarianism of the place and the scenes of venerable Gothic art which had occupied his daylight hours could not well be exceeded. But Somerset, as has been said, was an instrument of no narrow gamut: he had a key for other touches than the purely æsthetic, even on such an excursion as this. His mind was arrested by the intense and busy energy which must needs belong to an assembly that required such a glare of light to do its business; in the heaving of that tune there was an earnestness which made him thoughtful, and the shine of those windows he had characterized as ugly reminded him of the shining of the good deed in a naughty world. The chapel and its shabby plot of ground, from which the herbage was all trodden away by busy feet, had a living human interest that the numerous minsters and churches, knee-deep in fresh green grass, visited by him during the foregoing week, had often lacked. Moreover, there was going to be a baptism: that meant the immersion of a grown-up person; and he had been told that Baptists were earnest people, and that the scene was most impressive. What manner of man would it be who on an ordinary plodding and bustling evening of the nineteenth century could single himself out as one different from the rest of the inhabitants, banish

all shyness, and come forward to undergo such a trying ceremony? Who was he that had pondered, gone into solitudes, wrestled with himself, worked up his courage, and said, I will do this, though nobody else will, for I believe it to be my duty?

Whether on account of these thoughts, or from the circumstance that he had been alone amongst the tombs all day without communion with his kind, he could not tell in after-years (when he had good reason to think of the subject); but so it was that Somerset went back, till he again stood under the chapel wall.

Instead of entering, he passed round to where the stove chimney came through the window, and holding on to the iron stay, he stood on the plinth of the wall and looked in. The building was quite full of people belonging to that vast majority of society who find no *vates sacer* to write their lives or proclaim their virtues—respectably dressed working people, whose faces and forms were worn and contorted by years of dreary toil. On a platform at the end of the chapel a haggard man of more than middle age, with gray whiskers ascetically cut back from the fore part of his face, so far as to be almost banished from the countenance, stood reading a chapter. Between the minister and the congregation was an open space, and in the floor of this was sunk a tank full of water, which just made its surface visible above the blackness of its depths by reflecting the lights overhead.

After glancing miscellaneously at the assemblage for some moments, Somerset endeavored to discover which one among them was to be the subject of the ceremony. But nobody appeared there who was at all out of the region of commonplace. The people were all quiet and settled; yet he could discern on their faces something more than attention, though it was less than excitement: perhaps it was expectation. And as if to bear out his surmise, he heard at that moment the noise of wheels behind him, leading him to turn his head.

His gaze into the lighted chapel made what had been an evening scene, when he looked away from the landscape, night itself on looking back; but he could see enough to discover that a brougham had driven up to the side door used by the young water-bearers, and that a lady in white and black half-mourning was in the act of alighting, followed by what appeared to be a waiting-woman carrying wraps. They entered the vestry-room of the chapel, and the door was shut. The service went on as before till at a certain moment the door between vestry and chapel was opened, when a woman came out, clothed in an ample robe of flowing white, which descended to her feet. Somerset was unfortunate in his position; he could not see her face, but her gait suggested at once that she was the lady who had entered just before. She was rather tall than otherwise, and the contour of her head and shoulders denoted a girl in the heyday of youth and activity. His imagination, stimulated by this beginning, set about filling in the meagre outline with most attractive details.

She stood upon the brink of the pool, and the minister descended the steps at its edge till the soles of his shoes were moistened with the water. He turned to the young candidate, but she did not follow him: instead of doing so she remained rigid as a stone. He stretched out his hand, but still she showed reluctance, till, with some embarrassment, he went back and spoke softly in her ear, afterward saying, in a voice audible to all who were near, "You will descend?"

She approached the edge, looked into the water, and gently turned away. Somerset could for the first time see her face. Though humanly imperfect, as is every face we see, it was one which made him think that the best in womankind no less than the best in psalm tunes had gone over to the Dissenters. He had certainly seen nobody so interesting in his tour hitherto. She was about twenty or twenty-one—perhaps twenty-three, for years have a way of stealing marches even upon subtle conjecture. The total dissimilarity between the expression of her lineaments and that of the countenances around her was not a little surprising, and was productive of hypotheses without measure as to how she came there. She was, in fact, emphatically a modern type of maidenhood, and she looked ultra-modern by reason of her environment: a presumably sophisticated being among the simple ones—not wickedly so, but one who knew life fairly well for her age. Her hair, of good English brown, neither light nor dark, was abundant—too abundant for convenience in tying, as it seemed, and it threw off the lamp-light

in a hazy lustre. As before observed, it could not be said of her features that this or that was flawless—quite the contrary, indeed; but the nameless charm of them altogether was only another instance of how beautiful a woman can be as a whole without attaining in any one detail to the lines marked out as absolutely correct. The spirit and the life were there, and material shapes could be disregarded.

This was all that could be gleaned of her. Whatever inner characteristics it might be the surface of, enough was shown to assure Somerset that she had had some experience of things that lay far outside her present circumscribed horizon, and could live—was even at that moment living—a clandestine, stealthy inner life which had very little to do with her present outward one. The repression of nearly every external sign of that distress under which Somerset knew, by a sudden intuitive sympathy, that she was laboring, added strength to these convictions.

"And you refuse?" said the astonished minister, as she still stood immovable on the brink of the pool.

"Yes," she answered, her mouth closing so firmly after the monosyllable that the red line of her lips was no more than as a scarlet thread upon the white skin around.

The minister added to the force of his pleading by persuasively taking her sleeve between his finger and thumb, as if to draw her; but she resented this by a quick movement of displeasure, and he released her, seeing he had gone too far.

"But, my dear lady," he expostulated, "you promised. Consider your profession, and that you stand in the eyes of the whole church as an exemplar of your faith."

"I can not do it," she said.

"But your father's memory, miss; his last dying request!"

"I can not help it," she said, in a voice which for the first time lost its calmness.

"You came here with the intention to fulfill the Word?"

"But I was mistaken."

"Then why did you come?"

She tacitly implied that to be a question she did not care to answer. "Please say no more to me: I can wait no longer," she murmured, and turned to withdraw.

During this unexpected dialogue Somerset's feelings had flown hither and thither between minister and lady in a most capricious manner. It had seemed at one moment a rather uncivil thing of her, charming as she was, to give the minister and the young water-bearers so much trouble for nothing; the next, it seemed like reviving the ancient cruelties of the ducking-stool to try to force a girl into that dark water if she had not a mind for it. But the minister was not without insight, and he saw that it would be useless to say more. The crest-fallen old man had to turn round upon the congregation and declare officially that the baptism was postponed.

She bowed to him slightly, and passed through the door into the vestry. During the exciting moments of her recusancy there had been a perceptible flutter among the sensitive members of the congregation; for nervous Dissenters are at one with nervous Episcopalians in this at least, that they heartily dislike a scene during service. Calm was restored to their minds by the minister starting a rather long hymn in minims and semibreves, during the progress of which he ascended the pulpit. His face had a severe and even denunciatory look as he gave out his text, and Somerset began to understand that this meant mischief to the person who had caused the hitch.

"In the third chapter of Revelation and the fifteenth and following verses, you will find these words:

"'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. . . . Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.'"

The sermon straightway began, and went on, and it was soon apparent that the commentary was to be no less forcible than the text. It was also apparent that the words were, virtually, not directed forward in the line in which they were uttered, but through the chink of the vestry door, that had stood slightly ajar after the exit of the young lady. The listeners appeared to feel this no less than Somerset did, for their eyes, one and all, became fixed upon that vestry door as if they would almost push it open by the force of their gazing. The preacher's heart was full

"BUT, MY DEAR LADY, YOU PROMISED."

and bitter; no book or note was wanted by him: never was spontaneity more absolute than here. His enthusiasm had been suddenly made to take a negative turn by pressure of unexpected circumstances. It was no timid reproof of the ornamental kind, but a direct denunciation, all the more vigorous perhaps from the limitation of mind and language under which the speaker labored. Yet, fool that he had been made by the candidate, there was nothing acrid in his attack. Genuine flashes of rhetorical fire were occasionally struck by that plain and sim-

ple man, who knew what straightforward conduct was, and who did not know the illimitable caprice of a woman's mind.

At this moment there was not in the whole chapel a person whose imagination was not centred on what was invisibly taking place within the vestry door. The thunder of the minister's eloquence echoed, of course, through the weak sister's cavern of retreat no less than round the public assembly. What she was doing inside there—whether listening contritely, or haughtily hastening to get away from the chapel and all it contained—was obviously the thought of each member. What changes were tracing themselves upon that lovely face: did it rise to phases of Raffaelesque resignation, or sink so low as to flush and frown? was Somerset's inquiry; and a half-explanation occurred when, during the discourse, the door which had been ajar was gently pushed to.

Looking on as a stranger, it seemed to him more than probable that this young woman's power of persistence in her unexpected repugnance to the rite was strengthened by wealth and position of some sort, and was not the unassisted gift of nature. The manner of her arrival, and her dignified bearing before the assembly, strengthened the belief. A woman who did not feel something extraneous to her mental self to fall back upon would be so far overawed by the people and the crisis as not to retain sufficient resolution for a change of mind.

The sermon ended, the minister wiped his steaming face and turned down his cuffs, and nods and sagacious glances went round. Yet many, even of those who had presumably passed the same ordeal with credit, exhibited gentler judgment than the preacher's on a tergiversation of which they had probably recognized some germ in their own bosoms when in the lady's situation.

For Somerset there was but one scene: the imagined scene of the girl herself as she sat alone in the vestry. The fervent congregation rose to sing again, and then Somerset heard a slight noise on his left hand which caused him to turn his head. The brougham, which had retired into the field to wait, was back again at the door: the subject of his rumination came out from the chapel—not in her mystic robe of white, but dressed in ordinary fashionable costume—followed as before by the attendant with other articles of clothing on her arm, including the white gown. Somerset fancied that the younger woman was drying her eyes with her handkerchief, but there was not much time to see: they quickly entered the carriage, and it moved on. Then a cat suddenly mewed, and he saw a white Persian standing forlorn where the carriage had been. The door was opened, the cat taken in, and the carriage rolled away.

The young stranger's form stamped itself deeply on Somerset's soul. He strolled on his way quite oblivious to the fact that the moon had just risen, and the landscape was one for him to linger over, especially if there were any Gothic architecture in the way of the lunar rays. The inference was that this girl must be of a serious turn of mind, even though caprice was not foreign to her composition: and upon the whole it was not impossible—to think profanely—that her daily vocabulary might include (mentally at least) such words as flirtation, theatricals, polka-mazurka, true-lover's knot, meet-me-by-moonlight-alone. It seemed hardly consistent with her position that this should be the case, yet there was room for the conjecture.

The little village inn at which Somerset intended to pass the night lay two miles further on, and retracing his way over the stile, he rambled along the lane, now beginning to be streaked like a zebra with the shadows of some young trees that edged the road. But his attention was attracted to the other side of the way by a hum as of a night-bee, which arose from the play of the breezes over a single wire of telegraph running parallel with his track on tall poles that had appeared by the road, he hardly knew when, from a branch route, probably leading from some town in the neighborhood to the village he was approaching. He did not know the population of Sleeping Green, as the village of his search was called, but the presence of this mark of civilization seemed to signify that its inhabitants were not quite so far in the rear of their age as might be imagined; a glance at the still ungrassed heap of earth round the foot of each post was, however, sufficient to show that it was at no very remote period that they had made their advance.

Aided by this friendly wire, Somerset had no difficulty in keeping his course, till he reached a point in the ascent of a hill at which the telegraph branched off

from the road, passing through an opening in the hedge to strike across an undulating down, while the road wound round to the left. For a few moments Somerset doubted and stood still: the cut over the down had no mark of a path or drive, but on the other hand it might be a shorter though steeper way to the same place. The wire sang on overhead with dying falls and melodious rises that invited him to follow; while above the wire rode the stars in their courses, and the low nocturn going on up there seemed to be the voices of those stars,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Descending from these altitudes, Somerset decided to follow the lead of the wire. It was not the first time during his present tour that he had found his way at night by the help of these musical threads which the Post-office authorities had erected all over the country for quite another purpose than to guide belated travellers. Plunging with it across the down, he soon came to a hedgeless road that entered a park or chase, which flourished in all its original wildness. Tufts of rushes and brakes of fern rose from the hollows, and the road was in places half overgrown with green, as if it had not been tended for many years; so much so that, where shaded by trees, he found some difficulty in keeping it. Though he had noticed the remains of a deer fence further back, no deer were visible, and it was scarcely possible that there should be any in the existing state of things; but rabbits were multitudinous, every hillock being dotted with their seated figures till Somerset approached and sent them limping into their burrows. The road next wound round a clump of underwood beside which lay heaps of fagots for burning, and then there appeared against the sky the walls and towers of a castle, half ruin, half residence, standing on an eminence hard by.

Somerset stopped to examine it. The castle was not exceptionally large, but it had all the characteristics of its most important fellows. Irregular, dilapidated, and muffled in creepers as a great portion of it was, some part—a comparatively modern wing as nearly as he could discover at a glance—was inhabited, for a light or two steadily gleamed from some upper windows, in others a reflection of the moon denoted that unbroken glass yet filled their casements. Over all rose the keep, a square solid tower apparently not much injured by wars or weather, and darkened with ivy on one side, wherein wings could be heard flapping uncertainly, as if they belonged to a bird unable to find a proper perch. Hissing noises supervened, and then a hoot, proclaiming that a brood of young owls were residing there in the company of older ones. In spite of the habitable and more modern wing, neglect and decay had set their mark upon the outworks of the pile, unfitting them for a more positive light than that of the present hour. He walked up as far as to a modern arch spanning the ditch—now dry and green—over which the draw-bridge once had swung. The large door under the porter's archway was closed and locked. While standing here the singing of the wire, which for the last few minutes he had quite forgotten, again struck upon his ear, and retreating to a convenient place he observed its final course: from the poles amid the trees it leaped across the moat, over the girdling wall, and thence by a tremendous stretch toward the keep, where, to judge by sound, it vanished through an arrow slit into the interior. This fossil of feudalism, then, was the journey's end of the wire, and not the village of Sleeping Green.

There was a certain unexpectedness in the fact that the hoary memorial of a stolid antagonism to the interchange of ideas, the monument of hard distinctions in blood and race, of deadly mistrust of one's neighbor in spite of all the Church's teaching, and of a sublime unconsciousness of any other force than a brute one, should be the goal of a machine which beyond everything may be said to symbolize cosmopolitan views, and the intellectual and moral kinship of all mankind. In that light the little buzzing wire had a far finer significance to the student Somerset than the vast walls which neighbored it. But, on the other hand, the modern mental fever and fret which consumes people before they can grow old was also signified by the wire; and this aspect of to-day did not contrast well (at least in his moonlight meditations) with the fairer side of feudalism—leisure, light-hearted generosity, intense friendships, hawks, hounds, revels, healthy complexions, freedom from care, and such a living power in architectural art as the world may never again see—civilization having at

present a stronger attachment to lath and plaster than to walls of a thickness sufficient for the perpetuation of grand ideas.

Somerset withdrew till neither the singing of the wire nor the hisses of the ancient owls could be heard any more. A clock in the castle struck ten, and he recognized the strokes as those he had heard when sitting on the stile. It was indispensable that he should retrace his steps and push on to Sleeping Green if he wished that night to reach his lodgings, which had been secured by letter at a little inn in the straggling line of road-side houses called by the above name, where his luggage had by that time probably arrived. In a quarter of an hour he was again at the point where the wire left the road, and following the highway over a hill, he saw the hamlet at his feet.

CHAPTER III.

By half past ten the next morning Somerset was once more approaching the precincts of the building which had interested him the night before. Referring to his map, he had learned that it bore the name of Stancy Castle, or Castle de Stancy, and he had been at once struck with its familiarity, though he had never understood its position in the country, believing it further to the west. If report spoke truly, there was some excellent vaulting in the interior, and a change of study from ecclesiastical to secular Gothic was not unwelcome for a while.

The entrance gate was open now, and under the archway the outer ward was visible, a great part of it being laid out as a flower garden. This was in process of clearing from weeds and rubbish by a set of gardeners, and the soil was so encumbered that in rooting out the weeds such few hardy flowers as still remained in the beds were mostly brought up with them. The groove wherein the portcullis had run was as fresh as if only cut yesterday, the very tooling of the stone being visible. Close to this hung a bell-pull formed of a large wooden acorn attached to a vertical rod. Somerset's application brought a woman from the porter's door, who informed him that the day before having been the weekly show day for visitors, it was doubtful if he could be admitted now.

"Who is at home?" said Somerset.

"Only Miss De Stancy," the portress replied.

To him this seemed a great deal, and his dread of being considered an intruder was such that he thought at first there was no help for it but to wait till the next week. But before retreating many steps he changed his mind: he had already through his want of effrontery lost a sight of many interiors whose exhibition would have been rather a satisfaction to the inmates than a trouble. It was inconvenient to wait: he knew nobody in the neighborhood from whom he could get an introductory letter: he turned and passed the woman, crossed the ward where the gardeners were at work, over a second and smaller bridge, and up a flight of stone stairs, open to the sky, along whose steps sunburned Tudor soldiers and other renowned dead men had doubtless many times walked. It led to the principal door on this side. Thence he could observe the walls of the lower court in detail, and the old mosses with which they were padded —mosses that from time immemorial had been burned brown every summer, and every winter had grown green again. The arrow slit and the electric wire that entered it, like a worm uneasy at being unearthed, were distinctly visible now. So also was the clock—not, as he had supposed, a chronometer coeval with the fortress itself, but new and shining, and bearing the name of a recent maker.

The door was opened by a bland, intensely shaven man out of livery, who took Somerset's name and politely worded request to be allowed to inspect the architecture of the more public portions of the castle. He pronounced the word "architecture" in the tone of a man who knew and practiced that art; "for," he said to himself, "if she thinks I am a mere idle tourist, it will not be so well."

No such uncomfortable consequences ensued. Miss De Stancy had great pleasure in giving Mr. Somerset full permission to walk through whatever parts of the building he chose.

It was as if he had come from winter to summer at this intelligence. He followed the butler into the inner buildings of the fortress, the ponderous thickness of whose walls made itself felt like a physical pressure. An internal stone staircase, ranged round four sides of a square, was next revealed, leading at the top of one flight into a spacious hall, which seemed to occupy

the whole area of the keep. From this apartment a corridor floored with black oak led to the more modern wing, where light and air were treated in a less gingerly fashion. Here the passages were broader than in the oldest portion, and upholstery enlisted in the service of the fine arts hid to a great extent the coldness of the walls.

Somerset was now left to himself, and roving freely from room to room, he found time to inspect the different objects of interest that abounded there. Not all the chambers even of the habitable division were in use as dwelling-rooms, though these were still numerous enough for the wants of an ordinary country family. In a long gallery, with a covered ceiling of arabesques which had once been gilded, hung a series of paintings representing the past personages of the De Stancy line. It was a remarkable array —even more so on account of the incredibly neglected condition of the canvases than for the artistic peculiarities they exhibited. Many of the frames were dropping apart at their angles, and some of the canvas was so dingy that the face of the person depicted was only distinguishable as the moon through mist. For the color they had now they might have been painted during an eclipse; while to judge by the webs tying them to the wall, the spiders that ran up and down their backs were such as to make the fair originals shudder in their graves.

He wondered how many of the lofty foreheads and smiling lips of this pictorial pedigree could be credited as true reflections of their prototypes. Some were willfully false, no doubt; many more so by unavoidable accident and want of skill. Somerset felt that it required a profounder mind than his to disinter from the lumber of conventionality the lineaments that really sat in the painters' presence, and to discover their history behind the curtain of mere tradition. Perhaps a true account of the sweetest and softest among these who looked so demurely at him over their pearl necklaces was a story which, related in its bareness, would be hardly credible to the more self-repressing natures of the present day.

The painters of this long collection were those who usually appear in such places—Holbein, Jansen, and Vandyck; Sir Peter, Sir Geoffrey, Sir Joshua, and Sir Thomas. Their sitters, too, had mostly been sirs—Sir William, Sir John, or Sir George De Stancy—some undoubtedly having a nobility stamped upon them beyond that conferred by their robes and orders, and others not so fortunate. Their respective ladies hung by their sides—feeble and watery, or fat and comfortable, as the case might be; also their fathers and mothers-in-law, their brothers and remoter relatives; their contemporary reigning princes, and their intimate friends. Of the De Stancys pure there ran through the collection a mark by which they might surely have been recognized as members of one family, this feature being the upper part of the nose. Every one, even if lacking other points in common, had the special indent at this point in the face—sometimes moderate in degree, sometimes excessive.

While looking at the pictures—which, though not in his regular line of study, interested Somerset more than the architecture, because of their singular dilapidation, it occurred to his mind that he had in his youth been school-fellow for a very short time with a pleasant boy bearing a surname attached to one of the paintings—the name of Ravensbury. The boy had vanished, he knew not how—he thought he had been removed from school suddenly on account of ill health. But the recollection was vague, and Somerset moved on to the rooms above and below. In addition to the architectural details, of which he had as yet obtained but glimpses, there was a great collection of old movables and other domestic art-work—all more than a century old, and mostly lying as lumber. There were suites of tapestry hangings, common and fine; green and scarlet leather-work, on which the gilding was still but little injured; venerable damask curtains; quilted silk table-covers; ebony cabinets; worked satin window-cushions, carved bedsteads; and embroidered bed furniture which had apparently screened no sleeper for these many years. Down stairs there was also an interesting collection of armor, together with several huge trunks and coffers. A great many of them had been recently taken out and cleaned, as if a long-dormant interest in them were suddenly revived. Doubtless they were those which had been used by the living originals of the phantoms that looked down from the frames.

This excellent hoard of suggestive designs for wood-work, metal-work, and

work of other sorts induced Somerset to divert his studies from the ecclesiastical direction in which they had flowed too exclusively of late, to acquire some new ideas from the objects here for domestic application. Yet for the present he was inclined to keep his sketch-book closed and his ivory rule folded, and devote himself to a general survey. Emerging from the ground-floor by a small doorway, he found himself on a terrace to the north-east, and on the other side than that by which he had entered. It was bounded by a parapet breast-high, over which a view of the distant country met the eye, stretching from the foot of the slope to a distance of many miles. Somerset went and leaned over, and looked down upon the tops of the bushes beneath. The prospect included the village through which he had passed on the previous day; and amidst the green lights and shades of the meadows he could discern the red brick chapel whose recalcitrant inmate had so engrossed him.

Before his attention had long strayed over the incident which romanticized that utilitarian structure he became aware that he was not the only person who was looking from the terrace toward that point of the compass. At the right-hand corner, in a niche of the curtain wall, reclined a girlish shape; and asleep on the bench over which she leaned was a white cat—the identical Persian, as it seemed, that had been taken into the carriage at the chapel door.

By a natural train of thought Somerset began to muse on the probability or otherwise of the backsliding Baptist and this young lady resulting in one and the same person; and almost without knowing it he found himself deeply hoping for such a charming unity. It was hoping quite out of bounds; yet at the present moment it was impossible to say they were not. The object of his inspection was idly leaning, and this somewhat disguised her figure. It might have been tall or short, curvilinear or angular. She carried a light sunshade which she fitfully twirled, until, thrusting it back over her shoulder, her head was revealed sufficiently to show that she wore no hat or bonnet. This token of her being an inmate of the castle, and not a visitor, as Somerset had conjectured, rather damped his expectations; but so unreasonable is hope, particularly when allied with a young man's fancy, that he persisted in believing her look toward the chapel must have a meaning in it, till she suddenly stood erect, and revealed herself as short in stature—almost dumpy—at the same time giving him a distinct view of her profile. She was not at all like the heroine of the chapel; he saw the dinted nose of the De Stancys distinctly outlined with Holbein shadowlessness against the blue-green of the distant wood. But it was not the De Stancy face with all its original specialities: it was, so to speak, a burlesque of that face; for the nose tried hard to turn up and deal utter confusion to the family shape.

As for the rest of the countenance, Somerset was obliged to own that it was not beautiful: Nature had done there many things that she ought not to have done, and left undone much that she should have executed. It would have been decidedly plain but for a precious quality which no perfection of chiselling can give when the temperament denies it, and which no facial irregularity can take away—a tender affectionateness which might almost be called yearning; such as is often seen in all its intensity in the women of Correggio when they are painted in profile, and which a slight elevation of the lower part of her face helped to accentuate. Perhaps the plain features of Miss De Stancy—who she undoubtedly was—were rather severely handled by Somerset's judgment owing to his impression of the previous night. And, indeed, a beauty of a sort would have been lent by the flexuous contours of the mobile parts but for that unfortunate condition the poor girl was burdened with of having to hand on a traditional feature with which she did not find herself otherwise in harmony.

She glanced at him for a moment in turning, and presently showed by an imperceptible movement that he had made his presence felt. Not to embarrass her, if it were true, as it seemed, that she was not much accustomed to strangers, Somerset instantly hastened to withdraw, at the same time that she passed round to the other part of the terrace, followed by the cat, in whom Somerset could imagine a certain denominational cast of countenance, notwithstanding her company. But as white cats are much like each other at a distance, it was reasonable to suppose this creature not the same one as that possessed by the beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

He descended the stone stairs to a lower story of the castle, in which was a low hall covered by vaulting of exceptional and massive ingenuity:

> "Built ere the art was known,
> By pointed aisle and shafted stalk
> The arcades of an alleyed walk
> To emulate in stone."

It happened that the central pillar whereon the vaults rested, reputed to exhibit some of the most hideous grotesques in England upon its capital, had been inclosed with a modern partition, cutting off a portion of the large area for domestic purposes. A locked door barred Somerset's ingress, and he was tempted to ask a servant for permission to open it, till he heard that the inner room was temporarily used for plate, the key being kept by Miss De Stancy, at which Somerset said no more. But afterward he heard the active house-maid redescending the stone steps; she entered the crypt with a bunch of keys in one hand, and in the other a candle, followed by the young lady whom Somerset had seen on the terrace. The servant advanced with the key, but the young lady stood back; he saw that something hung upon her lips to say to him which she could not get off; he slightly bowed to encourage her.

"I shall be very glad to unlock anything you may want to see," she now found tongue to say. "So few people take any real interest in what is here that Miss Power does not leave it open."

Somerset expressed his thanks.

Miss De Stancy, a little to his surprise, had a touch of rusticity in her manner, and that forced absence of reserve which seclusion from society lends to young women more frequently than not. She seemed glad to have something to do: the arrival of Somerset was plainly an event sufficient to set some little mark upon her day. Deception had been written on the faces of those frowning walls in their implying the insignificance of Somerset, when he found them tenanted only by this little woman whose life was narrower than his own.

"We have not been here long," continued Miss De Stancy, "and that's why everything is in such a dilapidated and confused condition."

Somerset entered the dark store closet, thinking less of the ancient pillar revealed by the light of the candle than of what a singular remark was that just made, coming from a member of the family which appeared to have been there five centuries. He held the candle above his head, and walked round, and presently Miss De Stancy came back.

"There is another vault below," she said, with the severe face of a young woman who speaks only because it is absolutely necessary. "Perhaps you are not aware of it? It was the dungeon. If you wish to go down there too, the servant will show you the way. It is not at all ornamental: rough, unhewn arches and clumsy piers."

Somerset thanked her, and would perhaps take advantage of her kind offer when he had examined the spot where he was, if it were not causing inconvenience.

"No; I am sure Miss Power will be glad to know that anybody thinks it interesting to go down there—which is more than she does herself."

Some obvious inquiries were suggested by this, but Somerset said, "I have seen the pictures, and have been much struck by them; partly," he added, with some hesitation, "because one or two of them reminded me of a school-fellow—I think his name was John Ravensbury?"

"Yes," she said, almost eagerly. "He was my cousin."

"So that we are not quite strangers?"

"But he is dead now. . . . He was unfortunate; he was mostly spoken of as 'that unlucky boy.'. . . You know, I suppose, Mr. Somerset, why the paintings are in such a decaying state?—it is owing to the peculiar treatment of the castle during Mr. Wilkins's time. He was blind; so one can imagine he did not appreciate such things as there are here."

"The castle has been shut up, you mean?"

"Oh yes, for many years. But it will not be so again. Miss Power is going to have the pictures cleaned, and the frames mended, and the old pieces of furniture put in their proper places. It will be very nice then. Did you see those in the long closet?"

"I have only seen those in the gallery."

"I will just show you the way to the others, if you would like to see them?"

They ascended to the room designated the long closet. The paintings here, mostly of smaller size, were in a better condition, owing partly to the fact that

they were hung on an inner wall, and had hence been kept comparatively free from damp. Somerset inquired the names and histories of one or two.

"I really don't quite know," Miss De Stancy replied, after some thought. "But Miss Power knows, I am sure. I don't study them much—I don't see the use of it." She swung her sunshade so that it fell open, and turned it up till it fell shut. "I have never been able to give much attention to ancestors," she added, with her eyes on the parasol.

"These *are* your ancestors?" he asked, for her position and tone were matters which perplexed him. In spite of the family likeness and other details, he could scarcely believe this frank and communicative country maiden to be the modern representative of the De Stancys.

"Oh yes, they certainly are," she said, laughing. "People say I am like them. I don't know if I am—well, yes, I know I am; I can see that, of course, any day. But they have gone from my family, and perhaps it is just as well that they should have gone. . . . They are useless," she added, with serene conclusiveness.

"Ah! they have gone, have they?"

"Yes, castle and furniture went together; it was long ago—long before I was born. It doesn't seem to me as if the place ever belonged to a relative of mine."

Somerset corrected his smiling manner to one of solicitude.

"But you live here, Miss De Stancy?"

"Yes, a great deal now; though sometimes I go home to sleep."

"This is home to you, and not home?"

"I live here with Miss Power. I have not been here long, neither has she. For the first six months after her father's death she did not come here at all."

They walked on, gazing at the walls, till the young man said, as if he were rather speaking of the portrait over which his eyes were playing than of her previous statement: "I fear I may be making some mistake; but I am sure you will pardon my inquisitiveness this once. *Who is* Miss Power?"

"Ah, you don't know! Of course you don't—local changes don't get talked of far away. She is the owner of this castle and estate. My father sold it when he was quite a young man, my eldest brother, now dead, being only three weeks old at the time. It was purchased by a man named Wilkins, a rich man, who became blind soon after he had bought it, and never lived here; so it was left uncared for."

She went out upon the terrace; and without exactly knowing why, Somerset followed.

"Miss Power—"

"Has only come here quite recently. She is away from home to-day. . . . It was very sad," murmured the young girl, thoughtfully. "No sooner had her father bought it of the representatives of Mr. Wilkins—almost immediately, indeed—he died from a chill caught after a warm bath. On account of that she did not take possession for several months; and even now she has only had a few rooms prepared as a temporary residence till she can think what to do. Poor thing, it is sad to be left alone!"

Somerset heedfully remarked that he thought he recognized that name, Power, as one he had seen lately, somewhere or other.

"Perhaps you have been hearing of her father. Do you know what he was?"

Somerset did not.

She looked across the distant country, where undulations of dark green foliage formed a prospect extending for miles. And as she watched, and Somerset's eyes, led by hers, watched also, a white streak of steam, thin as a cotton thread, could be discerned ploughing that green expanse. "Her father made *that*," Miss De Stancy said, directing her finger toward the object.

"That what?"

"That railway. He was Mr. John Power, the great railway contractor. And it was through making the railway that he discovered this castle—the railway was diverted a little on its account."

"A clash between ancient and modern."

"Yes; but he took an interest in the locality long before he purchased the estate. And he built the people a chapel on a bit of freehold he bought for them. He was a stanch Baptist up to the day of his death—a much stancher one," she said, significantly, "than his daughter is."

"Ah, yes—so I should conclude."

"You have heard about the baptism?"

"I know something of it."

"Her conduct has given mortal offense to the scattered people of the denomination that her father was at such pains to unite into a body, and build a chapel for."

Somerset could guess the remainder, and in thinking over the circumstances did not state what he had seen. She added, as if disappointed at his want of curiosity:

"She would not submit to the rite when it came to the point. The water looked so cold and dark and fearful, she said, that she could not do it to save her life."

"Surely she should have known her mind before she had gone so far?" Somerset's words had a condemnatory form, but perhaps his actual feeling was that if Miss Power had known her own mind, she would not have interested him half so much.

"Paula's own mind had nothing to do with it," said Miss De Stancy, warming up to stanch partisanship in a moment. "It was all undertaken by her from a mistaken sense of duty. It was her father's dying wish that she should make public profession of her—what do you call it?—of the denomination she belonged to, as soon as she felt herself fit to do it. So when he was dead she tried and tried, and didn't get any more fit; and at last she screwed herself up to the pitch, and thought she must undergo the ceremony out of pure reverence for his memory. It was very short-sighted of her father to put her in such a position; because she is now very sad, as she feels she can never try again, after such a sermon as was delivered against her."

Somerset presumed that Miss Power need not have heard this Knox or Bossuet of hers if she had chosen to go away.

"She did not hear it in the face of the congregation, but from the vestry. She told me some of it when she reached home. Would you believe it, the man who preached so bitterly is a tenant of hers? I said, 'Surely you will turn him out of his house?' But she answered, in her calm, deep, nice way, that she supposed he had a perfect right to preach against her, that she could not in justice molest him at all. I wouldn't let him stay if the house were mine. But she has often before allowed him to scold her from the pulpit in a smaller way—once it was about an expensive dress she had worn—not mentioning her by name, you know, but all the people are quite aware that it is meant for her, because only one person of her wealth or position belongs to the Baptist body in this county."

Somerset was looking at the homely, affectionate face of the little speaker. "You are her good friend, I am sure," he remarked.

She looked into the distant air, with tacit admission of the impeachment. "So would you be if you knew her," she said; and a blush slowly rose to her cheek, as if the person spoken of had been a lover rather than a friend.

"But you are not a Baptist any more than I?" continued Somerset.

"Oh no. And I never knew one till I knew Paula. I think they are very nice; though I sometimes wish Paula was not one, but of the religion of reasonable persons."

Editor's Easy Chair.

OLD Magazines, like old people, are privileged to gossip about themselves, and as the oldest of the chief magazines published in this country we must be sometimes forgiven if we have something to say of our own performances and promise. The Easy Chair can do this more readily because its attitude is that of observation and criticism, and it is needless to say that from that impartial position it agrees fully with Mr. Charles Francis Adams's opinion of the character of this Magazine. It is in itself a library of blended popular instruction and entertainment. It is especially the people's Magazine, appealing to no especial interest or taste, but adapted to the general taste of the great public. Of this fact its career is the proof. It was founded thirty-one years ago. It has seen scores of excellent periodicals rise, flourish, and fall around it. It has seen the growth of others which still flourish without falling, but during all those years its circulation has far exceeded that of any other magazine, and a late article in the *Literary World* is justified in saying, "Conservative in its temper, and proved by the even performance of now more than thirty years, it has acquired a character which is more than reputation."

Its original object, at a time when the old *Knickerbocker*, and *Graham's Magazine*, and *Godey's Lady's Book* were the chief periodicals of the kind, was to offer every month to the public the largest miscellany of the best popular reading from foreign and native authors, selecting sound, vigorous, and instructive literature, but without prosing, or preaching, or any

kind of namby-pamby. It arranged with the first living English authors for the serial publication of their works in this country, and Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, James, George Eliot, and their successors have presented themselves in these pages to American readers. When *Harper* began, illustrated periodicals in the modern sense were unknown. The old English *Penny Magazine* was the type of a people's magazine, but the art of wood-cutting was as yet comparatively undeveloped. The earlier numbers of *Harper* contained a few cuts, which, in the light of the present attainments of the art, have a ludicrously antediluvian air, although they were the best of their time. The demand for illustration, however, rapidly became more general, and the pages of *Harper* are the most admirable and satisfactory record of the progress of the art of wood-engraving in this country.

The Magazine, however, has not aimed to be "a picture-book." Its illustrations, while executed in the highest style of the art, have been strictly illustrations of the literary articles, and these articles have been of a uniform excellence and value, which make the volumes a treasury of delightful information. Meanwhile, the development of the art of wood-engraving as illustrated in these pages has been but one evidence of the adaptation of the Magazine to the varying and progressive literary taste of the last quarter of a century. The secret of the prosperous editing of a magazine lies in that instinctive perception and adaptation. Practice undoubtedly counts for much, and an experienced editor can produce results of which he can give but a very indifferent explanation. He must be, as we have often said, above all things an autocrat. His will must be law, and he can not stop to explain. It is his instinctive conception of the harmonious conditions of success that makes him an editor. He carries it all in his head. This must go in, this must stay out: that he knows, and knows full well, but the reason why he can not tell.

This is the secret of that mystic word, so exasperating to contributors of returned articles, "unavailable." It is the precise word. It does not mean poor or inferior. It does not mean that the inclosed poem is not the last word of the Muse, nor that the respectfully returned essay is not an estray from Bacon's portfolio, nor that the author of *Waverley* might not be proud of the accompanying tale, but simply that for the purposes of this Magazine it is unavailable. It may be very true, as indignant Cleanthe writes, that her verses are infinitely superior to those published last month, and, if she will courteously observe, the editor does not deny it; he remarks only that they are not available. What he means he is not bound to explain to a single person. He feels it; he knows it; and his incessant occupation does not permit him to say more. But he says it upon his responsibility and at his peril. If he mistakes, if the result shows that he does *not* know what he wants—that is to say, what his readers and the prosperity of his charge require—he pays the penalty by yielding his place to one whose sense of the situation is finer.

As the experience of the management of the Magazine was never so great as it is now, so its resources of every kind were never so ample. Indeed, the only thing unchanged in *Harper*, except its general purpose and the character of its management, is the familiar cover. The size is different. the page is larger, the type is clearer, the illustrations are constantly more beautiful, the literary articles always the freshest and most characteristic of the time; but the cover which saluted the eye of the first reader thirty-one years ago greets that of the last reader of this number, and is in itself a quaint reminder of the earlier day, and a constant suggestion of the ever-renewing youth of the Magazine. Unconsciously, doubtless, it has become a part of *Harper* to its immense diocese of readers. The rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and it is of course possible that some day it may seem to be wise to change the familiar cover. But the earlier readers of *Harper*, should they see their old friend with a new face, would feel as Jem White's clients felt when the glory of Smithfield was altered. The sweet little cherubs that blow bubbles aloft upon our cover rejoice in perpetual youth; and what friend of the thirty-one years but secretly feels when he beholds them that he too is as young as ever?

We say our American readers, because, as has been announced, the Magazine will be published henceforth simultaneously in England, where there is no native periodical of the same general character. The leading works of the kind in England are miscellanies of the grave discussion of important questions in politics, science, society, and religion, and they are exceedingly able. Indeed, in this day of enormously increasing literature, the masters in every department have found it desirable to communicate with the public in the pages of magazines. The chief statesmen, poets, scholars, scientific men, historians, all publish in this form their best and maturest views upon the questions which interest them; and any man who would keep abreast of the movements of state-craft and scientific and religious thought must see at least some of these periodicals. But they do not touch the vast domain of the popular illustrated magazine, with its tales of travel and exploration, its novels and stories and essays, its agreeable "light literature"—uncontentious, unsectarian, non-partisan—its graceful and humorous essays: in a word, its pleasant breakfast-room and smoking-room, and airy veranda overlooking the garden and the lawn and the sauntering brilliant groups of loiterers beside the sombre library and study and solemn chapel.

Such slight changes will be made in the English issue as may seem desirable to the tact and experience which have hitherto controlled the Magazine. Indeed, *Harper* looks forward as cheerfully as it looks backward and gazes around. Nor does the voice seem to it to be flattery—the voice which, whether proceeding from its own consciousness or from friendly approval it can not well say—the voice which, hailing it as "monarch of the monthlies," whispers, "The King never dies."

A CITY which begins the winter with the finest Italian opera in the world, and with the most noted of living actresses, naturally pities the other great cities, her sisters. On the same evening recently Gerster was singing in opera, Campanini at a concert, and Sara Bernhardt made her début in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. It is not a long time since one of these events would have stirred the town. Indeed, it was thought a good fortune, thirty years ago, to hear Grisi and Mario in their decline. The older New-Yorker who remembers the city when it was not one of the chief cities of the world, but when it was still a large town, regards the magnificent metropolis very much as a modest barn-yard fowl might view a peacock with splendid tail which it had unexpectedly hatched. That it is all gain and advantage the veteran may perhaps question. The other day, after the election, the Easy Chair read the names of the score or more of representatives chosen to the Legislature from the city. Not one of them was ever heard of except by his immediate associates. Seventy and eighty years ago the delegation was smaller, but it was composed of the most conspicuous and influential citizens.

Gerster returned to us with her charming voice unchanged, and Campanini also, most courteous and delightful of tenors, who teaches all his tuneful brethren how much the actor adds to the power of the singer. Our "lyrical" stage has seen no more finished and graceful or forcible artist than Campanini. He is a fine, manly tenor, probably now without a peer, and why should ghosts and memories challenge his supremacy? It is the constant complaint of young persons that older persons, viewed as opera-goers, are afflicted with memories to an exasperating degree, and are constantly inclined to award the crown, not to the hero of the hour, but to some defunct hero of a vanished day. It is very easy, but it is exceedingly unfair, to exclaim, in the midst of a triumph of Campanini, for instance, that Mario would have done thus, or Duprez so. Ghosts play with loaded dice. For memory is the most idealizing of artists. The old opera-goer hears Campanini as he is, but he hears Mario, or Rubini, or Duprez, as he believes him to have been. "Isn't your capacity of admiration large enough to hold more than one object?" blandly asked a devotee of Campanini of a Rubini-haunted Mentor.

It is always possible, too, that the golden youth of forty years ago whose heart melted in the tender fervor of Rubini's strain is less touched by the opera than in those days. When our minds change, we naturally suppose the skies to have changed with them. It was a droll fellow who, hearing of a debate in Parliament, wished to know if that tiresome thing was going on still: and the old youth may well wonder if Aminas and Elviras and Lucias and Normas and Edgardos are still to be seen and heard. He will be instructed if he will only step into the Academy even on a dark and stormy Saturday afternoon, and even if only *Linda* is to be sung. *Linda di Chamouni* was a very popular opera some years ago. It was first sung at Vienna in 1842, continuously to enthusiastic crowds, and it has held the stage ever since, although it has little richness of melody, and presents the characteristic thinness and mannerism of Donizetti's instrumentation. But it is a good illustration of the conventional Italian opera with the pastoral heroine, whom Bellini's *Sonnambula* had made so attractive.

Hortensia, whose heart is moved to lofty pity of the childish taste which can tolerate any opera but Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and who takes conspicuous naps in the midst of Gerster's most delicately vanishing trills and Campanini's most robustly melodious declamations, was yet allured to the Academy to hear *Linda*. It is a part peculiarly fitted to Gerster, like Amina and Lucia and Elvira. Her warbling voice showers out the florid melodies—which are not many in this work—and she is a delightful Savoyard maiden and a charming Parisian lady. Galassi is a fine old Savoyard beggar, and his repulses and half curses of his apparently erring child are in the true lyrical vein. Belocca is the ideal Savoyard hurdy-gurdy grinder, Campanini the most princely of marquises, and the wicked old roué uncle and the virtuous mayor of the village are most excellent secondary personages. Hortensia, nevertheless, slept sweetly at the most critical moments, and while all the rest of us, the great crowd which filled the seats and aisles and blocked the doors, cheered to see crazed wits restored, and virtue rewarded, and hoary vice saluted as "my worthy uncle," she revived to remark pleasantly that she was not quite sure whether the Italian opera moved her more to indignation or contempt.

But such emotions are wholly out of place. The true opera-goer leaves his mind and conscience at home. It is a fairy tale to which we are bidden, a world in which nothing is normal but the absurdly improbable. You have no right to judge the game but by its own conditions. When you have granted the first point, that human intercourse shall take place by singing instead of talking, everything is conceded, and the word improbable ceases to have any meaning. The spectator of *Lucia* who, while Mario as the dying Edgardo war-

bled *bel alma innamorata*, asked his neighbor whether it was not ridiculous to represent a man roulading as he died, was as astray as the other man who, when his friend asked him whether he was to dine *en ville*, answered no, that he preferred to dine on mutton.

It is now proposed to build another great opera-house. The opera, which started from Burton's Theatre, opposite the Park, in Chambers Street, and went then to Astor Place, and at last to Fourteenth Street, is thought to be housed too far down town. Plans are already accepted for another building, and if no treaty between the proprietors can be made, there will be two fine houses. Colonel Mapleson has a lease for five years of the familiar Academy, and he has shown admirable qualities as a manager. The characteristic excellence of "Her Majesty's Opera," as we have lately seen it in New York, is not the superiority of the voices nor of the acting, but it is the symmetry of the whole. No part is slighted. Because Gerster is the best of Lindas, and Campanini of lovers, we are not put off with an inferior father and wicked uncle. On the contrary, we have the very best of wicked uncles, and a father properly and perfectly decrepit except in vocal expression. It was the praise of the builders of the Parthenon that they finished carefully the parts that were out of sight. What is done out of sight at Her Majesty's Opera we do not know. But all that is seen and heard is in keeping. Even the Lady Hortensia admits it. But she is nevertheless of opinion that everything operatic is "slag and refuse" except *Fidelio*.

At the moment of writing, the town-talk is Sara Bernhardt, who made her first appearance amid great anticipation and excitement, described in many glowing columns of the daily papers. Her name was first generally known in this country two years ago, when she went with her associates of the French Comedy in Paris to London, where she was a fixed star of the season, not only upon the stage, but in private society. The London "world" is queer. At one time it is improper to visit a certain distinguished woman, and her receptions are thronged only with the cleverest men in England. Then, without reason, but by the majesty of whim, the ban is lifted, and all fashionable London of both sexes crowds her drawing-rooms. Mistress Bernhardt is unmarried, and whether her children appeared with her in London we do not know, but the most distinguished persons in England bowed at her levées, and at a great fair the Prince of Wales, the titular head of society after his august mother, was conspicuous in his devotion to her.

It was the vivid reports of these scenes, and of the exhibitions of her works in painting and sculpture, and of the effects produced by her at the theatre, and of her costumes and manner, which first apprised this country generally of the existence of the lady. Then came her pictures—a slight but not *spirituelle* woman; and it was remarked as singular that so little had been known here of a person evidently so famous on the other side. But it presently appeared that she was known. The travelling American and the American resident in Paris knew of her, and had written home of her, representing her as a Parisienne of the hour, a figure of the moment, mistress of all the French arts, fascinating, brilliant, an admirable player of a certain range, not great nor supreme, not one of the immortals. This general judgment was not discordant with the impression of her acting reflected from London. Amid all the descriptive superlatives concerning her personal impression it was not easy to discover that a great actress had appeared. Even Mr. Gladstone was depicted in charmed conversation with her, but that Rachel had a successor was not said. At most, it was felt that "the Bernhardt" was undoubtedly a fascinating woman, and that whatever a fascinating woman does is sure to dazzle the beholder.

That appears to be the impression produced by her appearance here. The morning after her début the critics "rose at her" for her lovely, winning, melting ways. They plainly felt the spell. They were full of generous praises; but 'twas a pity, they said, that she began with *Adrienne*. It is a play which was written for Rachel long after she had made her renown as a truly great tragic actress—she and Mrs. Siddons alone doubtless in the century, if not in all the centuries. In *Adrienne* and *Angelo*—melodramas suited to a peculiar modern taste, which delights in costume and circumstance and detail, a taste for the vaudeville, for Scribe and Hugo rather than for Shakespeare or the classical drama of Corneille and Racine—Rachel had parts which captivated the town. They were exquisitely done, and they were very fascinating; but, after all, it was genius condescending, as in the *Moineau de Lesbie*.

This, however, is probably the natural sphere of Bernhardt. To charming gifts of nature she adds the most skillful training in the best of schools, and amid the most inspiring and chastening of traditions. That firm grasp of genius which distinguished Rachel she has not, and yet comparison is inevitable, not only because she is the most noted member of the French Comedy since Rachel, but because she appears in Rachel's parts. There could be no greater contrast, however, than the first evenings of the two women in America. *Adrienne Lecouvreur* is all "color," and the heroine moves through it in an ever-shifting splendor of costume. It is especially adapted to a miscellaneous popular audience. It was in Corneille's *Les Horaces* that Rachel first appeared—a drama bald in its antique severity, and absolutely without relief of circumstance or "color." Her costume was a simple fine woollen drapery. Her movement as she entered upon the bare and desolate scene was not *incedit regina*, nor

did she "walk in beauty like the night"; it was a still, statuesque presence, the mournful motion of a woman who forecasts her doom. In other words, it was action informed with genius, and the mind was at once caught up into the play of passion, unmindful of costume or accident.

The town will be familiar with "the Bernhardt" when this Magazine is issued, but it is already evident that however much she may be admired, it will not be as a "phenomenal" person, as a great actress, as the successor of Rachel, but as an exceedingly clever woman of remarkable personal fascination.

There is an old saying that everything is fair in love, politics, and the custom-house. These departments cover a great deal of human interest and activity, and if a man practices in these relations the principle of the saying, he will probably observe it in all others. There is, however, another saying which traverses the one that we cite, and which declares that once a gentleman, always a gentleman. If this be true—and who doubts it?—how is it that gentlemen are sometimes found in such queer positions in politics? Is the explanation to be sought in the reason of a question which was addressed to a lady about her husband? "I can't imagine," said the questioner to the wife, "how a gentleman like your husband can dabble in politics; but I suppose that he wants something." There was no apparent consciousness of insult upon the part of the inquirer. On the contrary, he assumed that the lady knew as well as he that if a man "wanted something" in politics, he must consent to pay the dirty price. A young village statesman sneered at a man who attended a political convention at a country tavern and brought his own cigars instead of opening a box at the bar for "the boys." An orator, speaking of taxation and expenditure, declaims against the waste of "the people's money." It is a piece of "gag" unworthy a gentleman; but he who asks for "the most sweet voices" thinks that he must do and say what he is a little ashamed of.

Among gentlemen a frank disavowal of an alleged remark is conclusive. If a gentleman asserts that he never said what is imputed to him, there is an end of the matter—except in politics. In the fervor of a political campaign it is taken for granted, and even by gentlemen, that the denial of a gentleman is not to be believed. In other words, it is assumed that he is a liar and a perjurer. This is surely degrading and alarming. If gentlemen and honorable men can not engage in politics without the utmost meanness and dishonor, it is as significant as if they could not transact business at the custom-house without false swearing. Knaves, of course, will perjure themselves at the custom-house or anywhere else. Thieves will lie and cheat, and believe that everybody else lies and cheats in politics. But how is it when a gentleman does the same? There are allegations which it is not easy to disprove, and which may seem to have a certain plausibility, but which ought not to stand in any fair mind for a moment against the simple denial of an honorable man. But we have recently seen the word of a gentleman who was thought by a great party worthy of the highest political trust, and who was called to it by the country, treated as of no weight whatever. That liars and forgers and black-mailers and rascals of every degree should have thought him a liar was not surprising. But this is the question: when he denied unqualifiedly and indignantly that he had written what was imputed to him, and asserted that the letter was a forgery, why did not gentlemen who had been deceived by it, and had publicly said that they believed it to be genuine, as publicly and frankly acknowledge the deception when the letter was disclaimed?

It is answered that it would have been "bad politics," and have given aid and comfort to the political enemy by discrediting political friends. But will any gentleman admit either that lying and forgery are good politics, or that gentlemen ought not to take part in politics? Nothing certainly is gained by excluding decency and common honesty from political controversy. Then whatever helps to include them is a public gain, and the obvious way of doing it, the very first step, is for gentlemen not to avoid politics, but to carry into them the instincts and conduct of gentlemen. They may be beaten in the particular controversy, but that is not a reason that they should cease to be gentlemen. If practical interest in politics, which is a privilege in a monarchy, be a duty in a republic, and if it be impossible for gentlemen, by which we mean honorable and patriotic citizens, to engage in them, so much the worse for the republic.

The fair-spoken and quiet Mr. Parnell, of whose first speech in America at the Madison Square Garden the Easy Chair gave some account last winter, has become since then an important figure. He was in no sense an eloquent or magnetic orator. His words were studiedly careful, and the Celtic enthusiasm of his audience took fire at any allusion, however slight, and blazed out into extravagant expression. The impression he made was that of a cold, hard man—almost a Robespierrian impression, except, of course, that there was no suggestion of cruelty. On that evening he was very careful to say nothing which even implied insurrection or resort to force; nothing, indeed, comparable in what might be called justification or extenuation of violence to some speeches reported to have been uttered by him in Ireland.

But the situation of that country, forever unhappy, was one of the anxious and doubtful questions of the early winter, sure to come up sooner or later in the graver talk of the club

and the table. And, indeed, whoever is familiar with the melancholy and tragic story of a hundred years ago in Ireland, and with the long and incredible oppression and suffering of the earlier time, will feel that no trouble or hostility or outbreak in that country should be surprising. The sorrow and amazement, however, are that intelligent Irishmen—those who are leaders more than any men are leaders in other countries—should not see that the kind of agitation which they promote is a crime against their native land, unless they hope and intend to lead a revolution to sever the connection of the islands.

The Irish situation is simple. England will not consent to separation. The instinct of self-defense prevents. Separation would not cure the Celtic hatred of the Saxon, and England would always fear that Ireland would be made an ambush for a foreign foe. While thus separation is impossible, Mr. Gladstone, the head of the British government, is a statesman of proved power in England, and of proved friendliness to Ireland. Mr. Forster, the Irish Secretary, is a Dissenter, and not only free from any of the old Tory bitterness against the island, but anxious to correct evils and abuses. There was no reason whatever to doubt that while the government could not heal the woes of Ireland with a touch or in a year, yet that great and beneficent progress was possible under its amicable sway. But while Mr. Gladstone is confronted with the Afghan and Zulu and Eastern questions with which his predecessor had embroiled the country, he is also menaced by an Irish question forced upon him by Mr. Parnell.

Indeed, the latest of the Irish leaders seems to feel that the exclamation of the Irish emigrant, "If there's a government, I'm agin it," is true Irish patriotism and statesmanship. The true policy for Ireland, so far as we can perceive it here, was an alliance with the Gladstone government, not defiance of it. If the aristocratic element in it was feared, certainly a Tory administration would be a hundredfold more unfriendly, and the attitude of the peers on the Compensation Bill showed the full force of Tory hostility. Mr. Parnell must know that against Irish violence England of all parties would solidly sustain the government, and that remedial legislation would be made more difficult. He may be legally acquitted upon his trial, but he is morally condemned for throwing his country into a hazardous position.

But so the curse of old injustice returns to plague England. The children's teeth are on edge with the sour grapes of the fathers' eating. "How oft has the banshée cried!" And the fateful voice of the banshee seems to wail in every wind that blows over Ireland. It can not be said truthfully that nothing would have been done if the present movement had not occurred. The land laws had been modified. They would have been modified still more. A wise and generous administration like that of Mr. Gladstone would have mediated between Irish suffering and English prejudice. But when Mr. Parnell says, as at Galway, "I feel convinced that if you ever call upon Americans in another field and in another way for help, and if you can show them that there is a fair and good chance for success, you will have their assistance, their trained and organized assistance, for the purpose of breaking the yoke which encircles you," he not only tells the most ludicrous untruth, but he tells it for the purpose of luring his countrymen to take steps which can lead only to their destruction. He does not allow Mr. Gladstone to mediate between suffering and prejudice: he forces him to say that order must be preserved, and life and property protected.

THE busy man who would gladly read if he had only the necessary time, and who knows what store of good books await that happy hour, can not help looking ruefully upon the readers who have all the time they desire, and who employ it in emptying literary slops into their so-called minds. "If you must read novels all the time," said Ernestus to Fragilla, "why don't you take a turn at Miss Austen? There is a noble library of great and charming works of fiction, and story-telling, from Homer down, is one of the delights of the world. But since, dear madame, Homer is at your service, why should you put up with Tupper and Haynes Bayley? So, when there are such scores of good novels, why should you waste time over Laura Matilda, when you can have Miss Austen, for instance, to tell you stories?"

It was an amusingly fruitless question. Dr. Holmes used to say, when any auditor slipped away from a lecture, "Well, some people can hold only a gill; others can take a pint, or quart, or even gallon; but when the gill measure is full, you can't pour in any more." So it is with novel-readers. If they take naturally to the tenth-rate work, it is useless to ply them with the first-rate. You can't pour a gallon into a gill measure. The mind which is satisfied with the Dime novel will not care for George Eliot, or for Miss Austen, or for Walter Scott, still less for Balzac or Thackeray. It is hard to see why Fragilla, who reads a novel for the sake of reading a novel, should not like Miss Austen's stories. The only thing perfectly clear is that she does not. No writer of novels, however, has been more liked or more highly praised by those whose praise is fame. Macaulay delighted in her novels, and just now a critic says of them, "As long as novels are read at all, Miss Austen's stories will be resorted to for amusement by the more intelligent, and probably they were never at any time to the taste of the unintelligent."

Yet, again, why not? They are perfectly simple and intelligible. The course of the tale is not clogged with description or moralizing. They deal with the great theme of the novel-

ist, match-making, and no writer ever attended more strictly than Miss Austen to the business in hand. Her novels are marvels of clearness, and they have a delightfully shrewd humor. The Austen stories have all the misunderstandings and embarrassments and doubts and delays which become the course of true love. There are no extravagances in them, no sublimated raptures and dark despairs. It is good, honest, every-day match-making among every-day people, and the unintelligent reader does not find himself in the least degree bewildered by the style or the characters. The very finish, the cabinet and microscopic completeness, facilitate the comprehension and the enjoyment of them by unintelligence, while the shrewd humor, and the neat touches of characterization, and the portraiture of certain aspects of English country life and society, commend them to the most intelligent. A distinguished English scholar said to a lecturer who had extolled the tales of Charlotte Brontë, "I am afraid you do not know that Miss Austen is the better novelist."

If the scholar had explained, doubtless he would have said, in comparing Miss Brontë or George Eliot with Miss Austen—and the three are the chief of their sex in this form of English literature—that her distinction and superiority lie in her more absolute artistic instinct. She writes wholly as an artist, while George Eliot advocates views, and Miss Brontë's fiery page is often a personal protest. In Miss Austen, on the other hand, there is in kind, but infinitely less in degree, the same clear atmosphere of pure art which we perceive in Shakespeare and Goethe. It is a thread of exceeding fineness with which she draws us, but it is spun of pure gold. There are no great characters, no sweep of passion, no quickening of soul and exaltation of purpose and sympathy, upon her page, but there is the pure pleasure of a Watteau.

When Ernestus asked Fragilla if she could explain her indifference to Miss Austen's novels, the novel-reading damsel answered that there was no excitement in them; that they were humdrum old-fashioned stories of a stupid society—in a word, that they were not sensational. It is true, and it is true of Scott. But that very fact is the secret of their tenacious hold upon admiration. It is the singular beauty of form which preserves them; and the essential value of literary art can be studied nowhere better than in Miss Austen's works. We do not mean that the whole charm lies in treatment. This was the Wordsworthian error which gave us "Goody Blake," and the "Idiot Boy," and Coleridge's sonnet upon the "Foal of an Ass: its mother being tethered near it." A loud and natural outcry greeted such works, that however artificial the old school of poetry may have been, and however desirable a return to nature might be, yet that it was as absurd to insist that everything was equally poetic as to assert that everything was equally beautiful and fragrant. It is not the treatment only, it is the discriminating perception, that makes the poet. The anti-Wordsworthians held that it might be foolish to suppose that romance belongs only to pirates and ruffians, but that it was no less foolish to suppose that therefore idiots were poetic.

The protest against this misconception was never more pointedly expressed than by Burns in his letter to Archibald Alison thanking him for his *Essay on Taste*. It was a famous book in polite society, and maintained that objects are beautiful to us, not in themselves, but only because of pleasant associations. But Burns, with sly and demure humor, and with a vigorous sense which shattered the theory like a blow upon a Rupert's-drop, thanked the reverend gentleman for his work, and said: "I own, sir, at first glance several of your propositions startle me as paradoxical: that the martial clangor of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime than the twingle-twangle of a jew's-harp; that the delicate flexure of a rose-twig when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn was infinitely more beautiful and elegant than the upright stub of a burdock, and that from something innate and independent of all association of ideas—these I had set down as irrefragable orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith."

The Pre-Raphaelites, as they were called thirty years ago, seemed inclined to apply the Betty Foy theory to painting. They were a group of young English artists, whose chief canon was an exact imitation and reproduction of the natural object, utterly discarding what was called ideal and imaginative treatment. Poetry, they said, is in the natural object, and the more perfectly the object is reproduced, therefore, the more truly poetic the picture. Perhaps, then, colored wax-work, as more closely imitating the human form and complexion, would be the finer sculpture, and Madame Tussaud would outstrip Phidias. But the substance of Wordsworth's principle remains unassailable. The poet and artist must be loyal to nature, however they may discriminate as to the relative interest and poetic value of objects. The Easy Chair was lately turning over some etchings with a thoroughly trained critic, and admired the effect of some trees. "No," said the critic, "they are bad." "But why so?" "Because no tree could grow in that way," was the decisive answer. It was not a sketch from nature, and the eye trained by careful observation instantly detected and rejected the imposture, whose prettiness of form could not save it.

Miss Austen's art is not less in the choice than in the treatment. She does not, indeed, carve the Moses with Michael Angelo, but she moulds the delicate cup, she cuts the gem. When Ernestus parted with Fragilla, he took down *Pride and Prejudice*, and verified all that he had said and thought of Miss Austen.

Editor's Literary Record.

IT was a right instinct that prompted some friends of the family of the late Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton Theological Seminary, to suggest that a memoir of his life should be prepared; and a memoir[1] having been determined upon, it was a wise choice that intrusted its preparation to his son, the Rev. A. A. Hodge. For although the life of Dr. Hodge was a quiet one, and was agitated by few external events of striking interest, as his son correctly observes it had been one of very remarkable literary activity, and of protracted and extended influence, involving an intimate association with many of the most interesting characters and events of the century. And, again, the relationship which the biographer bore to his subject supplied him with a strong motive to diligence in making use of his special opportunities for information, and in collecting and arranging the materials through which his father and his work might speak for themselves, and the opinions of the most celebrated of his friends might be impartially presented. In addition to these advantages, the special literary and intellectual qualifications of the biographer peculiarly fitted him for the task. An able scholar in the same line as that in which his father won wide distinction, a graceful and elegant writer, a disciplined thinker, and a man of well-balanced judgment, Mr. Hodge has been able to paint a life-like portrait of his venerated father in warm but subdued colors, and free from the florid exaggeration and panegyric that often mar the effect of biographical composition. As far as possible Dr. Hodge is allowed, through his journals, letters, and a precious autobiographical fragment, to tell the story of his own life; and whenever a break or hiatus occurs, the biographer has judiciously filled the gap with his own mature recollections, or the recollections of other members of the family, and of his father's old and intimate friends. The biography is the record of the life of a student eagerly and methodically searching for knowledge, who is converted by the search into a recondite scholar and a profound thinker on abstruse subjects, and thus fitted to become, as he, in fact, did become, an influential teacher of mature men on deep questions of religion, morals, philosophy, and theology. At the same time it is a mirror of the transitions in religious thought—practical, speculative, metaphysical, and dogmatic—in this country and in Germany during the last half a century, and it is also, for the earlier years of that period, a familiar introduction of the reader to many of the most eminent scholars, philosophers, and otherwise interesting characters in Germany who exerted a potential influence upon religious thought and doctrine. The glimpses which Dr. Hodge gives us, as the fruit of his two years' residence in Germany while preparing for his professorate, of his companionship with Tholuck, Neander, Hengstenberg, the brothers Von Gerlach, Monod, Huebner, Gesenius, and Schleiermacher, are interesting memorials of the personal as well as of the religious and intellectual traits of those great scholars, while a nearer chord of sympathy is struck for us Americans by frequent passages recalling the figures and tones of many of our own distinguished men whom he counted among his friends and contemporaries. But, after all, the most attractive and instructive portions of the biography are those which reveal to us the venerable scholar in his family, as a private citizen, and as a teacher of men. The materials that have been collected for illustrating all the phases of Dr. Hodge's life are very full, and they have been arranged with great discretion, and without any obtrusive parade of his filial prepossessions, by his son and biographer.

THE subject of Mr. Trevelyan's new volume, *The Early History of Charles James Fox*,[2] is one of imposing interest. No Englishman has lived since the reign of William and Mary more liberally endowed than Fox with every quality of popular leadership, none who was more munificently gifted than he with natural abilities or more amply furnished with acquired attainments, none who exerted upon his generation an influence so magnetic and powerful, and none who made a deeper and more abiding impression upon the political history of his country. A man in intellect when he was a child in years; precocious in solid graces, acquirements, and virtues; precocious in knowledge and understanding; and, under the training of his indulgent and unprincipled father, sadly precocious also in all those evil associations and experiences which rub off the bloom of innocence from youth, and irremediably sully its purity; an idol of society when society was abnormally enervating and impure, and while he was yet at an age when most children are under maternal restraints; a prodigal, a spendthrift, a rake, and a gambler at fourteen; a member of Parliament at nineteen; a member of the cabinet at twenty-one; from twenty-one to twenty-four a leader of the House of Commons, one of its most effective orators and debaters, and often the victorious antagonist of England's greatest statesmen and orators—of such as Burke, George

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[1] *The Life of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey.* By his Son, A. A. HODGE. 8vo, pp. 620. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Author of Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. 8vo, pp. 470. New York: Harper and Brothers. The same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Greville, and Wedderburn while they were in the plenitude of their ripe and hitherto matchless powers; the indefatigable and able defender in all these callow years of principles and measures that were the direct antipodes of those doctrines of liberty and reform of which in his maturer years he was the ablest and most eloquent advocate; and at twenty-four a Lord of the Treasury, a rebel against the dictation of the Premier who was his political leader, and a political knight-errant who cared not whether his foes were robbers or true men if only there were enough of them of the heaviest calibre—certainly the early career of Fox was one of the most remarkable in history, and as fertile as any in astounding and interesting surprises. Mr. Trevelyan's memoir of this remarkable man is written with the literary skill and thorough mastery of the subject that were conspicuous in his memoir of Lord Macaulay. Before entering upon the biography he gives a concise account of Fox's immediate ancestors: of his grandfather, Sir Stephen Fox, who was the founder of the family, and the stanch friend of the Stuarts; and, at greater length, of Fox's father, Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, one of the ablest, most venal, and most corrupt men in an age that abounded in statesmen and dignified officials who vied with each other in wickedness and rascality. The account of Fox's father includes a graphic extended retrospect of the political intrigues and political combinations of which he had been an industrious architect, and which led Fox to identify himself in the early part of his career with measures and principles that he afterward abhorred, and of which he became the most impassioned and most redoubtable foe. It also includes a survey of the social conditions that ushered in the life of Fox, that colored his early years, and that stamped his character with the stains of a vice that were indelible. Mr. Trevelyan's memoir is as much historical as it is biographical, and it is so because there was scarcely a public act of Fox's life, even in his earliest and most wayward years, that was not the result of causes that were historical or that did not lead to results which became so. The horizon of Mr. Trevelyan's picture is a wide one, but all its principal lines converge upon one central imposing figure. Of course the present volume deals only with Fox while he was in his youth, before he had developed his greatest virtues and best powers. Having carried Fox through the least creditable portion of his life, we infer that it must be Mr. Trevelyan's purpose, at some future day, to complete the half-told story, taking up the thread of the narrative where he now drops it, after Fox had detached himself from the early surroundings that had so nearly spoiled him, and when, "having dissolved his partnership with Sandwich and Wedderburn," he "united himself to Burke and Chatham and Savile in their crusade against the tyranny which was trampling out English liberty in the colonies, and the corruption that was undermining it at home."

Mr. Towle has thrown the fascinating narrative of Marco Polo,[3] the great thirteenth-century Venetian traveller, into the form of a tale, of which Marco Polo himself is the central heroic figure, and in which the thrilling story of the marvellous sights he saw, the strange countries and peoples he visited, the exciting events he witnessed, the valorous deeds he performed, the romantic adventures he encountered, and the hair-breadth escapes he experienced, is told with faith-compelling circumstantiality. Six hundred years have gone by since Marco Polo's delightful narrative was first given to the world, but it has lost none of its original freshness by the lapse of time. Mr. Towle's version of it is fully in accord with the spirit of the veracious old-time chronicler, and faithfully reproduces the dramatic scenes and incidents in which he was a leading actor.

The latest volume in the series of "Famous American Indians" is an excellent epitome, by Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye, of the conquest of Mexico,[4] and of the lives and characters of Montezuma and his valiant conqueror. The compilers have drawn their historical facts from the letters of Cortez and the chronicle of stout old Bernal Diaz, one of the veterans of Cortez, who accompanied him in the invasion, participated with him in more than a hundred battles, and was an eye-witness of nearly every important action and event from the landing of the Spaniards to the siege and surrender of the capital. To those who have not access to Prescott's brilliant and more elaborate history this volume supplies a concise and authentic sketch of the conquest, including picturesque descriptions of the physical features of the country, and satisfactory accounts of the aboriginal people of Mexico, and the state of their advancement in religion, science, art, and civilization.

Three additional volumes of the "English Men of Letters Series," being Leslie Stephen's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, Richard H. Hutton's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and Anthony Trollope's *Life of Thackeray*, are placed within reach of readers of limited means by their publication in a single number of the "Franklin Square Library."[5] The value of these works for popular

[3] *Marco Polo: His Travels and Adventures.* By George Makepeace Towle. "Young Folks' Heroes of History." 16mo, pp. 274. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[4] "Famous American Indians." *Montezuma and the Conquest of Mexico.* By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. 12mo, pp. 385. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[5] Three Volumes of "The English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. 1. *Samuel Johnson.* By Leslie Stephen. 2. *Sir Walter Scott.* By Richard H. Hutton. 3. *William M. Thackeray.* By Anthony Trollope. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 88. New York: Harper and Brothers.

circulation resides not merely in the fact that they are accurate and entertaining biographical sketches of representative men of letters prepared by living writers of distinguished abilities, but in the close and suggestive views they give of these great writers in particulars that are important for example and encouragement, and which are susceptible of a personal application by the clerk, the artisan, the schoolboy, and even the day-laborer, into whose hands they may chance to fall. We refer especially to the close views which they afford of opportunities improved and difficulties surmounted, to the lucid outlines which they give of the productions of these eminent men, and to their instructive estimates of the personal and intellectual character and the rank and place in literature of each of them. As instrumentalities for educating the minds and refining the tastes of the masses, the influence of such publications can not be overestimated.

No volume in the excellent series of "Epochs of Ancient History" is on a subject of greater interest, or is better adapted to the needs of the general reader, than Mr. Curteis's *Rise of the Macedonian Empire*,[6] recently published. Recognizing the fact that the climate and physical characteristics of a country exert a strongly determining influence upon the character, the institutions, and the history of a people, Mr. Curteis opens his historical summary with a brief but comprehensive geographical and topographical sketch of Macedon, pointing out by the way the contrasts and divergences between the Hellenes and Macedonians and the country of each. This thoughtful sketch is followed by an outline summary of the kings of Macedon before Philip, and a graphic description of the social and political state of Macedon and Hellas at his accession, after which Mr. Curteis enters upon his proper task. This comprises a succinct history of the reigns and conquests of Philip and Alexander, and involves quite elaborate accounts of the progress of events by which Athens was reduced from her supremacy, and Greece subjected piecemeal to Philip—events which paved the way, by the dissensions and weakness of its nearest and most powerful competitors, for the growth and consolidation of the Macedonian monarchy and the subsequent conquest of Asia by Alexander. Far the larger part of the volume is appropriated to the career of Alexander, to which, indeed, the preceding events were only the historical preliminaries and preparatives. Mr. Curteis's sketch of the life of the hero is discriminating and equitable, and notwithstanding its extreme condensation, his narrative of the conqueror's campaigns omits no detail that throws light on his character and abilities, or that is necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the salutary influence of his ambitions and achievements upon the world.

Mr. Kinglake's fourth volume of *The Invasion of the Crimea*,[7] just published, makes no advance in the history of the invasion, but calls a halt in order to concentrate attention to the winter troubles which enveloped the allies on the Chersonese heights at the close of the Inkerman campaign. Mr. Kinglake has concentrated his attention upon this terrible winter campaign, and the mismanagement, defectiveness of machinery, and defects generally of the English system of war administration, which made it almost ruinous, with the object of drawing materials from the calamities that were then experienced toward the solution of the problem, "How to make the mixed policy of Great Britain furnish an executive government which at once, on the call to arms, and without needing yet further lessons in the cruel school of adversity, may be equal to the business of war." The volume offers little that will be attractive to the reader who is chiefly interested in the excitements of war and battle, or the rapid succession of striking or momentous events. By such it will probably be voted dull and uninteresting. But the philanthropist, the student of history, and especially those in civil or military station who are intrusted with and are responsible for the conduct of great wars, will pronounce it invaluable for its vast accumulation of all-important facts for their guidance or warning, and for its suggestive practical criticisms and deductions.

Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America,[8] is the inviting title of a volume of travels throughout the countries designated, and its author's performance fully vindicates all that its prepossessing title promises. Mr. Oswald's sketches of the rugged sierras of Southern and Western Mexico, of the scenic charms, health-bringing climate, and strange fauna and vegetable wonders of their *alturas*, or mountain forests, and of the virgin land that awaits the tourist and traveller, are a revelation of freshness, and of course of novelty. His account of his rambles in Yucatan, and of his explorations in the American Pompeii, though less exhilarating than his descriptions of the mountain forests and sierras of Mexico and Guatemala, is full of interesting matter, recorded in the most unpretending way, relative to the ancient remains of Central America, its climate and topography, and the characteristics of the people

[6] *Rise of the Macedonian Empire.* By Arthur M. Curteis, M.A. "Epochs of Ancient History." With Eight Maps. 18mo, pp. 224. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[7] *The Invasion of the Crimea.* Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. IV. *The Winter Troubles.* 12mo, pp. 323. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America.* By Felix L. Oswald. With Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 425. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

who now inhabit it. Mr. Oswald is a close observer, and has the faculty of describing what he saw with such distinctness as to vividly transfer the impressions that he received to the mind of his reader. We are indebted to him for a very agreeable and unpretending volume.

Under the title *Old Paris: Its Court and Literary Salons*,[9] Lady Jackson has compiled from gleanings from a variety of sources a very entertaining account of the social and literary aspects of France in the seventeenth century, opening with the coronation of Marie de Medicis, wife of Henry IV., in 1610, and closing with the death of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., in 1715. The volume is a series of light and desultory sketches of the social life of the court, the nobility, the salons, and the clerical and literary circles of the day; and it is a copious repertory of the sayings, doings, and occupations of nearly all, of both sexes, who in that century were eminent for rank and station, who were conspicuous by their beauty, their valor, their accomplishments, or their virtues, or who were notorious for their intrigues, their licentiousness, and their crimes. With piquant sketches of such as these are interspersed brief glimpses of the manners of the times; of prevalent or newly adopted fashions, costumes, and social usages; of the state of religion and morals; of the progress of literature, refinement, and the arts; and of the growth, improvement, and enlargement of Paris. The volume is richly stocked with memoranda relative to the historical places, public buildings, monuments, and institutions of Paris during the seventeenth century; but its greatest attractiveness lies in its abundant personal gossip and disinterred society scandal of that most brilliant and most impure age.

In a little volume of rare typographical daintiness Mr. Aldrich has collected a number of lyrics and sonnets[10] selected from his writings, which he likens, in some tender dedicatory lines, to "silvery thorn and flower, plucked at random in the rosy weather," and again to "snow-drops and pansies, sprigs of way-side heather, and five-leaved wild rose dead within an hour." We appeal from the modesty of the self-critic to the prophetic instinct of the poet on the question of the durability of these delicate flowers of verse. We believe the poet's estimate to be the truest, and that he is right when he intimates that if we will take and keep his "flower, and thorn, and blossom," even though they be withered, and some day hold them for an instant against our bosom, they will make December seem to us like May. Sure we are that Mr. Aldrich's exquisite apostrophe to Herrick, in the lyric entitled "Hesperides"—a lyric that Herrick himself might have written—and the shower-fragrant verses "Before the Rain" and "After the Rain," and those to "Tiger-Lilies" and the "Faded Violet," and the fine sonnets on "Barberries," "Three Flowers," and "Sleep," are not such verses as men "willingly let die."

Mr. Roe's *A Day of Fate*[11] is entitled to slight consideration as a work of art, but nevertheless is very pleasant reading. The interest of the tale consists in the unconscious contrasts which it suggests between our busy, matter of fact, overworked, unsympathetic, and unspiritual city life, and the calm, tolerant, compassionate, loving, and spiritual life of a family of suburban Quakers, and in its charming descriptions of this peaceful household, their rural occupations and surroundings, and their primitive religious principles and worship. An overworked New York editor is made to drop by accident among these kindly and simple people, and the restorative influence which they exert upon his feverish mind and body is very effectively described. The susceptibility to emotional influences engendered by his transition from the hardening atmosphere of his calling to this rural Eden predisposes him to the gentle passion, and Mr. Roe has availed of it to paint an attractive picture of an editor in love, and successful in his wooing.

The admirers of the writings of the author of *The Wide, Wide World* will be disposed to give a cordial welcome to her new story, *The End of a Coil*.[12] Like all Miss Warner's novels, it is a tale with a distinctly defined religious moral, in this instance illustrating by the career of her sweet and gentle heroine the steadfastness of Christian principle in resisting the seductions of worldliness, and the power of filial love to minister to the contentment of one weak and repining parent, and to save the other from the degradation with which he was threatened by his irresolution and his waywardness. The story is not without its substantial mundane interests, and very neatly blends the emotional and the moral.

Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin excels in the art of "putting things" so as to make them attractive to youth, and at the same time so as to effect a lodgment of solid information in their minds. In dealing with historical subjects he confines himself mainly to those salient occurrences and events which are the mile-stones of history and progress, and interlaces them so as to form a continuous entertaining narrative, clothed in familiar phrase-

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[9] *Old Paris: Its Court and Literary Salons.* By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. 12mo, pp. 545. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[10] *XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets.* Selected from "Cloth of Gold" and "Flower and Thorn." T. B. Aldrich. 18mo, pp. 93. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[11] *A Day of Fate.* By Rev. E. P. Roe. 12mo, pp. 450. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[12] *The End of a Coil.* By the Author of The Wide, Wide World. 12mo, pp. 718. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

ology. Moreover, he has the tact to dwell upon them so pithily and briefly as to impress their important lessons upon the memory without fatiguing the attention of the youthful reader. Several years ago he prepared a volume for youth, entitled *The Boys of '76*, which was a narrative of the battles of the Revolution, and of the trials and patriotic devotion of our forefathers, diversified with individual instances of youthful heroism and patriotism. This was followed, about a year ago, by another volume, *The Story of Liberty*, which was designed to give young people an intelligent conception of the struggle that was waged in Europe for centuries against tyranny and in behalf of civil and religious liberty, and in which the course of events was traced through the five hundred years that intervened between the signing of Magna Charta and the settlement of Jamestown. And now, in a companion volume, *Old Times in the Colonies*,[13] he fills the gap between the two previous volumes by an outline of the discovery and exploration of America, and of the principal events attending the settlement and formation of the several colonies, including brief sketches of the most eminent discoverers, explorers, and representative men of the colonial period, and spirited accounts of the conflict of nations, civilizations, and religions for the supremacy of the continent, of the natural causes which influenced the course of population and empire, and of the Indian wars and other hardships that disciplined the colonists for self-government. The book is a graphic record of stirring incidents, and is lavishly illustrated.

Mr. Brooks's chronicle of *The Fairport Nine*,[14] their doings and sayings, is emphatically a boy's book, a little rough betimes, as were the lads who figure in it, but in the main sound and wholesome. It will be a favorite with incipient ball-players, and while instructing them in some of the points of the game, will quietly instill a disrelish for meanness and unfairness, and an admiration for manliness and honor.—In two pretty little volumes of *Parables from Nature*[15] Mrs. Alfred Gatty embodies a variety of excellent moral and religious lessons, and also imparts a large amount of interesting information in natural history. The truths which she aims to convey are so pleasingly idealized, and her parables illustrate hidden meanings so aptly and simply, that the young reader will absorb them almost unconsciously; and at the same time his curiosity will be gratified, and his mind stored with useful and entertaining facts concerning familiar birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, and natural phenomena. The parables are just long enough to read aloud in the home circle or in school.—Messrs. Roberts Brothers have added to their numerous publications for youth two pleasant volumes respectively by Louisa M. Alcott and Mrs. Ewing. Miss Alcott's book, *Jack and Gill*,[16] is a tale of New England village life, in which, with her usual skill, she interests her young readers in the sayings and doings, pranks and diversions, schemes and enjoyments, of a number of young folk, the companions of Jack and Gill, and pictures the unfolding of their dispositions and characters under the influences by which they are surrounded.—The scene of Mrs. Ewing's story, *We and the World*,[17] is laid in the north of England, and describes the pursuits, diversions, and companionships of a lad in a quiet rural nook till he is seized by the spirit of adventure. After this the world of the hero is enlarged, and, no longer confined to the limits of his secluded home, he engages in travels by land and by water, the incidents of which are told in true boy fashion.—*The Gentle Heart*[18] is a collection of talks to children, embodying a number of brief stories illustrative of the beauty of gentleness—gentleness in the life, gentleness in the heart, gentle deeds and words and thoughts—drawn from incidents in the life of the Saviour, and from the lives of others in various ranks and of all ages who have been inspired by their love for Him to imitate His example. Several of the stories are noteworthy for their simple pathos, and all of them are provocative of kindly thoughts and gentle deeds.—Mrs. Moulton's annual present of "Bed-Time Stories" may be reckoned among the most welcome events of the holiday season, not only by boys and girls, but by all, of every age, whose hearts are young. Her present volume, *New Bed-Time Stories*,[19] is addressed more largely than its predecessors to the sympathies of those who have passed through their chrysalis state, and have emerged into young manhood and womanhood.—It is manifest from Mr. W. L. Alden's *Moral Pirates*[20] that he understands the art of killing two birds with one stone. His little story will at once win the rapt attention of wide-awake and active boys who are boiling over with a fondness for dash and adventure, and also suggest a method to parents by which the evil impressions made upon their boys by pernicious books of piracy and murder may be eradicated, and their superfluous vitality be directed into wholesome and inno-

[13] *Old Times in the Colonies.* By Charles Carleton Coffin. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 460. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *The Fairport Nine.* By Noah Brooks. 16mo, pp. 188. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] *Parables from Nature.* By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. 2 Vols., 18mo, pp. 288 and 276. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[16] *Jack and Gill.* A Village Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 325. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[17] *We and the World.* A Book for Boys. By Juliana H. Ewing. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 310. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[18] *The Gentle Heart.* A Second Series of "Talking to the Children." By Alexander Macleod, D.D. 16mo, pp. 319. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[19] *New Bed-Time Stories.* By Louise Chandler Moulton. With Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 230. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[20] *The Moral Pirates.* By W. L. Alden. Illustrated. Sq. 18mo, pp. 148. New York: Harper and Brothers.

cent channels. Mr. Alden's recipe for making stories of pirates seem stupid and silly to a boy is to fit him out with a boat, and start him and some well-disposed comrades on a cruise that will give them plenty of exercise in the open air, force them to draw upon their own resources, and teach them lessons of prudence and self-reliance, along with a love for honest and manly sports. His story is the log of an expedition of this kind, which will admirably serve as a guide-book and manual for the information of all those lads who may in future incline to follow the vocation of "moral pirates."

SEVERAL volumes have been laid upon the editor's table at so late a date as to preclude the possibility of describing them as fully in detail as they deserve; but as they are specially appropriate to the holiday season, the briefest timely mention of them will doubtless be more acceptable to our readers than the most elaborate deferred notice. Conspicuous among these, and meriting the place of honor by reason of the perfection of its typography, the picturesqueness of its descriptions of the varied aspects of the seasons, and their peculiar charms of flower, field, and creature life, and especially for the unrivalled excellence and poetical suggestiveness of its illustrations, is Mr. Gibson's superb volume, *Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year*,[21] than which we can conceive of no richer or more elegant gift book, or one more wholesome and refining.—Worthily occupying the second place of honor for its exquisite typography and graceful designs is a beautiful illustrated volume of T. Buchanan Read's finely imaginative poem, *Drifting*.[22] The illustrations are from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and are thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of the text.—More sober in its garb, and shrining beneath the neat simplicity and serviceable freshness of its Quaker-like attire a number of sacred lyrics of exquisite sweetness and exalted fervor, is a volume of poems entitled *Voices of Hope and Gladness*,[23] by the Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.—Another holiday book of poetry is Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*,[24] beautifully bound, and exquisitely illustrated by designs from the pencils of Mary Hallock Foote, Alfred Fredericks, F. Hopkinson Smith, T. Moran, G. Perkins, W. H. Gibson, C. S. Reinhart, and other artists. The Laureate's beautiful poem was never presented in a more fitting and attractive dress. —The first volume of *The Memorial History of Boston*,[25] to be completed in four volumes, presents in a very attractive form the early and colonial history of Boston. The work does not go so far back as the celebrated history of Kentucky, which began with an imaginary account of the condition of that State during the Age of Chaos, but, with a modesty which does credit to the editor, begins with the creation only, and with the formation of the peninsula which was destined to become the site of the American Athens. Professor Shaler, Professor Allen, Professor Gray, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., Mr. George Dexter, and others contribute papers to this volume, to which Whittier's historical poem of "The King's Mission" is a noble introduction. When completed, the work will give a comprehensive and most interesting survey of the history of Boston from its founding to the present day.—We can only mention the forth-coming appearance of Dr. Schliemann's new work *Ilios*,[26] reserving an extended review for a future time.—Last year Mr. Sidney Lanier introduced the boys of America to a chronicle of the Middle Ages in his admirably edited *Boy's Froissart*. This year he carries them back to the legendary times of Britain through the medium of an equally admirably edited volume, which he entitles *The Boy's King Arthur*,[27] and which is a history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, from the text of the "simple, valorous, wise, and tender Sir Thomas Malory."—Another volume takes us from the world of man to that of the children of nature, and under the title of *Friends Worth Knowing*[28] gives some charming glimpses of American natural history, in which snails and birds and buffaloes and dogs figure very prominently, without corrupting the taste or exciting the evil propensities of the youthful reader.—Our list of addenda closes with mere mention of the publication of Mr. Henry James, Jun.'s, fine New York society novel, *Washington Square*,[29] which first appeared as a serial in this Magazine; and of another historical novel, *An Egyptian Princess*,[30] from the fertile pen of the celebrated antiquarian scholar Georg Ebers.

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[21] *Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year.* By W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated. Royal 4to, pp. 153. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[22] *Drifting.* By T. BUCHANAN READ. Illustrated from Designs by Miss L. B. HUMPHREY. Small 4to, pp. 50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[23] *Voices of Hope and Gladness.* By RAY PALMER. 12mo, pp. 152. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[24] *A Dream of Fair Women.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[25] *The Memorial History of Boston*, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts, 1630–1880. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Vol. I.—The Early and Colonial Periods. Issued under the business superintendence of the projector, CLARENCE F. JEWETT. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[26] *Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans.* The Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the Years 1871, '72, '73, '78, '79. Including an Autobiography of the Author. By Dr. HENRY SCHLIEMANN. With a Preface, Appendices, and Notes. With Maps, Plans, and about 1800 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *The Boy's King Arthur.* Being Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Edited for Boys. With an Introduction. By SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated by ALFRED KAPPES. 8vo, pp. 403. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[28] *Friends Worth Knowing.* Glimpses of American Natural History. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Sq. 16mo, pp. 258. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Washington Square.* By HENRY JAMES, Jun. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER. 16mo, pp. 266. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[30] *An Egyptian Princess.* By GEORG EBERS. From the German by ELEANOR GROVE. 2 Vols., 18mo, pp. 322 and 368. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of November.—The Presidential election took place November 2. There were five tickets in the field, viz., Republican, General James Abram Garfield, of Ohio, and General Chester Allan Arthur, of New York; Democratic, General Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania, and Hon. William H. English, of Indiana; Greenback-Labor, Hon. James B. Weaver, of Iowa, and Benjamin J. Chambers, of Texas; Prohibition, Neal Dow, of Maine, and Henry A. Thompson, of Ohio; Anti-Masonic, John W. Phelps, of Vermont, and Ex-Senator Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Kansas. The Republicans gained the day, the assured electoral vote being for Garfield and Arthur, 213; Hancock and English, 156. The States were equally divided in numbers, each of the two great parties carrying nineteen. The majorities and pluralities by States, as far as known or estimated, are as follows: Republican—Colorado, majority, 3000; Connecticut, plurality, 2656; Illinois, majority, 44,000; Indiana, plurality, 6540; Iowa, plurality, 78,000; Kansas, plurality, 58,600; Maine, majority, 4000; Massachusetts, plurality, 53,238; Michigan, majority, 40,000; Minnesota, majority, 40,000; Nebraska, majority, 25,000; New Hampshire, plurality, 4045; New York, majority nearly 21,000; Ohio, plurality, 34,217; Oregon, majority, 763; Pennsylvania, plurality, 37,276; Rhode Island, plurality, 7417; Vermont, majority, 27,000; Wisconsin, plurality, 30,000. Democratic—Alabama, majority, 35,000; Arkansas, majority, 30,000; California, plurality, 122; Delaware, majority, 1033; Florida, unknown; Georgia, majority, 50,000; Kentucky, majority, 60,000; Louisiana, majority, 32,709; Maryland, majority, 15,191; Mississippi, majority, 45,000; Missouri, plurality, 55,002; Nevada, majority, 600; New Jersey, plurality, 2421; North Carolina, majority, 8588; South Carolina, majority, 30,000; Tennessee, unknown; Texas, majority, 70,000; Virginia, majority, 12,800; West Virginia, majority, 15,000. New York city gave Hancock 123,015; Garfield, 81,730.

The new Congress will probably have a Republican majority on joint ballot of about 13. The Senate will stand Republicans 37, Democrats 37, Independents 2. The House will be Republican by not less than 15 majority.

Fifteen States elected Governors, nine of whom are Republicans and six Democrats.

The people of Kansas adopted a constitutional amendment forbidding the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors except for medicinal, mechanical, or scientific purposes.

The Legislature of Georgia, November 16, elected Joseph E. Brown as United States Senator.

General Garfield, November 10, sent to Governor Foster, of Ohio, his resignation as a Congressman.

The decrees of the French government against the various unauthorized religious orders were enforced throughout the country during the month. The police met with considerable resistance, and were obliged to force doors and demolish barricades before the work of ejectment could be accomplished. Arrests were made in several instances, and some of the obstructionists were sentenced to imprisonment.—On November 9 the Chambers refused to give priority to the Education Bill, and M. Ferry's ministry resigned. Two days later a vote of confidence was given (297 to 131), and the ministers withdrew their resignations.

The commotion in Ireland still continues. Land League meetings have been held in many places, and the government has been severely denounced for prosecuting the agitators. The troops sent to the farm of Captain Boycott to protect his laborers in harvesting the crops arrived November 12.

DISASTERS.

November 3.—Thirteen men precipitated to the bottom of a colliery shaft and killed by the breaking of the hoisting-apparatus, at Mons, Belgium.

November 6.—The steamer *Rhode Island*, of the Providence Line, struck on the rocks off Bonnet Point, Narragansett Bay, during a dense fog, and was totally wrecked. No lives lost.—News from Yokohama of disastrous results of a typhoon in Japan, October 3. In Tokio over one thousand houses were demolished, and hundreds of fishermen were drowned in the bay.

November 9.—Earthquake in Southern Austria. Half the town of Agram, in Croatia, was destroyed, and several persons were killed.

November 10.—Cyclone at Keatchie, Louisiana, demolishing the town and killing several persons.

November 12.—Colliery explosion, Stellarton, Nova Scotia. Fifty lives lost.

November 15.—Insane Asylum at St. Peter, Minnesota, burned. Twenty-six lives lost.

November 18.—News in London of the foundering of the British ship *Galatea* off Cape Clear. Twenty-one persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

November 8.—At New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Colonel E. L. Drake, who drilled the first oil-well at Titusville, and thus became the founder of the petroleum business.

November 9.—Announcement in London of the death of the Marquis of Albaida, Spanish statesman, aged seventy-eight years.

November 11.—Near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Lucretia Mott, philanthropist, reformer, and preacher of the Society of Friends, aged eighty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

A CLERICAL friend at Cleveland, Ohio, writes as follows: "The account of the manner in which the Drawer obtained a good seat to witness the Oberammergau *Passion Play* reminds me of a similar exercise of Yankee wit by the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, of Bowdoin College. I heard the amusing account from Dr. Woods himself, though I can not tell it as he did, to 'set the table on a roar.' The good Doctor arrived in Paris the day before the grand ceremonies on the removal of the ashes of the great Napoleon to the magnificent monument where they now repose, and he was determined to witness the pageant. But how? The American Minister could do nothing for him. No good place to see the sight could possibly be had for love or money. However, having found out the mourning dress in which the relatives would appear, he went to the fashionable tailor, was arrayed in one of those dresses, and obtained a place among the family dignitaries. How he managed to be as sympathetic as any of the mourners, and how he escaped detection, were inexpressibly laughable.

THERE were many good things said as well as done at the recent General Convention of the Episcopal Church held in this city. This, for example, told by a clerical delegate from Missouri, presents the "wake" question in a new and winning light:

Bridget, a good girl, who did not encumber the kitchen with "steady company," asked permission to go to a wake, which was granted. A few days later she called for her money; she was going to leave. The mistress was sorry to hear it, and asked if she was displeased with anything. "No, I'm not," and with some hesitancy added, "I'm going to marry the corpse's husband; *he told me I was the life of the wake.*"

TROUBLES OF A COUNTRY SEXTON.

CONSPICUOUS among those who congregate at the post-office of the quaint old town of A—— to await the arrival of the morning mail is old J——, the village sexton, a man of ready wit, and overflowing with anecdotes of his rather gloomy profession. Like some men in other paths of life, he regards his calling with contempt, stoutly averring that almost any trade is preferable to it.

"You see," he said, one morning, pursuing his favorite topic, "the business don't pay, an' it never will. Some folks seems to think a grave-digger oughter work for nothing. Why, here, only a short time ago, I buried a woman, an' knowin' her husband was well fixed, I wasn't in no hurry 'bout sendin' in my bill. Fact, nothin' was said 'bout it till we happened to meet one day in the store, an' then says he,

"'J——, how much do I owe yer?'

"'Well,' says I, 'le' me see. I hed to hire a man to do the diggin', 'cause the frost was in the ground; an' then I 'tended the funeral, so I guess I shell hev to charge yer as much as five dollars.'

"'F-i-v-e d-o-l-l-a-r-s!' says he. 'Why, man alive, I could 'a just druv clean over to M——, nigh on to eight mile away, an' hed the job done for half that.'

"An' then there was a man last year, over here a little out o' town. He hed his wife die, an' knowin' me, he sent for me to bury her, 'cause he knowed I'd do the job up in good style. Well, I took charge of the funeral, an' then hed the grave rounded up an' turfed over, so's to look snug and comfterble like. I didn't send in no bill nor think o' dunnin' till I met the man at town-meetin' in the winter.

"'Hullo, J——,' says he, 'how much must I pay you for that little service you done me last fall?'

"An' I says to him, says I, 'Well, now, I most generly charges five dollars for such a job when I goes out o' town, but seein's you're an old friend, I sha'n't charge yer but four.'

"Ye jest oughter seen him start. I thought he was goin' ter take the head clean off er me.

"'I'll pay yer this time,' says he, 'but I tell yer what, Mr. J——, if ever I hev another wife die, I'll cart her off in a wheelbarrow 'fore I'll pay such a price as that to hev her put underground.'"

UNCLE HARVEY, as he was called in B——, Maine, was for many years one of the overseers of the poor. Among the paupers committed to his custody was a poor old man named Jones, who one night awakened the overseer by his groans. Uncle Harvey called to him and asked what was the matter. "I'm dying, Uncle Harvey, I'm dying; go and get me a doughnut: I must have suthin' to pass away the time."

The consolatory nut was produced, and Jones faded peacefully away from the planet.

A CORRESPONDENT at Rochester writes that during his vacation last summer he passed a few days at the house of a distant relative, a man of the old Puritan type, who lived among the hills of Central New York. At every meal a blessing of unusual length was asked in language so quaint as to be noticeable. "On the morning of my departure," writes our friend, "he fairly outdid himself, and closed by saying, 'O Lord, we thank Thee that we *again survive* the pale nations of the dead!'"

Most of us are of that way of thinking.

A GENTLEMAN at "Somerville Farm" tells us of a young man who, on attaining his majority, started to seek his fortune in the West, much against the wishes of his father. Three

years having elapsed without any news of the emigrant, the father wrote and asked how he was getting along. The answer was prompt and frank: "First-rate; tip-top. Come out and see me. If you have any old shirts, coats, or pantaloons to spare, bring 'em with you. *I have a hat!*"

Ah! that glorious and bountiful West of ours!

A FRIEND at Andover, Massachusetts, contributes the following:

The Rev. Joseph Capen, minister at Topsfield, Massachusetts, from 1681 to 1725, wrote in 1682 an elegy on the somewhat celebrated "computation man" and printer, John Foster, which concluded as follows:

> The body, which no activeness did lack,
> Now's laid aside like an old almanac;
> But for the present only's out of date;
> 'Twill have, at length, a far more active state;
> Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
> Yet at the resurrection we shall see
> A *fair edition*, and of matchless worth,
> Free from erratas, new in heaven set forth.
> 'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator:
> It shall be done when He saith *imprimatur*.

CONVERSING a few evenings since with a witty prelate who had been in attendance at the Triennial General Convention of the Episcopal Church, allusion was made to the curious vagaries that are manifested by the inmates of our lunatic asylums. In his capacity of visitor of one of these institutions, he encountered on a pleasant morning in one of the walks in which the poor patients are permitted pedestrian exercise an elderly person who at different times claimed to be a personage of historical renown.

"Good-morning, sir," said the visitor. "Pray whom have I the pleasure of addressing this morning?"

"Sir, I am Moses the Lawgiver," was the dignified reply.

At the next visit the same question was repeated, and the answer was, "I, sir, am the Emperor Napoleon."

"Ah, indeed! but it was only last week you told me you were Moses the Lawgiver."

"That is true, sir," was the calm response; "*but that was by another mother.*"

ANOTHER gentleman of the cloth, the esteemed rector of one of the largest parishes in Chicago, a part of whose duty it is to act as visitor at one of its hospitals, wishing to know how one of the insane patients therein was getting on, asked the keeper for information. That excellent functionary blandly replied, "Oh, he's certainly getting better. I am sure of it, for he told me yesterday that he had entirely *abandoned the idea of becoming a preacher.*"

MR. WILLIAM R. TRAVERS, one of the wittiest of our townsmen, never permits his slight impediment of speech to mar a joke, even when it relates to himself. Talking with the Drawer a few days since, Mr. Travers said that when he first became a member of the Board of Brokers the business was small compared with what it now is, and appeals to the president on points of order less frequent. On one occasion, when a certain stock was called, he and Mr. Henry G. Stebbins bid almost at the same moment for a hundred shares. Mr. Stebbins, in his bland and graceful way, addressed the president, saying there could be no mistake as to who was entitled to the stock, as he had made his bid and sat down before his young friend had finished. "Th-th-that may b-b-be so," replied Mr. Travers, "b-b-but ev-ev-every body r-r-round knows that I be-be-*began* first." Which was unanimously confirmed, and the stock was awarded to Mr. Travers.

"Th-th-that's a fact," said Mr. T., "and you may put it in the Dr-Drawer."

On another occasion a little knot of gentlemen were chatting in one corner of the club, when Mr. Lawrence Jerome, the readiest and most inexhaustible of *raconteurs*, turned to Mr. T. and said:

"Look here, Travers, I want to tell you a first-rate story."

"All r-r-right," replied Mr. T. "Go ahead; I'll st-st-stay, *if the r-r-rest will.*"

IT was a simple and understandable way of stating it by a Chinaman who, having indulged in too many convivial fluids, was taken, quite intoxicated, to the First Precinct police station. On being questioned by the officer how he became so, he held up his hand, and pointing to the thumb and four fingers said, "Five gin cocktail; regular Melican drunk."

REV. DR. GANNET, whom the Unitarians of Boston revered as next to Channing in saintliness and purity of soul, was an unfailing attendant upon a religious meeting held by a few friends. With his usual devotion to good things, and forgetfulness of self, he set out at the regular hour on the day of the terrible snow-storm of 1868, which blockaded the streets of the Hub, and in which several persons lost their lives while attempting to leave the city for suburban homes. The Doctor, who was as Lilliputian in frame as giant in soul, struggled on through the deserted streets, encountering greater and greater difficulties, until at last, overcome with cold and fatigue, he stumbled and fell in an immense snow-drift, where he lay helpless and in imminent peril of his life.

At this critical juncture an enormous truckman, battling his way along, fortunately entered the street, and catching sight of the Doctor, waded into the drift, picked him up, and fighting out again, shook the snow from his burden, and without the slightest idea who he was, laid him on the first door-step they could reach.

Standing over him, he gazed down as a big

dog might at a little one, and softening his tones into mingled pity and congratulation, he exclaimed, "Why, you mizable little cripple, you, if it hadn't 'a been for me you'd 'a *been in —— in half an hour!*"

In these days, when hygienists are beginning to make us feel that where "ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," the following may bring a restful suggestion of its own:

Judge H——, of New York, being ordered to a mild winter climate, took refuge in Florida, and sitting one day in front of his hotel on the St. Johns, seemed to furnish a study to the knot of idlers under the live-oaks of the yard.

"I expect, stranger, they have right smart of consumption where you were raised," began the most curious at last.

"More or less. How is it on the St. Johns?" answered the Judge, with a quiet whiff at his pipe.

"Well, they do a powerful heap of *chilling* in some spots, that's a fact, but right about here they dry up and blow away." And then followed an enumeration of the ills flesh might fall heir to in different regions not so far removed. In Upper Florida it was possible to die of bronchitis; in New Orleans there were the snares of Yellow Jack; and in the pine lands a thunder-bolt sometimes fell with even swifter stroke. At last the laziest of the group pushed back his sombrero and gave his hair a slow and thoughtful rub.

"Fact is, stranger," with a meditative look at the Judge, "I don't reckon it makes so much difference, after all. Fact is, *it's rather dangerous livin' anywhar.*"

A clerical friend at Hornellsville, New York, mentions a little girl who was amusing herself by jumping from one to another on some flagging stones that were being laid on the sidewalk. Her mother, fearing she might hurt herself, forbade this pastime, but, suspecting disobedience, looked through the window, and seeing her do the same thing, called her in and told her she was not only disobeying, but breaking one of the commandments. The little one felt badly at first, but soon brightened up, and said, "Mamma, those commandments break awful easy."

And that, generally, is what's the matter. They are so easy to fracture.

Deacon ——, of Illinois, sold a horse with fullest recommendations, and with the repeated assurance that he had owned the creature for three years, and it had never given him a particle of trouble in all that time. On reaching home the purchaser harnessed his new acquisition into a buggy, and was just about to take the reins, when the horse's heels came flying into the dash-board, and the whole vehicle fell suddenly into wreck. Loosening the animal, he led him to a light wagon and tried that, when a similar chaos was the immediate result. Oats were taken off for the next twenty-four hours, and a third trial made, this time the harness and solid fore-wheels of a farm dray being the sacrifice. Hot with indignation, the purchaser sought the deacon, and confronted him with the facts.

"Didn't you tell me you had owned this horse three years, and never had a particle of trouble with him in that time?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, that was thirty-six hours ago, and he has kicked out three harnesses, two dash-boards, and two or three wagons for me in that time."

"Oh, very likely," answered the deacon, with an unruffled smile. "He always had that way when I owned him, but I *never allow such little things as that to trouble* me."

One Isaac Reed was the editor of an edition of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes, published by Tegg in 1820. The epitaph upon his tomb is curious. It runs as follows:

> Reader, of these few lines take heed,
> And mend your ways for my sake;
> For you must die, like Isaac Reed,
> Though you read till your eyes ache.

This Shakspearean commentator and bibliophile was a conveyancer of London. He had a large and curious library, which, after his death, realized $20,000.

An Odd-fellows' lodge in Ohio had the misfortune to lose recently a very deserving member, who fought with distinguished bravery in seventeen of the most hotly contested battles during the late war. The funeral was numerously attended, especially by brethren of the order, who subsequently paid honor to his memory by passing the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That we will cherish his many virtues, pass his imperfections, and try to imitate his patient endurance, *and finally trust all is correct.*"

The Rev. Dr. Broadus, an old Baptist parson famous in Virginia, once visited a plantation where the darky who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in.

"Have you two barns?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sah," replied the darky: "dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes build a new one."

"Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?"

"Well, sah, if dey's Methodis's or Baptis's, we gen'ally put 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals, we puts 'em in de new one."

"Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn: I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

There are people in the world—even in England—who do not positively yearn for the smoke of tobacco, especially when the fleecy cloud ascends from the bowl of an old pipe.

The London *Sporting Times* has heard of a case where a droll fellow named Scrubbs got into a first-class railway carriage, before smoking carriages were invented. In the carriage was seated a sour-looking old gentleman. After the train had started, Scrubbs took out his pipe.

"You mustn't smoke here," at once said the old gentleman.

"I know that," replied Scrubbs. He then calmly filled his pipe.

"Did I not tell you," said the o. g. again, "that you can't smoke here?"

"I know that," gloomily replied Scrubbs, taking out his fusee box. He lit a fusee, but now the wrath of the o. g. was dreadful.

"You sha'n't smoke here, sir!" he shrieked.

"I know that," added Scrubbs, allowing the fusee to exhaust itself, when he lit another, and another: the stench was awful, the smoke suffocating.

The o. g., coughing and spluttering, struggled for words. "You'd better smoke," said he.

"I know that," replied Scrubbs, applying the blazing fusee to the expectant pipe.

It was in this charming way that Charles Kingsley wrote to his wife:

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife—
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day,
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife—
To its work in the morning gay.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, besides being an able lawyer, and one of the best of our occasional speakers, is quite charming as a *raconteur*. To illustrate a point in one of his recent speeches, he described the funeral of a person of the humbler class, where the rooms were small and the company crowded. Among those who attended was a little thin inquisitive woman, who was conspicuous for her promptness in attending every funeral in the town. After taking her seat near the family, she suddenly asked, "Where did you git that new clock?"

"We hain't got no new clock," replied the widow.

"Why, there it stands, in the corner."

"It ain't no clock," sobbed the widow; "that's Joe. We stood him up in the corner to make room for the mourners."

There is some "honest hilarity" still left among the grave judges of our highest American tribunal. There is Judge Clifford, for example, who for twenty-three years has been an honored member of the United States Supreme Court, and instead of being on the point of dissolution from old age, physical debility, and "not being very well himself," is sufficiently alive to join in the practical and pleasant work of dinner parties. The Judge said, not long ago, apropos of health: "I have been to three state dinners this week. My wife accompanied me to two, and when the time came for the third I asked her to stay at home and pray for me." The Judge is known as a very charming and chatty gentleman at dinner. He needs not to be appealed to as Julia in *The Hunchback* appeals to her lover, "Clifford! why don't you speak to me?" He always has something pleasant to say.

This from a friend at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

"While conversing with a friend as to the discouragements against entering the ministry of our Church (Congregational), I mentioned that there were some twelve hundred more ministers than churches.

"'How do they all live?' he asked.

"'Well, I suppose some live by faith.'

"'And some by hope?' he said.

"'Yes, and [an inspiration] the rest by charity,' I replied."

The Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle church, hit the nail on the head recently when he quoted the remark of a gentleman who was speaking of the inferior quality of much of our modern preaching. After listening to a sermon, he said, "I went to hear about the way to heaven, but I only learned the way from Jerusalem to Jericho."

Returning lately from a meeting of a Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at ——, the smoking-car of the train was, as usual, well filled with those who enjoyed the solace of the weed. Besides members of the Conference there were among the smokers gentlemen of other professions—planters, lawyers, merchants, and of course a few generals, colonels, and majors. The talk drifted naturally toward matters that had come before the Conference, and to subjects connected with religion and morals. They were not all Methodists, nor agreed as to the best form of church organization. One, a Presbyterian, was quite outspoken in his belief of the superiority of that form of polity to which he had been educated; another was equally decided as to the efficiency of the Baptist system; a third had no doubt that the Episcopal Church had the advantage of all in its antiquity and the beauty of its liturgy. Among the passengers was a good-natured fellow, a railroad man, evidently well "set up," who had listened in a vague way to the inharmonious talk, and who thought, to use his own expression, that he would "take a little hack at it" himself, which he did by saying, in a maudlin way, "Well, you see, I'm just running along on the good old Methodist schedule, I am; but, boys, *I reckon I'm a heap behind time.*"

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THE ENTOMBMENT.—GIOTTO.—FROM THE CHAPEL OF THE ARENA, AT PADUA.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

THE GOSPEL HISTORY IN ITALIAN PAINTING.

THE early Christian Church, when it first awoke to consciousness of organic life, found the arts of sculpture and painting already bound to the service of a corrupt paganism, glorifying the worship of false gods and the practice of moral impurities. In the severity of their first recoil from the heathen life the Christians were ready to hate and mistrust all that had been connected with it. It was natural, therefore, that they should be hostile to the fine arts, and use them not at all, or very sparingly, for religious purposes. But the native impulse which drives man to embody his religious ideas and feelings in beautiful forms could not long be resisted, especially among a people so art-loving as the Italians. In the very first

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—MOSAIC FROM THE MAUSOLEUM OF PLACIDIA, AT RAVENNA.

centuries of the Christian era the spirit of sacred art sought and found an outlet in painting, and growing by what it wrought, drew into its service the noblest thought and the most patient labor of Italian genius, until at last it has made the walls of every church and palace glow with its creations. It would be impossible to trace, even in outline, the unfolding of this art, within the limits of an essay; but if we narrow the subject, and follow a single line through the history of Italian painting, it may help us to understand something both of the art and of the religious sentiment which it embodied.

The Gospel history, supplemented by the Acts of the Apostles, and enlarged by the legends of the Church, has always been a favorite treasury of themes for the painter. What Lessing says of the story of Passion-Week is almost true of the whole record. "It is hardly possible to insert the point of a pin into it without touching a passage which has employed a crowd of the greatest artists."* If, then, we trace this history through the different periods of Italian painting, we shall find ourselves studying the work of the greatest masters, and that, too, in connection with subjects which reveal the innermost qualities of the artist.

Three methods may be distinguished in the treatment of the Gospel history by Italian painters. Each of these methods is marked by a temper or spirit, and expresses the attitude assumed by the artist toward his theme. The first method is that of symbolism. The second method is that of realism. The third method is that of idealism.

The earliest works of Christian art in Italy are the wall-paintings of the Catacombs. At first these were merely abstract symbols: the Labarum, the Alpha and Omega, the fish, used as the sign for the name of Christ. Then more pictorial emblems were painted: the dove, representing the Christian soul freed from the body; the peacock or phœnix, type of immortality; the sheep, signifying the soul in the earthly life. This last emblem stands in immediate connection with the earliest representations of Christ as the Good Shepherd. This is the favorite subject of the Catacomb paintings. He is depicted as a beautiful youth in shepherd's dress carrying a lamb on his shoulders, or leaning on his staff in the midst of a flock, or playing on a shepherd's pipe, while the sheep listen to him. The idea of these pictures is certainly Biblical; but the artistic form is supposed to be taken from an old Greek statue of Mercury carrying a kid, which existed at Tanagra. For it must be observed with regard to the art of the early Church that once having gained the right to exist, it adopted without hesitation materials and forms

* *Laocoon*, § xiv.

which had been invented by the heathen. Proceeding on the principle that what God hath cleansed man may not call unclean, the Christians repeated in their religious pictures the types of face, the methods of expression, the artistic mannerisms, which are found in the wall-paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They personified the sun and the moon, the earth and the sea, mountains and rivers. They even

CHRIST AS ORPHEUS.—FROM THE TOMB OF S. DOMITILLA, ROME.

adapted heathen myths. In a beautiful painting from the ceiling of the tomb of S. Domitilla, Christ is represented in the character of Orpheus playing upon his lyre, while trees bend toward him, and wild beasts gather at his feet.

Mingled with these symbols and allegories we find the first beginnings of sacred historical painting. The subjects are chosen impartially from both Testaments, with this difference, that the scenes from the Old are used in a purely typical relation to the new dispensation. Noah in the ark typifies the Christian saved in the ship of the Church; the history of Jonah prefigures the ministry and resurrection of Christ; Daniel in the lions' den is an encouragement to Christian martyrs. The most common New Testament subjects are, the Nativity (with the ox and ass kneeling), the Adoration of the Magi, the miracle at Cana, Christ healing the paralytic, multiplying the loaves and fishes, and, most frequently, the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Lazarus is represented as a mummy appearing at an open door, before which Jesus stands with a wand in his hand.

The spirit of all these pictures is purely symbolical. They do not depict, they simply suggest, their subjects. They presuppose in the mind of the beholder the knowledge of a certain event which they shall recall to him by a mystic sign for his comfort and encouragement. For this is the aim and temper of the Catacomb paintings: to strengthen and console. They pass by the passion and death of the Lord, to dwell upon themes of gladness and consolation—resurrection, miracles, deliverance, hope. They are joyful and confident. They are flowers blos-

ADORATION OF THE KINGS.—MOSAIC FROM THE CHURCH OF S. APOLLINARE NUOVO, RAVENNA.

soming in darkness, stunted, delicate, imperfect, but full of a marvellous brightness, an unextinguishable life.

Transplanted in the fifth century to the full daylight of the great basilicas, Christian art blossomed out into the strange, rich splendor of mosaic. This was the painting of the Middle Ages; "the painting for eternity," as Ghirlandajo called it. In the spacious churches which began to spring up as if by magic all over Christendom, apse and triumphal arch glowed with blue and purple and gold; rhythmic groups of majestic figures and splendid symbols gleamed down upon the worshippers. The subjects chosen for these mosaics were mystical rather than historical. Christ seated in solemn light in the midst of the four-and-twenty elders; Christ coming in glory on the clouds of sunset greeted by saints and evangelists; the Lamb on the hill of Zion, at whose foot flow the four rivers of Paradise, while the twelve sheep issue from the gates of Bethlehem and Jerusalem on either hand; mystic palm-trees, sparkling with gold and jewels and the immortal phœnix, and Jordan with shining waves —these were the themes chosen by the Christians to give light and magnificence to their first temples. But among the earliest mosaics there are also some historical scenes, although the material limitations of the art prevented anything more than an imperfect and suggestive style of treatment. In the baptistery of S. Giovanni in Fonte, at Ravenna, there is a mosaic of the baptism of Jesus, in which the river Jordan is personified as an old man with urn and reed.

The most interesting group of old Christian mosaics is in the noble basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, at Rome. They are almost as brilliant to-day as when they were made. A frieze of vivid Old Testament pictures surmounts the pillars of the nave, increasing in splendor until they reach the chancel arch. Here is the great mosaic of the Lamb seated on the throne of the Apocalypse, and on either side smaller scenes from the New Testament. They represent the Annunciation (one of the earliest pictures of this subject), the Angel appearing to Zacharias, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Presentation, the Adoration of the Magi, and Herod receiving the head of John the Baptist.

The picture of the Adoration is especially interesting for the light which it throws upon the position of the early Church in regard to Mariolatry. In the mosaic as it was originally made, the Christ-Child alone occupied a throne or seat of honor. In another chair, opposite to his, was seated a man with a long blue mantle veiling his head. This was meant to be the oldest of the Wise Men. The two others, in Oriental dress, were seen approaching from the same side, and behind the seat of the Child stood his mother. In the last century Pope Benedict XIV. caused the upright figure to be erased, and a halo to be put around the head of the seated figure, transforming it into the Virgin Mary. This illustrates very distinctly the great change which has taken place in the Roman Church in regard to the dignity assigned to the mother of Christ.*

* Hemans. *Historical and Monumental Rome*, chap. xv.

In these mosaics of the earlier and Western school we see a striving after individual character and personality in the expression of face and figure. The artist is no longer content with the symbolic representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd. He wishes to invent a noble countenance, a sublime form, which shall be worthy to embody the Redeemer of the world before his worshippers. This tendency finds its climax in the great mosaic of SS. Cosmo e Damiano, in Rome (526–530). The mighty Christ, who looks down from the dark blue apsis into the poor, dingy little church, is clothed with majesty; his head, with its dark beard and flowing hair, is strong and solemn as that of a youthful Jupiter Capitolinus, yet lighted with a mild benignity which befits the all-merciful Saviour of men.

MOSAIC FROM THE CHURCH OF SS. COSMO AND DAMIANO, ROME.

With this noble work, so full of power and of promise for a high and worthy artistic conception of Christ, the development of Latin Christian art is abruptly terminated. The causes of the arrest must be sought in the wars of invasion and conquest which desolated Italy. Wave after wave of barbarians, Goths, Vandals, Ostrogoths, Lombards, stormed over the peninsula, drowning out learning, civilization, and art. Exhausted by the struggle, distracted and numbed by the violent shocks of fate, the spirit of the people no longer possessed the power to create, to invent, to beautify. The vital spark was gone out, or buried smouldering in the ashes. And when the Emperor of the East regained his hold of Italy, after the barbarians had satisfied themselves and departed, he must bring with him strange fire from Byzantium to rekindle the altars of religious art. From the re-establishment of the imperial power under Justinian the pictorial art of Italy assumes that type which is commonly called Byzantine. Into the vexed question of the justice of this name in its general application I do not propose to enter. It is necessary simply to mark the influence of Byzantine rules and methods in the representation of Gospel history, to observe the paralysis which fell upon sacred historical art, and its decline into the coldest and most rigid symbolism.

Three features characterize the Byzantine type of pictorial art—the splendor of its colors, the stiffness of its forms, and the morbid sternness of its religious spirit. The harshness of the Eastern theology and the luxurious pomp of the imperial court are strangely blended in the works of art of this period. The dark blue ground of the early Roman mosaics is replaced by great fields of gold, where the imperial family and the courtiers stand side by side

with proud saints and angels. Christ is no longer standing on the green earth or in the free heavens: he is seated on a golden throne covered with cloth of gold; His feet rest on a footstool of jewels; his robes gleam with many colors; his face has no longer the calm, benignant regard of the Saviour of men—it is dark, terrible, set. He is the Judge of the world, lifting the rod with which he shall break in pieces the nations. Every feature has been exaggerated to express this dreadful majesty. A fixed type has formed itself. It is the Byzantine Christ, with long oval face, dark narrow eyes, black hair and beard, and stern, immovable mouth. The same process is applied to the apostles and saints, and all the personages of sacred history. Life, motion, humanity, vanish. Art has its ritual. A set form is constructed for everything, and in that form alone must it be represented, as the Church has prescribed, with all possible richness of color and grandeur of size, but with no power to make real and visible the person or event which may be the subject of the picture.

The splendor of this type of art in Italy culminates in St. Mark's, at Venice. When you stand on that pavement of many-colored marbles, lifted by time into great waves like a slow-rolling sea, beneath the golden solemnity of those five great domes full of purpureal light and the smoke of incense rolling up from the high altar, in the atmosphere of sombre and majestic worship you behold dimly, on wall and ceiling, arch and apsis, the magnificent impotence of Byzantine art. Every available space is covered with mosaic. Stiff mechanical figures; expressionless faces; feet which can not walk, hands which can not handle; limbs like bags of cloth stuffed with sand; hydrocephalous saints and martyrs; scenes which have to be labelled in order that any one may know what they are; a baptism of Christ in which the water is drawn up to his chin like a quilt embroidered with little fishes. You feel that this is not art, but dogmatics. The purpose is not to portray an event, a person, an emotion, but to recall a doctrine or a legend of the Church by an arbitrary symbol. These pictures do not speak direct to the heart through the eye. They are gorgeous hieroglyphics, and presuppose a priest always at hand to interpret and moralize them to the poor and ignorant. And the doctrine which they teach is that of Byzantine orthodoxy. They present not a real living Christ, the Son of God, who became man, and took on him a true body and a reasonable soul, but the cold simulacrum of the Greek Christology—an unearthly mask of manhood tenanted by a mysterious deity, and acting out in shadowy unreality the semblance of a human life. Such an art as this was powerless to illuminate and glorify the Gospel history. It was bound with the cerements of tradition, and buried in the sepulchre of formalism.

At the end of the thirteenth century came the resurrection. A spiritual quickening, a new life, ran through Italy. It made Dante, and Nicolo of Pisa, and Arnolfo of Florence. The Italian language blossomed into beauty. The free cities shook off the yoke of oppression, gathered their citizens in guilds, pushed their trade into every corner of the world, perfected the industrial arts, and spent their gold as freely as they had won it. A thrill of joyful power passed through the whole people. The individual awoke to consciousness. No longer a mere part of a vast machine, he began to think and feel for himself. All that was human, real, natural, became precious. Religious life was revived. The great orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, working mightily within the Church, rekindled the zeal and renewed the faith of the people. And this influence went on at once with quickening power into sacred painting.

There is no better way of realizing this vital change than to go directly from St. Mark's in Venice to the ancient city of Padua, "nursery of arts." In a quiet corner of the city, amid a large neglected garden, stands the little chapel of S. Maria della Arena. The walls are covered from floor to ceiling with frescoes from the life of Mary and the Gospel history. There is no splendor of gold and glowing colors, no dim religious light, no vast imposing architecture; but you feel that this deserted chapel is more truly a sanctuary than is St. Mark's, with all its mystery and magnificence.

In 1305, Giotto,* master of the seven lib-

* "Giotto had such a prodigious fancy that there was nothing in nature, the parent of all things, but he could imitate it with his pencil so well and draw it so like as to deceive our very senses, imagining that to be the very thing itself which was only his painting; therefore, having brought that art to light

eral arts, came down from Florence to do this work. He was the very embodiment of the spirit of the new birth. A poet, a sculptor, a daring architect, he was, above all, the man who raised Italian painting from the grave. Standing in this chapel, you feel his power. Here for the first time is a man who dares to conceive and depict the life of our Lord, not because the Church tells him to, not as the Church tells him to, but because he is filled with a living sense of its reality and worth, because he feels that to make those scenes visible again to men will help them to live nobler and better lives. And so he casts away the wooden forms and hideous masks of Byzantine art, shakes off the restraints of formalism, and reaching deep down into nature and humanity, covers the walls with the noblest and most living figures that he can paint. Observe that what he wishes you to feel is that these scenes were real to the persons who were engaged in them. He goes straight at the heart of every event; he spends no time on the embroidery of a robe or the jewels of a throne. He labors to seize and to express the emotions and the character, to make you see that the persons of this history were real and sincere. This is no puppet-show, no acting. These persons felt. Elizabeth bends with joy and reverence to greet the Virgin at the Visitation. Christ driving out the money-changers is filled with noble scorn, while his disciples look with astonishment at his daring. You see Judas—a young Jew of the red-haired type, with a sharp, crafty, avaricious face—whispering his treason to the haughty priests, who despise while they use him; you see him sitting, cold and malicious, in the upper room, while Christ is washing the disciples' feet; you see him, like a conscious villain, overdoing the affection of the kiss with which he betrays his Master. And then you behold the meek, king-like Jesus standing before the high-priests—Caiaphas coarse

THE VISITATION.—FROM THE CHAPEL OF THE ARENA, PADUA.

and brutal, Annas scornful and unfeeling; you follow the Saviour along the weary, shameful path of the cross; you see his mother pierced through the heart, and falling under the weight of her anguish; and the women mourning over the body of the Lord, and the beloved disciple flinging himself with outstretched arms, in utter despair, upon the breast of his dead Master. And then the shining angels of Resurrection, the outstretched, beseeching hands of Mary Magdalene, the risen Christ, and the clear, swift glories of his departure from the mountain-side in Galilee. That is what Giotto shows you, and you recognize the vital and blessed power of his art.

And yet this art in its expression, in its mastery of ways and means, is far from perfect. "The man who painted these pictures," says Taine, "had genius, heart, ideas—everything except science, which is the work of centuries, and finish of execution."* He conceives with a swift, clear intuition, but he can not yet express or delineate. He has not mastered the secrets of color and chiar-oscuro; he does not understand anatomy. He paints outlines, and broad folds of garments; he can indicate a hand or a foot, but he can not draw it: the moment he attempts to make a figure lying down, it becomes stiff and wooden. And although a generous enthusiasm

which had lain buried for many ages under the errors of such as aimed more to captivate the eyes of the ignorant than to please the understandings of those who were really judges, he may deservedly be called one of the lights and glories of our city, and the rather as being master of his art, notwithstanding his modesty would never suffer himself to be so esteemed."—Boccaccio, *Decamerone*, vi. 5.

"By the favor of Heaven he alone succeeded in resuscitating art, and restoring her to a path that may be called the true one."—Vasari, *Lives of the Painters*, i. 93.

* *Voyage en Italie* (Paris, 1874), vol. ii., p. 232.

may pass over these faults as among the lesser things of painting, we can not be so lenient toward the weakness and exaggeration into which he sometimes falls in the expressing of strong emotions in the human face. Love, hate, anguish, are oft-

THE TEMPTATION.—BOTTICELLI.—FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

en distorted into grimaces; and although the painter has created for his noblest personages a strong and noble form of countenance, making an approach to almost antique beauty, yet there is in all the faces an unconscious echo of the Byzantine type—long, narrow, monotonous. Giotto has, in fact, accomplished the resurrection of Italian painting; he has done the great thing, the vital thing—brought back the spirit of life; but he has not worked the complete deliverance. Lazarus has come forth, but he is still bound hand and foot with grave-clothes.

For nearly one hundred years after the death of Giotto this bondage continued. His followers—the two Gaddi, Spinello Aretino, Simone Memmi, even the great Orcagna—made little advance in technical skill and knowledge. They were hampered by the same weaknesses as the great master, and they had not his throughshining genius to make us forget them. The epic school of Florence painted long legends of the apostles and saints; the lyric school of Siena composed mystic devotional allegories; and in the pictures of both there is much true religious feeling. But the art was still defective, and soon degenerated into a mere manufacturing process, which illustrated the Gospel history with endless strings of figures as flat as if they had been cut out of card-board.

Meanwhile mighty influences were at work which should change all this, and give a new impulse and character to religious painting. Wealth and luxury were rapidly increasing in the cities. The citizens no longer fought their own incessant battles, but hired bands of mercenaries, who conducted campaigns like games of chess, so that it came to be considered rather a rare and melancholy accident for a man to be killed in a war. The free cities were gradually absorbed into larger and wealthier states, or fell into the hands of tyrants like the Florentine Medici, who were the most lavish patrons of art. The world as against the Church became more powerful and splendid. The papacy grew more corrupt. Religion declined. Greek culture took the place of scholastic learning. Petrarch, Boccaccio, the Humanists, began to glorify classic antiquity, and to vindicate the right of the individual to freedom and beauty. Life flowed more quickly, passionately, strongly. It seems as if the men and women of Florence in those decades must have had a fuller and more fiery blood in their veins to make them so impetuous and unwearied alike in art and trade, in love and war, in writing and fighting, in doing and enjoying.

It was in Florence, in 1401, that the man was born who was to carry this new spirit into sacred painting, and give to Italy not only a living but a free art. This man was Tommaso di Ser Giovanni, nicknamed Masaccio, or "Clumsy Tom"—a brown, slender youth, careless in dress, improvident in money matters, but gifted with the divine fire, and absorbed in his work. He lived but twenty-seven years, in poverty and neglect; but he made an epoch in Italian art, for in his hands the Gospel history became for the first time natural. That which Giotto had conceived in spirit Masaccio embodied in flesh. When you go from the Florentine Academy, where are gathered the pictures of Cimabue, Angelico, and the Gaddi, into the dim, narrow chapel in S. Maria del Carmine, on whose walls are preserved the greatest if not the only works of Masaccio, you feel that you have passed from a realm of pious visions into a real and living world. These are scenes from the life of Peter. Christ and the apostles are no longer the bloodless phantoms of monkish ecstasy, but human persons. The painter has at last recognized the dignity and worth of that manhood in which Christ appeared. And by necessary inference he has recognized that no labor is too great to give to its comprehension, no skill too precious to spend on its delineation. He has studied anatomy, perspective, color. He has attained facility of drawing and power of expression. He has purchased with eager toil the power of making his imaginations visible to men. Strong, noble, and calm are the figures that stand here on the green earth. The Master in the midst of his disciples is full of a divine dignity as he commands Peter to take the fish from the sea, and the money from its mouth to pay the tribute. The impetuous disciple seems to expostulate eagerly, but you feel that he must obey.

In this chapel the greatest masters of painting have studied with reverence: Fra Angelico, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Perugino, Fra Bartolomeo; and it is said that Raphael copied the frescoes seven times.

The followers of Masaccio did not possess his genius. But they had what was

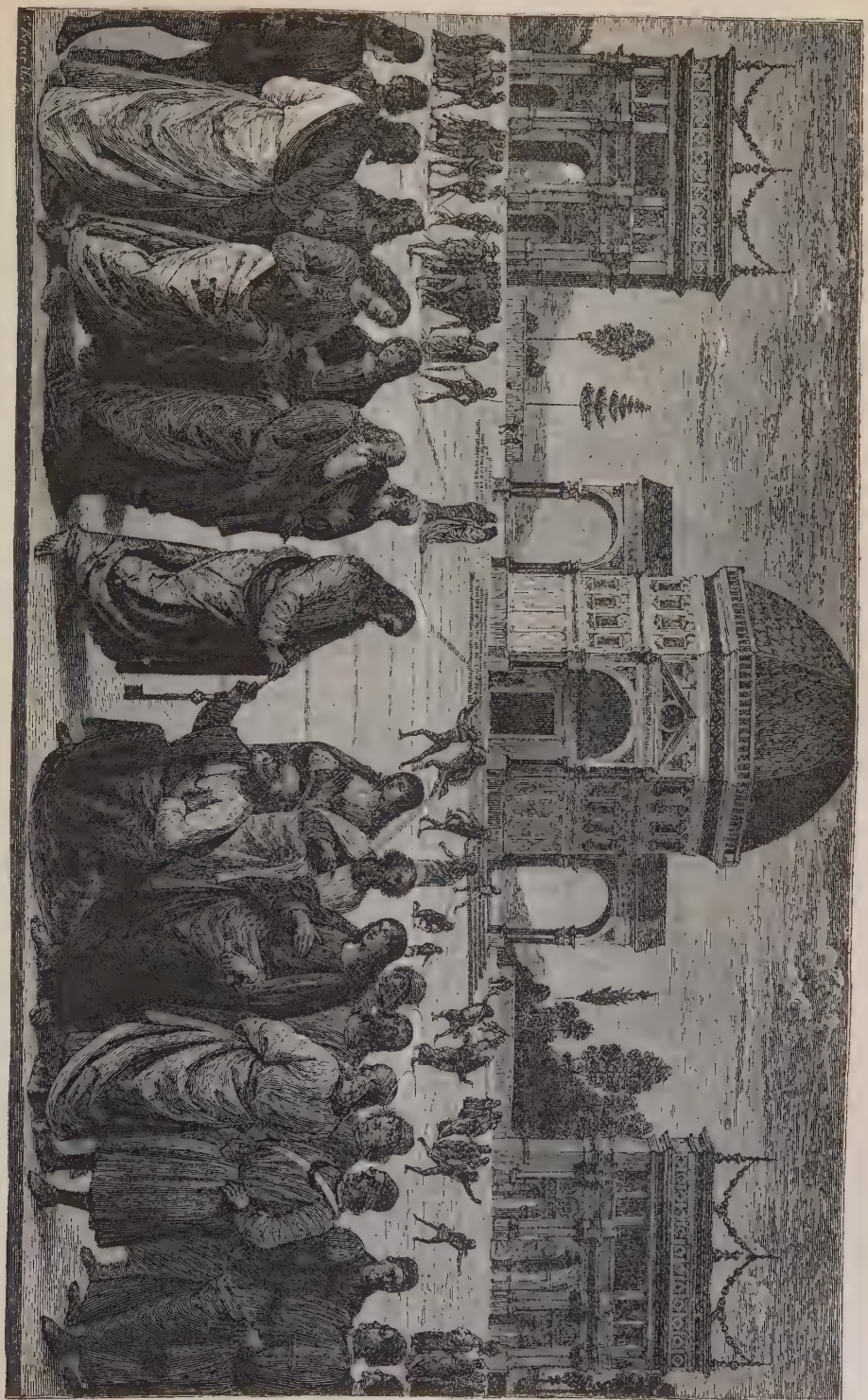
denied to him, a long life for study and labor. In the course of two generations, by eager, patient work along the road which he broke, the great Florentine school of painters built itself up. "This school," says Ruskin, "proposed to itself human expression for its aim in natural truth: it strove to do that as well as it could—did it as well as it could be done—and all its greatness is rooted in that single and honest effort."* The fact that many of the school were goldsmiths and sculptors had an influence upon their manner of drawing and modelling. Pollajuolo is said to have been the first painter to study the human body by dissection; Signorelli kept the corpse of his dead son on the table of his studio until he had made a careful drawing of it; Verocchio, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Roselli, and their fellows all labored with keen, patient energy after perfection of drawing, chiar-oscuro, coloring. They still chose to paint chiefly within the circle of subjects offered by the Church in the Gospel history, and the legends of the saints. But it is with a tacit assumption of the independence of art both in the choice of themes and the method of treatment. The Church did not admit this without demur. She still assumed the right to pronounce condemnation on a picture because the angels in it appeared to be female, and on another because the feathers of the Holy Spirit were colored instead of white. But in reality art was emancipated from dogma. The painters chose the scenes of the Gospel history because they were noble subjects for painting, and treated them so that they gave scope for the highest exercise of inventive genius. What the realistic school strove after was not the mere outward shell, but the expression of individual character displaying itself in the lines of the human face and the movements of the human body. And because man is natural only in the environment of nature, they brought down the saints and apostles from the mystic background of gold on which mediæval art had placed them, and set them amid fair landscapes, or in the streets of cities. "Nature is no longer an enemy or a riddle to the artists: they freely behold all her beauty: they strive to exhaust her with deep-going studies, and to lend to her forms a might of reality of which the Middle Ages did not dare to think." Among the best examples of this school of painting are the wall-paintings of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, executed for Pope Sixtus IV. by Botticelli, Signorelli, Rosselli, Ghirlandajo, and Perugino, who was at that time working in the Florentine manner. There were eight pictures from the life of Moses, and eight from the life of Christ, so arranged that the old and the new, the type and the fulfillment, should face each other.

1. Moses in the Bulrushes.	1. Christ in the Manger.
2. Circumcision of Moses.	2. Baptism of Christ.
3. Moses in Midian, protects Jethro's daughter.	3. Christ tempted in the Wilderness.
4. Moses and the Israelites after the passage of the Red Sea.	4. Christ calling the Apostles by the Sea of Galilee.
5. Moses gives the law from the Mount.	5. Christ's Sermon on the Mount.
6. Moses establishes the sacredness of the priesthood by punishing Korah.	6. Christ establishes the priesthood by giving the keys to Peter.
7. Last interview of Moses and Joshua.	7. The Last Supper.
8. Michael bears away the body of Moses.	8. The Resurrection of Christ.

The last two pictures have been destructively restored, and the first two perished to make room for Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." In all these pictures we see a freshness of invention, a cleverness of execution, a sharpness of conception, which are the marks of the best period of Florentine art. There is a strong family likeness in the whole series, and yet the individual characteristics of the painters are clearly marked. In Perugino, that pure religious fervor which afterward carried him altogether away from the manner of this school; in Ghirlandajo, a strong, serene dignity; in Botticelli, a love of fluttering garments and light, rapid motion, which runs like a breeze through his pictures.

There are two features in the productions of this realistic school which at once strike the notice of the most casual observer, and, if properly understood, give us the secret of their work, of its strength and its weakness. The first and most noticeable is the appearance of modern Italian costume, personages, and scenery in the pictures of the Gospel history. This was their method of realism. It was not the realism of Mr. Holman Hunt and the modern English pre-Raphaelites, who attempt to reproduce literal Palestine, and

* *The Two Paths*, p. 25. Am. ed.



JESUS GIVING KEYS TO PETER.—PERUGINO.—FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

go to Nazareth in order to paint a real carpenter-shop and a Syrian sheep. It was something truer and deeper. "This fresh race of men was so full of naïve joy at its own existence that the saints of the Old and New Testaments must for the most part purchase the right to exist by being disguised in the costume of the present." The painters think so highly of their Florentine humanity that they deem it worthy to participate in the events of sacred history. And therefore we see the grave, dignified citizens of Florence standing with folded arms and flowing drapery, attentive and worthy spectators of the Calling of the Apostles or the Adoration with people. The high-priest is about to offer a sacrifice. You can almost hear the tinkling of the golden bells on his robe, and the rustling of the white garments of the acolyte. But where is the temptation? Three minute and indistinct visions high in the aerial background! It is plain that the painter has put them there because they did not admit of a realistic treatment, nor give opportunity for the exercise of his skill in ornamentation and fertility in the invention of figures. The secret of weakness is discovered, the seed of decay and death in the school of the Florentine realists. For whenever science is substituted for

THE LAST SUPPER.—EMBROIDERY FROM THE DALMATICA OF THE VATICAN.

of the Magi. We can recognize the faces of the Medici, the Tornabuoni, Politian, the painter's friends and contemporaries. Amid the crowd of high-bred women who are assisting at the birth of John the Baptist we can pick out the beautiful Ginevra di Benci, with her golden hair and long slender neck, the fairest and best of the daughters of Florence.

The second feature which attracts our notice is the increasing love of ornamentation. Helmets, armor, temples, palaces, all manner of natural and classical accessories, are introduced. On these are spent the greatest pains and labor; other things are slighted. Botticelli paints the "Temptation of Our Lord." It is a scene in front of the Temple, crowded

faith, whenever the technical skill exalts itself above the vital emotion, then the doom of religious art—indeed, of all true art—is sealed.

In this group of painters culminates the second of the methods in which Gospel history has been treated in Italian painting. From Giotto down we have traced the process of *realization*, by which our Lord and his disciples have been transformed from cold formal abstractions to a living actual humanity. Now follows the process of *idealization*, in which that humanity is refined and clarified by the great masters of the Cinque-cento to an ideal beauty of form and expression.

It would be manifestly absurd to attempt to give an account of the causes

which made possible the existence of three such men as Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Raphael at the same time and in the same city. But, given the men, it is easy to discern the influences which determined their artistic strivings toward the creation of an ideal of human beauty and perfection. The continuance and refinement of literary culture; the study of classic models in poetry and sculpture, producing at last a veritable revival of paganism; the recklessness with which earthly pleasures were pursued and enjoyed at the court of the Vicar of Heaven; the development of a style of luxury which demanded the fullness of physical life to support it—these and many other kindred causes made men think of the many-sided perfection of humanity as the highest and most desirable thing. This sentiment was expressed and fostered, nobly or basely as the case might be, by the artists. Their goal was not any longer the exact imitation of existing forms, but the invention of a more perfect ideal. Michael Angelo, the mighty, labored on the physical side; Leonardo, the universal genius, on the intellectual side; Raphael, the beloved, combined them both, and added a richness and delicacy of emotion which were peculiarly his own.

This spirit of idealism had two effects on sacred painting—first, as to the choice of subjects, a partial abandonment of the historical for the purely ideal or symbolical region, which lies outside the scope of this essay; second, a creative rather than an imitative method in the treatment of Gospel history. The highest fruit of this method is undoubtedly the great painting of the Last Supper by Leonardo, slowly fading from the walls of the Milanese monastery, but happily preserved and familiarized to the world by the engraver's art.

What a vast distance separates this noble picture from the earlier representations of the Supper! On the Dalmatica of the Vatican it is a symbolic act: Christ, with wafer and chalice, is administering the eucharist to the apostles. In the mediæval mosaics it is equally cold and unreal. Giotto conceived the scene, but was unable to paint it. Roselli, in the Sistine Chapel, painted it, but was unable to conceive it. He has depicted it with such hardness of mere humanity, with so many tricks of realistic art, which must put Judas alone on the opposite side of the table to express his separation from Christ, and paint a little black devil whispering in his ear to assure us of his temptation, that we are chilled and repulsed by the picture. But here at last we find in Leonardo's painting a true and worthy conception of that unparalleled scene. That noble head of Christ, so grand and yet so tender; the clear, dramatic grouping of the apostles; the solemnity of the intense emotion; the deep, uncertain shadow of gloom which has fallen upon the room with the mysterious words of the Master—these are the work of the highest genius in its most patient, strenuous exertion. Slowly, carefully, reverently, with an instant concentration of all his powers, the great master labored to put his thought on the wall of that little Milanese refectory. The prior of the monastery was not content with the slowness of the work, and came to reproach and vex the painter. He answered, with a fine dignity: "I still want two heads, one of which, the Saviour, I can not hope to find on earth, and I have not yet attained to the power of presenting it to myself in imagination with all that perfection of beauty and spiritual grace which appears to me to be demanded for the representation of the Divine Incarnation. The other is that of Judas, since I hardly think it possible to render graphically the features of the man who, after so many benefits from his Master, betrayed the Lord and Creator of the world." This was the secret, this spirit of reverent idealism, which enabled Leonardo to paint the first and the last worthy picture of the Last Supper; for beside this work Tintoretto's is only a company of Venetians carousing, and Horace Vernet's a company of Bedouins sitting on the floor. This is the fulfillment of Ruskin's fine description of high art: "It is a true or inspired ideal seen at once to be ideal; that is to say, the result of all the highest powers of the imagination engaged in the discovery and apprehension of the purest truths, and having so arranged them as best to show their preciousness and exalt their clearness.*

The one picture from Gospel history which the judgment of the world would place beside, or even above, Leonardo's "Last Supper" is Raphael's "Transfiguration." And therefore, although it seems to me by no means the best product of his

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., p. 144. Am. ed.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.—RAPHAEL.—FROM THE VATICAN.

idealism, and I would far rather linger over the master's work in Florence or in Dresden, we must spend a little time before "the jewel of the Vatican." Undoubtedly our first feeling on seeing this world-famous picture is one of disappointment. The coloring is not pleasant; a harsh critic has even dared to call it crude and motley. And the picture is hung so low that it is impossible to get the true effect of the foreshortening. But after this feeling has passed away a little, we can ask ourselves quietly how the master has conceived his theme, and how accomplished his work.

The first question that suggests itself is why the artist has joined in one picture the Transfiguration of our Lord and the failure of the disciples to heal the demoniac boy. Three reasons are suggested. First, a practical reason: because the monks of S. Pietro in Montorio, for whom the picture was made, ordered it to be so composed, in accordance with a popular fashion of combining two scenes on one canvas. Second, a historical reason: because the Gospel narratives present the probability that the events were nearly simultaneous.* Third, an artistic reason: because this conjunction gave the painter room to express in the most ideal perfectness the great contrast of darkness and light, human suffering and divine glory. Here, close before us, in the world of our daily life, is the tortured demoniac, and the troubled disciples powerless to help him. The shadow of a sorrowful darkness rests upon them. They suffer with the wretched boy and his parents, but they can do nothing. They point up to the mountain, whither Jesus has gone with Peter and John. That hand of faith is the connecting link. They do not see the glory that lies up yonder. But for us Raphael has drawn aside the curtain, and we look in upon the vision of Christ and Moses and Elias, floating in pale golden light above the mount. Out of that world of divine peace and glory help and light shall flow down into the dark underworld. From that radiant form of the Christ shall issue a healing and redeeming influence to the weary and afflicted children of men. That is the significance of the picture.

The execution has cost the most strenuous and skillful labor. The more we look at it, the more we are impressed with the perfectness of the technique. Here is absolute mastery of the human form, not only in the knowledge of bones and muscles, but also in the play of feature and significant gesture. This kneeling woman in the foreground, with her ideally perfect body and head, expresses in every curve and line her eager and half-taunting appeal to the disciples for help. The grace of her attitude, the modelling of her shoulder, the dramatic force of her gesture, fasten the attention more and more closely, and compel a wondering acknowledgment of Raphael's supreme skill.

And yet it is upon this picture in particular, as well as upon Raphael's work in general, that the great irascible Ruskin pours out the vials of his invective eloquence. He calls the figures of Moses and Elias "kicking gracefulnesses." He can only express his contempt for the artist in exclamation points, that favorite form of literary imprecation. In another passage he declares that Raphael has passed from the path of life to the path of death, and comparing his Madonnas with those of the earlier artists, finds evidence of his utter want of religious feeling in the fact that he "no longer desires to pour out the treasures of earth at the Virgin's feet, or crown her brows with golden shafts of heaven." Now I must confess that this latter tirade seems to me unmeaning and unjust. Surely Mr. Ruskin would not teach that gold and jewels are the only worthy offerings for the mother of our Lord. If we are to find the evidence of devotion and sincerity in the glittering ornaments, the aureoles like metal plates, the robes embossed with precious stones, with which Gentile da Fabriano and the Vivarini adorned their sacred pictures, why can we not find just as sincere and worthy an offering in the ideal beauty which Raphael brought to crown his Madonna? Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? The worship of the shepherds is as true and precious as the wealthy adoration of the Magi. The glory of pure and perfect womanhood which dwells in the eyes of the Sistine Madonna is more costly and adorable than all the treasures of earth, than all the golden shafts of a thousand aureoles.

In regard to the "Transfiguration," however, wonderful as it is merely as painter's work, it is doubtless unsatisfac-

* St. Matthew, xvii.; St. Mark, ix.

tory as a religious picture. There is a strange feeling of discontent in looking at it, a sense of coming danger, if not of present evil. This kneeling woman in the foreground, with the beautiful arm and shoulder—why should she fix the attention more and more, until the sacred mount grows dim and unreal to us? Is it right that we should carry away from the picture a stronger impression of the artist's knowledge and skill than of the event which he has painted, and its sacred meaning? The suspicion arises that perhaps, after all, that was what he wished to do, that he cared less for the transfiguration of Christ than for the glorification of Raphael—that the form had become to him more precious than the substance.

Whether this was true of Raphael himself or not, it was certainly true of his scholars and successors. That ideal humanity which had been invented by him and his great contemporaries as the only worthy medium of exhibiting the Gospel history and those sacred personages to whom the Church offered adoration speedily usurped the supreme place, and centred in itself all the thought and effort of the painters. "In early times art was employed for the display of religious facts, now religious facts were employed for the display of art." The artists continued to paint scenes from the Gospel history, but only because they were ordered by their patrons, and afforded an opportunity for the exhibition of ideal forms in actions which were familiar and full of life. The stories of classic mythology were equally acceptable and equally true to the painters. And indeed it naturally followed that they could handle the mythological subjects with far more freedom and sincerity, for the Christianity of the papal court was little more than an outward dress, the garment of a nun, loosely veiling the form of a rich and luxuriant paganism. So that in fact there is far more sincere feeling as well as far better painting in Giulio Romano's "Legends of Diana" at Mantua than in his "Holy Family" at Dresden.

From this point the course of sacred painting in Italy is a swift and sure decadence. The change which has passed upon it may have been imperceptible in its gradations, but it is fatal in its result. There is no more Gospel history for Italian painting. It is simply the exhibition of the painter's skill, inventiveness, or irreverence in connection with the legends of Christ and the apostles. This is done most perfectly and freely by the great painters of Venice. The strong naturalness and reverent simplicity of Giovanni, Bellini, and Carpaccio have been succeeded by the superb drawing and coloring of Titian. He paints so-called saints and Virgins and apostles, but they are simply the splendid men and women of Venice acting their *rôles* with dignified indifference. You can see the blood coursing richly under their skin, and the life shining in their eyes, but you can not detect any religious emotion, any appeal to faith or adoration. Tintoretto covers his enormous canvases with an infinitude of figures; he dazzles, astonishes, subdues you by the fertile vigor of his genius; but rarely, if ever, does he touch your reverence for the divine. His "Crucifixion," with its eighty figures, grouped, separate, engaged in every conceivable action, seen through a brown luminous atmosphere, full of vigor, life, motion, is a marvellous picture. You may say it is painted as if the artist had seen it; but you feel sure that if he had, it would not have been as one of the poor disciples, but as one of the well-fed, disinterested spectators who stand aloof from the cross. But of all the Venetians Paul Veronese is the worst as a painter of Gospel history. "He makes the Magdalene wash Christ's feet with a face as absolutely unmoved as if she were a servant bringing in a ewer of water." The Virgin in his "Annunciation" hears the message of the graceful angel as calmly as if it were an ordinary piece of gossip; and the thing that strikes us most forcibly is the skill with which the painter has executed his aerial perspectives, and painted a rose-bush and a glass of water. The famous picture of the "Feast of Levi," which hangs in the place of honor in the Venetian Academy, is a sumptuous banquet. Under a long gallery, with Corinthian pillars of white marble, are seated the Master and his disciples. There is nothing to distinguish Christ from the others, save his central place and a faint halo about his head. In the foreground, amid a profusion of architectural details, servants hurrying to and fro, and indifferent spectators, you can see the master of the house, an evil-faced man dressed in green silk and velvet, and the fat major-domo in a light striped tunic. Beside the table sits a brown dog,

which, although badly painted, is the most interesting thing in the picture, for it brought the painter before the Inquisition, and gave rise to an examination which reveals to us the spirit and method of his art. For this reason I shall quote the record of it here:

Saturday, 8th of July, 1573. Master Paul Caliari, of Verona, a painter, was brought before the Sacred Tribunal, and being asked name and surname, answered as above, and being asked of his profession, answered:

A. I invent and draw figures.

Q. Do you know the reason why you have been summoned?

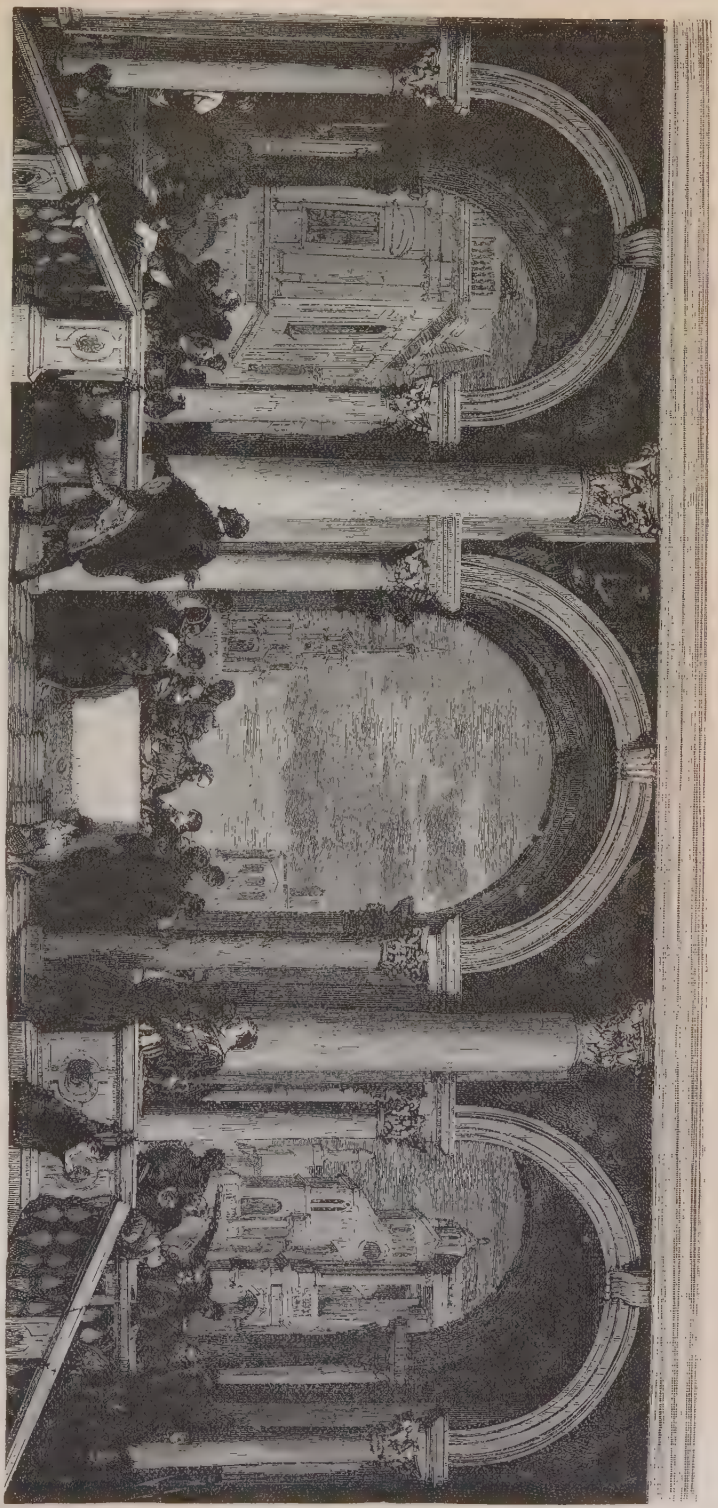
A. No, my lord.

Q. Can you imagine it?

A. I can imagine it.

Q. Tell us what you imagine.

A. For the reason which the Reverend Prior of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, whose name I know not, told me—that he had been here, and that your illustrious lordships had given him orders that I should substitute the figure of a Magdalen for that of a dog; and I replied that I would have willingly done this or anything else for my own credit or



THE FEAST OF LEVI.—PAUL VERONESE.—IN THE VENETIAN ACADEMY.

the advantage of the picture, but I did not think the figure of the Magdalen would be fitting, or would look well, for many reasons, which I will always assign whenever the opportunity is given me.

* * * * * *

Q. Say how many attendants you have put in the picture, and what is each doing?

A. First, the master of the house, Simon; besides, I have placed below him a server whom I have supposed to have come for his own amusement, to see the arrangement of the table. There are, besides, several others, which, as there are many figures in the picture, I do not recollect.

Q. What is the meaning of those men dressed in the German fashion, each with his halberd in his hand?

A. We painters take the same license that is permitted to poets and jesters. I have placed those two halberdiers—the one eating, the other drinking—by the staircase, to be supposed ready to perform any duty that may be required of them, it appearing to me quite fitting that the master of such a house, who was rich and great (as I have been told), should have such attendants.

Q. At the table of the Lord whom have you placed?

A. The twelve apostles.

Q. What is St. Peter, who is the first, doing?

A. He is cutting up a lamb to send to the other end of the table.

Q. What is he doing who is next to him?

A. He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter will give him.

Q. What is he doing who is next to this last?

A. He is using his fork as a toothpick.

Q. Were you commissioned by any person to paint Germans, buffoons, and such like things in this picture?

A. No, my lord; my commission was to ornament the picture as I judged best, which, being large, requires many figures, as it seems to me.

* * * * * *

Q. Do you not know that in a painting like the "Last Judgment," where drapery is not supposed, dresses are not required, and that disembodied spirits only are represented? but there are neither buffoons, nor dogs, nor armor, nor any other absurdity. And does it not seem to you that neither by this nor by any other example you have done right in painting the picture in this manner, and that it can be proved right and decent?

A. Illustrious lord, I do not defend it; but I thought I was doing right. I had not considered all these things, never intending to commit any impropriety, the more so as the figures of buffoons are not supposed to be in the same place where our Lord is.

Which examination ended, my lords decreed that the above-named Master Paul should be bound to correct and amend the picture within three months, at his own expense, under penalties to be imposed by the Sacred Tribunal.

This is the end of it all. The painter has become a person who invents and draws figures for fame and money. He is willing to do anything for his own credit and the advantage of his pictures. My lords the Inquisitors stand by to see that he does not play any scurrilous German tricks in ridicule of the Holy Church and in propagation of false doctrine. With this restriction, he may ornament the Gospel history at his pleasure. Soon even the skill of the colorist and draughtsman is lost. In the hands of the eclectics the representation of Gospel history becomes a second-rate melodrama. Caravaggio degrades it into a portrait-gallery of muscular and dirty models; and with Carlo Dolci it expires in an ecstasy of sentimental affectation.

ASLEEP.

In summer-time how fair it showed!—
My garden by the village road,
Where fiery stalks of blossom glowed,
And roses softly blushed;
With azure spires, and garlands white,
Pale heliotrope, the sun's delight,
And odors that perfumed the night
Where'er the south wind rushed.

There solemn purple pansies stood,
Gay tulips red with floral blood,
And wild things fresh from field and wood,
Alive with dainty grace.
Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine,
The darkly mystic passion-vine,
And clematis, that loves to twine,
Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath the strong unclouded blaze
Of long and fervent summer days
Their colors smote the passing gaze,
And dazzled every eye.
Their cups of scented honey-dew
Charmed all the bees that o'er them flew,
And butterflies of radiant hue
Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
The bitter winds of winter blow,
No blossom dares its cup to show—
Earth folds them in her breast;
A shroud of white, a virgin pall,
Is slowly, softly, hiding all;
In vain shall any sweet wind call
To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream,
Dead in the waning moon's cold beam,
Clear icicles above it gleam;
And yet—I know not how—
My flowers will hear the dropping rain
When Spring reneweth hill and plain,
And then it shall be mine again:
It is God's garden now.

WORDSWORTH'S SEAT, GRASMERE.

THE ENGLISH LAKES AND THEIR GENII.

III.

WE had sat on the old seat beside the hazel-tree in the garden at Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth used to compose his poems; had heard from the present owner about the lady who has for many years come there annually to gather a Christmas rose and lay on the poet's grave; had recalled by imagination the scenes, sorrowful and beautiful, which have consecrated that village, beside whose ancient Wishing Gate innumerable hearts have looked forth to happy prospects—some to be overcast, some to be realized; and had remembered Wordsworth's lines at that gate, beginning,

"Hope rules a land forever green,"

and felt the charm of its ending—

"Yea, even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved, who makes
All happiness her own."

And now all these memories, scenes, homes, and lanes pointed one way, led up to one point—the grave-yard. There they had all ended. From the prehistoric Wishing Gate, where the fairies were once invoked, the path is short in space, but a vast journey in time, to the portal of Grasmere church, on which is written, "Whosoever thou art that enterest this church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who minister, and for those who worship here."

It was about noon. The church was empty. I walked around it, and read the texts on the walls, on their scrolls upheld by cherubim; examined the ancient font; read the Wordsworth tablet, just over the Rydal Mount pew, and gazed upon his noble face, which, carved there in marble, is ever close before the eyes of the clergyman. While my fellow-pilgrim was making his sketches, I went up into the quaint oaken pulpit, and sat there surveying the solemn interior, where the arms of old knightly families mingled with the symbols of peace and charity to form a shrine for memorials of intellectual greatness.

Wordsworth has left us in "The Excursion" a charming picture of Grasmere church and its pastor. The wanderer, the solitary, and he rested here on their

walk. They entered, and the interior is described. Yet the wise discourse of the pastor which he reports was not given in the church, but outside on an old wall beside the Rothay. It appears, however, that his family and friends could not recognize in him who uttered such elevated discourse on nature and human life any preacher they had ever known about Grasmere. At the time when it was written the rector was in an insane asylum, and the only preacher was a curate named Rowlandson, notoriously inadequate to any such discourse. Wordsworth then explained that the pastor he had described was an ideal character, combined of various individuals, the sermon being his own.

Wordsworth was never suspected of humor by any one except Mrs. Hemans. He claimed to have made one joke. A man met him on the road, and asked, "Have you seen my wife pass this way?" The poet replied, "I assure you, my dear sir, that I was not before even acquainted with the fact that you had a wife." Perhaps when his friends had read about the pastor and the elevated discourse, and came to him asking how that could be, when the curate was dreary and the rector insane, Wordsworth in like manner said, "My dear friends, I didn't even know that you had a curate."

THE WISHING GATE.

Not far from Grasmere is a high place called Dunmail Raise. It was here, at the boundary between Westmoreland and

ST. OSWALD'S CHURCH, GRASMERE.

Cumberland, that Edmund, the Saxon king, defeated Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland, anno 945. The eyes of Dunmail's two sons were put out; he was slain; his kingdom was added to that of Malcolm, King of Scotland. There is a large pile of stones over the grave of Dunmail, innumerable travellers from his extinct kingdom having followed the pious custom of adding a stone to his cairn. We added ours.

But while we rested there, it appeared to me that there were some analogies between Dunmail Raise and Rydal Mount, and the two kings with whom they are associated. James Russell Lowell has spoken of the realm of the poet as "Wordsworthshire." He did indeed create such a shire, but it is extinct with him. In place of the humble stones which mark the resting-place of the last King of Cumberland, the cairn of Wordsworth is piled high with polished praises, tributes of poets, memorials that make a fair literature in themselves. No other modern poet has awakened so reverent enthusiasm. Yet Wordsworth was the last monarch of a realm of thought that has forever passed away.

THE WORDSWORTH GRAVES, GRASMERE CHURCH-YARD.

DUNMAIL RAISE.

I am not sure but that this impression may be read upon the precious stone added to the wondrous cairn of Wordsworth by Matthew Arnold:

"Time may restore us, in his course,
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But when will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

"Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave;
Sing him thy best, for few or none
Hear thy voice right, now he is gone."

That is a fine phrase and true, "Wordsworth's healing power." He came to a generation whose whole heart was faint. His own eyes had been seared by the French Revolution; he had returned from Paris to England with his enthusiasm for liberty chilled, and his hope for humanity nearly dead. A generation of thinkers was driven into reaction and solitude by the Revolution and the Napoleonic reaction that followed. These measurably revived in contact with nature, and it was Wordsworth who taught them how to distill from the fair earth a healing balm more soothing than the opium with which some of them had tried to still their heart-pains. Some passed a lifetime in being healed, but others grew strong while yet in their prime, and these found that the great life could not be lived in Wordsworth's mountain-and-lake cure.

About fifty years ago Carlyle and Emerson were walking together over the hills near Craigenputtoch; and then they sat down on a crag, and "looked down into Wordsworth's country." Such is Emerson's phrase, unconsciously significant. The two young men were, indeed, looking from a farther table-land of thought and purpose back upon the beautiful solitudes through which they had been guided by their spiritual fathers. They were destined to summon thought and poetry from that afternoon-land of bowers and reveries, and make them friends and leaders of humanity.

When Emerson was presently visiting Wordsworth, his admiration at the poet's "rare elevation" was followed by surprise at "the hard limits of his thought." Wordsworth had come to his "Raise": he could only a little understand Coleridge, thought Carlyle insane, and Goethe wicked; he had reached the boundary of his kingdom, which had to pass to Malcolm.

It is doubtful whether any thinker of equal culture will ever again feel a passion for the beauty of inanimate nature like that which Wordsworth felt, or so strangely repeat the emotions under which ancient nature-worship grew. The earth and air around him were so populous with the creations of his imagination, these being exalted to the stature of the exceptionally grand natural objects amid which he dwelt, that man and his affairs became petty, paltry, vulgar, in the presence of his majestic images. Yet, after all, a large part of nature is human nature. Words-

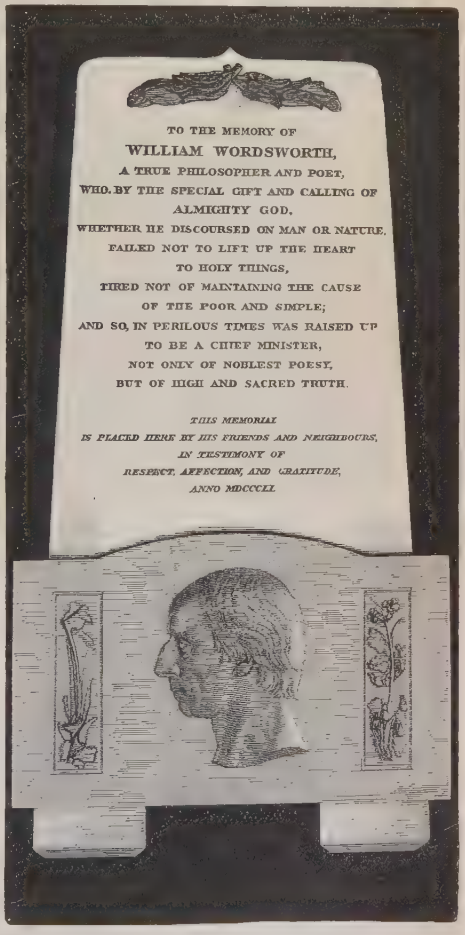
worth once invited Charles Dickens to visit him at Rydal Mount, praising the glories of that region. The novelist declined, and had something to say for the glories of London. "The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the rustling Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you: so are your rural emotions strange to me." Wordsworth was not without human sympathy and benevolence; it was his hope and aim to console, to bless, to uplift, and encourage hearts and minds; but he thought of these as individuals undergoing the checkered experiences of existence; the conception of universal humanity, progressive, triumphant, was a blossoming plant which the French Revolution tore by the root from his heart and brain. A primrose by the river's brim could give him more tears in his old age than anything that concerned the masses of mankind.

One need not therefore mourn that Wordsworth's cairn marks an extinct Wordsworthshire, while he rejoices that such a pure and saintly mind and character brought the chrism for the generation in which we live, by which it is consecrated to truth and virtue.

"He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
He laid us, as we lay at birth,
On the cool, flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain;
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up, and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world."

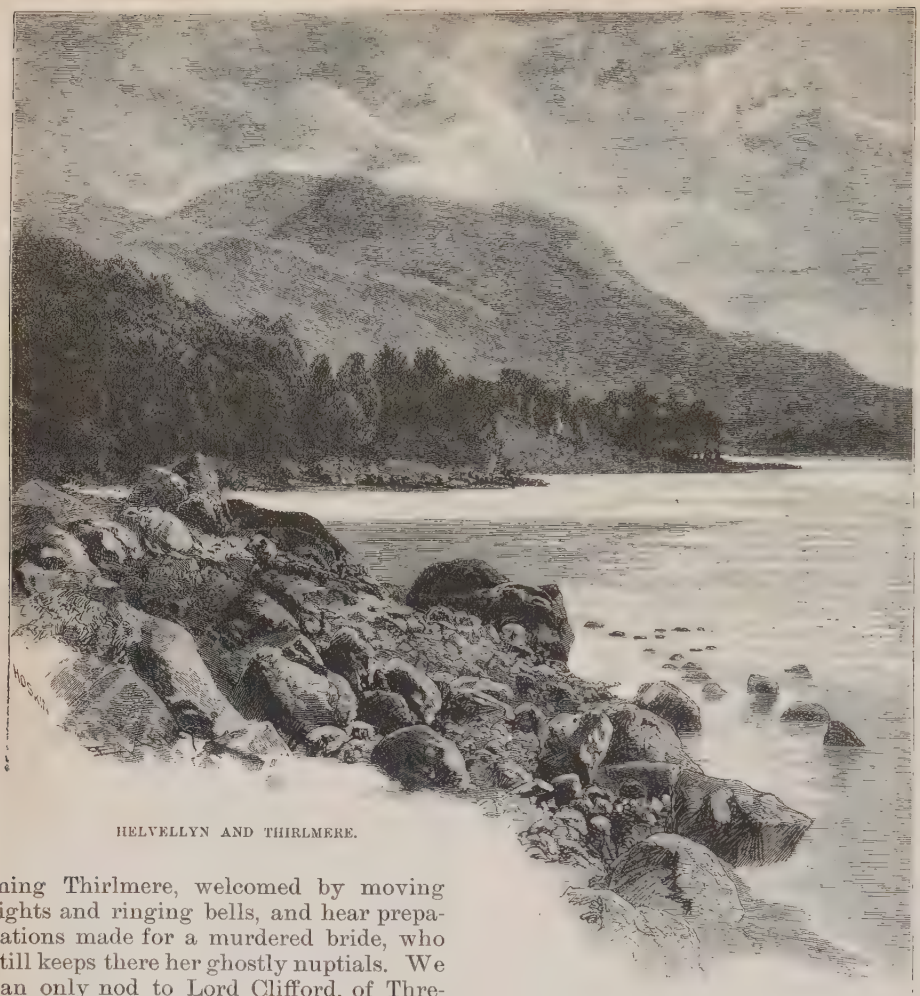
Beautiful and polished as Rothay can smooth them be the stones laid on Wordsworth's cairn; white, too, as purified in Truth's well! So add I mine, small though it be, with reverence and gratitude; and so journey onward.

There are tempting by-ways all around us here; heights, vales, streams, not only picturesque in themselves, but from behind which rise shades noble or curious, faces that hold us with their glittering eye, and will tell us their story. They are so many that I am reminded of the rustic Cumberlander who bore along this road the specimens collected by a geologist. He found them heavy, emptied them on the road-side, and refilled the bag from the turnpike when he came near Keswick, where the geologist anxiously awaited him. Even the carefully selected anecdotes and traditions of this region laid on the patient shoulders of *Harper's Magazine* would be more than a collector could hope to see again. We must barely glance once more at brave Robert


TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
A TRUE PHILOSOPHER AND POET,
WHO, BY THE SPECIAL GIFT AND CALLING OF
ALMIGHTY GOD,
WHETHER HE DISCOURSED ON MAN OR NATURE,
FAILED NOT TO LIFT UP THE HEART
TO HOLY THINGS,
TIRED NOT OF MAINTAINING THE CAUSE
OF THE POOR AND SIMPLE;
AND SO, IN PERILOUS TIMES WAS RAISED UP
TO BE A CHIEF MINISTER,
NOT ONLY OF NOBLEST POESY,
BUT OF HIGH AND SACRED TRUTH.
THIS MEMORIAL
IS PLACED HERE BY HIS FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,
IN TESTIMONY OF
RESPECT, AFFECTION, AND GRATITUDE,
ANNO MDCCCLI.

WORDSWORTH'S MEMORIAL TABLET, ST. OSWALD'S.

Walker, who near by entered upon his Leathwaite living, worth £50 a year, with a cottage, married a wife with £40, reared and educated eight children, and though his curacy never exceeded £50 per annum, left at the end of his sixty years' work £2000, and an imperishable memory for his charities. We must even pass by the Haunted House of Armboth Fells, where wide-eyed peasants see a large dog swim-



HELVELLYN AND THIRLMERE.

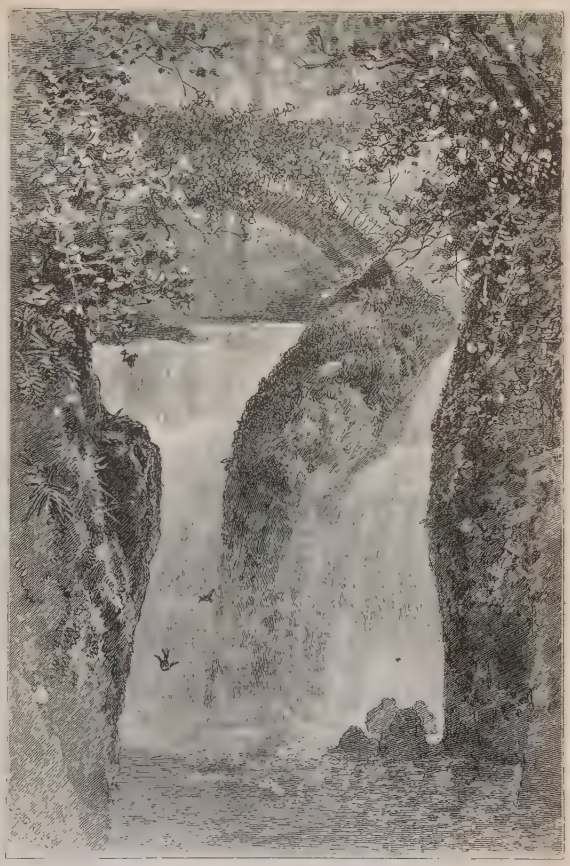
ming Thirlmere, welcomed by moving lights and ringing bells, and hear preparations made for a murdered bride, who still keeps there her ghostly nuptials. We can only nod to Lord Clifford, of Threkeld, who never learned to read or write, was for twenty-four years a shepherd boy, yet learned so much astronomy that he brought a noble fame to his estates when he came to them.

Next to the greatness of Wordsworth comes the grandeur of Helvellyn. The second mountain of England in height, it is the most impressive in appearance, and one does not wonder that it was the Holy Hill of the first inhabitants of this region. Ferguson thinks it was anciently El-Velin, that is, the Hill of Veli, or Baal. This mountain was one of the "high places" on which flamed the sacred fires, whose successors still light up some nooks and corners of this region. It is probable, however, that their name, "Baal-fires," or "Bel-fires," represents a Christian denunciation of them. It is possible still to find country folk who drive diseased cattle through the fire; and Miss Martineau found an instance where a considerate farmer, having driven his stock through a need fire, made his wife pass through also, she being as valuable as his ox or his ass. Many are the traces of ancient religion left in the names of this region; *e. g.*, Rissen Scar (that is, the Giant's Steep); Scratch Meal Scar (Skratti being the Norse demon, our Old Scratch, and Mella being a female of the same character); Glenderaterra (valley of the demon of execution). Thirlmere (which Robert Ferguson, M.P., of Carlisle, a learned explorer of these subjects, believes was originally Thorolfsmere) breaks upon the sight beyond Helvellyn, and mirrors a long range of lofty steeps and crags—Fisher Crag, Raven Crag—so wonderful

that we need not wonder that the Lake poets make this their trysting-place.

"The Rock of Names," midway between Keswick and Rydal, bears the initials of some of those who met there: W. W.; M. H. (Mary Hutchinson); D. W. (Dorothy Wordsworth); S. T. C. (Coleridge); J. W. (John Wordsworth); S. H. (Sarah Hutchinson). Wordsworth has described how they cut their initials, and the rock is still fulfilling his request:

"Fail not thou, loved Rock, to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep."



LOWER RYDAL FALLS.

Beyond this region, awful in its grandeur, and so invested with names and traditions of that stern Scandinavian worship of the elements which made the pedestal for Wordsworth's adoration, we pass Castle Rock, the fairy castle of Scott's "Bridal of Triermain;" we visit "Wytheburn City," which has three or four houses and its church, which will just seat its score of citizens; then we emerge from the ancient world as our eyes look though the vale of St. John to the Christian spires of Keswick.

It is interesting to remember that the holy fires which lit up these hills in pagan times were continued in Christian times as St. John fires — they are still, wherever kindled, seen on St. John's Eve — and this vale has in it a remarkable circle of the kind called "Druidic," the name being only a term for our ignorance of their meaning. The original solar meaning may linger on "St. Sunday's Crag," as a peak is now called. As we skirt St. John's Vale, and draw near to Keswick, we find

WYTHEBURN CHURCH.

a large assembly gathered in and around a tent. It was a revival meeting got up by the evangelical clergy of Keswick and the adjoining region. Hymn-books were sold at the entrance; a luncheon was spread for strangers; and I was told that for some days there had been services and preaching from early morning to late in the evening. It was the nearest thing I had seen in England to an American camp-meeting, but it was conducted exclusively by clergy of the Established Church, aided by an eminent preacher from Switzerland. At Keswick we had the pleasure of meeting and walking with Professor Knight, of St. Andrews University, in Scotland, whose brother is an eminent physician here. I also had the pleasure of here getting hold of his new book, *The English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth.* This little work came out rather too late to aid us in our tour through "Wordsworthshire" proper; but I have revisited the scenes in memory, with the professor and his poet for guides, and am amazed at the amount of work which the book represents. There is but one Wordsworth, and Knight is his prophet. Professor Estlin Carpenter is at Leathes Cottage, near this, and when we were there was engaged with the last pages of his biography of his aunt, Mary Carpenter.

BRIDGE IN ST. JOHN'S VALE.

Keswick is the most important town in

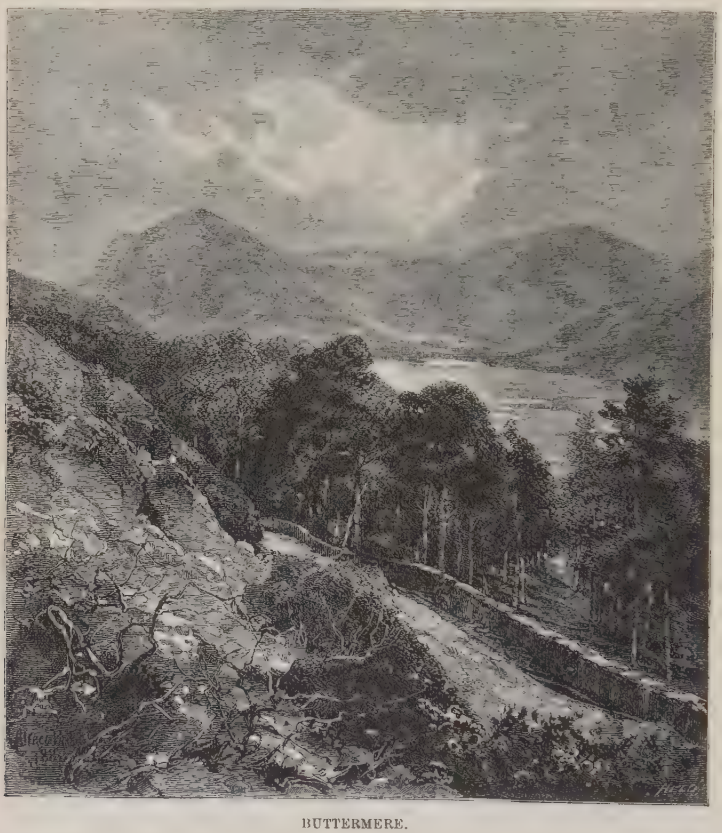
the Lakes; so busy, modern, respectable, that I felt a little chilled after coming out of the dreamy land of Grasmere. It is the very place one would associate with Southey, its most famous resident, who came to reside at Greta Hall after he had buried the dreams of his youth. For that matter it might be said that Wordsworth had buried his too; but no, his were slain in the streets of Paris at the Revolution, and when he came back he revived them all in an interior world, where no violence could reach them. It is now pretty well understood that Robert Browning's "Lost Leader" was an idealized portrait of Wordsworth, and it reports accurately the general feeling about him at the time it was written. But Wordsworth felt that this impression was not true. I have heard that he never was known to be in a rage, except when nearing that some one (not Browning) had described him as reactionary. "Tell him he lies," thundered Wordsworth. This inward conviction that he was himself misjudged led him to defend Southey jealously from similar charges. Thomas Cooper, author of *The Purgatory of Suicides*, who was imprisoned as a Chartist, and from being a radical is now an orthodox preacher, visited Wordsworth in 1846. The laureate received him kindly at Rydal Mount, and said: "You were quite right; there is nothing unreasonable in your Charter. It is the foolish attempt at physical force for which many of you have been blamable." He warmly defended Southey from the charge of having been influenced by corrupt motives in changing his political opinions. Poor Southey had then recently died.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge preceded Southey at Greta Hall, and was the man who induced him to come. "Our house," wrote Coleridge (1801), "stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round, and catches the evening lights in front of the house. In front we have a giants' camp —an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms, and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene

you have not seen in all your wanderings." Coleridge mentions that he has access to "the princely library of Sir Guilfred Lawson," a baronet now succeeded by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P. for Carlisle, famous as the champion who gives King Alcohol so much trouble. Sir Wilfrid is the man who reflects most honor upon Cumberland: wealth and rank have not in the least brought any reaction to that natural nobleman, whose presence, when he rises in the House of Commons, commands admiration from even those who wince under his sharp thrusts, and whose wit makes even the legislative brewers and victuallers laugh, while the fine-fledged arrows make them look like piteous Sebastians.

The other member of Parliament from this region is Robert Ferguson, of Carlisle, a gentleman who has written the best works on Cumberland, its antiquities and dialect. I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Derwentwater and Lodore under his guidance. It was a charming afternoon when we rowed in the path of Dr. Syntax on the same lake.

"With curious eye and active scent
I on the picturesque was bent."



BUTTERMERE.

There is an island in Derwentwater which appears occasionally—some say periodically—on the water, varying in different years from an acre to a few perches. It emerges near Lodore, floats about, and some fine day retires under water. It vindicates Munchausen. There is a floating island in Esthwaite Water also, but it never disappears. It is only twenty-four yards by five, covered with alders and willows, and when the wind is high moves about like a fairy barge.

The regular islands in Derwentwater are beautiful, and of legendary interest. Lord's Island had an old building, from which was taken a clock bell, now that of Keswick town-hall; it bears the inscription, "H. D. R. O. 1001." The pleasantest

YEWS OF BORROWDALE.

island is that called "St. Hubert's": the same is mentioned in Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory"—

"Down St. Hubert's consecrated grove,
Whence burst the consecrated hymn, the tapered rite
Aroused the fisher's solitary night."

The people here have changed the name to St. Herbert. It is the name of a disciple of St. Cuthbert's, who is said to have lived here as a hermit. He prayed that he might not outlive his holy master, and at the moment when St. Cuthbert died at Carlisle, anno 687, it is said that Hubert was also found dead in this island.

Lodore is beautiful in the distance, seen from a point near Keswick, a pure white feather, which an assisted eye may see gently waving, like something alive, amid the dark green ravine. As we approach from the water we lose sight of it, but presently on the soft air we hear its voice,

HONISTON CRAG AND VALE.

gentle, harp-like; nearer, and its tone becomes solemn, organ-like; on shore, approaching, the tone rises through all the scale to a roar; and looking up the ravine one sees that the fall has hewn its own mighty instrument of sound. It is rare that one finds a fall where the phenomena of natural rhythm are so charmingly recognized, and they find fair interpretation in Southey's famous lyric on Lodore.

One morning the Abbé and I drove around by the east of Derwentwater, on a road carpeted with leaf-shadows and sunbeams, and passed down deep vales and over gentle hills, finding so much and such varied beauty that we felt as if one could never reach an end of it. At the Borrowdale Hotel they keep that well-known book in which tourists write their impressions. On one of the pages I read the following satirical verses:

"Strange Book, you prove a man may be
A genius, and not know it:
My good friend Brown writes prose in town,
But here he shines as poet.

"When he meets nature face to face,
In verse he needs must greet her;
And if the chops be fairly cooked,
Here shall that vital fact be booked,
In rather limping metre.

"And if the beds be duly aired,
The tourist world shall know it;
And if posterity should care
To know if it be—"

Alas! just here an incoming "Brown" requires the register, and my reader must supply the rest. But I have some sympathy for Brown. I can understand how he should aspire to sing his emotions as once a year he meanders, wanders, glides, at his own sweet will, amid these scenes. I have just met Brown sitting on the Bowder Stone, thirty-six feet high; he peeped over the Abbé's shoulder while he was sketching the Grange, then winked at Mary Anne, who was with him; and although I can not say as much for him as for those fine Oxonians and Cantabs we met at Grasmere and Coniston, yet Brown has the right stuff in him when he appends doggerel to his name in the register. A mole might become enthusiastic in sight of these ever-varying hills, their many-tinted sides and summits mirrored in their lakes—wonderful! wonderful! My pen falters, and must throw upon the faithful pencil of the Abbé the task of celebrating the Castle Crag, the wild Honiston Crag, and the majestic sweep of Buttermere.

I often find myself, however, after gazing upon these sublime things, longing for a scene more quiet, some "unpretending commonplace of nature." At the same time the least pretending thing that meets the eye here would be a nine days' wonder to one familiar with the gentle meadows through which the Thames winds its way near London town.

Perhaps as pleasing an hour as any we passed was at the Borrowdale Yews. Some philologers say that *yew* is radically the same word as *ever;* and these four trees might bear the name not only by their unfading green, but by the length of their years. It is awful to think of the age of these yews, beneath which Wordsworth imagined "ghastly shapes" holding their festivities or rites, while Darwin would probably think of them as housing the first arboreal men. Seated here on a mossy stone, turning our eyes away from the scarred summits of the hills, lulled by the four gentle rivulets which sing their way down past the yews to the full stream below, watching the butterflies, the creeping things, the luminous wild flowers, all joyful in the sunshine, we reflect how many generations of such animated beings—nay, of men like the poets who have celebrated them, and drawn others to seek them—have these great yews seen. They have borne no marketable fruit to man: they are not utilitarians; their trunks are gnarled, and one is a hut in which three may sit; but they bid fair to enjoy a green old age after the Victorian age shall have become as classic as the Elizabethan. One of them has lately been struck by lightning, as if Zeus had become jealous of his longevity; and though he was yet green, it may be that it is only like the vaunt of

GIANT'S GRAVE IN CHURCH-YARD, PENRITH.

LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS.

some ancient institution which makes a transient show of life after its death-touch. One thing that impressed me was the way in which the aged trunks leaned toward each other and mingled their branches, like old friends left alone, on that bare slope of a desolate hill. Yet so gnarled and hollowed are their trunks, so ugly some of their lower dead branches, and so hewn and hacked are they with the names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, that I fancy the gentle sigh I hear passing along their commingling needles is a longing for death.

They must have seen enough of life. When prehistoric man set up those "Druid" stones in St. John's Vale, they might have smiled upon his infant superstitions. They would have sheltered the Wandering Jew, had he come in this hollow where I sit and think of Shelley's lines about him:

"Thus have I stood, through a wild waste of years,
Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,
Yet peaceful and serene and self-enshrined.
Even as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce flame
Had scathed in the wilderness, to stand
A monument of fadeless ruin there;
Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves
The midnight conflict of the wintry storm,
As in the sunlight's calm it spreads
Its worn and withered arms on high
To meet the quiet of a summer's noon."

It may have been that from sheltering many a wanderer in that mythical era these ancient trees gave their whispered secrets to Shelley while those lines were born in him. For hither, indeed, did he bring his girl-wife Harriet when they had eloped. Expelled Oxford for heresy in March, Shelley has eloped and married in September, and by October is dwelling at Keswick, since the only friend he now has in the world—a Duke of Norfolk—lives in this region. Protestant Oxford and orthodox parents have sent him forth into the world at nineteen an outcast; but a Roman Catholic duke stands by him, and this ancient temple of the Yews will raise heavenward arches above his excommunicated head. Harriet also was an exile; she had thrown "herself on his protection" from her father's petty tyranny.

FAMONT BRIDGE, ON THE BORDER BETWEEN WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.

ULLSWATER.

What mere children they were appears in a little story told by De Quincey. There was a pretty garden attached to the house near Keswick. They occupied only half the house, however, and when the Southeys called they asked Mrs. Shelley if the garden belonged to their part. "Oh no," she replied; "but then, you know, the people let us run about in it whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house."

Southey was the only one who called upon them. De Quincey came, but the fledgelings were fled. Coleridge always regretted that he had not got hold of Shelley during that visit. "Why didn't he come to me? I would have understood him." It was but a brief butterfly existence they passed here. A few years later, and she was at the bottom of the Serpentine Water in Hyde Park; a few years more, and his form is undergoing with horrible literalness the water and fire which made the ordeal of life; and the only part of their united lives which one may recall without sorrow was that in which they "ran about" the Keswick garden, or skimmed Derwentwater, or, it may be, nestled in the covert of this ancient yew, and told fairy tales, or dreamed of a fair world never to be realized.

At Penrith we called on the venerable Orientalist Dr. Nicholson, one who, like many learned scholars to be found in England (more rarely elsewhere), with scholarship enough to stock several reputations, carries on his studies in seclusion. He told us much of the antiquities in the neighborhood. We then walked about under a grand harvest-moon; under its mystical light looked upon Penrith Castle, upon the picturesque old church, and the giant's grave beside it. That strange old monument so fascinated Sir Walter Scott that he would never pass through Penrith without stopping to gaze upon it. Eighty-four years ago Mrs. Ratcliffe travelled through this region, visiting the old castles and legendary places, which were the natural food of her mystery-loving fancy, and she also was much impressed by these runic stones, curiously carved, which stand like head-and-foot stones of a grave, but fifteen feet apart. "We pored intently over these traces, though certainly without the hope of discovering anything not known to the eminent antiquarians who have confessed their ignorance concerning the origin of them." So she wrote. The antiquarians have since "guessed" that it is the grave of Owen Cæsarius, once King of Cumberland, in which case it would seem to denote the size he assumed in popular imagination after his death. But it is a curious indication of popular feeling about the dead that this prehistoric tomb has remained as secure from exploration as that of the other giant who lies beside the Avon.

This is, perhaps, the richest region in antiquities of any in England. Next to

MAYBURGH MOUND; ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Stonehenge, the largest of the stone circles is that a few miles out of Penrith, called "Long Meg and her Daughters." This consists of seventy-six upright stones, the largest, Long Meg, being fifteen feet in girth and eighteen feet in height. "Speak, giant mother," exclaimed Wordsworth:

"Tell it to the morn,
Whilst she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the moon hear, while emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest up rose on British ground
That sisterhood in hieroglyphic round."

But Long Meg does not speak through any letter or scratch on her side. Perhaps it is as well she does not. I have heard that an English traveller among the Tartars found a stone circle very much like this, with a large assembly praying in it. They went around from stone to stone, and prayed each to assist their cattle and crops, and said, "May our cows bring forth two calves at a birth, and may we sell them for double as much as they are worth." If Long Meg should ever have heard such prayers, she had better keep it to herself, and with her daughters remain a rosary of mystery rather than of superstition and selfishness. On our way we stopped to visit "King Arthur's Round Table," which is a large circle, such as one may conceive made by a basin fifty yards in diameter, pressed down, bottom uppermost, and so moulding the earth—this overgrown with long grass. And a few hundred yards from this is "Mayburgh Mound." This is a circle a hundred yards in diameter, surrounded by piled stones, among which grow ash-trees, through which are some pretty outlooks. In the centre is a large ash-tree, which has shaped its trunk to a stone twelve feet high, and curved at the top. Robert Ferguson of Carlisle believes that these circles were used for the *holmegang*, or "duel" of the Northmen. This duel was a fair one, the swords being of equal length; but it was superseded by the Norwegian "duel of the girdle" (practiced up to the last century), in which the longest blade went to the strongest arm, each man, before commencing, sticking his knife into a block of wood, that part of the blade not buried being bound round with leather. The combatants were kept from running away by being buckled together by a girdle around their waists. Yes, it is well enough these old places should be silent. They are close to the river (Eamont) boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland; and if, as is probable, they were places for executions and duels between the hostile kingdoms, we may turn from them to dwell with satisfaction on a sign-board near Eamont Bridge, representing a Westmoreland and a Cumberland man shaking hands. Beneath the sign quite as many of them as is desirable now pass to take "a cup of kindness" together. Indeed, I suspect that the famous cup called the "Luck of Eden Hall," near this, the subject of Uhland's poem, is one in which the last rivals of this Border may have

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

pledged each other. The guide-books say the cup has on it the letters "I. H. S." This is not true; the letters are I. H. C. It is a beautiful cup, with ornamentation of red flowers and arabesque scroll on a blue ground. It is Oriental. The story is that a festive group of fairies, surprised by a servant at the well, left this cup behind as they fled. One of them returned to get it, but finding it in the servant's hand, exclaimed as she flew away:

"If that glass should break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

The cup is kept with great care. The prosaic-looking house ("Eden" here only means "the confluence of rivers") was the ancient seat of the Musgraves, and is still owned by Sir George Musgrave, baronet. From being chief of a Border clan the family came to give the king his chief in the Parliamentary war, and one so appears in the "Legend of Montrose"; so the family has been lucky enough to keep its name and estates.

We are in a region where, from the silent Druid graves to the grand castles—Brougham, Penrith, Lowther castles—everything tells of ancient struggles. And it is pleasant amid these battlements to see better crops than usual (for a deluged season), and laborers of both counties toiling together in peace and friendship to win sustenance from the earth. The haymakers have a happy, substantial look, which one can hardly imagine to have been possessed by the old Border roughs and ruffians who preceded them. They do not seem to know anything of the eight-hour movement here. In harvest-time they work twelve hours per day. They breakfast at six o'clock on oatmeal porridge, and sometimes coffee, with ryeleäf (rye loaf) black as a coal, and Dutch cheese. They "bait" (lunch) at half past nine, on ryeleäf, cheese, and beer. They dine at twelve on meat, potatoes, dumplings, and preserves. They take tea at four—bread and butter. They sup from nine to ten, supper being of much the same as breakfast. They are as hardy and quiet a set of folk as ever sprung from a restless race of fighters.

THE HAYMAKERS.

From Penrith a pleasant drive brings us to Ullswater, which means "Wolf's Water." Ulf was the first baron of Greystock, or Greystoke, now owned by the Howards, and the finest castle on this lake. The Norman form of the name was "l'Ulf," the Wolf, and it is preserved in Lyulph's Tower, a castellated shooting-box beside the water, built by the late Duke of Norfolk, Shelley's friend. Near it is the cascade called Airey Force. This

glen is the scene of the somnambulist tragedy told by Wordsworth, in which Sir Eglamore returns from afar only in time to find his disconsolate Emma perishing in this torrent. She only lives long enough to discover his previously doubted constancy.

From Patterdale, at the foot of the lake, there is a glorious drive—provided tourists are weather-proof like those stalwart Oxonians who had here their favorite haunt, and do not limit their vision, like one party we saw, to the vault of their umbrellas—to the summit-house, the highest residence in the district, on the road to Ambleside. A man on our stage-coach manages to draw the attention of half our party from a landscape they had come a hundred miles, perhaps, to see, to an unextracted bullet in his arm, received from the Zulus. This bullet becomes the seed out of which grows an Igdrasil of political discussion. It is possible that Wordsworth had known much of this sort of thing before he wrote those lines, found *passim* in his poems, which show how petty a creature man commonly is in the presence of nature's grandeurs.

But this small bullet and the small-talk over it remind us that we are on our way into the world of affairs again. Hark! is that the nightingale? No; it is the steam-whistle! Our revels now are ended. The steam-whistle startles the air, and sends the mountain spirits back to their ravines and caves again. The Genii of the Lakes protested against this form in which Triton came to blow his wreathed horn on Windermere. Wordsworth placed across the railway track a sonnet that seemed insurmountable, but it came on nevertheless; and on the whole we find it comfortable that we can take a good look at Windermere and the mountains in the morning, and talk them over at our London dinner-table the same evening. Nevertheless, they who would see the English Lakes as they environed the Lake Poets, who would know something of their sweet solitudes and their simple-hearted peasantry, would act wisely in embracing the earliest opportunity to visit them. They will no doubt be able to do it very rapidly and cheaply ere long, but whether it will be so well worth doing may be doubted.

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

DECORATING-ROOM.

POTTERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN earlier colonial times, when the abundant material resources of this country were neither explored nor as yet imagined, our ancestors were content to dine from pewter plates and porringers, their few precious pieces of china being reserved for company use, or display on the shelves of the equally precious nut-wood parlor cupboards.

This china, either brought over by the colonists from the mother countries, or smuggled into port by illicit traders with the East, was the quaint blue and white porcelain introduced into Europe by the Portuguese, and the Dutch and English East India Companies, who successively traded with Japan.

About the middle of the seventeenth century came the excellent imitations of this ware manufactured at Delft, in Holland; then might be seen tiny tea-cups, odd jugs, and majestic tea-pots gay with blue shepherdesses, boats, and pagodas sailing in the air, still highly prized and kept for show.

Later, after the cession of New Amsterdam to the English, Lambeth and Fulham copies of this delf were followed in time by the Liverpool and Staffordshire printed earthenwares, none of which, however, were yet in general use, pewter being preferred for ordinary occasions until the Revolution.

About the year 1659 we begin to hear of potteries for the production of tiles, bricks, and the coarser sorts of stone-ware. In 1740 New York boasts of several establishments for making earthen dishes, and in 1770 so great has been the progress in processes that we find porcelain has been

attempted, for the Southwark China Factory at Philadelphia "promises encouragement to skillful painters and enamellers in blue," and offers a premium for the production of zaffre, a compound of cobalt.

As early as 1765 the number of potteries springing up in the colonies alarmed the English manufacturers. The wares were rude and devoid of beauty, but they were beginning to supply the home demand, and their increase pointed silently though eloquently to a future of ceramic independence of the mother country.

It was during this year that Josiah Wedgwood expressed fears for England's earthenware trade with America, so small an event as the erection of a "new pottworks in South Carolina" causing him to look with prophetic eye to the time when the young country would prove their dangerous rival, for, said he, "they have every material there equal, if not superior, to our own for the manufacture."

And Wedgwood spoke with knowledge, for he had already tested the clays of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, and made arrangements for a regular supply of the "unaker" or Pensacola clays.

How well-founded were the fears of the "great potter" may be judged by the present progress of the industry in the United States, and the accounts from the potting districts of England within the past few years.

At a meeting of a board of arbitration held at Hanley in the beginning of 1877, in reference to a proposed reduction of labor prices for the avowed purpose of "keeping the growth and increase of make in the States in check," the head of one of the leading manufacturing firms said in effect that he had visited the United States in 1875, gone through their largest potteries, and had seen goods of a reliable character better than could be imported at the same price, and his impression was that unless the tariff was reduced, and English wares made at less cost, England would lose her American trade altogether.

A second prominent potter declared that the States not only have all the requisite materials, but they are superior to those used in Staffordshire; that as for the quality of their wares, he wished he could make as good; and that to keep ground with American goods, English labor prices must be reduced.

Other speakers, referring to the superiority of American wares, confessed they experienced great difficulty in retaining their trade in that quarter, prophesying that "at the present rate of progress in the United States, in ten years English crockery would find no market there at all."

The history of this progress is one of perpetual struggle, for extraordinary difficulties met the pioneer at every turn.

In a country rich in all the requisite but as yet undeveloped materials, except for the manufacture of the coarsest wares, he was obliged to import every pound of flint, spar, and finer clay he used, in slow sailing vessels taking months for the voyage; he had also to train or import labor, to pay high wages, and learn by costly experiment in a new climate the proper treatment of his clays.

The industrial and mechanical difficulties were perhaps the least against which the potter had to contend. Chief of all, and not overcome until within a recent period, was the strong popular preference for the established English wares, necessitating a continual improvement in the quality and selection of domestic goods, and this, too, at a time when the British manufacturers, in their efforts to control the American market, resorted to repeated lowering of their selling prices, compelling corresponding reductions in home wares made at far higher cost.

This rivalry with the British producers was not without its good effects, for there is no question but that it stimulated the invention of the potters, and aroused the spirit which has caused the remarkable development of the industry in the short period over which its interests virtually extend, for although coarse wares were manufactured one hundred and forty years ago, the production of white goods can not be said to have commenced until within the last thirty years.

It must be conceded, however, that the forty per cent. tariff of 1861 gave the American potters the strongest incentive to compete with foreign manufacture, and the opportunity to resist British efforts to control the trade.

There are now eight hundred potteries in the United States, the total products of which supply fifty per cent. of the wares annually consumed, the chief centres of the industry being Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, and East Liverpool, in Ohio.

The former city offered peculiar attrac-

TRENTON AND ITS POTTERIES.

tions to the potter, both from its railways and canals connecting it with the great cities of the Union, and its nearness to mines of the raw material. West and southwest lie the coal, kaolin, spar, and quartz mines of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and eastward the fire and white clays of New Jersey.

The clays of Ohio, Missouri, and Indiana, and abundance of fuel, have built up East Liverpool, making it the ceramic centre of the West. For thirty years it has been engaged in the manufacture of the ordinary Rockingham and yellow wares, furnishing the greater portion of the two million dollars' worth annually produced in this country. It was not until 1873 that white ware of any description engaged the attention of the Liverpool potters: to-day white granites, semi-chinas, and "cream-color" are manufactured in fourteen thriving establishments, and one or two firms are experimenting in china.

A two hours' ride from New York by rail takes one to Trenton, in point of production the principal seat of ceramic manufacture in the United States. As the train whirls rapidly along, and enters the suburbs of the town, one catches a glimpse of groups of substantial new buildings, whose ruddy flame-crowned cones proclaim that the great industry is striking its roots outward from the centre with its crowded factories and its network of railways and canals.

Reaching the southern or eastern portion of the city, one is surrounded by telling signs of the peculiar activity which has appropriately given this region its title of the "Staffordshire of America." On every side may be seen smoking chimneys and kilns looming above tall modern factories, or long, low, weather-stained buildings, lumbering carts filled with raw material, and drays piled high with casks and crates of finished ware.

The freight trains come, with their tonnage of spars, quartz, clays, and coals from north, south, east, and west; and lazily from the southward along the winding waterways float the slow, mule-drawn canal-boats that lend a dreamy old-time aspect to the scene, which is not lessened by the knowledge that rising around us

THE CRUSHER. SLIP-ROOM. DRAWING THE PRESS.

are the symbols of an industry so ancient as to be prehistoric, though so little modified by centuries of development that it has not discarded, but merely improved, the block, the mould, the shaper, the oven, and the potter's wheel of the earliest times.

We are suddenly brought back to the stirring present by the lively sounds of bells and steam-whistles announcing that the noon hour is ended, and by the appearance of a troop of very modern lads and lasses hurrying to the "works." Let us enter with them.

Work has already begun, for as the gate swings open to admit us, the soft hum of machinery is heard, and in the yard men are busy loading and wheeling away barrows of heavy stones, which prove to be massive quartz and feldspar.

These bluish-white translucent rocks are the quartz, mined on the shores of the Susquehanna, in Maryland; this feldspar, flesh-tinted, and occasionally stained with red, was mined in Maine. Both are important ingredients of our finest wares. Kaolin, if used alone, would produce a body characterized by porosity and want of strength, to remedy which quartz and feldspar are added; these minerals, under certain conditions of combination and heat, fuse, and bind the whole into a dense, sonorous, and partially vitrified body; but both must first be subjected to calcination to render them friable, or easily crushed.

Step into the mill-room of the pottery, and take a look at the great iron cylinder crushers, which, as they steadily revolve on their heavy axes, grind the calcined spar or quartz to a dry powder by contact with French flints or pebbles. You will not desire to stay long, for the noise is deafening, and then one sees literally nothing of the process. This is not the case in another department, where the grinding is done in water. Here one can trace the progress of the calcined mineral from the stony lump to the purified white powder.

First it is thrown into a circular stone trough, and crushed into coarse powder by two millstones that chase each other around and around like massive wheels; then it is shovelled into the tubs of the burr-mills, and mingling with the water to a milky white fluid, is swept with ceaseless whirl till fine enough to flow down into the wooden troughs below. There it lies for a few minutes, depositing its sand and coarser particles; then the finer white fluid flows into wooden receptacles still lower down, where in thirty hours it will become so hard that it must be dug out in blocks for drying in the kilns.

Up to certain stages in these and other operations everything seems to depend on continuous motion; so tenacious are the materials in course of preparation that a few minutes' stoppage would entail great loss of time and labor.

Kaolin undergoes its first preparation at the mines. Unfortunately much of the American clay is obtained in so prim-

itive a manner that the brands are not always reliable, thus frequently entailing great disaster to the potter, and causing him in desperation to turn to the English clays, which may always be depended upon, and can be laid down in New York more cheaply than our own.

Analyses have proved American kaolins to be both richer and finer than foreign clays. Explorations disclose inexhaustible beds in every section of the land. Granted enterprise, knowledge, and honest dealing on the part of the mine proprietors, and the day is not distant when, instead of importing, the Americans will be exporting kaolins.

THROWING AND TURNING.

But to return to the pottery. The spar and quartz have passed the ordeals of fire and water and grinding; the kaolin has been crushed and washed at the mines; but none of these are yet pure enough to undergo the simple processes which shall transmute them into the strong yet fragile, delicate yet imperishable, stone chinas or porcelains of the day.

In the "slip-room" are three great wooden cisterns half filled with a creamy liquid, which is being constantly driven around, as cream is whirled in a rotary churn, by upright armed shafts. This creamy liquid is the "slip," which will form the body of the ware: it is merely the kaolin, quartz, and feldspar suspended in water. When sufficiently incorporated and even, it will be allowed to flow down into the large cisterns in the story below.

Here it is still whirling, whirling, but filtering off slowly into the fine silk sieves of the purifier. These, as they spring back and forth with regular motion, retain the sand, spangles of mica, or other impurities, allowing only the delicate argillaceous liquid to filter through.

Thence it passes to vats in the cellar below, where it is still agitated to prevent its settling in a thick tenacious mass. We next see it taken from the bags of the hydraulic presses, whither it has been conveyed by pipes through the cellar. Deprived of its water, it is now a pale nankeen-colored dough. Passing the store-room, one may see it piled in great masses ready for use.

MOULDS.

Now we shall see something of life and motion in the large room where the "wedgers" and "throwers" are standing before their blocks and lathes, each with his assistant, generally a boy or girl.

A barrow-load of this nankeen-colored clay has just been brought in. The "wedger" takes a lump of, say, twenty pounds' weight, lays it on the kneading

THE BATTER.

block before him, cuts it in two perpendicularly by means of a strong-handled wire; then dexterously swinging one half high in the air, brings it down with a thud on the other.

Again he cuts it, now horizontally, throws the under half up at arm's-length, and brings it down vigorously on the upper, repeating the operation until all the air is expelled, and the clay is ready for "throwing," or moulding.

The young potter throws a lump of clay on the disk before him, and sets it in motion. Whir, whir, goes the hidden mystic wheel. Fast and faster flies the disk, and the flying clay, controlled by his guiding hand, rises and swells, flares, and falls into lines of beauty. It seems as if the magic of all the centuries gathers in his touch, for while we gaze come tapering base, slender neck, and drooping rim, and, lo! the vase is finished.

The application of steam as a motor to the potter's wheel, increasing its capacity twenty-five per cent., was first successfully made in America. Its use is almost universal, though hand-power, as a matter of convenience, is still utilized in certain branches of ceramic manufacture in both large and small potteries.

Bottles, jars, cups, bowls, boxes—indeed, all articles of simple circular form—may be accurately and rapidly "thrown"; but watch this cup-maker, and you will see how the use of a mould, taking the place of the disk on the spindle of the "wheel," will insure greater certainty and uniformity of size. The plaster mould fits into a metal top called the "jigger-head"; a lump of clay is thrown into its cup-shaped hollow; as the mould revolves a few simple touches of the hand shape it to the sides and bottom, and in an instant it is ready to go to the store-room, where it will soon "set" sufficiently for burnishing.

Fifty or sixty dozen may be made in a single day by a man and his assistant; add to this a simple mechanical contrivance called the "pull-down"—a piece of steel which takes the place of the potter's hand—and one hundred dozen will be the result.

Up and down the long rooms wherever we go are hanging shelves filled with the "green" and drying wares, and on either side are rows of busy workmen. What are these doing? Making plates and dishes. That sturdy lad pounding the clay into sheets is the "batter." Now the batter takes the sheet, deftly throws it over an inverted plate mould, hands it to the plate-maker, who trims the edges with his finger, places it on the disk, and sets the wheel in motion; the "profile," a small pearl china tool held in the potter's hand, barely touching the whirling clay, smooths the surface, and cuts out a clean edge and lower rim, the plate being then ready for the stove-room.

Burnishing is accomplished in a similar manner by placing the plate, still on the

MOULDING-ROOM.

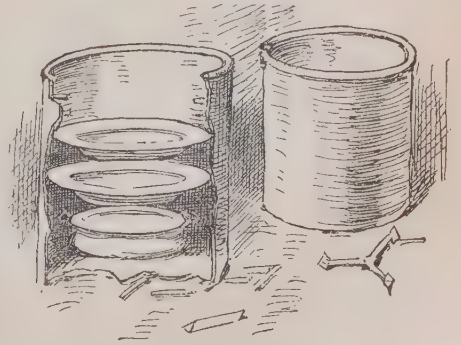
mould, when it has "set" in the "stove-room," upon the disk, and holding a bit of smooth china in contact with its surface while it revolves. It is then set away to dry for "burning."

In the mould-room we find again the long array of hanging shelves, on which at least half of the ware has changed to a dull white, and seems ready for the kiln, but we miss the whir and excitement that reign below. The batters, however, are full of life, and continue pounding, and supplying the moulders with sheets of clay. These sheets are pressed gently into the hollow moulds, which are usually in two parts, and are made of plaster, a material that rapidly absorbs their moisture. As soon as the clay fits into all the cavities the two halves are brought together, the exuding clay trimmed off, and the piece laid aside to set, or shrink; the mould is then easily removed, the seams of the jug or dish smoothed with a damp cloth, and the handles attached, when it is ready to join its neighbors on the drying-shelves.

The color of the "green" or freshly made ware is a delicate faded olive or pea green, which gradually becomes a dull dead white, at which time it is quite ready for the biscuit kiln, where it undergoes its first burning, and becomes a brilliant white dense body.

Passing to and fro are a number of jaunty young fellows carrying trays and boards full of ware to the kiln-rooms, where groups of men are arranging them in curious clay boxes, called "seggars." They are charging the kiln, that is to say, packing it with ware for burning. The cup seggars are shallow, holding but one row of cups, which must stand each on its bottom, or foot, for burning; the plate seggars are deep enough to hold a dozen or more, every plate being supported from underneath its rim by three clay pins projecting from the sides of the seggar.

Look inside the great kiln that towers fifty feet into the air; it is almost "charged." One above another, reaching nearly to the inner roof, the seggars are piled in slender columns, with small spaces between each column for the passage of flame and smoke.



SECTION OF SEGGARS.

The crevices of the clay boxes are carefully sealed with bands of fire-clay, for the merest touch of sulphurous gas or smoke would tarnish the bright white ware.

The last column is now piled within the kiln, the great iron door closed and luted round with clay, and every crevice stopped. It is already evening, with shadows deepening into night; the fires are started in the surrounding furnaces; they crackle and roar, the smoke of their burning issuing in volumes from the top.

One by one the lights that have been flitting to and fro are extinguished, the workmen are all leaving save two, who from time to time during the night will feed the fiery furnace mouths that already begin to cast their glare across the darkness.

We have followed the crude material to its first burning, one of the most important stages of the manufacture, for on its success largely depends the after-character of the ware. The biscuit must be fired just so as to obtain its full contraction, else the glaze, however perfect in proportion, will inevitably crack, or "craze."

The preparation of the glaze is quite as important, for it is composed of materials subject to great contraction, namely, quartz-feldspar, Paris white, borax, and a little lead.

These, with the exception of the latter article, are "fritted" or melted in an oven till they run like molasses; they then harden, and are crushed and ground in water. Having lost much of their contractility, they are now ready to coat the ware, and will fuse and harden on the biscuit without "crazing."

Once more it is morning, and we visit another pottery, arriving in time to witness one of the most stirring events of the day, "the drawing of the kiln."

CHARGING A KILN.

DRAWING A KILN.

Fifty hours the great dragon mouths of the furnaces at its base have been belching flames and heated gases into its sealed interior; forty hours ago they ceased, the fires dying out in ashes. The massive door is open; mounted on ladders within are several young men handing down seggars to their companions below, who pass them outside to the men on the platform near the kiln steps. The ware is turned out, exquisitely white and brilliantly polished.

Piles and piles of dishes and strings of cups are delivered to a little company of lads, who bustle off with them to the group of girls standing in the doorway of the room yonder, from which there soon proceeds a musical click click, click click, for the ware rings like the bells on the tower of Nankin.

The ware is now ready for enamelling or painting overglaze.

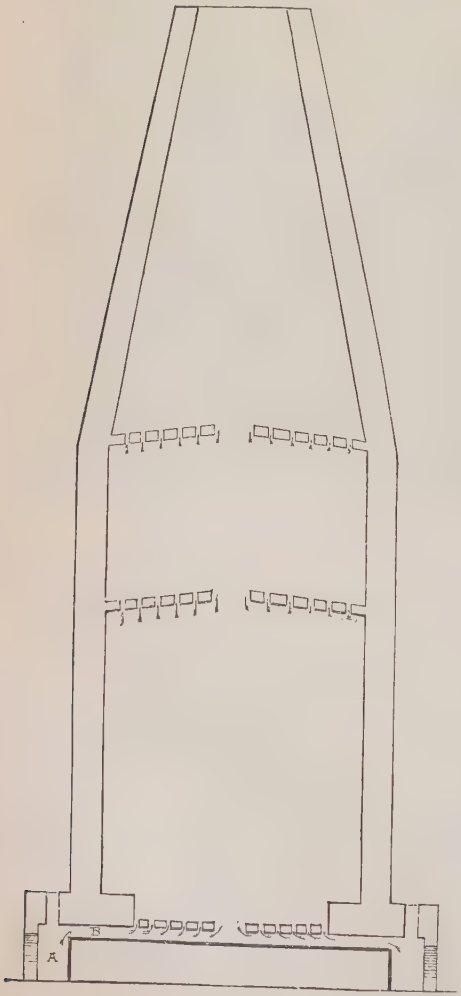
In the decorating departments we find a number of men and women beautifying the biscuit or the glazed ware, some painting or printing, others enamelling and laying on bands of color.

Here is a lad "lining" a pitcher with gold; it stands firmly on a wooden disk which he revolves with his left hand, while his right holds a brush charged with color just near enough to touch the whirling form and leave upon it a line of reddish-brown, which fire and burnishing will transmute into gold.

Yonder are the "burnishers" rubbing the fired lines with blood-stones—easy and pleasant work, if we may judge by the merry way in which the girls laugh and chatter.

Here groundworks and bands of color are being laid on—a simple operation of dusting dry color on a prepared surface lined off on the vessel. In the enamel kiln this will fuse into a lovely, smooth, tinted surface. The young girls on the other side of the room are decorating a toilet set; a pattern lies before them, from which they are copying the colors to fill in the outlines printed on the pieces: this is called "filled-in-print" decoration.

Further on a young man is skillfully etching out of the solid color on the body of a pitcher a pretty design of an artist's palette with pencils, and sprays of delicate grasses. And here are some flowers very gracefully and freely painted by hand. One can say little, however, of the coloring, for the tints shown at the present stage are in no way indicative of what they will be after they pass the ordeal of the enamel kiln.



SECTION OF KILN.

Here come two or three trays loaded with completely finished wares; let us see how they have come through the last burning.

This dinner service, called the "Yeddo," with its quaint forms and "all-over" daisy pattern painted in deep underglaze blue heightened by gold, is at once clear, dark, and brilliant, and wonderfully well defined, considering the intense heat which the color requires—a heat in which not less than half the pieces are destroyed.

A dozen plates for the Governor's wife show a broad band of mazarine blue around the rim, with a decoration in relief of white enamel over a chevron pattern of gold. But lovelier still are these hand-cut basket-edged plates with rims and pierced edges in gold: the inner surface of this one shows a deep mazarine blue relieved by a group of yellow marigolds; this other, a pale canary ground with sprays of forget-me-nots in delicate blue.

These quaint canettes are pretty, with their gilded edges, colored bodies, and foot-lines in black. More original and decidedly American in suggestion and design is a toilet called the "Bullion," in a fine, satiny-glazed semi-china; the wide-mouthed ewer with neck and handle powdered in gold seems to issue from a bag shirred and tied up with a carelessly knotted string; the leather-color of the bag and the scattered gold favor the conceit of a pitcher issuing from a sack of the precious metal.

As an illustration of the higher channels toward which the industry in Trenton is tending, the artistic department of one of the large potteries is specially interesting. Here one is at once attracted by a magnificent bust of Cleopatra in Parian, heroic size, the paste in which it is cast being hard, compact, and fine as the purest marble. A pair of vases standing near by illustrate the national sport of base-ball. On the circular pedestal at the foot of each vase stand three lithe, graceful figures, full of action, and embodying the American ideal of manly beauty. The various

GLAZE-ROOM.

attributes of the game, skillfully disposed, form the body of the vase and the decoration. A pastoral vase, with a relief design of goats and nymph dancing to a piping satyr, is harmonious in form and detail; so also are two pairs of vases in ivory porcelain, one light blue, Etruscan in form, and decorated with wreaths of flowers; the other, black vases, twenty-two inches in height, relieved by gold, and ornamented by storks cut and shaded out of the black body.

The "ivory porcelain" of this pottery is substantially the same body produced in a dozen other Trenton factories, and called variously semi-china, stone porcelain, and American china, all possessing the dense, fine-grained, semi-vitreous biscuit, and exquisite glazes that make them equal in appearance and superior in durability to French and English china.

Another highly important branch of ceramic industry is also carried on in Trenton, the manufacture of sanitary or plumbers' ware, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth being annually shipped to New York, Boston, San Francisco, and other ports.

Formerly all this ware was made in England, patterns being sent out there; a year elapsed before the orders were finished, firms frequently being obliged to send over plumbers to explain them. American plumbers' ware has now completely superseded the English in our market, not only because it is made more quickly, but because it is superior in body, glaze, and design.

By far the greater proportion of the $4,000,000 worth of wares produced annually in the United States are sold undecorated, their market being made simply on their merits of shape, body, and glaze. That these are superior to the foreign in every grade, from the ordinary Rockingham to the finest stone porcelain, may be seen by comparing specimens from the different countries.

The yellow and Rockingham wares of East Liverpool in form, body, and glaze are greatly superior to the British; the "cream-color," white granite, and stone porcelains will be found to excel those of the French and English not only in fineness of body, permanence and beauty of glaze, but in lightness and elegance of form.

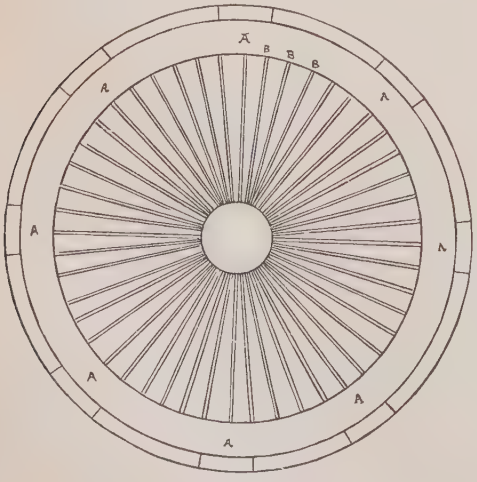
The pride of Trenton is her stone porcelains, which can not be distinguished from French china except by holding them to the light. A beautiful dinner service in this ware, executed for an English order from Oxford, shows thin, gracefully handled oval dishes, platters and plates with

delicate desserts, decorated by bands of ivory heightened with gold, medallions, and sprays of flowers in colored enamels. A tea-service in underglaze blue and gold, and desserts in acid-etched work, also show the decorative capabilities of the American ware.

In stone porcelains America leads the world, but no extensive progress has yet been made in true porcelain. Excellent ware was manufactured in Trenton as early as 1853, a rustic pitcher and some covered dishes of that period showing a fine, hard, translucent body and excellent glaze. Like all the earlier porcelain ventures in this country, the Trenton enterprise failed for lack of popular appreciation and demand.

There are now hard or true porcelain manufactories in New York, New Jersey, and Ohio; at a pottery in the first-mentioned State we find, if we may quote from the official report of M. Ch. de Bussy, "a porcelain second to none in quality of paste and hardness of glaze." Most of the articles are double-thick for hotel use, but many charming services are delicately thin and translucent.

China of considerable excellence was produced in America previous to the Revolutionary war, but its manufacture met many discouragements. The quality of the materials could not be relied upon, and the workmen employed were generally foreigners, not always competent to perform the work for which they had engaged; besides this, commercial obstacles met the new enterprise at every point.



SECTION OF PORCELAIN KILN.

The lapse of time did not, it seems, furnish the potter with either reliable workmen or American clay with which to produce with certainty china equal to that of Europe. This fact led the late David Haviland, an American merchant, to visit Europe, and fifty years ago he located his pottery in Limoges, France, being attracted by the excellence of the kaolin found in the vicinity.

Mr. Haviland organized a training-school, for which he engaged competent instructors. The pupils from this school soon proved his most efficient assistants, and under his guidance they produced forms of such excellence that the potters of other nations almost invariably copied any new dish designed in the American potter's studio in Limoges.

While this is the case, one finds plates made in the Limoges pottery the decorations for which are from designs by the late Chief Signal Officer of the United States army, Albert J. Myer, and subjects selected from the writings of favorite American authors.

The state dinner service used in the White House by General Grant was made at the Limoges factory, and a set to replace it has recently been finished there. The new service was designed by an American artist, who selected his subjects from note-books used by him during years of an eventful life of travel and adventure in our country. Entirely new shapes were devised, and for nearly every course twelve characteristic drawings were made, illustrative of American flora and fauna, and objects which could be made to serve appropriately in connection with the course for which the dish or plate was intended; for instance, the ice-cream platter and plate are made in the semblance of an Indian snow-shoe, which Lord Dunraven, the hunter-naturalist, specifies as one of the three articles believed to be beyond improvement (the birch-bark canoe and the violin being the other two articles). The after-dinner plate is derived from a curious Indian plate captured by General Custer. The form of the fruit plate has for its original the leaf of the wild apple-tree. One of this series is decorated with a painting of two cub bears feasting upon huckleberries that have been abandoned by a youthful picker, who has gone home without his hat. The after-dinner coffee-cup, an admirable example of the pot-

SOUP, FISH, FRUIT, COFFEE, AND TEA DISHES, FOR THE NEW WHITE HOUSE SET.

ter's art, is taken from a joint of bamboo, a sprout and leaves of which form the handle. The soup plate is unlike the generally accepted dish for this course, and has for its original the flower of the mountain laurel. These specimens will serve to give a general idea of the originality and character of this new American service, some of the pieces of which have been pronounced by foreign critics to be "the handsomest ever made in china"; and the potters of Trenton believe that every prominent member of the craft in the United States will feel encouraged by the work, which, although the china was produced in France, they regard as essentially American, and likely to eventuate in the advancement of the pottery interest of our country.

Faience and majolica are also engaging the attention of potters in Ohio and New York.

For years to come the importations of plain and decorated porcelain, faience, and majolica must retain and perhaps slightly increase their present figures, effort as yet being limited in these directions. Enough has been done, however, to prove that there is in store for America a complete ceramic independence of the countries that now supply her with the finest wares, since she possesses both the inventive genius and unlimited supplies of the best raw material.

North, south, east, and west lie inexhaustible beds of the richest kaolins in the world, endless stores of pipe, potters', ball, and fire clays, and unnumbered mines of massive quartz and feldspar.

In addition to these are mines of lithomarge in Tennessee; pools or reservoirs of moist brown, black, blue, gray, red, and yellow clays in Wyoming; treasures of tinted earths in Alabama and Ohio; and beds of pink, yellow, and white kaolins in Southern Illinois.

The United States Potters' Association, formed in Trenton in 1875 for the purpose of procuring regularly the statistics of the home and foreign trade, and providing for an interchange and diffusion of scientific and practical information to the profession in all its branches, has effected much in the late rapid development of the industry. The association, now comprising fifty-three firms, has founded a Free Evening School of Design at Trenton, to which those employés may be sent who evince a talent for drawing, modelling, or decoration.

FIRE AT JENNINGS'S CLOTHING STORE, BROADWAY, APRIL 25, 1854.

THE OLD NEW YORK VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.

[Second Paper.]

I.

THE symbol of the old Volunteer Fire Department of the city of New York was the figure of a fireman holding in his brawny arms a child whom he had rescued from the flames. It was an emblem not less true than beautiful, yet many an old fireman does not recall a single instance of a comrade's saving anybody's life. Mr. Carlisle Norwood remembers but one case. Mr. Theodore Keeler remembers none at all. Nor does Mr. Peter R. Warner, who adds, however, that "any human being would exert himself to save a fellow-creature's life, and I am sure that if I had gone into a house and saved a woman or child, I should have dismissed the subject from my mind in a month. If a fireman could save life he would do so, and not think much about it afterward." Mr. Michael Eichell, once an engineer in the Department, and for twenty-four years in actual service there, does not remember a single case in which a fireman saved a human life. Mr. Harry Howard, ex-Chief Engineer, says that "firemen often saved lives, but they are too modest to talk about it," yet he remembers only two instances: "J. R. Mount, recently a messenger in the Department of Public Buildings, saved the lives of a woman and child at a fire at No. 89 Bowery, a furniture establishment. The Common Council voted him a silver pitcher as a testimonial. I don't care to speak of myself, but I remember that at the fire in Jennings's clothing store, No. 231 Broadway, after the roof had fallen in and killed thirteen firemen, I heard a boy shouting from the second story, 'Save me! save me!' I went up and found him wedged in, surrounded by a part of the fallen roof, an iron safe, and a wall. Many years afterward, when a rich merchant of San Francisco—his name was S. A. Van Praag—he called at my house, and, as I was out, left his card, inscribed with the words, 'The boy that

you saved from Jennings's fire.'" Mr. John A. Cregier describes Mount's performance as a most heroic act—the most remarkable instance he remembers of a fireman's saving life. The ladder being too short, it was put upon a hogshead, Mount ascended to the fourth floor, helped a woman out of the window and down the ladder—a most difficult feat—and fainted when at last he saw her safe. Another old fireman, who is unwilling to have his name mentioned, says that on the Fourth of July, 1831, he saved a child from a burning building. "Soon after we reached the place with the engine, a mother came rushing down stairs, shrieking that her baby was left behind. I immediately hurried up stairs, took the infant from its cradle on the second floor, descended with it amid considerable smoke, and handed it to her." This old fireman never told the deed to any one but the members of his own family, and he is unwilling at this late day to set up as a hero. His many friends would be surprised if they heard his name. He is one of the most prominent capitalists in the city of New York. In the voluminous manuscript minutes of Engine No. 13, in five large folio volumes, dating back as far as the 9th of November, 1791, and continuing until the 8th of June, 1847, there is not a solitary record of a fireman's saving anybody's life. Of the almost as voluminous manuscript records of Engine No. 21 the same observation is true. After a careful reading of both series of minutes I have failed to find even the mention of such heroism. The minutes of Engine No. 5 and of Engine No. 42 tell the same story so far as I have been able to discover them. Yet the well-known symbol of the fireman with a saved child in his arms which stands in white marble upon the top of the Firemen's Monument in Greenwood Cemetery, which formerly stood over the façade of Firemen's Hall in Mercer Street, and above the entrance

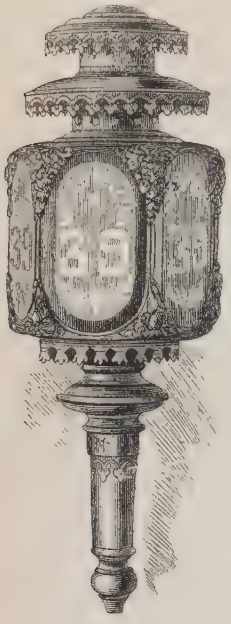
FIREMEN'S HALL.

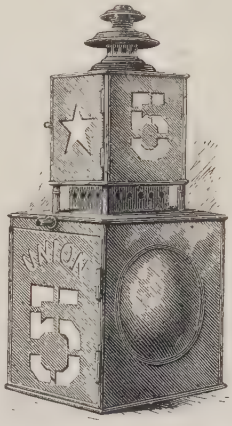
to Engine No. 2's house in Eldridge Street, and which in varied forms graces the engraved pictures on firemen's certificates and ball tickets, is appropriate in the highest degree. It represents the readiness of brave men to become the saviors of their fellows, and the modesty which in song and story has so often been the accompaniment of valor.

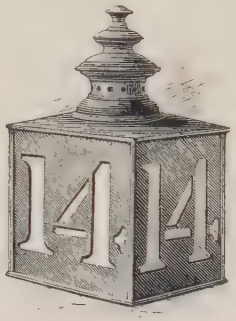
II.

New-Yorkers who recall the many street fights in which firemen were the participants about the time of the disbandment

of the old Volunteer Fire Department need not therefore suppose that the firemen were notoriously disorderly in earlier years. The minutes of the companies previous to the year 1830 are remarkably free from reports of pugilistic encounters. Indeed, the first entry of the kind that has come to the observation of the present writer is dated July 9, 1830, in the books of Engine No. 21, and reads as follows: "A complaint against the riotous conduct of boys from the neighboring engine-houses after alarms of fire, and request that a stop might be put to it," the boys, of course, being not members of the companies, but only "runners" with the engines. The well-kept minutes of Engine No. 13 contain not a line of record of firemen coming to blows with each other until the 12th of June, 1831, when that company was probably at least forty years old. The occasion of the disturbance was a fire in a brick building in Dutch Street, occupied as a bakery by J. and A. Wilson. "We were on the ground in good season," writes the secretary, "and played the first water on the fire from the head of a line from a plug, then from a cistern in the rear, and finally from the river in the watch line, No. 11 at the dock into No. 13, at which place we were *overrun*, and as usual shamefully abused by the members of Engine No. 12, several of our men being struck by them." The words "as usual" do not point, of course, to a notable previous condition of amity between companies Twelve and Thirteen, but this was the first time that anything worth writing down seems to have occurred.







ENGINE AND HOSE LAMP AND LANTERNS.

The two companies were necessarily rivals, No. 13 keeping its engine in Duane Street near William Street, and No. 12 its engine in William Street near Duane, so that whenever a fire alarm sounded, the struggle for precedence on the way to the scene of the conflagration was hot and vigorous. On their way to a fire up town the two engines usually met at the corner of Roosevelt and Pearl streets, and when, as was often the case, the arrival at the hydrant or cistern was almost simultaneous, a conflict was the natural result. These rivals thus came to hate each other most cordially, and a single blow was enough to produce the explosion of a good deal of combustible matter. In like manner Engines Nos. 14 and 5 were rivals, and on their way to an uptown fire would encounter each other in front of the *Tribune* building, and begin the contest for superiority in speed, and for the possession of the desired hydrant, fire-plug, cistern, or dock, as the case might be. Engines 1, 23, and 6, on the

TWEED'S FIRE HAT.

way from their respective houses, would often meet at the corner of Chatham and Pearl streets, and begin their contest, and Engines 40 and 15 at the junction of Centre and Chatham streets, in front of the site now occupied by the *Staats-Zeitung* building. Engines 6 and 8 had many a lusty struggle. "Tweed was foreman of Six Engine then," says an old fireman, "and crowds and crowds of people would congregate at Chatham Square to see 'Big Six' and Eight Engine coming down town. Eight lay in Ludlow Street, and came down Grand, through the Bowery; Six lay in Gouverneur Street, and came through East Broadway, and thence into Chatham Square; and when they met, the excitement was intense and the cheering furious as one or the other engine gained in speed." Engines 41 and 8 also were hearty rivals. All old firemen will recall the contests in which these companies were chronic participants, and will remember, too, how often and how naturally the struggles led to blows. "When did fighting begin, do you ask?" said an old fireman: "it began at the time the Department was organized, in 1798, and earlier, and continued till its disbandment. Two companies would reach simultaneously the same hydrant, for example, and would fight for the possession of it." It was only fighting with fists, though, in the earlier days. There were no pistols, no knives, no maimings, no deaths, as in the period subsequent, say, to the year 1850, when the decline of the Department began.

III.

The old volunteer fireman had a real affection for the "machine," and was fond of recording with pride the instances in which she behaved herself with distinction. "Our engine worked unusually well this morning," wrote the secretary of company Forty-one, on December 15, 1825, "and the members were in fine glee.

FIRE DEPARTMENT BANNER.

Forty-one sucked on Twenty-five during the whole time of the Fire, tho' she, Twenty-five, was almost continually overrunning. We gave Twenty-eight a very good supply." On that occasion the fire was in Thompson Street near Broome, and the water was drawn from the North River by means of fourteen engines in line, one engine pumping into another, through two hundred feet of hose. Forty-one Engine pumped out her water faster than Twenty-five Engine could pump it into her, consequently, as the slang was, Forty-one Engine "sucked on" Twenty-five Engine—a result which was considered a grand trophy to the prowess of the men who were pumping Forty-one Engine, and a corresponding disgrace to the men who were pumping Twenty-five En-

gine. Moreover, the engine next below Twenty-five Engine was pumped so vigorously as to give Twenty-five Engine more water than the latter could pump out. Consequently the latter "was almost continually overrunning" her sides, and was still further disgraced thereby.

It is easy to understand the readiness of the volunteer fireman to spend his money on the decoration of his engine. He liked to see her look well. He always spoke of her in the feminine gender. Engine Thirteen was silver-plated at a very great expense, and many minor charges for her ornamentation are entered in the minutes of her company. As early as the year 1825, Forty-one Engine was regularly "washed with fresh water" after doing service at a fire. On December 14, 1829, "a Motion Was made and Carried that the Painting Committee have power to settle with Mr. Effy, the Dutchman, for his design"—probably of a picture painted on the back of the engine, behind her condenser case. It was usual to decorate the backs handsomely. So fond were the firemen of painting their own engines to suit themselves, that the city was in the habit of painting a new engine a temporary dull lead or a gray, and leaving to the company the function of choosing the permanent color, and of paying for putting it on. Not only so, but a "building committee" was often appointed by and from a company to superintend the construction of a new engine. Such a committee appointed by company Thirteen reported on the 8th of November, 1820, how "they have thought it expedient to adopt several improvements which alone can be tested by experience, and hope that time will manifest their utility. For that of the Roller arms—a plan promising great advantage—they must credit their associate Mr. Delano for suggesting. They likewise feel themselves indebted to Mr. G. C. Aycrigg for the piece of ornamental Brass which supports the leader, being a piece of his own device and ingenious workmanship. It eminently contributes to ornament the machine, and they trust the Company will duly appreciate its value." And on the 4th of June, 1823, this company passed a resolution as follows:

"That the body of the Engine be painted Black [with the $90 raised by subscription for the purpose], and the strip of gilding to remain as before, with the addition of a Leaf border."

Six years afterward another engine was obtained from the city by the same company, and decorated, as usual, by themselves, as witness the following entry:

"*Dec.* 2, 1829.—This morning most of the members met at the Corporation Yard for the purpose of taking our new Engine to the House. We rec^{d} her about 11 o'Clock, & from that time until dark we received visitors at the Engine House. Hundreds of persons called in the course of the day, & appeared much pleased with their visit—indeed, for splendor & magnificence, both as regards her Painting, Gilding, Plating, & Carving, she never will probably be equalled."

Who could have doubted it?

Not the engine only, but the engine-house as well, was the object of a pride which recked little of expense.

The funds necessary to meet these constantly recurring expenses of repairing and decorating the engines and engine-houses were provided for in two ways: first, by special subscriptions from the members; and secondly, by fines incurred through violations of the by-laws and constitutions.

A foreigner present at the regular or special business meetings of almost any one of the old volunteer fire companies might have been excused for supposing that a principal function of those organizations was the imposition of fines. The word "fined" occurs on well-nigh every page of the not always very legible documents that describe the festivities of those occasions, the proceeds of the fining being used also to "defray the expenses" of the annual supper, and to provide for the widows and orphans of former members. The by-laws of Clinton Fire Company, No. 41, adopted November 7, 1823, provided that the foreman and assistant foreman should be fined one dollar for each neglect "impartially to enforce all laws that shall be adopted by the company," and that the treasurer should be fined one dollar for each neglect to "render a true statement of the funds when requested by the FOREMAN or ASSISTANT." They established a fine of seventy-five cents for every neglect of a member "to repair after the engine to the fire," when, on arriving at the engine-house in obedience to an alarm, he found that the engine had already gone. Twenty-five cents was the fine for coming "direct from home without his FIRE-CAP," and for not coming to order "when called to order from the Chair." Fifty cents was

the fine for absence from a regular or special meeting of the company, and twelve and a half cents for not answering to his name at roll-call, "except he be within sight of the Engine House during the call," though "sickness or death in the FAMILY is a sufficient excuse to clear him of the above fines." If he left the meeting without first obtaining leave of the chairman, he was fined fifty cents. "No POLITICS," reads Article 12, "shall be introduced at any meeting of this Company. Any member being found guilty of the same, or of improper behavior, using indecent language, profane swearing, or being intoxicated with liquor during business, or at any time when the COMPANY is together, shall pay a fine of ONE DOLLAR." Article 18 enjoins that "when the engine is under way each man shall drag at the rope, and not shove at the ENGINE unells [*sic*] absolutely necessary, under the penalty of TWENTY-FIVE cents, the Foreman and Assistant excepted"; and Article 20 makes it "the duty of every member of this COMPANY to report such Chimney as he knows to have been on fire within forty-eight hours after his knowledge of the same to the FOREMAN or one of the persons appointed to receive the same under the penalty of ONE DOLLAR." As early as the 6th of November, 1794, the fines collected at the annual meeting of company Thirteen, at Hunter's Hotel, amounted to £3 1*s*., there being twenty-three members present.

IV.

The first Chief Engineer of the old Volunteer Fire Department was Thomas Franklin. He was a fireman forty-one years, and a Chief Engineer thirteen years, having been appointed to that office in 1799. He was known among the firemen by the affectionate sobriquet of "Uncle Tommy," and had the reputation of being careful of their lives and health, never giving them an order to enter into danger where he did not lead them. At the time of the great fire in Chatham Street, while attempting to pass from one street to another, both sides of which were swept by flames, he was overcome by the heat, and his clothes took fire. It was necessary to drench them at once by a discharge of water from one of the engines, and the chief was taken home in an exhausted condition. When the Common Council had resolved to issue fractional currency, during the war of 1812, Mr. Franklin was appointed to sign the notes. Millions of dollars' worth received his signature. Having been nominated to the office of Register of the City and County of New York, he was supported by the firemen,

THOMAS FRANKLIN.

and triumphantly elected. During the last visit of General Lafayette to this country, Mr. Franklin was the Chief Marshal at the grand review of the Fire Department in honor of the city's illustrious guest, and received from him the most hearty congratulations.

Among certain manuscripts left by the late Mr. Philip W. Engs, an old fireman, who about twenty years ago was in the habit of reading occasionally before the Association of Exempt Firemen some reminiscences of the old Volunteer Fire Department, I find a quaintly told story of the famous Chief Engineer and one Johnny Ling:

"About this period [1817] there was a personage who chose to identify himself with the Fire Department, familiarly known as Johnny Ling. He was rather weak in intellect, had one blear eye, carried his head one-sided, and walked with a peculiar shack gait. Johnny believed that we were deficient in our appointments in the Department, and so appointed himself 'captain of the leaders.' The firemen in the neighborhood of Broad Street encouraged the whim, and procured him a fire hat with his title painted thereon, and a constable's staff painted in like manner. Thus prepared, you might see him trotting up and down the lines, ordering every one off the leaders [or hose]. He had a fondness for something

CARLISLE NORWOOD.

stronger than water, and often by the time the fire was well under he would be in a trim for sport, and the boys would excite him by treading on the hose, when he would apply his staff to them, and a general *mêlée* was produced, in which Johnny would be moved about with rather uncomfortable rapidity. On one occasion our venerable Chief, Thomas Franklin, who loved pleasantry, stepped on the hose within sight of the 'Captain.' Some roguish fireman told the latter there was a fellow on the leaders. He turned around, exclaiming, 'Get off the leaders, you sir.' 'I won't,' was the prompt reply. 'Then I'll knock you down,' he rejoined. 'Don't you see that I am the Chief Engineer?' said Mr. F. 'I don't care for that; I am the Captain, and you sha'n't stand there. You ain't fit for Chief Engineer if you do so. Come off there.' Our good Chief replied, 'Thee is right, Captain, and I'll obey thy orders. I charge thee to see hereafter that everybody is kept off.' 'There,' says Johnny, 'don't you see that the Chief obeys the Captain? Now, boys, give me some gin.'"

Mr. Eng adds his tribute to "the distinguished character" borne by "our venerated brother Thomas Franklin. There are many now [1858] living who knew that noble philanthropist, and who will remember him to have possessed an influence over the Fire Department, and to have commanded a respect from its members, which has been the lot of no man before or since his day."

Mr. Carlisle Norwood, formerly foreman of Hose Company No. 5, now President of the Lorillard Insurance Company, being asked, "Upon what part of your life as a fireman do you look back with the greatest pleasure?" replied: "Upon the whole of it. I thought there was nothing like being a fireman. I would sooner go to a fire than to a theatre or any other place of amusement. There was no pleasure that equalled that." During his time of service the families of the first citizens were represented in some of the companies. To No. 14 Engine, for example, were attached as volunteers Bishop Hobart's son William, Dr. Hosack's son Edward Pendleton, Mayor Paulding's son Frederick, and Frederick Gibert, now a prominent resident of Fifth Avenue. Many highly respectable Quaker families —the Macys, the Townsends, the Jenkinses, the Haydocks, and others—belonged to the Department, a chief motive for joining being the consequent exemption from the military duty to which they were conscientiously averse. Then, too, many leading merchants were glad to be rid of jury duty. A well-known merchant once served on a jury for fourteen consecutive days, though allowed to go home in the morning, in charge of a deputy-sheriff, to change his shirt and to shave. The sheriff in those times was wont to pick out solid and good men for that service, and such men liked to escape liability to it by entering the ranks of the firemen. Another merchant served three weeks. Apart from these motives were the native love of excitement, and the honorable instincts of loyalty to the city. In 1820, when only eight years old, Mr. Norwood was at the Park Theatre fire, which he remembers distinctly, after the lapse of sixty years.

He remembers also the little tripartite keg hung in front of the engine, marked, "Spirits—Rum—Gin," each word standing over its appropriate compartment. The steward of the company had charge of this keg, and dispensed its contents at fires. In the later days of the Department the intemperance was a crying evil, and as long ago as 1812 the trustees of the Fire Department Fund were moved to ask Company 13 how far, in the latter's judgment, "the important duties of a fireman ought to be committed to men addicted to habitual intoxication."

The famous "Gulick affair," he says, has never been correctly related in print. The Common Council, eight years previously, had caused many resignations of firemen

on account of the way in which that legislative body had treated John P. Bailey, the treasurer of the Department, and the foreman of Twenty-three Engine. Bailey had been insulted by an alderman, had been drawn into an altercation with him, and had in consequence been dismissed the force without a hearing. The memory of that indignity was fresh in the minds of the firemen at a fire at Avenue C and Third Street in 1836, when the news was circulated that the Common Council had removed Chief Engineer Gulick. The fact was that at a caucus it had resolved to remove him, but the protests of his friends had induced it to reconsider its action. The fire was at its height, when one of the firemen, Mr. Hubbs, who had heard of the first action of the caucus of the Common Council, but was ignorant that they had reconsidered the matter, went up to the Chief, and exclaimed, "Boss, your throat is cut!"

"It isn't possible," replied Gulick.

"Yes, it is," persisted the first speaker; "the Common Council have deposed you."

Gulick at the time was wearing the broad back rim of his hat in front, so as to shield his face from the heat, as was often done at fires. He withdrew a few steps, and then walked down the line silently and gravely, without changing the reversed position of his hat. His demeanor drew the attention of the firemen, one of whom asked the Chief what was the matter.

"I am Chief no longer," responded Gulick; "the Common Council have removed me."

Instantly the news was passed up and down the line, and almost before the appropriate comments had begun, the firemen were taking up their hose and stopping the playing of their engines. Only one company—No. 8—continued throwing water upon the burning buildings, and its hose was cut several times in succession. Gulick meanwhile had retired to his office in Canal Street, and word was sent to Mayor Cornelius W. Lawrence that the conflagration was progressing without hinderance. The situation had become truly alarming, and the safety of the whole city was imperiled. A messenger was dispatched for Gulick, and in a few minutes the late Chief, as the firemen believed him to be, though in reality he had not yet been deposed from the office, was seen walking through the ranks, a fireman on each side of him grasping him by the arm.

At Gulick's solicitation, and upon his assurance that he had not been removed, the firemen resumed their labors, and by-and-by succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Soon afterward, however, Gulick was deposed in earnest, and a general resignation of firemen took place. John Ryker, Jun., who succeeded him as Chief, was a handsome, active officer of commanding personal appearance, and, next to Gulick, the most popular fireman in the city. If he had not accepted the appointment in the circumstances in which it was offered him, he would have been the firemen's choice for that office. But he became at once exceedingly distasteful to them, in spite of his great executive abilities and rare personal worth, and during the next year had a very hard row to hoe. He was succeeded by that admirable officer Cornelius V. Anderson. Gulick in the mean time had been put in nomination for the office of Register, the firemen having gone first to the Democrats, and then to the

JOHN A. CREGIER.

Whigs, who acceded to their desires in the matter, and under whose banner he was triumphantly elected by a majority of 6050, although the Whig party was in a minority. The excitement had been almost unparalleled in intensity, and the electioneering wild. One Sunday morning, for example, the worshippers at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on returning home, were greeted with placards that read:

"Who saved the Cathedral?
James Gulick.
Vote for him for Register."

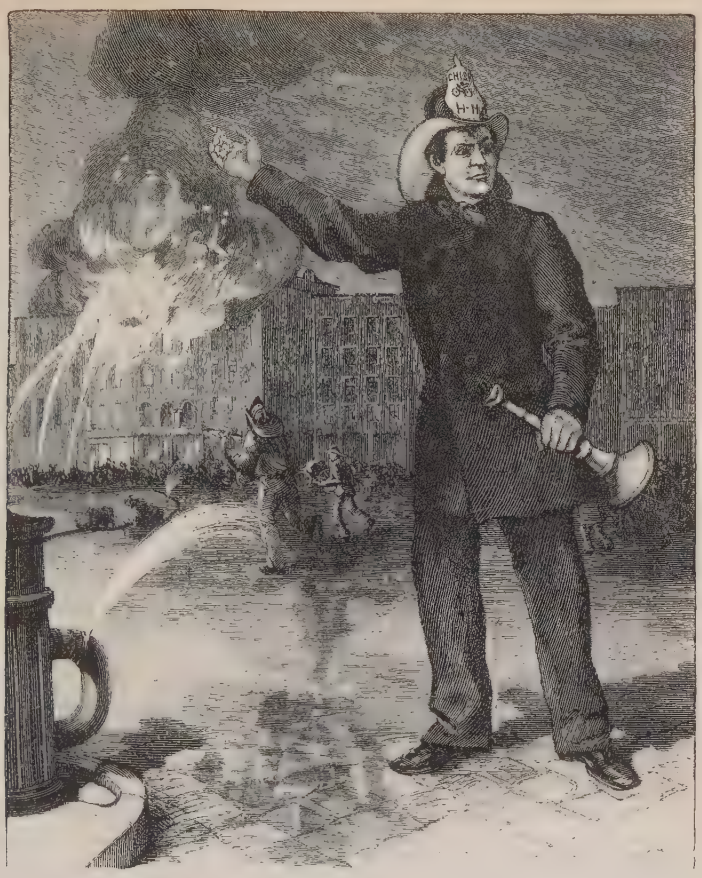
That gallant fireman John A. Cregier, whose distinguished services as foreman

GEORGE W. WHEELER.

and engineer in the old Volunteer Fire Department have told severely upon the vigor of his once most vigorous constitution, was asked the other day whether, if he could live his life over again, he would choose to repeat his experience as a fireman. "Yes, I would," he replied, emphatically; "I would go it all over again. I have often been asked that question—whether, with my present knowledge, I would choose to relive my life as a fireman. Yes, sir, I would. The sight of a fire—the first kindling of the flames in the distance—used to make me glad. I never stopped to think of the misery and destruction that it was causing. My father used to whip me enough to break any boy's heart, and his back too, because I would run with the engine. But it was of no use. What part of my experience as a fireman do I remember with the greatest satisfaction? A great deal of it. Our engineers' meetings were always a source of great pleasure to me; our engineers' and foremen's meetings too, and our meetings of representatives at Firemen's Hall. After the regular business was disposed of there was invariably something lively to attend to; there was always some one to offer a resolution, and open an inspiriting discussion. There was old Harry Mansfield—'Resolution Mansfield' we used to call him, because he always had a resolution to introduce—how much fun he made for us! The representatives of the Department in those days—say thirty years ago—were high-toned men, men of standing, character, and ability, men like Major Wade, Carlisle Norwood, David Milliken, Zophar Mills, Peter H. Titus, John S. Giles, James Y. Watkins. Norwood used to make those walls ring with his eloquence whenever any matter came up affecting the reputation of the Department."

George W. Wheeler is the secretary of the Association of Exempt Firemen. He is as familiar with the history of the old Volunteer Fire Department as any other member, living or dead. As soon as he was big enough to run at all he ran with an engine, and on the 9th of February, 1836, joined Engine Company No. 41. After serving five months he resigned, together with nearly all the other firemen, on account of the removal of Chief Engineer Gulick by the Common Council. In May, 1837, he rejoined his company, upon the election of Cornelius V. Anderson to the position of Chief Engineer. The several companies, at the time of their resignation, had indignantly removed the ornaments from their engines, and in some instances scratched and otherwise injured the paint and pictures. No. 13 had repainted their machine a dull lead-color in order to indicate their indignation. No. 41 had disfigured their machine by frequent scrapings, so that, when the Gulick trouble was over, an entire repainting was necessary.

Mr. Wheeler had some serious accidents during his term of service as a fire-



HARRY HOWARD.—[FROM A PAINTING IN THE CITY HALL.]

man. On one occasion (in 1839) he slipped while about to take hold of the brakes of the engine, was caught under them, and severely struck on the shoulders and across the back. The blow laid him aside for some weeks. About two years afterward he was run over by a hook-and-ladder truck. In 1843, while holding the pipe at a fire at Attorney and Rivington streets, he was ordered to climb over a pile of mahogany logs. The logs tumbled over him, and so badly bruised him that he tried to resign from the company, but the company would not let him. Subsequently he joined the Exempt Engine Company, and was chairman of a committee to negotiate with the insurance companies in reference to receiving from them a steam-engine. The Exempts were the first to agree to try a steam-engine; but while they were making their arrangements, Company No. 8 pushed matters in a similar direction, and won the distinction of being the first New York fire company to use steam.

The last Chief Engineer but one of the old Volunteer Fire Department was Harry Howard, who still lives, his left arm paralyzed, and his health otherwise much impaired. He holds an office connected with the Department of Public Works, and is a familiar figure in the region of the City Hall. He was fifty-eight years old on the 20th of August, 1880. Harry Howard does not know who his father or mother was. A kind-hearted old woman adopted him in infancy, and the Legislature, at his request, gave him his name. While a Chief Engineer, and on his way to a fire in Grand Street, he was suddenly stricken down, in his thirty-fifth year, by an attack of paralysis, which left him permanently crippled, after twenty or more years of most active service as

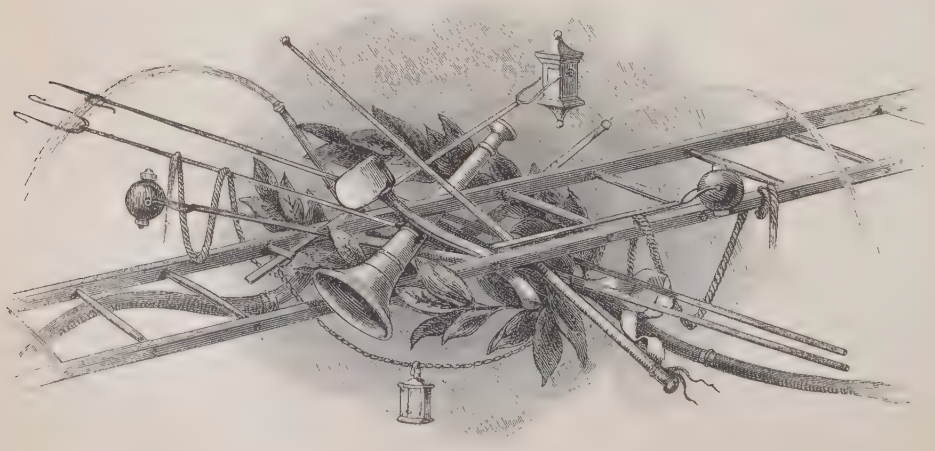
"runner," fireman, foreman, assistant engineer, and Chief, during which he had been the *beau ideal* of the "boys" in the lower wards of the city. His portrait is better known than that of any other old fireman in the city of New York, Tweed's excepted. Asked recently upon what part of his life as a fireman he looked back with the most satisfaction, he replied, quickly and emphatically: "Upon none of it. See this arm of mine [paralyzed and stiff]. That's all I can do with it [lifting his shoulder up and then dropping it]. That's what I got for being a fireman. What can compensate me for that? Nothing. And there was many a man who went to an early grave in Greenwood on account of overexertion as a fireman. Look at the paid firemen to-day. They ride to a fire, and they ride from it again, and they have horses to draw their engines. There's nothing to destroy their health. They are as likely to live long as any other men. But the old volunteers endured the most exhausting hardships in the snow, in the rain, the cold, and the heat, dragging their machines block after block, lifting the heavy hose, running themselves breathless—and all for what? They never got even thanks. All the reward they received was to be accused of joining the Department in order to steal and pillage at fires."

"There was some drinking in the Department, I confess," he continued, "although I never could see that the firemen drank more than the militia did or do now. Getting drunk was not more characteristic of a fireman than of a soldier, and it is a mistake to suppose that it was. But firemen were continually overexerting themselves: men who had wives and children would kill themselves by overwork, and leave their families helpless. Three years before the Paid Fire Department was organized I said that we ought to have it. I was tired of seeing so many good men throw their lives away."

"What did they do it for?"

"I never could understand it, and I don't understand it now. Nobody ever thanked them for their services. Look at my arm—that's all the return I got. There's John A. Cregier, the best man the Fire Department ever produced—the very best man, the finest specimen of a fireman—he's sick too. Overexerted himself, that's all, and now he's suffering for it. We were burying men all the time who died from the same cause. I said that it ought not to be. I was in favor of a paid Fire Department. A volunteer Fire Department is well enough in a village, but not in a city. Yet I notice that with all their facilities—with their telegraphs, their horses, their riding, and their steam—the paid firemen don't get to a fire as quickly as the old volunteers did."

Harry Howard was Chief Engineer for three years. He was an extremely dashing, athletic, and brave fireman. Nothing gave him keener pleasure during the seven years of his assistant engineership than to succeed in outstripping his Chief, the late Alfred Carson, while running to fires, in arriving there before him, and in reaping the consequent reward of being temporarily in supreme command.



WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL BOSTON.

SO long ago as 1719, Daniel Neal, an observant traveller, who ought to be held in high esteem by Massachusetts people, wrote of the New England metropolis: "There are five Printing-Presses in Boston, which are generally full of Work, by which it appears that Humanity and the Knowledge of Letters flourish more here than in all the other English Plantations put together, for in the City of New York there is but one Bookseller's Shop, and in the Plantations of Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, and the Islands, none at all."

Happily humanity and the knowledge of letters are no longer confined to one corner of the country; but notwithstanding the growth of an opinion that Boston and New York are to occupy relatively the positions of Edinburgh and London, the capital of Massachusetts still has a peculiar prestige as the oldest centre of literary culture in the country, causing the eyes of the rest of the Union to turn toward it with a particular interest, a glance compounded of respect and reminiscence with something of insatiable expectancy. The privileged Bostonian, it is true, laughs at Boston in his quiet way. "It is a capital place to live in," said an eminent publisher who has his dwelling there, "because then you can go to New York. But if you live in New York, where *can* you go?" The *mot* epitomizes the sentiment of many among his townsmen; but if they sometimes join in the alien laugh against their "little city," and recognize a degree of smallness and constraint in its general attitude, they also keenly appreciate the other side. So do some of our friends the New-Yorkers. One of the younger New York poets, on visiting Cambridge for the first time, said to me: "We hear a great deal about the failure of Boston to quite appreciate the mental breadth and energy of New York. But with all the admiration I felt for this region before I came here, I find *I* didn't wholly appreciate *it:* there is such a thing as New York Bostonism."

The city of the Puritans has reached the quarter-millennial anniversary of its settlement, yet is still in its youth. How young we comprehend, when we reflect that the men who have given it a world-wide fame in literature within the present century are still nearly all living. A hundred years later than the time of Neal, clerical influence, which had governed in laws, manners, and literature since the

founding of the colony, still prevailed there; but the Liberal Christian or Unitarian movement, which the year 1800 had seen organizing its forces, tended to an active social force, was pervasive in his influence for culture. The upper classes were involved in the passion for a broader intellectual development. La-

THE TICKNOR MANSION, ON PARK STREET.

free minds from the theological traces, and cause them to pass over to new objects of thought. This was what freed imagination, and gave us our poets. In those days Boston village was stirring with new thoughts. Buckminster, the eloquent preacher, gathering by his social grace and conversational power a group of gentlemen who met in his parlors for discussion, was doing for his contemporaries what Emerson as a lecturer did twenty or thirty years later; and the Anthology Club, composed of young liberal ministers, lawyers, and physicians, was so important an affair that ladies did not issue social invitations for the evening when it met, because it eliminated so many bright and desirable men. To this Ralph Waldo Emerson's father, indeed, belonged, with Ware, Thacher, and Kirkland (afterward president of Harvard). Then came Channing, who, though not dies held fashionable morning drawing classes at their houses; there were also mixed evening parties of young men and women at the house of Miss Nancy Lowell (an aunt of the poet), which were to some extent an innovation. The part that women have played in the advancement of all good interests in Boston, and especially those of the arts, has been an active one. How much has not their pure and humane quality influenced our literature! For us, at this time, it is hard to comprehend how much less was their social sway in the "twenties" than it is now. Even in the forties dinner parties of from fifteen to a score of gentlemen, with only the lady of the house present, were the rule. Quantities of Madeira were drunk. The importance of social contact between men and women was not enough understood, and the gentlemen who met in associations like agricultural

or humane societies, and in the venerable Wednesday Evening Century (which still exists), are rumored to have practiced the far from elegant custom of spreading mats about the floors of their drawing-rooms for smokers to spit upon.

In the quickening of thought and the refinement of manners that set in, the smallness and compactness of Boston were advantages. It was a little city; a city of gardens and solid brick houses and stores; cheerful, quiet, unsophisticated; with a fringe of wharves along the bay that supplied the picturesque additions of a successful sea-port, and surrounded by villages smaller than itself, of which Cambridge was an important but rather remote one. Two theatres were the most that it could sustain in the line of public amusement, while fashionable life centred upon a dancing hall, imitatively called Almack's, where strictly limited assemblies were held. Within a stone's-throw of each other were the houses of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, George Bancroft, and Rufus Choate, on ground now loaded with merchandise, whence the occupants, by taking a few steps, could issue forth upon their native or adopted heath of the Common, under the shade of the Great Elm. There still lingers on Beacon Street the fine old house of Harrison Gray Otis, smooth-faced and mellow, deep-roomed, and suffused with a sober ripeness of respectability, which, with that of George Ticknor at the head of Park Street, recalls well the staid aspect of this old Boston. In such a place impressions spread rapidly; theories were infectious; phrenology, Unitarianism, vegetarianism, emancipation, Transcendentalism, worked their way from street to street like an epidemic. A new course of study or a new thought was as exciting as news of a European war could have been. A lady remembers meeting another on Tremont Street during the full glow of the Emerson lecture epoch, and exclaiming, "Oh, there's a new idea! Have you heard it?"

"Don't talk to me of ideas," retorted her friend; "I'm so full of them now that I can't make room for a single new one."

Perhaps the tendency of the people to

INTERIOR OF TICKNOR'S LIBRARY.

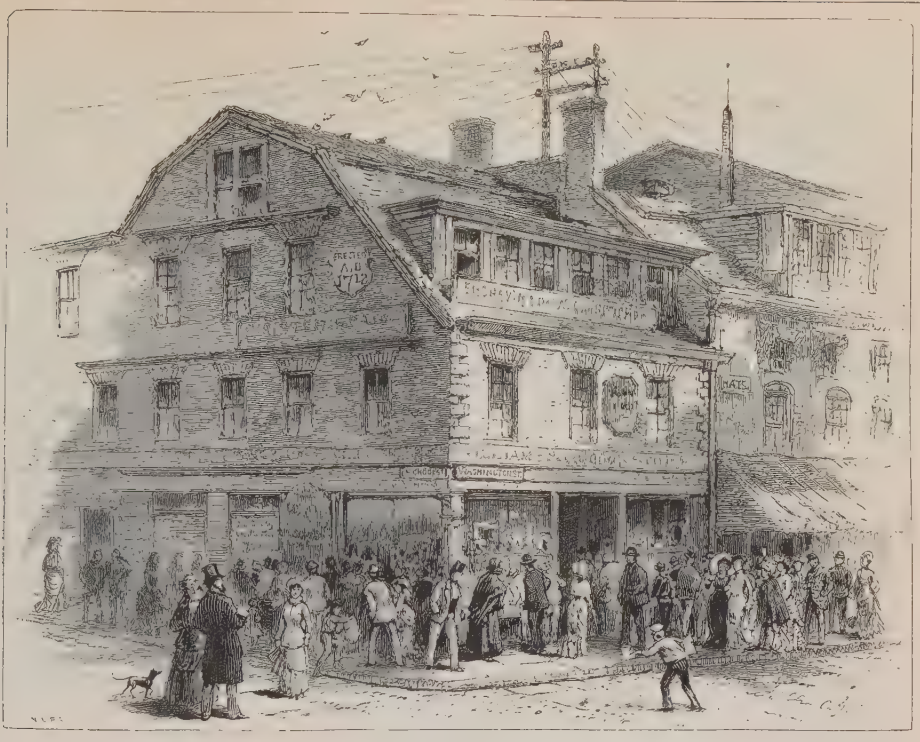
live a great deal by themselves heightened this keen mental appetite. "Everything essential to the most agreeable society exists among them," said an English resident in Boston thirty years since, "with one exception, and that one is the spirit of sociability." The remark is almost as true to-day. "Boston society," one of the most brilliant men in it lately

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

said to the present writer, "is a good deal like the Irishman's flea: when you put your finger on it, it isn't there." The substance exists, but one sees it chiefly in mirage. As just hinted, however, the want of gayety or lively intercourse fostered studious habits. Margaret Fuller, for instance, belonged to a family which had expended a good deal of effort on that painful task known as "getting into" the inner circles. The streets of Boston were made narrow and crooked to increase the difficulty of entering good society. This may not be generally known, but it will answer as a good working theory. At all events, the Fullers were to a great extent baffled, and Margaret's father, contenting himself with the most distant social mirage, devoted himself to educating his daughter in the most thorough manner. It was a current saying that the two (who lived in Cambridge) used to walk into town over the West Boston Bridge discussing the higher mathematics. Subsequently Margaret had the ladies of Boston sitting at her feet.

Doubtless there is something touching in the eagerness with which the late descendants of the Pilgrims, having once entered on the field of liberal cultivation, seized upon every fresh atom of æsthetic nutriment. Small beginnings like these appear contemptible or excessively amusing to superficial observers who look back upon them; but there is quite another and a more logical way of measuring them—in the light of what has grown out of them.

With so receptive an audience, a group of young men like the Mercantile Library Association could set going a system of lectures, which brought before the public men to whom they were to look as leaders. Edwin P. Whipple and James T. Fields were active members of this body, which at its anniversary meetings first introduced to fame orators like Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips, and had Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and George Hillard among its speakers and poets. This was an important factor, for which there is no counterpart in these later days, to the misfortune, be it said, both of the young men and of Boston. It was likewise important and fortunate that as time went on a nervous centre of the growing literary system was situated in the "Old Corner Bookstore," a quaint little red brick building with a sloping roof, very unlike the big publishing establishments since hatched from it, where Mr. Fields played Destiny to the aspirations of authors, and launched the second volume of the *Atlantic*, the first that bore his imprint. Mr. Fields had recommended himself to the rising men of genius as a sympathetic publisher, and when he became a partner at the Old Corner, the authors of the day—Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, and George Hillard—made it a literary lounge. Hillard, although like Ticknor he produced little, must be ranked with him as a literary man of note by reason of the aid he gave to the cause of what is called taste. Keenly appreciative of literary form, he



OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE, 1880.

was once the most graceful speaker in the city: no public occasion was complete that was not silvered by his oratory, and his book reviews were of great value in forming the popular judgment. But his prominence did not last. He lived to exchange his early beauty for the aspect of a disappointed and cynical elderly man, no longer figuring in public, but continuing to enjoy his fine library, until stricken with paralysis while editing the life of Ticknor. George Ticknor's activity as a Harvard professor and a counsellor of younger writers, generous with his time and books, has given him a more permanent place in recollection. A foreign recognition of social America, which had not before been bestowed, was the result of his extensive European tour. But at home he accomplished a more important service, and was for a time almost the axis on which the higher culture of Boston turned.

Were he living now, as a young man, he would probably be thought to be posing too much with reference to effect at magnificent distances. You hear him referred to by some as a literary autocrat. Cold he doubtless was, and conservative in the grain. One day when a young man was telling him of some new philosophical inquiries, he declared, with impatience, "John Locke settled all that for me, sir, years ago." Thackeray, however, made short work of his dignity when, as it is related, on the novelist's dining with him, the historian of Spanish literature fell to musing of love. Ticknor resembled his guest in appearance, even to the latter's oddly shaped nose. "Yes, yes," assented Thackeray, listening to his rather sentimental monologue; "but, after all, what have two broken-nosed old fellows like you and me got to do with love?" Another time, when a young Westerner, who was lecturing in Boston, was asked by Theodore Parker if he had seen Ticknor,

"No," was the reply.

"Well," Parker answered him, "you might as well go to hell without seeing the devil."

This anecdote is calculated to send a shiver through the bones of many dwellers on the trimountain peninsula. It is the sort of thing which may be mention-

STUDY OF T. B. ALDRICH, PONKAPOG.

ed in corners by the privileged, but, when bruited about, it has a damaging effect on that air of historic repose and classic dignity which, by a singular tacit *consensus*, it has been agreed is the proper one for Boston to assume before the rest of the world. This outward appearance must be kept up, even at an occasional expense to truth. The contrast between Parker's intrepid tone and the careful self-adornment and guarded speech of a George Ticknor or an Edward Everett indicates precisely the difference between the Boston atmosphere and that of London or New York. There is a tendency here to make dignity an incumbrance, instead of a natural outgrowth of character strong enough to support a little freedom. Most people, in all places, are sensitive to social opinion; they are to some extent afraid of others. But the Bostonian goes farther than that: he is afraid of himself.

It is only about ten years since Ticknor ceased to walk the streets—a tall, stately figure, instinct with this Boston dignity. The mention of his name should remind us to discriminate somewhat the groups and tendencies of the earlier date to which we have just been reverting. Although, as has been said, Boston was small and its intellectual enthusiasms spread rapidly, it must not be inferred that it was a unit. The party of thinkers and agitators humorously dubbed "The Jacobins' Club," which about 1840 used to assemble at the Tremont House and George Ripley's house, and once met in the parlors of Miss E. P. Peabody, the enthusiastic educator, the sister-in-law of Hawthorne, and friend of Channing, embraced the most extreme and radical reformers, "come-outers," revolutionists, some of them strong men and afterward useful citizens, but others mere on-lookers attracted by the music of progress, and trying to keep step with the procession, or even to run ahead of it. Between the generality of these theorists and Emerson there was a wide gap; although he, like Hawthorne, if less practically, sympathized with Ripley's Brook Farm experiment. If among the more progressive minds themselves there was division, still greater was the distance at which Ticknor stood, representing in letters the spirit of the wealthy merchant and professional class, who have long made great pretensions to inherited aristocracy. George Bancroft, for his part,

COZY CORNER IN MR. HOWELLS'S HOUSE, ELMWOOD.

was under a ban, stood somewhat apart, because he was a Democratic office-holder; suffering from the same narrow rigor of Massachusetts judgment (a legacy from the seventeenth century) which twice ostracized Sumner, from the most opposite causes, and perhaps escaped doing it again only because he did not live. But Bancroft, from his point of view, sympathized with the intense realistic idealism of Ripley. The lyrists, excepting Whittier, had their eyes cleared by Unitarianism and its successor Transcendentalism; and all of them were abolitionists. They occupied, however, individual grounds. One of the most noticeable things about the whole period, in fact, is the isolation in which the half-dozen men who have shone like a constellation over Boston grew up to power. Because of his shy temperament and his poverty Hawthorne was obscure, and during his Boston custom-house days unknown, his chief distinction to the popular eye, so far as I can learn, having been that he was extremely fond of martial music, and could generally be found—a tall, shapely figure, rendered military by the thick mustache—following any procession headed by a band. Longfellow made his appearance at about this time in Cambridge as the young professor just home from Germany, imbued with the romance of that land, and saying, as we know, a good word to the public for his friend Hawthorne; also settling down to the teaching of under-graduates. Among these last was James Russell Lowell, soon after a youthful lawyer without a practice, somewhat exquisite in matters of dress, and given to penning odes instead of briefs. He also published a novel called *My First Client*—a subject that probably gave free play for the imagination—which has since disappeared from mortal ken. Emerson turned his back on Boston with as much bitterness, perhaps, as we can conceive of in him, for what he considered the city's shams. Holmes was busy with pen and scalpel; man of wit, man of science, keen scholar, writing a good many songs, but not yet known as a brilliant prose author. Meetings and greetings and correspondence took place, of course; but no coterie was formed; the

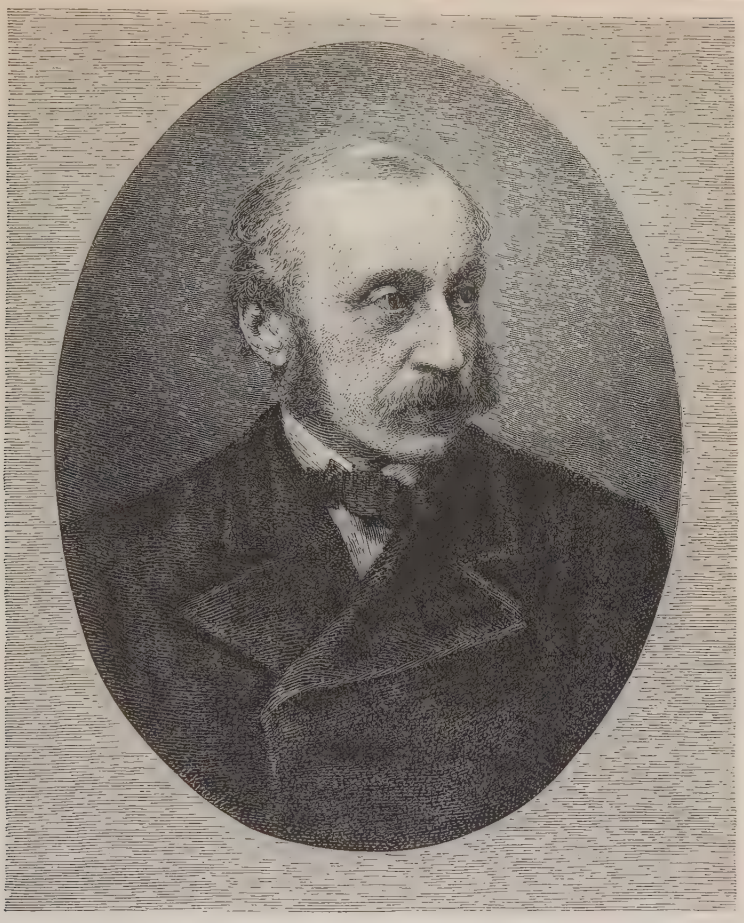
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

men were not bound together by a common definition of purpose and mutual criticism, stimulating mutually. These things were reserved for the era of the Saturday Club, which drew together the wise and dazzling circle when they had begun to be famous. It is a pity that this club has had no historian. Among its members, besides those just named, were Felton (professor and president at Harvard, and the friend whose cordiality and humor Dickens so appreciated); Judge Hoar, one of the keenest minds and most pungent after-dinner speakers in the country; E. P. Whipple, the critic; Professor Benjamin Peirce, Rev. James Freeman Clarke; Chief Justice Gray; Agassiz. In the rich reminiscence of his threnody on Agassiz, Lowell has briefly pictured Holmes's "rockets" curving "their long ellipse" at this board so thickly begirt with wonderful men, and has recalled the "face, half rustic, half divine," of Emerson, as he listened,

"Pricked with the cider of the judge's wit."

Agassiz, with his large, generous, and sensitive countenance, suggesting that of an intellectualized god Pan, was the life of the feast. Stored up within him was that irrepressible merriment which the native New-Englander lacks in himself, but heartily enjoys in others; his voice was the mellow signal of good-fellowship; and he was wont to hail with glee the entrance of the lights which were handed around in a half-mystic ceremony, to furnish the "gloria" for coffee, at the end of dinner. Mr. Fields also tells me that the great naturalist always insisted on having a huge joint of roast mutton served entire, from which he cut his own slice, requiring the meat to be cooked more and more rare as he got on in years. The Saturday met, and continues to meet, every month, at two of the clock on the day its name would indicate, in the mirror-room at Parker's. Its gatherings, rife with wit and sense and high spirits, must have been, until the death of Agassiz, a fine source of cheer and mental stimulus to the members; for they knew how to use conviviality with wisdom, getting the good out of it, and none of the harm.

Possibly their earlier isolation may have assisted in guarding their individuality, just as the smallness and simplicity of the town encouraged that fresh eagerness and sincerity which make the soul of originality. Too much stress can not be laid on this latter influence. Now that the capital has expanded into a large city, and its suburban villages into smaller cities and towns, we see the great difference in the action of the new surroundings on new minds. They are more sophisticated. When the university was called a college, or "the colleges," and that institution was a sort of higher academy, set in a quaint, sleepy village separated from town by the terrors of the "hourly," or omnibus, and bounded on three sides by breezy groves, open country, and huckleberry pastures, the whole atmosphere was—one can imagine what: not Greek, nursing poets terrible as the son of Agamemnon, but yet healthier than it is now. Still, even in these later times, glimpses of old Cambridge when it kept its primitive traits are not wholly wanting. On the northeastern verge of



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

the city, in an ample stretch of natural woods, stands Shady Hill, the home of Charles Eliot Norton, where, under the suave hospitality of the scholarly host, amid the treasures of the library, and with original Tintorettos and Titians looking down from the walls, one seems transported to a corner of the fifteenth-century Italy. Within that congenial demesne, in an avenue of tall, rusty-coated pines, a party of four young people (of whom the writer was one) were strolling and sitting one day, a few years since, when Mr. Lowell came down the path, and halted to speak to them. He had in his hand Carlyon's *Early Years and Late Reflections*, which was oddly appropriate to his mood; for he dwelt on the fact of thus encountering a group of the younger generation, saying that it was like coming upon his own vanished youth there in the wood. From this he went on to chat for an hour, telling about the Adirondac expedition recorded in verse by Emerson, and shared in by himself, Judge Hoar, and Mr. W. J. Stillman, who was a genuine Deerslayer with the rifle. He also spoke of poetry; of Browning, Donne, Tennyson, and Morris; quoting from "Pippa Passes" Ottima's lines in the scene with Sebald, where she tells how

> "ever and anon some bright white shaft
> Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof — here burnt and there,
> As if God's messenger through the close wood screen
> Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
> Feeling for guilty thee and me."

"When I read that for the first time," said Mr. Lowell, "I cried out to myself,

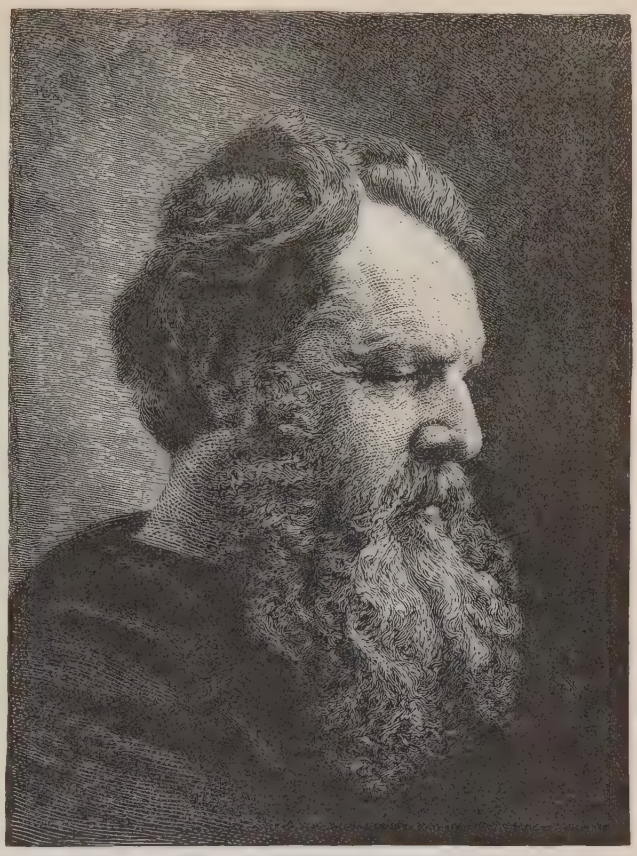
T. B. ALDRICH.

'Here is a new poet!'" Yet, somewhat contradictorily, he next branched out into a theory that modern life offered no such intensity of passion for the poet's uses as the world of the Elizabethan age still retained. It would be impossible to reproduce the eloquent glow of his monologue at this distance of time; but the incident is mentioned here to suggest how casually on the Cambridge thoroughfares, or in a little patch of unhistoric woodland like the one referred to, any day or hour may bring the pleasure of unexpected converse with some rare mind—of poet, philosopher, critic, or worker in science. Mr. Lowell's pockets that day were full of proofs. "I'm printing," he explained; and he was, in fact, just preparing his essay on Wordsworth for the *North American Review*. So, in the spacious university town, the routine of life goes on: the students study and the professors profess, the street cars trundle, the hucksters patiently trade, the birds build and sing in the fruit trees, and literature grows up and blossoms under your very eyes. Seeing this, the mind naturally turns back to the time when Longfellow's village smithy really stood under its spreading chestnut in what is now the city of Cambridge (with its improved appliances of a City Hall "Ring"); when the diurnal and nocturnal sights and sounds of their neighborhood passed living into his verse and that of his brother poet at Elmwood, and Harvard fixed upon Parnassus a less myopic and philological eye than at present.

Mr. Longfellow's stately dwelling, Craigie House, occupied, as every one knows, by Washington at the siege of Boston—("This," said the poet, laughingly, to some visitors, "is the head-quarters, and the houses which he occupied during his retreat were the *hind*-quarters")—has yielded more to the prevailing suburban-villa style of its neighbors than Elmwood or Shady Hill. It is fitting enough that it should, since by reason of its distinguished owner's accessibility, his constant and varied hospitality, and his social position, it forms perhaps the strongest connecting link between society and literature in or about Boston. The days follow in something like a continuous levee at this old colonial mansion, whose heavy brass door-knocker is plied (or more often gazed at by a deteriorating generation, in ignorance as to the mode of handling it) by a long stream of pilgrims of high and low degree, drawn by reverence, or curiosity, or the wish for literary advice. But across the street a piece of pasture-land, with some cows munching among the clover and buttercups, and a vista of the sliding Charles and Brighton meadows beyond—upon which the poet can look from behind his magnificent lilacs and lofty elms—still keep the rural aroma in the air he breathes. It may be noticed here that Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who for a time occupied Elmwood, during its owner's absence, and had previously lived in Boston, has gone to Ponkapog, a spot more absolutely removed from human aggregations than the outskirts of Cambridge, or even of Concord. There, in a library as perfect as anything in a French novel, looking out on a landscape that might be a Jacques, he works with loving leisure at his poetry and prose, sallying forth just enough to remind people of what they lose by not oftener enjoying the dry and sparkling wit and drollery of his talk. Mr. Howells, whose ready humor and cordial laugh and singularly modest presence were for a dozen years familiar to Cambridge, has betaken himself to the heights of Belmont, a few miles to the westward. There, in the

midst of fields, orchards, and scattered groves, with a cluster of country-seats just below his perch, and a brother of his craft, J. T. Trowbridge, barely half a mile distant, he overlooks the populous plain and hilly amphitheatre, inclosing with wide sweep the city in whose midst the State-House dome—the original "Hub"—shines, gilded into self-respecting, sun-reflecting splendor. Sheltered by a picturesque sloping red roof, the author of *Venetian Life* works with unremitting zeal at his editorial and creative tasks in a white study ceiled with panelled wood, and with a huge fire-place surmounted by hand-carved shelves opposite him. One of several inscriptions in quaint text along the frieze of the room is the Shakspearean line,

"From Venice as far as Belmont."



JAMES T. FIELDS.

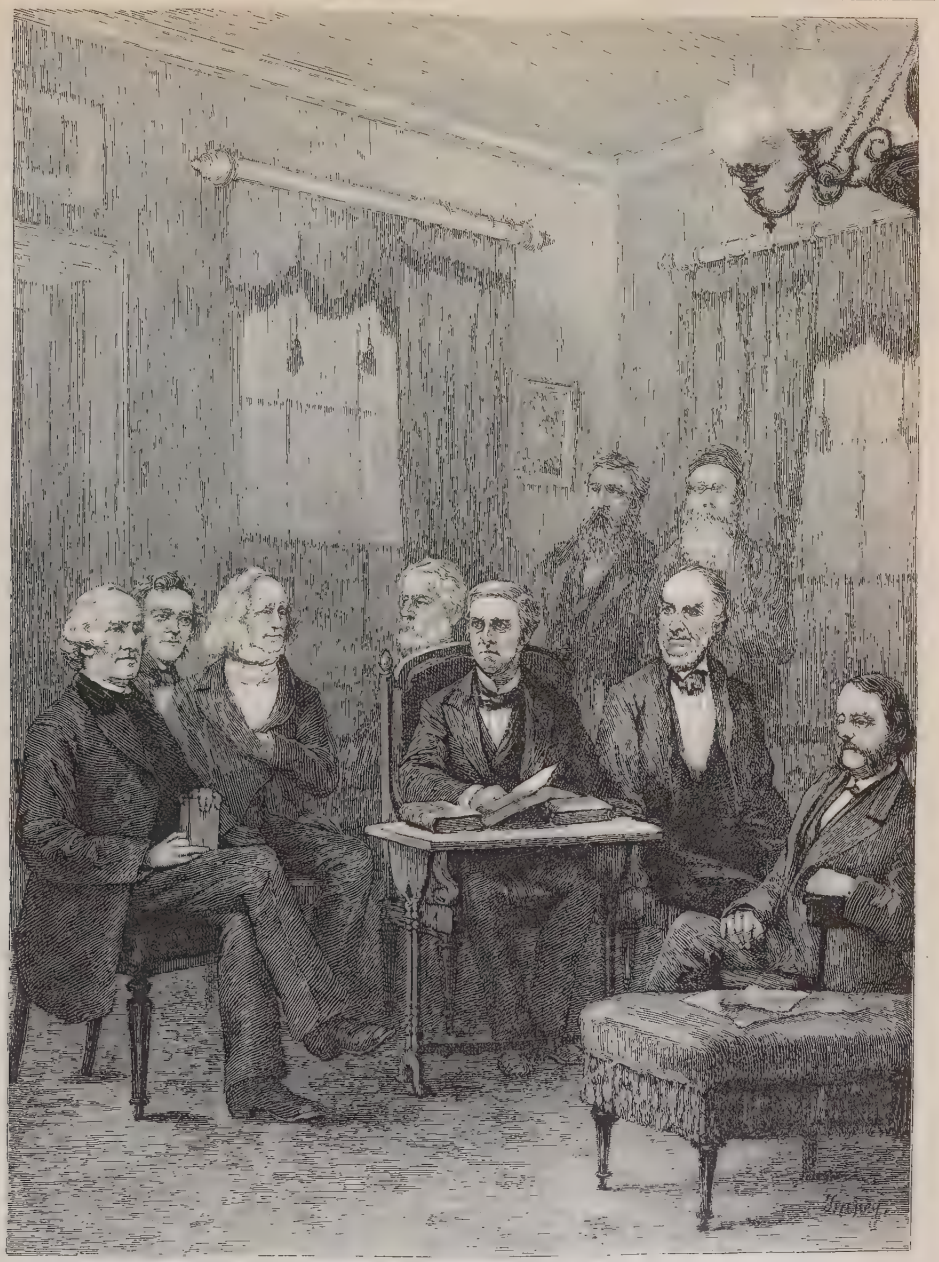
It may remind us of the long flight his talent and his pen have made since first they became known to us, and of the gain in strength that has resulted from his taking root in American soil, nourished by the same life and scenery which have inspired other writers here. While we are considering the influence of seclusion, we must remember that Whittier has passed most of his life at Amesbury, the village on the Merrimac, and at his present home, Oak Knoll, in Danvers, beyond reach of the madding crowd. Emerson's oftenest-used study has been in Walden woods; and Hawthorne, when his sojournings in the Old Manse and at Lenox and Monte Outo were over, ascended the little thinly wooded hill at his later home, the Wayside—that little hill which came to be known in his household as "the Mount of Vision," where by constant meditative pacings to and fro he wore a narrow trail through the long grass and sweet-fern, which remains to attest his quiet communings with nature.

Concord is now to Cambridge what that place was to Boston thirty years ago—a village which unites the unaffected and friendly manners of the country with a vigorous cultivation of those things that give life its finer value; an ally of literary Boston, too self-centred to be called a dependency. Its small community is exceedingly democratic, no man's occupation being inevitably a bar to the best companionship if he is fit for that; although certain natural and necessary distinctions are made on the base of fitness or taste, and strictly observed. That strained pitch of intellectual intensity assigned to it in stereotyped caricature—whereof the tale about a small boy digging for the infinite in the front yard is a good example—is unknown to the inhabitants. They are busy folk, but exceedingly fond of recreation, and also fond of study, good reading, and conversation which has some object or point, with oppor-

tunities for witty diversion by the way. In a word, they are healthy. Having the good sense to make much of their local patriotic associations, they are the better for doing so. Even Lord Houghton, strange as it may appear, failed to make a convert of Mr. Emerson when, during his visit to this country in 1874, he stood on the field of Concord fight with the author of the famous hymn, and seriously tried to persuade him that the revolt of the colonies had been a fatal error, as cutting off all Americans from the glories of the mother-land. And unless one understands what Concord is, and how closely Emerson has been connected with its life, he misses a significant trait of the Massachusetts literary development. There is in particular a club known as the Social Circle, which has kept up its local reunions for more than a hundred years—having grown originally out of the local Committee of Safety in 1775—which brings together in manly and cordial relation citizens of various callings. Farmer, lawyer, judge, merchant, physician, small trader, town-clerk, all meet on an equality at one another's houses through its agency; and the club night is respected by ladies in issuing social invitations, just as that of the Anthology Club was in Boston seventy years ago. In this Social Circle Ralph Waldo Emerson has been included for many years; and at its meetings the poet, the incisive essayist whom the world knows, encounters his townsmen to talk of affairs probably of no moment to this same inquisitive world, but doubtless of as much worth to him, in their place, as the thoughts whose course he has traced for thousands of reverent readers. Formerly, too, there was a pleasant habit, now almost given over, of holding popular receptions at his unpretentious dwelling. The towns-folk in general were heartily welcomed there at a sort of afternoon conversation party; some plain refection was set forth; and it was an excellent custom. Only last summer I saw troops of children from the public schools approaching Mr. Emerson's, one day, and learned that they were going there to be received and entertained by the aged poet and his family.

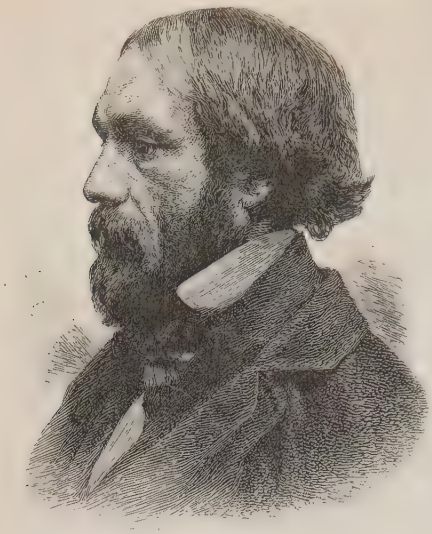
W. D. HOWELLS'S HOUSE AT BELMONT.

Such pleasant glimpses as these, and hints of an ideally fraternal commerce between fellow-beings, will be looked for vainly in Boston. There are many de-



RADICAL CLUB MEETING AT MRS. SARGENT'S.

lightful people there, but in general its society exhibits the organs of social nutrition in a state of arrested development. Manners are constrained, hospitality is too reluctant; and the women, with a hundred times more information than their Southern sisters, can not rival these in conversation. Among the people best worth knowing there is a temperate elegance of life which is admirable; and the presence of many persons genuinely refined and almost free from the local affec-



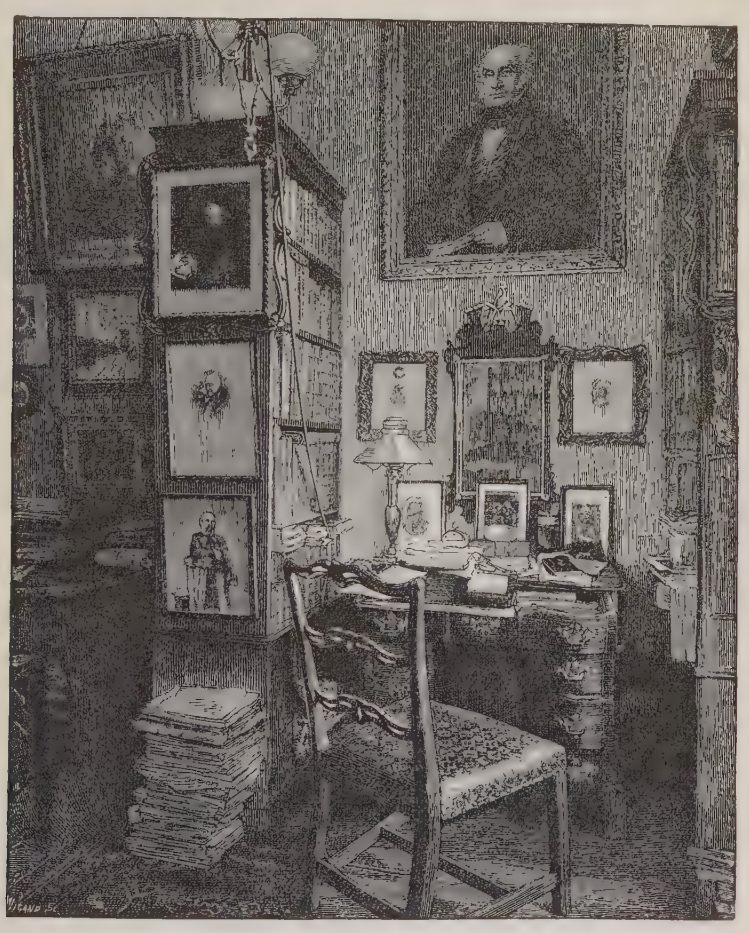
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

tations diffuses an atmosphere of general good taste. But there is no spontaneity, and not much warmth. Bostonians know how to dine exquisitely, but they do it with a half-clandestine air. The purely typical inhabitant, you are convinced, is furnished with an icicle in place of a spine, and he is in terror if he thinks a new person is really going to know him. I have known the invitation, "You must dine with me some day," coming from persons otherwise apparently of good-breeding, to remain in that form for years, without ever ripening into definiteness. An accomplished gentleman, now dead, who had accepted the attentions of some friends in another part of the world, dining, breakfasting, going to parties at their house, which was opened to him as his own—on meeting the lady of that house years afterward in Boston, expressed himself delighted that she had come thither. He might well be, for she was every way his equal, and they had been on terms of the most agreeable and intimate friendship; but, by way of showing his boundless and hospitable cordiality, he invited her to call at his house on a Sunday evening *after* tea, when his wife and himself would go with her to church and give her a place in their pew! This is hardly an extravagant instance. A morbid reserve, a contented selfishness, and distinctions set up with an arbitrariness that is ludicrous, hamper intercourse at all points. The social world divides itself into a number of air-tight compartments. If prophets are without honor in their own country, all but a few hundred individuals in Boston should seem to be, socially considered, prophets. Merit is sometimes recognized more quickly here than elsewhere, and sometimes more slowly. Birth as a form of merit is overestimated. Wealth, so far as my observation goes, though it can not open all doors any more than it can in New York, is quite as important, as much worshipped, as in that metropolis, the mercenary tone of which the capital on the Charles affects to despise. In the matter of hospitality it is true that the corporate dignity, already mentioned as a motive to conduct, sometimes leads Bostonians to entertain strangers (especially foreign visitors) with solid cordiality and a consummate grace. But as a rule they show no generous interest in those of their own kith and kin who have done something noteworthy, something which in New York, or Washington, or London, would lead to their being moderately sought for in agreeable circles.

Such interest, at least, arises only after very marked reputation has given these persons a definite conventional value. It follows that between what calls itself by distinction society, and the literary world, there is no intimate relation. "If we only knew how to get at you literary people," said one of the leaders of the fashionable genealogical coterie, to an author whose fame and habits made it far from a laborious task to find him, "we should be running after you all the time." But the persons who cherish this ardent longing continue to defer its gratification. They are proud of the city's fame in literature, and some of them even cherish amateurish ambitions in the line of writing or painting; but the truth is, that they look upon the artistic world a trifle askance, as a region from which intruders should not be admitted with much freedom. A gentleman of undoubtedly meritorious descent and ample fortune, finding it needful on one occasion to call upon a well-known author, announced afterward, with pleased surprise, "Oh, he's a gentleman; a perfect gentleman!" Another member of the class usually recognized as aristocratic, sitting for his portrait to a young artist of great talent, who was not conscious of being a pariah, said to him with a benevo-

lence that failed to draw out a responsive gratitude: "You're getting on now to a point where you ought to marry. I should think you'd look around for some young woman *in your own walk of life*, and settle down with her."

But whatever its drawbacks may be, the literary part of Boston has had two rallying-points which have formed the centres of many profitable gatherings—the house of Mr. Fields, and that of Mr. John T. Sargent, where the Chestnut Street Club, at one time more widely known as the Radical Club, assembles. Skeptics insist that the instinct of persecution survives in Boston, manifesting itself in the prevalent fondness for making people "read a paper"—or listen to one. But cards to Mrs. Sargent's Mondays are greatly prized, nevertheless, and there is never any dearth of essayists who are ready to overhaul art, science, philosophy, and theology with improved microscopes, and yet leave something to be discovered. In the conversations that ensue, such men as Dr. Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, and John Fiske sometimes take a share. Dialectics, however, do not prevent lighter diversion on occasions, and the 1st of May has often been celebrated in these drawing-rooms with recitation of original verses by ladies and gentlemen, recalling, one might say, the flights of Crescembini's Arcadians, or Lorenzo de' Medici's May-songs. Illustrious company is seen there, for the hostess is untiring in her effort to assemble the best. One memorable occasion I recall, when Whittier, seldom seen in town, had been lured from his shy retirement to aid in honoring the



JAMES T. FIELDS'S STUDY.

SOMERSET CLUB HOUSE.

memory of Charles Sumner. Carl Schurz, Longfellow, the late John Weiss, Freeman Clarke, and other famous personages were present. Many eloquent and incisive things were said; but when Dr. Bartol asked the abolitionist poet to add something to the reminiscences of the dead leader, Mr. Whittier replied with a quaintness that made one think of Lincoln. He said that he had no skill in speaking, and that the idea of his saying anything reminded him of the dying petition made by the captain of the Dumfries rifles, "Don't let the awkward squad fire a salute over my grave."

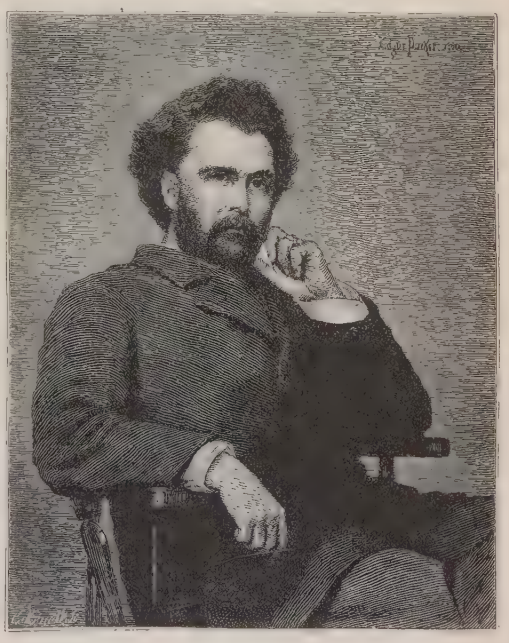
Mr. Fields's house, overlooking the widening of the Charles River known as the Back Bay, is crowded from entrance to attic with artistic objects or literary and historic mementos. On the second floor the library, amazingly rich in autograph copies and full of curious old books, clambers over the walls like a vine, with its ten thousand volumes; and here and there pictures of peculiar interest look down from above the shelves. Among these are portraits of Lady Sunderland, by Sir Peter Lely; of Dickens, painted by Alexander in 1842; of Pope, the work of Richardson, Sir Joshua's master. Up stairs there is a little bedroom, provided with old furniture, antique engravings, and bric-à-brac, and adjoined by a *cabinet de travail* crammed with more books. In this chamber have reposed at different times, as guests, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Trollope, Kingsley, Miss Cushman, Bayard Taylor, and other celebrities; for the graceful hospitality of the owner has been always warmly pressed upon the wandering bards and wise men and women who have passed near the door. The interior of this house is redolent of the positive and work-a-day associations of literature and literary genius as perhaps few other Boston interiors may claim to be; and in its congenial atmosphere a circle of ladies meets from time to time, who read the latest thing they have written; Mrs. Fields, perhaps, contributing a poem, Miss Phelps some chapters from a new story, Mrs. Celia Thaxter one of her sea-pieces, or Miss Preston a critical essay.

There have been, of course, other centres; and when Mrs. Howe was a settled

resident of Boston she drew around her, by the force of that magical thing, an instinct for social leadership, the most brilliant people. Her entertainments were informal, but always triumphant in the fine tone of wit, grace, and intellect that pervaded them. Count Gurowski, it is reported, said that Mrs. Howe was the one woman complete both on the side of literature and on that of easy and charming social ability whom he had met in America. For fifteen years, too, the Ladies' Social Club, better known abroad by its satirical title of "Brain Club," flourished as the most remarkable instance, in Boston, at least, of a successful club for mental stimulation and refreshment. It was begun by Mrs. Josiah Quincy, and numbered thirty or forty persons, though the companies assembled were often twice that; and among its active members or readers were Emerson, Professor Rogers, Agassiz, and Whipple. The meetings were at private houses, but membership was gained by many wealthy people, who so increased the variety of entertainment by paid performers and what not, and so overstepped the modest programme of the club as to suppers, that it died naturally two or three years since.

It should be said here that Cambridge, on the other hand, presents a mingling and a balance of elements which form one of the most enjoyable societies in the world. The conventional requirements are simple; the members whose employment is in art, with the university professors, and their families, themselves constitute the upper and fashionable circle, so far as it is fashionable at all; and the receptions, dinners, suppers for gentlemen, and little music parties, with which they entertain each other, are close upon perfection in their tone and in the opportunities given for pleasant intercourse. The only fault is the unevenness of the seasons: some are very dull and others too brilliant.

What Boston, pure and simple, lacks socially, it makes up in clubs. Long ago a public-spirited gentleman, one Captain Keayne, who died in 1656, left money to the town to support "a room for divines, scholars, merchants, shipmen, strangers, and townsmen" to meet in. What has become of the legacy I do not know; but the spirit of the captain may be excused if, in looking down and beholding the transcendent realization of his kindly forethought by other means, it indulges a thrill of vanity. There are the two chief clubs, the Union and the Somerset; the former frequented by lawyers, judges, merchants, and sometimes by the historian Francis Parkman, by Dr. Holmes, Thomas Gold Appleton (celebrated as a wit and a man of fine æsthetic insight), Fields, and his successor Osgood. The



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Somerset, being the fashionable club of Boston, embraces some of the Union membership, but is especially a favorite with the old young men and young old men. There are the Temple, the Suffolk, the Central, the Athenian, all carrying houses on their backs; and the Art Club and St. Botolph, in a similar predicament. The Art Club, in fact, is about to put up a new building which will cost fifty thousand dollars. Then there are swarms of small dining clubs, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, for which male Bostonians have a passion. They are limited to some half a dozen or twenty persons each. So powerful is their attraction that members will come miles from the suburbs, through inclement weather, or when no other form of relaxation would draw them, to eat togeth-

er in a hotel or restaurant. The Papyrus Club is in structure merely one of these dining companies, gradually enlarged so as to take in about a hundred gentlemen. Journalists, authors, and painters originated it, and are conceded a controlling force in its government. A small admission fee is paid, and each member may purchase a ticket on the first Saturday of each month, which entitles him to partake of a dinner, and bring friends with him, for whom he likewise pays. At these dinners speeches are made and poems read after dessert; and some of the most distinguished authors in New England, as well as tastes in the journalistic direction — an evening paper founded on the community's desire for literary, artistic, and social gossip, and edited for eight years by a lady, the wife of a Boston banker. The Athenian Club is the chief resort of journalists and theatrical people. But the younger intellectual elements are even less united than were the older ones in their prime. Recently the St. Botolph Club has been formed, with the hope of bringing together in closer relations artists of all kinds and those who should be the friends and supporters of the arts. But the atmosphere of tradition in Boston is so gelid that a

JULIA WARD HOWE.

from without, have been the club's guests. The Papyrus, too, holds annually a Ladies' Night, and it distinguished this occasion not long since by inviting to it some of the notable literary women from different parts of the country. Among its own members Edwin P. Whipple and the two Irish-American poets Dr. Joyce and John Boyle O'Reilly are numbered. The one last mentioned, by his gifts of imagination and the captivating grace of his social presence, has won a place in local regard, and is certainly the most romantic figure in literary Boston. Mr. William A. Hovey, another member of the Papyrus, has become widely known under the name of "Causeur," and is the editor of the *Transcript*, that unique result of Boston thin crust of ice forms upon the wine of sympathy as soon as it is poured, and it is to be feared that a benumbing frost will creep into even the St. Botolph's house.

The multiplying of clubs, however, is the sign of an uneasiness which may result in good. They are fissiparous. No sooner is one formed than it begins to make another, by subdivision. Men fly from the clubs they have to others that they know not of, hoping always to find one which will yield that generous, productive fellowship essential to a healthier and more joyous life. Perhaps by the time that Boston's suburbs have extended so far as to include a White Mountain school of authors, society itself may have learned to supply the need.

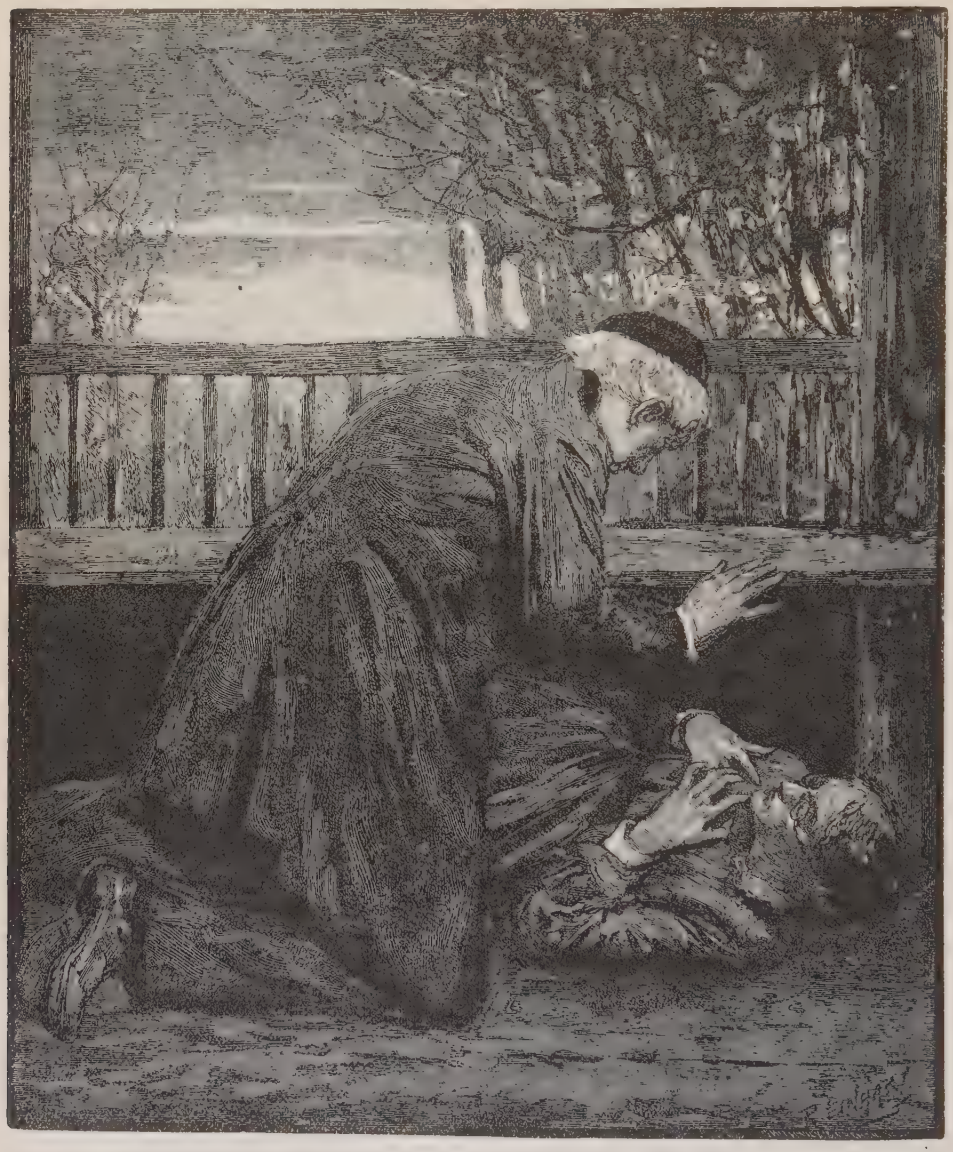
CHAPTER V.

"It was Peboan, the winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended;
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of spring-time,
Saw the miskodeed in blossom.
Thus it was that in that Northland
Came the spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses."
—LONGFELLOW. *The Song of Hiawatha.*

ON this Northern border Spring came late—came late, but in splendor. She sent forward no couriers, no hints in the forest, no premonitions on the winds. All at once she was there herself. Not a shy maid, timid, pallid, hesitating, and turning back, but a full-blooming goddess and woman. One might almost say that she was not Spring at all, but Summer. The weeks called spring farther southward showed here but the shrinking and fading of winter. First the snow crumbled to fine dry grayish powder; then the ice grew porous and became honeycombed, and it was no longer safe to cross the Straits; then the first birds came; then the far-off smoke of a steamer could be seen above the point, and the village wakened. In the same day the winter went and the summer came.

On the highest point of the island were the remains of an old earth-work, crowned by a little surveyor's station, like an arbor on stilts, which was reached by the aid of a ladder. Anne liked to go up there on the first spring day, climb the ice-coated rounds, and, standing on the dry old snow that covered the floor, gaze off toward the south and east, where people and cities were, and the spring; then toward the north, where there was still only fast-bound ice and snow stretching away over thousands of miles of almost unknown country, the great wild northland called British America, traversed by the hunters and trappers of the Hudson Bay Company—vast empire ruled by private hands, a government within a government, its line of forts and posts extending from James Bay to the Little Slave, from the Saskatchewan northward to the Polar Sea. In the early afternoon she stood there now, having made her way up to the height with some difficulty, for the ice-crust was broken, and she was obliged to wade knee-deep through some of the drifts, and go around others that were over her head, leaving a trail behind her as crooked as a child's through a clover field. Reaching the plateau on the summit at last, and avoiding the hidden pits of the old earth-work, she climbed the icy ladder, and stood on the white floor again with delight, brushing from her woollen skirt and leggings the dry snow which still clung to them. The sun was so bright and the air so exhilarating that she pushed back her little fur cap, and drew a long breath of enjoyment. Everything below was still white-covered—the island and village, the Straits and the mainland; but coming around the eastern point four propellers could be seen floundering in the loosened ice, heaving the porous cakes aside, butting with their sharp high bows, and then backing briskly to get headway to start forward again, thus breaking slowly a passageway for themselves, and churning the black water behind until it boiled white as soapsuds as the floating ice closed over it. Now one boat, finding by chance a weakened spot, floundered through it without pause, and came out triumphantly some distance in advance of the rest; then another, wakened to new exertions by this sight, put on all steam, and went pounding along with a crashing sound until her bows were on a line with the first. The two boats left behind now started together with much splashing and sputtering, and veering toward the shore, with the hope of finding a new weak place in the floe, ran against hard ice with a thud, and stopped short; then there was much backing out and floundering around, the engines panting and the little bells ringing wildly, until the old channel was reached, where they rested awhile, and then made another beginning. These manœuvres were repeated over and over again, the passengers and crew of each boat laughing and chaffing each other as they passed and repassed in the slow pounding race. It had happened more than once that these first steamers had been frozen in after reaching the Straits, and had been obliged to spend several days in company fast bound in the ice. Then the passengers and crews visited each other, climb-

ing down the sides of the steamers and walking across. At that early season the passengers were seldom pleasure-travellers, and therefore they endured the delay philosophically. It is only the real pleasure-traveller who has not one hour to spare.



"ALARMED, HE BENT OVER HER."—[SEE PAGE 410.]

These steamers Anne now watched were the first from below. The lower lakes were clear; it was only this northern Strait that still held the ice together, and kept the fleets at bay on the east and on the west. White-winged vessels, pioneers of the summer squadron, waited without while the propellers turned their knife-bladed bows into the ice, and cut a pathway through. Then word went down that the Straits were open, all the fresh-water fleet set sail, the lights were lit again in the light-houses, and the fishing stations and lonely little wood docks came to life.

"How delightful it is!" said Anne, aloud.

"Yes, it *is* delightful," said some one below, replying to the girl's sentence.

It was Rast, who had come across the plateau unseen, and was now standing on the old bastion of the fort beneath her. Anne smiled; then turned as if to descend.

"Wait; I am coming up," said Rast.

"But it is time to go home."

"Apparently it was not time until I came," said the youth, swinging himself up without the aid of the ladder, and standing by her side. "What are you looking at? Those steamers?"

"Yes, and the spring, and the air."

"You can not see the air."

"But I can feel it; it is delicious. I wonder, if we should go far away, Rast, and see tropical skies, slow rivers, great white lilies, and palms, whether they would seem more beautiful than this?"

"Of course they would; and we are going some day. We are not intending to stay here on this island all our lives, I hope."

"But it is our home, and I love it. I love this water and these woods, I love the flash of the light-houses, and the rushing sound the vessels make sweeping by at night under full sail, close in shore."

"The island is well enough in its way, but there are other places; and I, for one, mean to see the world," said young Pronando, taking off his cap, throwing it up, and catching it like a ball.

"Yes, you will see the world," answered Anne; "but I shall stay here. You must write and tell me all about it."

"Of course," said Rast, sending the cap up twice as high, and catching it with unerring hand. Then he stopped his play, and said, suddenly, "Will you care very much when I am gone away?"

"Yes," said Anne; "I shall be very lonely."

"But shall you care?" said the youth, insistently. "You have so little feeling, Annet; you are always cold."

"I shall be colder still if we stay here any longer," said the girl, turning to descend. Rast followed her, and they crossed the plateau together.

"How much shall you care?" he repeated. "You never say things out, Annet. You are like a stone."

"Then throw me away," answered the girl, lightly. But there was a moisture in her eyes and a slight tremor in her voice which Rast understood, or, rather, thought he understood. He took her hand and pressed it warmly; the two fur gloves made the action awkward, but he would not loosen his hold. His spirits rose, and he began to laugh, and to drag his companion along at a rapid pace. They reached the edge of the hill, and the steep descent opened before them; the girl's remonstrances were in vain, and it ended in their racing down together at a break-neck pace, reaching the bottom, laughing and breathless, like two school-children.

Anne Douglas and Rast went through the fort grounds and down the hill path, instead of going around by the road. The fort ladies, sitting by their low windows, saw them, and commented.

"That girl does not appreciate young Pronando," said Mrs. Cromer. "I doubt if she even sees his beauty."

"Perhaps it is just as well that she does not," replied Mrs. Rankin, "for he must go away and live his life, of course; have his adventures."

"Why not she also?" said Mrs. Bryden, smiling.

"In the first place, she has no choice; she is tied down here. In the second, she is a good heavy sort of girl, without imagination or enthusiasm. Her idea of life is to marry, have meat three times a week, fish three times, lights out at ten o'clock, and, by way of literature, Miss Edgeworth's novels and Macaulay's *History of England*."

"And a very good idea," said Mrs. Bryden.

"Certainly, only one can not call that adventures."

"But even heavy girls, as you call them, come upon adventures sometimes," said Mrs. Cromer.

"Yes, when they have beauty. Their beauty seems often to have an extraordinary power over the most poetical and imaginative men, too, strange as it may appear. But Anne Douglas has none of it."

"How you all misunderstand her!" said a voice from the little dining-room opening into the parlor, its doorway screened by a curtain.

"Ah, doctor, are you there?" said Mrs. Bryden. "We should not have said a word if we had known it."

"Yes, madam, I am here—with the colonel; but it is only this moment that I have lifted my head to listen to your conversation, and I remain filled with astonishment, as usual, at the obtuseness manifested by your sex regarding each other."

"Hear! hear!" said the colonel.

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"Very well; we will leave it to the future, then," said Mrs. Bryden, skillfully evading the expected oration.

"We may safely do that, madam—safely indeed; the only difficulty is that we may not live to see it."

"Oh, a woman's future is always near at hand, doctor. Besides, we are not so very old ourselves."

"True, madam—happily true for all the eyes that rest upon you. Nevertheless, the other side, I opine, is likewise true, namely, that Anne Douglas is very young."

"She is sixteen; and I myself am only twenty," said Mrs. Rankin.

"With due respect, ladies, I must mention that not one of you was ever in her life so young as Anne Douglas at the present moment."

"What in the world do you mean, doctor?"

"What I say. I can see you all as children in my mind's eye," continued the chaplain, unflinchingly; "pretty, bright, precocious little creatures, finely finished, finely dressed, quick-witted, graceful, and bewitching. But at that age Anne Douglas was a—"

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"A promise."

"To be magnificently fulfilled in the future?"

"That depends upon fate, madam; or rather circumstances."

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The fort ladies liked the old chaplain, and endured his long monologues by adding to them running accompaniments of their own. To bright society women there is nothing so unendurable as long arguments or dissertations on one subject. Whether from want of mental training, or from impatience of delay, they are unwilling to follow any one line of thought for more than a minute or two; they love to skim at random, to light and fly away again, to hover, to poise, and then dart upward into space like so many hummingbirds. Listen to a circle of them sitting chatting over their embroidery around the fire or on a piazza; no man, with a thoroughly masculine mind, can follow them in their mental dartings hither and thither. He has just brought his thoughts to bear upon a subject, and is collecting what he is going to say, when, behold! they are miles away, and he would be considered intensely stupid to attempt to bring them back. His mental processes are slow and lumbering compared with theirs. And when, once in a while, a woman appears who likes to search out a subject, she finds herself out of place and bewildered too, often a target for the quick tongues and light ridicule of her companions. If she likes to generalize, she is lost. Her companions never wish to generalize; they want to know not the general view of a subject, but what Mrs. Blank or Mr. Star thinks of it. Parents, if you have a daughter of this kind, see that she spends in her youth a good portion of every day with the most volatile swift-tongued maidens you can find; otherwise you leave her without the current coin of the realm in which she must live and die, and no matter if she be fairly a gold mine herself, her wealth is unavailable.

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And now came the parting. Rast was to leave the island, and enter the Western college which Dr. Gaston had selected for him. The chaplain would have sent the boy over to England at once to his own *alma mater* had it been possible; but it was not possible, and the good man knew little or nothing of the degree of excellence possessed by American colleges, East and West.

Rast was in high spirits; the brilliant world seemed opening before him. Everything in his life was as he wished it to be; and he was not disturbed by any realization that this was a rare condition of affairs which might never occur again. He was young, buoyant, and beautiful; everybody liked him, and he liked everybody. He was going to set sail into his far bright future, and he would find, probably, an island of silver and diamonds, with peacocks walking slowly about spreading their gorgeous feathers, and pleasure-boats at hand with silken sails and golden oars. It was not identically this that he dreamed, but things equally shining and unattainable—that is, to such a nature as his. The silver and diamond islands are there, but by a law of equalization only hard-featured prosaic men attain them and take possession, forming thereafterward a lasting contrast to their own surroundings, which then goes into the other scale, and amuses forever the poverty-stricken poets who, in their poor old boats, with ragged canvas and some small ballast of guitars and lutes, sail by, eating their crusts and laughing at them.

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"Of course I shall write, Rast; once a week always."

"No; I wish no set times fixed. You are simply to promise that you will immediately answer every letter *I* write."

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The next morning the sun rose as usual, but Rast was gone. Anne felt a loneliness she had never felt before in all her life. For Rast had been her companion; hardly a day had passed without his step on the piazza, his voice in the hall, a walk with him or a sail; and always, whether at home or abroad, the constant accompaniment of his suggestions, his fault-findings, his teachings, his teasings, his grumblings, his laughter and merry non-

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them from north to south, not aimless, wandering little paths like those through the arbor vitæ, but one straight track from the village to the western shore, and another leading down to the spring on the beach. The cliffs on whose summit these pines grew were high and precipitous, overlooking deep water; a vessel could have sailed by so near the shore that a pebble thrown from above would have dropped upon her deck. With one arm around an old trunk, Anne often sat on the edge of these cliffs, looking down through the western pass. She had never felt any desire to leave the island, save that sometimes she had vague dreams of the tropics—visions of palm-trees and white lilies, the Pyramids and minarets, as fantastic as her dreams of Shakspeare. But she loved the island and the island trees; she loved the wild larches, the tall spires of the spruces bossed with lighter green, the gray pines, and the rings of the juniper. She had a peculiar feeling about trees. When she was a little girl she used to whisper to them how much she loved them, and even now she felt that they noticed her. Several times since these recent beginnings of care she had turned back and gone over part of the path a second time, because she felt that she had not been as observant as usual of her old friends, and that they would be grieved by the inattention. But this she never told.

There was, however, less and less time for walking in the woods; there was much to do at home, and she was faithful in doing it: every spring of the little household machinery felt her hand upon it, keeping it in order. The clothes she made for Tita and the boys, the dinners she provided from scanty materials, the locks and latches she improvised, the paint she mixed and applied, the cheerfulness and spirit with which she labored on day after day, were evidences of a great courage and unselfishness; and if the garments were not always successful as regards shape, nor the dinners always good, she was not disheartened, but bore the fault-findings cheerfully, promising to do better another time. For they all found fault with her, the boys loudly, Tita quietly, but with a calm pertinacity that always gained its little point. Even Miss Lois thought sometimes that Anne was careless, and told her so. For Miss Lois never concealed her light under a bushel. The New England woman believed that household labor held the first place among a woman's duties and privileges; and if the housekeeper spent fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in her task, she was but fulfilling her destiny as her Creator had intended. Anne was careless in the matter of piece-bags, having only two, whereas four, for linen and cotton, colors and black materials, were, as every one knew, absolutely necessary. There was also the systematic halving of sheets and resewing them at the first signs of wear somewhat neglected, and also a particularity as to the saving of string. Even the vaguely lost, thought-wandering father, too, finding that his comforts diminished, spoke of it, not with complaint so much as surprise; and then the daughter restored what he had missed at any sacrifice. All this was done without the recognition by anybody that it was much to do. Anne did not think of it in that way, and no one thought for her. For they were all so accustomed to her strong, cheerful spirit that they took what she did as a matter of course. Dr. Gaston understood something of the life led at the Agency; but he too had fallen into a way of resting upon the girl. She took a rapid survey of his small housekeeping whenever she came up to his cottage for a lesson, which was not as often now as formerly, owing to her manifold home duties. But Père Michaux shook his head. He believed that all should live their lives, and that one should not be a slave to others; that the young should be young, and that some natural simple pleasure should be put into each twenty-four hours. To all his flock he preached this doctrine. They might be poor, but children should be made happy; they might be poor, but youth should not be overwhelmed with the elders' cares; they might be poor, but they could have family love around the poorest hearthstone; and there was always time for a little pleasure, if they would seek it simply and moderately. The fine robust old man lived in an atmosphere above the subtleties of his leaner brethren in cities farther southward, and he was left untrammelled in his water diocese. Privileges are allowed to scouts preceding the army in an Indian country, because it is not every man who can be a scout. Not but that the old priest understood the mysteries, the introverted gaze, and indwelling thoughts that belong to one side of his

religion; they were a part of his experience, and he knew their beauty and their dangers. They were good for some minds, he said; but it was a strange fact, which he had proved more than once during the long course of his ministry, that the minds which needed them the least loved them the most dearly, revelled in them, and clung to them with pertinacity, in spite of his efforts to turn them into more practical and less dreamy channels.

In all his broad parish he had no penitent so long-winded, exhaustive, and self-centred as little Tita. He took excellent care of the child, was very patient with her small ceremonies and solemnities, tried gently to lead her aright, and, with rare wisdom, in her own way, not his. But through it all, in his frequent visits to the Agency, and in the visits of the Douglas family to the hermitage, his real interest was centred in the Protestant sister, the tall unconscious young girl who had not yet, as he said to himself, begun to live. He shook his head often as he thought of her. "In France, even in England, she would be guarded," he said to himself; "but here! It is an excellent country, this America of theirs, for the pioneer, the New-Englander, the adventurer, and the farmer; but for a girl like Anne? No." And then, if Anne was present, and happened to meet his eye, she smiled back so frankly that he forgot his fears. "After all, I suppose there are hundreds of such girls in this country of theirs," he admitted, in a grumbling way, to his French mind, "coming up like flowers everywhere, without any guardianship at all. But it is all wrong, all wrong."

The priest generally placed America as a nation in the hands of possessive pronouns of the third person plural; it was a safe way of avoiding responsibility, and of being as scornful, without offending any one, as he pleased. One must have some outlet.

The summer wore on. Rast wrote frequently, and Anne, writing the first letters of her life in reply, found that she liked to write. She saved in her memory all kinds of things to tell him: about their favorite trees, about the birds that had nests in the garden that season, about the fishermen and their luck, about the unusual quantity of raspberries on the mainland, about the boys, about Tita. Something, too, about Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, selections from whose volumes she was now reading under the direction of the chaplain. But she never put down any of her own thoughts, opinions, or feelings: her letters were curious examples of purely impersonal objective writing. Egotism, the under-current of most long letters as of most long conversations also, the telling of how this or that was due to us, affected us, was regarded by us, was prophesied, was commended, was objected to, was feared, was thoroughly understood, was held in restraint, was despised or scorned by us, and all our opinions on the subject, which, however important in itself, we present always surrounded by a large indefinite aureola of our own personality—this was entirely wanting in Anne Douglas's letters and conversation. Perhaps if she had had a girl friend of her own age she might have exchanged with her those little confidences, speculations, and fancies which are the first steps toward independent thought, those mazy whispered discussions in which girls delight, the beginnings of poetry and romance, the beginnings, in fact, of their own personal individual consciousness and life. But she had only Rast, and that was not the same thing. Rast always took the lead; and he had so many opinions of his own that there was no time to discuss, or even inquire about, hers.

In the mean time young Pronando was growing into manhood at the rate of a year in a month. His handsome face, fine bearing, generous ways, and incessant activity both of limb and brain gave him a leader's place among the Western students, who studied well, were careless in dress and manner, spent their money, according to the Western fashion, like princes, and had a peculiar dry humor of their own, delivered with lantern-jawed solemnity.

Young Pronando's preparation for college had been far better than that of most of his companions, owing to Dr. Gaston's care. The boy apprehended with great rapidity—apprehended perhaps more than he comprehended: he did not take the time to comprehend. He floated lightly down the stream of college life. His comrades liked him; the young Western professors, quick, unceremonious, practical men, were constantly running against little rocks which showed a better training than their own, and were therefore shy

about finding fault with him; and the old president, an Eastern man, listened furtively to his Oxford pronunciation of Greek, and sighed in spite of himself and his large salary, hating the new white-painted flourishing institution over which he presided with a fresher hatred—the hatred of an exile. For there was not a tree on the college grounds: Young America always cuts down all his trees as a first step toward civilization; then, after an interregnum, when all the kings of the forest have been laid low, he sets out small saplings in whitewashed tree-boxes, and watches and tends them with fervor.

Rast learned rapidly—more things than one. The school for girls, which, singularly enough, in American towns, is always found flourishing close under the walls of a college, on the excellent and heroic principle, perhaps, of resisting temptation rather than fleeing from it, was situated here at convenient distance for a variety of strict rules on both sides, which gave interest and excitement to the day. Every morning Miss Corinna Haws and her sister girded themselves for the contest with fresh-rubbed spectacles and vigilance, and every morning the girls eluded them; that is, some of the girls, namely, Louise Ray and Kate and Fanny Meadows, cousins, rivals, and beauties of the Western river-country type, where the full life and languor of the South have fused somewhat the old inherited New England delicacy and fragile contours. These three young girls were all interested in handsome Rast in their fanciful, innocent, sentimental way. They glanced at him furtively in church on Sunday; they took walks of miles to catch a distant glimpse of him; but they would have run away like frightened fawns if he had approached nearer. They wrote notes which they never sent, but carried in their pockets for days; they had deep secrets to tell each other about how they had heard that somebody had told somebody else that the Juniors were going to play ball that afternoon in Payne's meadow, and that if they could only persuade Miss Miriam to go around by the hill, they could see them, and not so very far off either, only two wheat fields and the river between. Miss Miriam was the second Miss Haws, good-tempered and—near-sighted.

That the three girls were interested in one and the same person was part of the pleasure of the affair; each would have considered it a very dreary amusement to be interested all alone. The event of the summer, the comet of that season's sky, was an invitation to a small party in the town, where it was understood that young Pronando, with five or six of his companions, would be present. Miss Haws accepted occasional invitations for her pupils, marshalling them in a bevy, herself robed in pea-green silk, like an ancient mermaid: she said that it gave them dignity. It did. The stern dignity and silence almost solemn displayed by Rast's three worshippers when they found themselves actually in the same room with him were something preternatural. They moved stiffly, as if their elbows and ankles were out of joint; they spoke to each other cautiously in the lowest whispers, with their under jaws rigid, and a difficulty with their labials; they moved their eyes carefully everywhere save toward the point where he was standing, yet knew exactly where he was every moment of the time. When he approached the quadrille which was formed in one corner by Miss Haws's young ladies, dancing virginally by themselves, they squeezed each others' hands convulsively when they passed in "ladies' chain," in token of the great fact that he was looking on. When, after the dance, they walked up and down in the hall, arm in arm, they trod upon each other's slippers as sympathetic perception of the intensity of his presence on the stairs. What an evening! How crowded full of emotions! Yet the outward appearance was simply that of three shy, awkward girls in white muslin, keeping close together, and as far as possible from a handsome, gay-hearted, fast-talking youth who never once noticed them.

At the end of the summer Rast had acquired a deep experience in life (so he thought), a downy little golden mustache, and a better opinion of himself than ever. The world is very kind to a handsome boy of frank and spirited bearing, one who looks as though he intended to mount and ride to victory. The proud vigor of such a youth is pleasant to tired eyes; he is so sure he will succeed!

Rast did not return to the island during the summer vacation; Dr. Gaston wished him to continue his studies with a tutor, and as the little college town was now radiant with a mild summer gayety, young

Pronando was willing to remain. He wrote to Anne frequently, giving abstracts of his life, lists of little events like statistics in a report. He did this regularly, and omitted nothing, for the letters were his conscience. When they were once written and sent, however, off he went to new pleasures. It must be added as well that he always sought the post-office eagerly for Anne's replies, and placed them in his pocket with satisfaction. They were sometimes unread, or half read, for days, awaiting a convenient season, but they were there.

Anne's letters were long, they were pleasant, they were never exciting—the very kind to keep; like friends who last a lifetime, but who never give us one quickened pulse. Alone in his room, or stretched on the grass under a tree, reading them, Rast felt himself strongly carried back to his old life on the island, and he did not resist the feeling. His plans for the future were as yet vague, but Anne was always a part of his dream.

But this youth lived so vigorously and fully and happily in the present that there was not much time for the future and for dreams. He seldom thought. What other people thought, he felt.

CHAPTER VI.

"Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

"O Land, O Land,
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed—
Into the Silent Land!"
—Longfellow. *From the German.*

Early in September William Douglas failed suddenly. From taciturnity he sank into silence, from quiet into lethargy. He rose in the morning, but after that effort he became like a breathing statue, and sat all day in his arm-chair without stirring or noticing anything. If they brought him food he ate it, but he did not speak or answer their questions by motion or gesture. The fort surgeon was puzzled; it was evidently not paralysis. He was a new-comer on the island, and he asked many questions as to the past. Anne sincerely, Miss Lois resolutely, denied that there had ever been any trouble with the brain; Dr. Gaston drummed on the table, and answered sharply that all men of intellect were more or less mad. But the towns-people smiled, and tapped their foreheads significantly; and the new surgeon had noticed in the course of his experience that, with time for observation, the towns-people are generally right. So he gave a few medicines, ordered a generous diet, and looking about him for some friend of the family who could be trusted, selected at last Père Michaux. For Miss Lois would not treat him even civilly, bristling when he approached like a hedge-hog; and with her frank eyes meeting his, he found it impossible to speak to Anne. But he told Père Michaux the true state of his patient, and asked him to break the tidings to the family.

"He can not live long," he said.

"Is it so?" said Père Michaux. "God's will be done. Poor Anne!"

"An odd lot of children he has in that ramshackle old house of his," continued the surgeon. "Two sets, I should say."

"Yes; the second wife was a French girl."

"With Indian blood?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Who is to have charge of them? The boys will take to the woods, I suppose, but that little Tita is an odd specimen. She would make quite a sensation in New York a few years later."

"May she never reach there!" said the old priest, fervently.

"Well, perhaps you are right. But who is to have the child?"

"Her sister will take charge of her."

"Miss Anne? Yes, she will do her best, of course; she is a fine, frank young Saxon. But I doubt if she understands that elfish little creature."

"She understands her better than we do," said the priest, with some heat.

"Ah? You know best, of course; I speak merely as an outsider," answered the new surgeon, going off about his business.

Père Michaux decided that he would tell Anne herself. He went to the house for the purpose, and called her out on the old piazza. But when she stood before him, her violet eyes meeting his without a suspicion of the tidings he brought, his heart failed him suddenly. He comprehended for the first time what it would be

to her, and, making some chance inquiry, he asked to see Miss Lois, and turned away. Anne went in, and Miss Lois came out. The contrast between the priest and the New England woman was more marked than usual as they stood there facing each other on the old piazza, he less composed than he ordinarily was on account of what he had to tell. But it never occurred to him for a moment that Miss Lois would falter. Why should she? He told her. She sank down at his feet as though she had fallen there and died.

Alarmed, he bent over her, and in the twilight saw that she was not dead; her features were working strangely; her hands were clinched over her breast; her faded eyes stared at him behind the spectacles as though he were miles away. He tried to raise her. She struck at him almost fiercely. "Let me alone," she said, in a muffled voice. Then, still lying where she fell, she threw up her arms and wailed once or twice, not loudly, but with a struggling, inarticulate sound, as a person cries out in sleep. Poor old Lois! it was the last wail of her love. But even then she did not recognize it. Nor did the priest. Pale, with uncertain steps and shaking hands, yet tearless, the stricken woman raised herself by the aid of the bench, crossed the piazza, went down the path and into the street, Père Michaux's eyes following her in bewilderment. She was evidently going home, and her prim, angular shape looked strangely bare and uncovered in the lack of bonnet and shawl, for through all the years she had lived on the island she had never once been seen in the open air without them. The precision of her bonnet strings was a matter of conscience. The priest went away also. And thus it happened that Anne was not told at all.

When, late in the evening, Miss Lois returned, grayly pale, but quiet, as she entered the hall a cry met her ears and rang through the house. It had come, sooner than any one expected. The sword of sorrow, which sooner or later must pierce all loving hearts, had entered Anne Douglas's breast. Her father was dead.

He had died suddenly, peacefully and without pain, passing away in sleep. Anne was with him, and Tita, jealously watchful to the last. No one else was in the room at the moment. Père Michaux, coming in, had been the first to perceive the change.

Tita drew away quickly to a distant corner, and kneeling down where she could still see everything that went on, began repeating prayers; but Anne, with a wild cry, threw herself down beside her dead, sobbing, holding his hand, and calling his name again and again. She would not believe that he was gone.

Ah, well, many of us know the sorrow. A daughter's love for a kind father is a peculiarly dependent, clinging affection; it is mixed with the careless happiness of childhood, which can never come again. Into the father's grave the daughter, sometimes a gray-haired woman, lays away forever the little pet names and memories which to all the rest of the world are but foolishness. Even though happy in her woman's lot, she weeps convulsively here for a moment with a sorrow that nothing can comfort; no other love so protecting and unselfish will ever be hers again.

Anne was crushed by her grief; it seemed to those who watched her that she revealed a new nature in her sorrow. Dr. Gaston and Père Michaux spoke of it to each other, but could find little to say to the girl herself; she had, as it were, drifted beyond their reach, far out on an unknown sea. They prayed for her, and went silently away, only to come back within the hour and meet again on the threshold, recognizing each other's errand. They were troubled by the change in this young creature upon whom they had all, in a certain way, depended. Singularly enough, Miss Lois did not seem to appreciate Anne's condition: she was suffering too deeply herself. The whole of her repressed nature was in revolt. But faithful to the unconscious secret of her life, she still thought the wild pain of her heart was "sorrow for a friend."

She went about as usual, attending to household tasks for both homes. She was unchanged, yet totally changed. There was a new tension about her mouth, and an unwonted silence, but her hands were as busy as ever. Days had passed after the funeral before she began to perceive, even slightly, the broken condition of Anne. The girl herself was the first to come back to the present, in the necessity for asking one of those sad questions which often raise their heads as soon as the coffin is borne away. "Miss Lois, there are bills to be paid, and I have no money. Do you know anything of our real income?"

The old habits of the elder woman stirred a little; but she answered, vaguely, "No."

"We must look through dear papa's papers," said Anne, her voice breaking as she spoke the name. "He received few letters, none at all lately; whatever he had, then, must be here."

Miss Lois assented, still silently, and the two began their task. Anne, with a quivering lip, unlocked her father's desk.

William Douglas had not been a relic-loving man. He had lived, he had loved; but memory was sufficient for him; he needed no tokens. So, amid a hundred mementos of nature, they found nothing personal, not even a likeness of Anne's mother, or lock of her curling brown hair. And amid a mass of miscellaneous papers, writings on every philosophic and imaginative subject, they found but one relating to money—some figures jotted down, with a date affixed, the sum far from large, the date three years before. Below, a later line was added, as if (for the whole was vague) so much had gone, and this was the remainder; the date of this last line was eight months back.

"Perhaps this is it," said Anne; "perhaps this is what he had."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Lois, mechanically.

They went on with the search, and at last came to a package tied in brown paper, which contained money; opening it, they counted the contents.

"Three hundred and ten dollars and eighty-five cents," said Anne.

Miss Lois took a pen and made a calculation, still with the manner of a machine. "That is about what would be left by this time, at the rate of the sums you have had, supposing the memorandum is what you think it is," she said, rubbing her forehead with a shadowy imitation of her old habit.

"It is a large sum," said Anne.

Nothing more was found. It appeared, therefore, that the five children of William Douglas were left alone in the world with exactly three hundred and ten dollars and eighty-five cents.

Dr. Gaston and Père Michaux learned the result that day; the story spread through the village and up to the fort. "I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life," said Mrs. Cromer. "That a man like Dr. Douglas should have gone on for the last four or five years deliberately living on his capital, seeing it go dollar by dollar, without making one effort to save it, or to earn an income—a father with children! I shall always believe, after this, that the villagers were right, and that his mind was affected."

The chaplain stopped these comments gruffly, and the fort ladies forgave him on account of the tremor in his voice. He left them, and went across to his little book-clogged cottage with the first indications of age showing in his gait.

"It is a blow to him; he is very fond of Anne, and hoped everything for her," said Mrs. Bryden. "I presume he would adopt her if he could; but there are the other children."

"They might go to their mother's relatives, I should think," said Mrs. Rankin.

"They could, but Anne will not allow it. You will see."

"I suppose our good chaplain has nothing to bequeath, even if he should adopt Anne?"

"No, he has no property, and has saved nothing from his little salary; it has all gone into books," answered the colonel's wife.

Another week passed. By that time Dr. Gaston and Père Michaux together had brought the reality clearly before Anne's eyes; for the girl had heretofore held such small sums of money in her hands at any one time that the amount found in the desk had seemed to her large. Père Michaux began the small list of resources by proposing that the four children should go at once to their uncle, their mother's brother, who was willing to receive them and give them a home, such as it was, among his own brood of black-eyed little ones. Anne decidedly refused. Dr. Gaston then asked her to come to him, and be his dear daughter as long as he lived.

"I must not come with them, and I can not come without them," was Anne's reply.

There remained Miss Lois. But she seemed entirely unconscious of any pressing necessity for haste in regard to the affairs of the little household, coming and going as usual, but without words; while people around her, with that virtuous readiness as to the duties of their neighbors which is so helpful in a wicked world, said loudly and frequently that she was the nearest friend, and ought to do— Here followed a variety of suggestions, which

amounted in the aggregate to everything. At last, as often happens, it was an outside voice that brought the truth before her.

"And what are you thinking of doing, dear Miss Lois, for the five poor orphans?" asked the second Miss Macdougall while paying a visit of general condolence at the church-house.

"Why, what should I do?" said Miss Lois, with a faint remembrance of her old vigilant pride. "They want nothing."

"They want nothing! And not one hundred dollars apiece for them in the wide world!" exclaimed Miss Jean. "Surely you're joking, my dear. Here's Dr. Gaston wishing to take Anne, as is most kind and natural; but she will not leave those children. Although why they should not go back to the stratum from which they came is a mystery to me. She can never make anything of them: mark my words."

Miss Jean paused; but whether Miss Lois marked her words or not, she made no response, but sat gazing straight at the wall. Miss Jean, however, knew her duty, and did it like a heroine of old. "We thought, perhaps, dear Miss Lois, that *you* would like to take them for a time," she said, "seeing that Anne has proved herself so obstinate as to the other arrangements proposed. The village has thought so generally, and I am not the one to hide it from you, having been taught by my lamented parent to honor and abide by veracity the most precise. We could all help you a little in clothing them for the present, and we will contribute to their support a fish now and then, a bag of meal, a barrel of potatoes, which we would do gladly—right gladly, I do assure you. For no one likes to think of Dr. Douglas's children being on the town."

The homely phrase roused Miss Lois at last. "What in the world are you talking about, Jean Macdougall?" she exclaimed, in wrath. "On the town! Are you clean daft? On the town, indeed! Clear out of my house this moment, you lying, evil-speaking woman!"

The second Miss Macdougall rose in majesty, and drew her black silk visite around her. "Of whom ye are speaking, Miss Hinsdale, I knaw not," she said, growing Scotch in her anger; "but I believe ye hae lost your wits. I tak' my departure freely, and not as sent by one who has strangely forgotten the demeanor of a leddy."

With hands folded, she swept toward the door, all the flowers on her dignified bonnet swaying perceptibly. Pausing on the threshold, she added, "As a gude Christian, and a keeper of my word, I still say, Miss Hinsdale, in spite of insults, that in the matter of a fish or two, or a barrel of potatoes now and then, ye can count upon the Macdougalls."

Left alone, Miss Lois put on her shawl and bonnet with feverish haste, and went over to the Agency. Anne was in the sitting-room, and the children were with her.

"Anne, of course you and the children are coming to live with me whenever you think it best to leave this house," said Miss Lois, appearing on the threshold like an excited ghost in spectacles. "You never thought or planned anything else, I hope?"

"No," said Anne, frankly, "I did not—at least for the present. I knew you would help us, Miss Lois, although you did not speak."

"Speak! was there any need of speaking?" said the elder woman, bursting into a few dry, harsh sobs. "You are all I have in the world, Anne. How could you mistrust me?"

"I did not," said Anne.

And then the two women kissed each other, and it was all understood without further words. And thus, through the intervention of the second Miss Macdougall (who found herself ill rewarded for her pains), Lois Hinsdale came out from the watch-chamber of her dead to real life again, took up her burden, and went on.

Anne now unfolded her plans, for she had been obliged to invent plans: necessity forced her forward. "We must all come to you for a time, dear Miss Lois; but I am young and strong, and I can work. I wish to educate the boys as father would have wished them educated. Do you ask what I can do? I think—that is, I hope—that I can teach." Then, in a lower voice, she added, "I promised father that I would do all I could for the children, and I shall keep my promise."

Miss Lois's eyes filled with tears. But the effect of the loving emotion was only to redden the lids, and make the orbs beneath look smaller and more unbeautiful than before.

For to be born into life with small, inexpressive eyes is like being born dumb.

One may have a heart full of feeling, but the world will not believe it. Pass on, then, Martha, with your pale little orbs; leave the feeling to Beatrice with her deep brown glance, to Agnes with her pure blue gaze, to Isabel with hers of passionate splendor. The world does not believe you have any especial feelings, poor Martha.

"I have been thinking deeply," continued Anne, "and I have consulted Dr. Gaston. He says that I have a good education, but probably an old-fashioned one; at least the fort ladies told him that it would be so considered. It seems that what I need is a 'polish of modern accomplishments.' That is what he called it. Now, to obtain a teacher's place, I must have this, and I can not obtain it here." She paused; and then, like one who rides forward on a solitary charge, added, "I am going to write to Miss Vanhorn."

"A dragon!" said Miss Lois, knitting fiercely. Then added, after a moment, "A positive demon of pride." Then, after another silence, she said, sternly, "She broke your mother's heart, Anne Douglas, and she will break yours."

"I hope not," said the girl, her voice trembling a little; for her sorrow was still very near the surface. "She is old now, and perhaps more gentle. At any rate, she is my only living relative, and to her I must appeal."

"How do you know she is alive? The world would be well rid of such a wicked fiend," pursued Miss Lois, quoting unconsciously from Anne's forest Juliet.

"She was living last year, for father spoke of her."

"I did not know he ever spoke of her."

"Only in answer to my questions; for I had found her address, written in mother's handwriting, in an old note-book. She brought up my mother, you know, and was once very fond of her."

"So fond of her that she killed her. If poor Alida had not had that strain upon her, she might have been alive at this day," said Miss Lois.

Anne's self-control left her now, and she began to sob like a child. "Do not make it harder for me than it is," she said, amid her tears. "I *must* ask her; and if she should consent to help me, it will be grief enough to leave you all, without these cruel memories added. She is old: who knows but that she may be longing to repair the harm she did?"

"Can the leopard change his spots?" said Miss Lois, sternly. "But what do you mean by leaving us all? What do you intend to do?"

"I intend to ask her either to use her influence in obtaining a teacher's place for me immediately, or if I am not, in her opinion, qualified, to give me the proper masters for one year. I would study very hard; she would not be burdened with me long."

"And the proper masters are not here, of course?"

"No; at the East."

Miss Lois stopped in the middle of a round, took off her spectacles, rolled up her knitting-work slowly and tightly as though it was never to be unrolled again, and pinned it together with decision; she was pinning in also a vast resolution. Then she looked at Anne in silence for several minutes, saw the tear-dimmed eyes and tired, anxious face, the appealing glance of William Douglas's child.

"I have not one word to say against it," she remarked at last, breaking the silence; and then she walked out of the house and went homeward.

It was a hard battle for her. She was to be left with the four brown-skinned children, for whom she had always felt unconquerable aversion, while the one child whom she loved—Anne—was to go far away. It was a revival of the bitter old feeling against Angélique Lafontaine, the artful minx who had entrapped William Douglas to his ruin. In truth, however, there had been very little art about Angélique; nor was Douglas by any means a rich prey. But women always attribute wonderful powers of strategy to a successful rival, even although by the same ratio they reduce the bridegroom to a condition approaching idiocy; for anything is better than the supposition that he was a free agent, and sought his fate from the love of it.

The thought of Anne's going was dreadful to Miss Lois; yet her long-headed New England thrift and calculation saw chances in that future which Anne did not see. "The old wretch has money, and no near heirs," she said to herself; "why should she not take a fancy to this grandniece? Anne has no such idea, but her friends should, therefore, have it for her." Still, the tears would rise and dim her spectacles as she thought of the parting. She took off the gold-rimmed glasses and

rubbed them vigorously. "One thing is certain," she added, to herself, as a sort of comfort, "Tita will have to do her mummeries in the garden after this."

Poor old Lois! in these petty annoyances and heavy cares her great grief was to be pressed down into a subdued undercurrent, no longer to be indulged or made much of even by herself.

Anne knew but little of her grandaunt. William Douglas would not speak of what was the most bitter memory of his life. The address in the old note-book, in her mother's unformed girlish handwriting, was her only guide. She knew that Miss Vanhorn was obstinate and ill-tempered; she knew that she had discarded her mother on account of her disobedient marriage, and had remained harsh and unforgiving to the last. And this was all she knew. But she had no choice. Hoping, praying for the best, she wrote her letter, and sent it on its way. Then they all waited. For Père Michaux had been taken into the conference also, and had given hearty approval to Anne's idea—so hearty, indeed, that both the chaplain and Miss Lois looked upon him with disfavor. What did he mean? He did not say what he meant, but returned to his hermitage cheerfully. Dr. Gaston, not so cheerfully, brought out his hardest chess problems, and tried to pass away the time in mathematical combinations of the deepest kind. Miss Lois, however, had combinations at hand of another sort. No sooner was the letter gone than she advanced a series of conjectures which did honor even to her New England origin.

The first was that Miss Vanhorn had gone abroad: those old New-Yorkers were "capable of wishing to ride on camels, even"; she added, from habit, "through the eye of a needle." The next day she decided that paralysis would be the trouble: those old New-Yorkers were "often stricken down in that way, owing to their high living and desperate wine-bibbing." Anne need give no more thought to her letter; Miss Vanhorn would not be able even to read it. The third day, Miss Vanhorn would read the letter, but would immediately throw it on the floor and stamp on it: those old New-Yorkers "had terrible tempers," and were "known to swear like troopers even on the slightest provocation." The fourth day, Miss Vanhorn was mad; the fifth day, she was married; the sixth, she was dead: those old New-Yorkers having tendencies toward insanity, matrimony, and death which, Miss Lois averred, were known to all the world, and indisputable. That she herself had never been in New York in her life made no difference in her certainties: women like Miss Lois are always sure they know all about New York.

Anne, weary and anxious, and forced to hear all these probabilities, began at last to picture her grandaunt as a sort of human kaleidoscope, falling into new and more fantastic combinations at a moment's notice.

They had allowed two weeks for the letter to reach the island, always supposing that Miss Vanhorn was not on a camel, paralyzed, obstinate, mad, married, or dead. But on the tenth day the letter came. Anne took it with a hand that trembled. Doctor Gaston was present, and Miss Lois, but neither of them comprehended her feelings. She felt that she was now to be confronted by an assent which would strain her heart-strings almost to snapping, yet be ultimately for the best, or by a refusal which would fill her poor heart with joy, although at the same time pressing down upon her shoulders a heavy, almost hopeless weight of care. The two could not enter into her feelings, because in the depths of their hearts they both resented her willingness to leave them. They never said this to each other, they never said it to themselves; yet they both felt it with the unconscious selfishness of those who are growing old, especially when their world is narrowed down to one or two loving young hearts. They did not realize that it was as hard for her to go as it was for them to let her go; they did not realize what a supreme effort of courage it required to make this young girl go out alone into the wide world, and face its vastness and its strangeness; they did not realize how she loved them, and how every tree, every rock of the island, also, was dear to her strongly loving, concentrated heart.

After her father's death Anne had been for a time passive, swept away by grief as a dead leaf on the wind. But cold necessity came and stood by her bedside silently and stonily, and looked at her until, recalling her promise, she rose, choked back her sorrow, and returned to common life and duty with an aching but resolute heart. In the effort she made to

speak at all it was no wonder that she spoke quietly, almost coldly; having, after sleepless nights of sorrow, nerved herself to bear the great change in her lot, should it come to her, could she trust herself to say that she was sorry to go? Sorry!—when her whole heart was one pain!

The letter was as follows:

"GRANDNIECE ANNE,—I did not know that you were in existence. I have read your letter, and have now to say the following. Your mother wilfully disobeyed me, and died. I, meanwhile, an old woman, remain as strong as ever.

"While I recognize no legal claim upon me (I having long since attended to the future disposal of all my property according to my own wishes), I am willing to help you to a certain extent, as I would help any industrious young girl asking for assistance. If what you say of your education is true, you need only what are called modern accomplishments (of which I personally have small opinion, a grimacing in French and a squalling in Italian being not to my taste) to make you a fairly well qualified teacher in an average country boarding-school, which is all you can expect. You may, therefore, come to New York at my expense, and enter Madame Moreau's establishment, where, as I understand, the extreme of everything called 'accomplishment' is taught, and much nonsense learned in the latest style. You may remain one year; not longer. And I advise you to improve the time, as nothing more will be done for you by me. You will bring your own clothes, but I will pay for your books. I send no money now, but will refund your travelling expenses (of which you will keep strict account, without extras) upon your arrival in the city, which must not be later than the last of October. Go directly to Madame Moreau's (the address is inclosed), and remember that you are simply Anne Douglas, and not a relative of your obedient servant, KATHARINE VANHORN."

Anne, who had read the letter aloud in a low voice, now laid it down, and looked palely at her two old friends.

"A hard letter," said the chaplain, indignantly. "My child, remain with us. We will think of some other plan for you. Let the proud, cold-hearted old woman go."

"I told you how it would be," said Miss Lois, a bright spot of red on each cheek-bone. "She was cruel to your mother before you, and she will be cruel to you. You must give it up."

"No," said Anne, slowly, raising the letter and replacing it in its envelope; "it is a matter in which I have no choice. She gives me the year at school, as you see, and—there are the children. I promised father, and I must keep the promise. Do not make me falter, dear friends, for—I *must* go." And unable longer to keep back the tears, she hurriedly left the room.

Dr. Gaston, without a word, took his old felt hat and went home. Miss Lois sat staring vaguely at the window-pane, until she became conscious that some one was coming up the path, and that "some one" Père Michaux. She too then went hurriedly homeward, by the back way, in order to avoid him. The old priest, coming in, found the house deserted. Anne was on her knees in her own room, sobbing as if her heart would break; but the walls were thick, and he could not hear her.

Then Tita came in. "Annet is going away," she said, softly; "she is going to school. The letter came to-day."

"So Miss Vanhorn consents, does she? Excellent! excellent!" said Père Michaux, rubbing his hands, his eyes expressing a hearty satisfaction.

"When will you say 'Excellent! excellent!' about me?" said Tita, jealously.

"Before long, I hope," said the priest, patting her small head.

"But are you sure, mon père?"

"Well, yes," said Père Michaux, "on the whole, I am."

He smiled, and the child smiled also; but with a deep quiet triumph remarkable in one so young.

THE FIRE-FLY.

WHEN I first knew Margret Sinclair she was not quite sixteen: a petted child in a happy home—one of those children, advancing toward womanhood, to whom the feelings constitute all of life; alternating from smiles to tears, the smiles having much the better part of it, she danced her way along. The "Fire-Fly," we called her in school, and it is as the Fire-Fly I love to think of her. There was nothing particularly attractive about her at first sight. She was small, she was

dark, she had irregular features, but she had eyes that lit up her face and kindled a fire in others—eyes that looked into unknown depths, and then skimmed the veriest surfaces; glittering like any bead, till of a sudden some feeling came into them, and the bead was the window of a soul. Yes, Margret Sinclair in those days had a soul, though she knew as little of it as the rest of us, and the possession, whether we recognized it or not, made her in some sort "uncanny." At times we could not understand her, and I know she did not understand herself. A fully developed heart and soul in an undeveloped girl of sixteen does not naturally adjust itself to conventionalities. It makes its own path, and Margret Sinclair made hers early. While "we," her school-girl companions, were curiously peeping at life through the experiences of our elder sisters, envying, enjoying, or criticising, Margret Sinclair met her fate. There came to Washington an officer of the navy whom we called "the Apollo," and invested with every glorious attribute. In reality he had many noble qualities, and one overpowering vice. He was already, at twenty-eight, the victim of intemperance. As yet his magnificent physique told no tales, and Harry Rogers would have been the lion of that season if he could have been caught and held. How often I have heard my sister and her friends, the belles of the hour, seriously and jokingly devising plans to entrap him, to fascinate him, to pique him; but Harry Rogers evaded them all, with a smile that added to his desirableness, giving us younger ones but a poor opinion of their resources. "We" would do so and so, and yet when our time came we had profited nothing. Each one commenced anew, and learned her own lesson in her own way and for her own self. Margret Sinclair was no exception, exceptional as she was in all else. With her (if there was not an overruling fate in it) it all turned upon a visit she made, quite accidentally, to Caroline Masten, a daughter of Commodore Masten, who lived some four miles from town. The Sinclairs and Mastens were intimate, and Caroline, though several years older than Margret, was fond of the Fire-Fly in the patronizing way that became her greater experience and knowledge of the world. Caroline Masten was a practical girl, with enough common-sense on common matters; a "good" girl, in being æsthetically tinctured with what passes for religion—not a faith by any means, not even a sentiment, but a routine that answered for both. *She* could never be troubled with any doubts as to her future well-being, here and hereafter, while she went to church every Sunday morning, and behaved like a lady. The Fire-Fly said once, in the midst of a tedious sermon, she would like "to get on the back of the seat and whistle." And yet she was not altogether irreverent.

Miss Caroline, however, was our model, and I believe the Fire-Fly worshipped her in some blind way, till she found herself soaring miles off, in a world of sentiment and passion that Caroline Masten could never apprehend.

It so chanced that Harry Rogers, who was Commodore Masten's nephew, was spending a few days in the country when Margret Sinclair went out, but no one thought of him as a "danger ahead" for her. She was "a child" going into the country for a holiday, and as a child in her school-girl dress she drove out to meet her fate. At that time she was more full of life, had more enjoyment in it, than any person I have ever seen. She did as she pleased, and said what she pleased, within the limits of a refined, airy gracefulness all her own. The Fire-Fly was her appropriate name. She sparkled in just that fitful way, and again with just that steady glow. She laughed, she sang, she danced—above all she danced. Dancing was a kind of intoxication with her, and I never knew her hear a waltz that she did not spin round, as if in obedience to some law of rhythmic movement she could not resist. It was the only expressive dancing I ever saw, and yet I could never tell in what the expression consisted, but I felt a difference I could not see. She knew her dancing was a power, and when she floated round in the only large ball-room she had ever been in, dressed in white, with the "angel sleeves" then worn, she did not look altogether like "one of us."

But I am in advance of my story. I did not think it would take so long to tell, or perhaps I love to linger over that time of my girlhood, when, if we were not all Fire-Flies, we aspired to be. Margret Sinclair, then, went out to Commodore Masten's to spend Sunday, and as she was not a "young lady," Harry Rogers did not as usual desert the field. He did not think her of sufficient importance at first,

and afterward he staid because he found her piquant and amusing. Caroline Masten has often said that when she accompanied Margret to her room for the "talk" that all girls, old and young, wind up the day with, she observed the Fire-Fly was preoccupied, and when she asked her if Cousin Harry was not "splendidly handsome," Margret replied, in a doubtful, questioning way, "Miss Caroline, I could not look at him?" Supposing, however, as such common-sense persons are apt to do, that what they do not understand does not exist, she took no notice of the absurdity of the reply, but proceeded to say to Margret, as she did to every one else, that he was as bad as he was handsome. "*I don't believe it, and I never will!*" Margret cried. Caroline laughed her undulating little laugh at this misplaced enthusiasm, and before bidding good-night indulged herself in some sage advice, good enough of its kind, but totally wide of the mark. It would have been wasted had it been more applicable.

All wise persons who scoff at love at first sight should not lose time and patience in following this story. They are warned they will find here no exhaustive analysis of the passion of love; no struggles against it, as we are taught is becoming; no blindness to it, as is, perhaps, more natural; no moral to be deduced from it.

Margret Sinclair knew, as she gained all her knowledge, by a flash, that she loved Harry Rogers, and she yielded to it with the same innocent *abandon* that she yielded to the music of the dance. Love took possession of her, and she glorified it, and she gloried in it. To Harry Rogers this had all the charm of novelty. At first he laughed at the "child," but before that three days' visit was ended he was as madly, as foolishly, in love as she was. I have always thought, in spite of the difference in their ages, that the Fire-Fly had the stronger nature of the two, and that Harry Rogers, utterly unable to resist its power over him, sought escape by flight. He was an honorable man, and knew himself to be no fair match for that young girl, and, to his credit be it said, he did leave Washington; but the moth might as well try to avoid the flame. He was away from the city ten days, and report said those days were passed in a drunken debauch. I only know that he returned, handsomer than ever, and with the fixed purpose of winning Margret Sinclair.

His promises of reform, that were Gospel truths in her ears, had no weight with her parents, and for the first time the Fire-Fly met opposition. It made her more fitful and gleaming than ever, except when in the presence of her lover. Then she was too happy to be gay. She lived and moved in him, conscious of but the one fact that he was with her. Her father tried to extract a promise that she would not meet Harry Rogers. She only said, "Papa, I could not keep it if I made it"; and to her mother's expostulations and entreaties she replied, piteously, "Mamma, tell me how to help it."

Happily, young women are so much better disciplined nowadays, it is not likely my story can do them either good or harm; but if any have read so far, I must beg a charitable judgment for my poor little Fire-Fly. She was weak; she was foolish; she was imprudent. She might better have staked her happiness on a reed swaying in the blast than on the promises of a man who for years had been the victim of intemperance; but she was not the first, and, even in this wise age of the world, she may not be the last, to exclaim, "Mamma, tell me how to help it." There are natures that have no calculation in them: once impelled, they rush to destruction as to happiness—with the same eagerness. It is not a nature to covet, nor is it a nature to despise. It always carries power with it. We—you and I—may be too reasonable to indulge in purely unselfish sentiment, and from our proscenium boxes of calculation and sound sense can afford to laugh, or maybe weep, over those follies we occasionally see enacted. It may chance, even, some touch pierces deeper than common, and we are reminded we too have hearts, if we do choose to ignore them.

Harry Rogers, before his turn came, had laughed at many another victim, and so why may it not happen that you, and you, and you, may be sacrificed some of these fine days? Do you think you have got beyond it, or that you are not worthy of it?

At last a large ball brought this particular love affair to a crisis. It was at this ball Margret wore the "angel sleeves," and danced one dance with Harry Rogers.

Only one dance, when he went to his rooms and wrote the words and music of the "Angel-sleeve Waltz," which we

hummed, sang, and danced for weeks afterward. The refrain,

"Those angel sleeves, those angel sleeves,
I'll follow still where'er they lead—
Those angel sleeves," etc., etc.;

and one verse I now recall, which we thought quite equal to anything in Byron:

"If to heaven I'd chance to go,
Or if to darker shades below,
One glimpse of those dear angel sleeves
Will make me all the joys forego,
Or all the pains as little know—
Those angel sleeves," etc., etc.

That ball decided the heads of the respective families to put an effectual stop to the whole affair by having Harry Rogers sent to a distant station. Their influence being great, the "order," in official parlance, was peremptory, and admitted of no delay. Harry Rogers was seen no more in Washington.

Margret Sinclair abandoned herself to her grief as to her love. Poor child that she was, she did not know how to conceal or control it, and the older, wiser heads, being quite certain such folly would soon exhaust itself, let nature for once have its own way. She refused to be comforted, and when she went out again to the Mastens' it was only because it was easier to go than to resist. The Commodore said it brought the tears to his old eyes to see the child so woe-begone, but "daughter Caroline says she will soon be as gay as ever, and Caroline is a sensible girl." At first there was no rousing Margret: if she got up, she did not want to lie down; if she lay down, she did not want to get up. Life for her seemed to have stopped, and she looked more like a shade than a human being, like something that had strayed into an atmosphere not conditioned to it: so necessary is happiness to some few of God's creatures. The majority go through life accepting some poor substitute, and are content. The only trouble is, they insist upon their capacity to judge as to what ought to constitute happiness for others.

Margret Sinclair was persuaded, one day—no one knew how or by whom—to take a walk, and came back so radiant, so like herself, that Caroline and Mrs. Masten decided she should walk every day. Exercise and fresh air would soon make her forget "poor dear Harry."

Soon afterward they heard her singing like a bird for very joy, and without more ado, and no questioning, concluded, in their own comprehensive way, that admitted not a doubt, that Cousin Harry had made a good escape. They did everything they could to make her forget Harry Rogers, but when most successful were most disappointed, and left her to wander at her own sweet will. It was her will to wander alone daily, and to remain out for hours.

If any of Margret Sinclair's school-girl set had been there, they would have known the Fire-Fly better; but there is nothing more unaccountable than the ignorance older girls have about younger ones. To the average young lady "in society" all life is summed up in her own personality, and it is not until her experiences deepen that she consents, or perhaps is able, to enlarge the boundaries of her observations and sympathies. She is selfish because she is ignorant, and ignorant because she is selfish. It may almost be said that a woman's heart is her only thinking apparatus. We know that without it she fares badly in the competitive examinations of this world.

It was not in Caroline Masten to love blindly, and therefore it was a fancy in others—a morning dew that the sun or a warm day must necessarily dissipate. Whether the Fire-Fly was above or below this sort of reasoning is a question every one must settle for himself, and one that Caroline Masten had occasion to ponder deeply over. She bethought herself one bright morning of following Margret, in an idle sort of way, with book in hand. Caroline Masten "posed" on all occasions, and I can see her now gracefully sauntering toward the lake, some half-mile from the house. I have no doubt she was thinking more of her own mild flirtations than of Margret Sinclair. It was not easy for Caroline Masten to divert her thoughts from this all-important subject. It was a part of her religion to believe half a dozen men in love with her, and she had a way of confounding divine and human love that made for her a most satisfactory form of worship. It was a part of her belief in a future state that she was predestined to select the most wealthy of her admirers, and she never looked more heavenly than when cogitating most deeply on this "article" of her faith. She had that cast of features that so easily lends itself to a saint-like expression.

Practical Caroline Masten lived in a great deal more of a dream than did the

Fire-Fly, only her dreams would have been nightmares to Margret Sinclair. Arriving at the lake in this placid frame of mind, she saw, to her consternation, Harry Rogers with Margret Sinclair, and was so far touched æsthetically as to say she had never seen "such a pretty picture." If perfect happiness makes a "pretty picture," it was before her. This world never knew a happier being than Margret Sinclair at that time. She had no thought for past or future. Harry Rogers was with her, her head rested confidingly on his shoulder, and the story was told. At sight of Caroline Masten there was no attempt on the part of the lovers to change their position, but Harry Rogers, looking up, said, coolly, "Poor Cousin Carrie, and did you think I would not give up a thousand commissions for the sake of this little girl?"

Caroline Masten's sense of propriety never deserted her, and she found herself quite equal to indignant remonstrances, at which the Fire-Fly laughed. It was not in her to feel danger or dismay with her hand in Harry Rogers's hand. For life or for death she was ready. Caroline, however, finally consented not to betray them, promised most solemnly not to tell any one she had seen Harry Rogers, and went straight back to the house and told her father.

The old Commodore, in a fit of passion, and before he had seen Harry, reported him to his superior officers, informed the Sinclairs, and all Washington soon knew a court-martial was ordered on Harry Rogers. No one saw Margret Sinclair for weeks. During this time it began to be whispered, and then known, that Harry Rogers could not stand up against these accumulated troubles. He fell. He passed his days and nights in unconsciousness, and when dismissed from the navy, he never realized it. What kind of a blow this was to Margret Sinclair no one ever knew. She came amongst us again, to all appearances having forgotten Harry Rogers, but we knew it would not be safe to disparage him to her; and when he died from *mania a potu*, soon after, no one cared to tell her. I can not at this time understand any better than I did then the mistaken kindness which allowed her to go to a ball the very night of the day on which Harry Rogers was buried, nor can I ever forget the shock it was to the giddiest of us to see her come into the room, dressed in white, with the "angel sleeves." There had been a terrible snow-storm raging all day, and she looked the incarnation of it. Not a particle more color in her face than in her dress; but she danced as one possessed, and when midnight came, I saw her float out of the room to the music of the "Angel-sleeve Waltz." It was stopped instantly, and as if by one consent, but she had gone; and the next time I saw Margret Sinclair she lay in her coffin, looking not whiter or colder than when she drifted out of that ball-room.

She went home with her parents very quietly. They noticed nothing unusual, and it was not until the next morning it was discovered she was not in the house. Search was made far and wide; the snow had effectually concealed her path, and the day wore on without any traces of her. Some one suggested the cemetery, and it seemed strange it had not been thought of before. There they found her, on Harry Rogers's grave, the snow covering her entirely, except that one "angel sleeve" fluttered feebly over the mound. Harry Rogers had promised to leave all pleasures and pains for those "angel sleeves," and she impotently called on him to fulfill it.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"THE town has been in a great bustle," wrote Horace Walpole on the 29th of May, 1744, "about a private match, but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox, asked, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather a king; *hinc illæ lacrimæ:* all the blood royal have been up in arms."

The Mr. Fox here alluded to by the most famous and entertaining gossip of his age as the son of a footman was the father of Charles James Fox. The lady who consented to elope with him after her parents had rejected his suit was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, great-granddaughter of Charles II. of England, and great-great-granddaughter of Henry IV. of France. One of her sisters married a son of the Duke of Leinster, and another was the mother of Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

The advantages which attach to the accidents both of noble and of humble ex-

traction were never probably more completely combined than in this marriage, nor, humanly speaking, with happier results. The rare talents and Parliamentary importance of the footman's grandson, re-enforced by the birth of a child, soon reconciled the families, and healed what threatened to be an incurable wound so effectually that it left not a scar behind. Though during most of his married life Henry Fox was one of the most unpopular—and perhaps deservedly unpopular—men in England, the home of Henry and Lady Caroline Fox presented, says his latest, his best-informed, and by far most eloquent biographer,* "a beautiful picture of undoubting and undoubted affection, of perfect similarity in tastes and pursuits, of mutual appreciation, which thorough knowledge of the world and the strong sense inherent in the Fox character never allowed to degenerate into mutual adulation.....They lived together more than thirty years, and the wife survived the husband not quite so many days. Neither of them ever knew content except in the possession or immediate expectation of the other's company, and their correspondence continued to be that of lovers until their long honey-moon was finally over."

Genealogists have not thought it worth while to trace the Fox family farther back than to the footman Stephen Fox; but this low-born father of the first Lord Holland possessed many of the qualities for success in life which any nobleman in England might have envied. At an early age he had established for himself such a reputation as a manager that Lord Clarendon recommended Prince Charles, then a refugee on the Continent, to place his financial affairs unreservedly in his hands. The advice was taken, and its wisdom was thoroughly vindicated by the results. When Charles came to the throne, Stephen's services were gratefully remembered. In due process of time he was made paymaster of all his Majesty's forces in England, Master of the Horse, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. He was a favorite with four successive monarchs and twelve successive Parliaments. His places were all lucrative, and he died leaving a handsome estate. The children by his first wife having no descendants, he in his seventy-sixth year took a second, by whom he had two sons —Stephen, who became Earl of Ilchester, and Henry, who became the first Lord Holland, son-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, and father of one of the three most famous Parliamentary orators that England has produced.

Henry inherited his father's talent for getting on in the world, but not that for retaining to the same degree its esteem. During the Seven Years' War, on the whole the least inglorious foreign war that England ever waged, Henry Fox also held the post of Paymaster of the Forces, in which his father had laid the foundations of his ample fortune. It is not to be disguised that the desire of accumulating wealth absorbed all other aspirations, and greatly circumscribed the influence of Henry Fox, who, says Earl Stanhope, "might have filled a great part in the history of his country had his character borne any proportion to his talents." The emoluments which Fox derived from his office could not have been less than £600,000, and they served till long after his retirement from public life* as a popular fountain of invective. In a city address written by Wilkes he was styled "the public defaulter of unaccounted millions." Another corporate body denounced him at the foot of the throne as the worst of peculators, and in a tone of vehement remonstrance demanded the sequestration of his wealth, and the removal of his name from the list of the King's confidential advisers.

There is no good reason for believing that Henry Fox acquired his wealth by any methods not common, and fully authorized by the usages of his time, so far as usage could sanction them; but either the English world was raising its standard of public virtue, or Fox must have been most unfortunate in his mode of plucking the public goose, to have made it so very noisy. But even his scandalous greed might have been soon forgotten had he not allowed himself to enter the Bute cabinet, and act the leading part in reconciling Parliament, by fair means and foul, but mostly foul, to the termina-

* *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: Longmans, Green, and Company. 1880.

* Lord Macaulay styled Henry Fox "a political adventurer"; and Lord Chesterfield, a contemporary and an intelligent observer, says that "he had not the least notion of or regard for the public good or the constitution, but despised those objects as the cares of narrow minds."

tion of the Seven Years' War by what was generally and justly regarded as an inglorious if not a dishonorable peace. He remained in the cabinet five months, accomplished the ends for which he was called, and was rewarded with the peerage; but he carried into his retirement a reputation for which a crown would be scant compensation.

But whatever Lord Holland suffered from the desertion of friends and the malignity of enemies seemed to be fully made up to him within his domestic circle. There there was no limit to the attachment which he inspired and the happiness he gave to those around him. Few husbands or fathers have ever been more devotedly loved, and yet fewer husbands or fathers were ever more unselfishly indulgent. Lady Holland was endowed with every charm which is required to win and keep the affections of a sensible man. She had beauty, rank, and talents, and all the privileges which they imply. By her, Lord Holland had four sons, of whom Charles James, who was born on the 24th of January, 1749, was the third. His powers of interesting and attracting others, for which he afterward became so famous, seem to have been his birthright. The natural man was rarely if ever more dangerously attractive than in Lord Holland's family, but Charles's powers of fascination were conspicuous from his earliest youth. His father idolized him. Even the pursuit of wealth and power seemed to be subordinated to his affection for this boy. Though accidentally born at a lodging-house in Conduit Street, it was at Holland House, then undergoing repairs, that he passed his boyhood, and from its imposing avenues, its spacious lawns, its fantastic gables, its luxurious libraries and drawing-rooms and galleries, that he derived his earliest remembered impressions of the charms of nature and the purifying joys of domestic life.

At seven Charles had outgrown nursery instruction, and he was sent to a school at Wandworth, kept by a Frenchman, from whom he is supposed to have acquired at least an excellent grounding in French. It was Charles himself who decided that he should go to Wandworth, and after a stay there of eighteen months it was he who decided to go to Eton; for no one of his contemporaries could remember when Charles was so young as to have any domestic restraint put upon his inclinations. He was accompanied to Eton, in the capacity of tutor, by Lady Holland's chaplain, Dr. Francis, known to most educated English and American school-boys as one of the innumerable translators of Horace, and to a wider circle as the father of the as yet best authenticated author of the letters of "Junius."

All authorities agree that Charles at this time was beloved and admired by all who came in contact with him, and that his tendencies and dispositions were rich in promise of every kind of excellence. If he could have been permitted to remain here and pursue his studies without interruption, his future career need not have required to be written so largely in the language of apology; but Lord Holland, with an obliquity of moral perception which it is difficult to comprehend in any one, and still more in a parent, wishing to withdraw himself and his new title for a time from the notice and criticism of his countrymen, could think of no better diversion than to start with Charles to the Continent to amuse themselves. At Spa it was his practice to send this boy of fourteen nightly to the gaming table with five guineas in his pocket; and if family tradition may be credited, it was not the father's fault if he did not leave France a finished rake. At the end of four months, and under the impulse of his own higher nature, Charles left his father and went back to Eton, "where," says Mr. Trevelyan, "he passed another year, with more advantage to himself than to the school. His Parisian experiences, aided by his rare social talents and unlimited command of money, produced a manifest and durable change in the morals and the habits of the town."

Charles left Eton for Oxford in 1764, entering Hertford College, then under the care of Dr. Newcome, afterward Primate of Ireland. The pupils of this college were mostly young men of family, and the discipline anything but rigorous. The lads who ranked as gentlemen-commoners enjoyed the privilege of doing as they pleased, and were never required to attend either lectures, hall, or chapel. "The men with whom I lived," wrote Lord Malmsbury, who was of Charles's set, "were very pleasant but very idle fellows. Our life was an imitation of high life in London. Luckily, drinking was not the fashion, but what we did drink was claret; and we had our regular round of evening card

parties, to the great annoyance of our finances. It has often been a matter of surprise to me how so many of us made our way so well and so creditably."

Of these pleasant fellows Fox was no doubt one of the pleasantest, but not, as one would be apt to assume, one of the idle ones. On the contrary, he was then a faithful student, delighting in mathematics, loving Oxford, and whenever his father could be induced to forego his company, remaining there through the vacations as hard at work as the neediest candidate for a fellowship. "Application like yours," wrote Dr. Newcome, "requires some intermission, and you are the only person with whom I have ever had connection to whom I could say this." Many years after, when Fox was Secretary of State, he used to take this letter of his old master from his pocket-book to read to his colleagues when they rallied him, as they but too often had occasion to, for his indolence. It was during his two years' sojourn at Oxford that Fox laid the foundations for his minute and thorough comprehension and enjoyment of the classics, his favorite refuge through life in hours of trial, and under the gravest disappointments. How much Fox's happiness as a man, his influence as a statesman, and his usefulness as an example to mankind would have been increased if he had continued a few years longer in his scholarly seclusion at Oxford will never be known, for the evil star of his too fond father was still in the ascendant. In the spring of 1766 Charles was taken from Oxford, and with his two elder brothers must needs accompany Lord and Lady Holland to the Continent. They spent the first winter in Naples, and the second in Nice, the old people returning to England for the intervening summer, while Charles roamed about the Continent with some of his old Eton companions. In the spring of 1768 Charles was joined at Genoa by Lord Carlisle and Lord Kildare, and the three friends set out together for Florence and Rome. "The history of their proceedings," says Trevelyan, "may be read in the fourth book of the 'Dunciad.' Lads of eighteen and nineteen who had been their own masters almost since they could remember, bearing names that were a passport to any circle, with unimpaired health, and a credit at their bankers' which they were not yet old enough to have exhausted, made their grand tour after much the same fashion at all periods of the eighteenth century, and it is unnecessary to repeat what Pope has told in a manner that surpasses himself. Travelling with eight servants apiece, noticed by queens, treated as equals by ambassadors, losing their hearts in one palace and their money in another, and yet on the whole getting into less mischief in high society than when left to their own devices, they

> 'sauntered Europe round,
> And gathered every vice on Christian ground,
> Saw every court, heard every king declare
> His royal sense of opera or the fair,
> Tried all *hors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
> Judicious drank and greatly daring dined.'

But while wasting so much of his time in frivolous amusements and shameful indulgence, it must not be inferred that none of it was profitably employed. So far from it, few people have brought back from a two years' sojourn upon the Continent more that was worth having or that cost more hard work to acquire. He returned to England an excellent linguist, and a far better English scholar than he was when he left it. He became an enthusiastic student and admirer of Italian literature. "For God's sake," he wrote to his friend Fitzpatrick, "learn Italian as fast as you can, to read Ariosto. There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages I understand put together."

Though considered a proficient in French from his youth, he was not satisfied that the people with whom he associated anywhere spoke it better. Dr. Johnson accounted for his excellent talk by saying that he always talked his best. A large share of Fox's success, such as it was, in life, was due to a constitutional tendency in all things to approach as near as possible to perfection. The late Lord Holland tells us that the most marked and enduring feature of his disposition was his invincible propensity "to labor at excellence." He carried this propensity into his amusements as well as into the more serious affairs of life. His verses of society were polished with care. He was expert in chess, and familiar with its literature. He took lessons from a writing-master after he became Secretary of State. A treatise on carving lay beside his plate at his own table until its teachings were superfluous. When he settled in the country he became an ardent and success-

ful student of gardening, of which St. Anne's Hill still is said to bear pleasing testimony. He accounted for his expertness in tennis, of which he was very fond, even after he had become quite corpulent, by saying that it was because he was "a very painstaking man." It was this practice of always doing his best, and mastering thoroughly whatever he engaged in, which, later in life, gave him such a marvellous fund of resources in debate, which made it impossible to take him by surprise, and which justified the remark of Macaulay that Fox was *an* orator, but he was *the* debater.

Though Fox did not wholly neglect his opportunities, it can not be denied that he abused them, and that his follies, excesses, and extravagance were so immoderate that his father felt obliged to recall him before he had visited Rome. Fox had had so little experience of his father's authority in conflict with his own inclinations that the order to come home had to be repeated and enforced by the entreaties of friends before it received attention, and then was reluctantly obeyed. The motives which determined Lord Holland to recall his son determined him to find a seat for him at once in the House of Commons, where his strong nature and impetuous passions would find immediate and honorable employment. A seat in the "finest debating society in the world" he not unwisely concluded would open to Charles new and more exalted objects of ambition, cut off unprofitable connections by creating new ones, accustom him to the detail of business, draw forth the extraordinary faculties which no one better than the father knew the young man to possess, and detach him from some of the depraving and ruinous habits which were threatening to master him, and thus by more exalted and exalting employments deprive him both of inclination and leisure for the ignoble associates and pursuits upon which he was wasting his talents.

A general election was to take place in the spring of 1768. A seat in Parliament in those days was merely a question of money or family influence. Though barely nineteen when Parliament was dissolved, a family arrangement was made by Lord Holland and his brother Lord Ilchester by which they hired a borough for each of their boys, as they might have rented a shooting-box for the vacation. "They selected Midhurst," says Mr. Trevelyan, "the most comfortable of constituencies from the point of view of a representative; for the right of election rested in a few score of small holdings, on which no human being resided, distinguished among the pastures and stubbles that surrounded them by a large stone set up on end in the middle of each portion. These burgage-tenures, as they were called, had all been bought up by a single proprietor, Viscount Montagu, who, when an election was in prospect, assigned a few of them to his servants, with instructions to nominate the members and then make back the property to their employer. This ceremony was performed in March, 1768; and the steward of the estate, who acted as returning officer, declared that Charles James Fox had been duly chosen as one of the burgesses for Midhurst." If anything could add to the absurdity of such an election as an expression of popular opinion, it would be the fact that it occurred while young Fox was still amusing himself in Italy. He did not return in time to take his seat until the succeeding winter session.

At the time Fox entered Parliament, George III. was thirty-eight years old, and had been eight years upon the throne. None of the Stuart dynasty entertained more exalted notions of the royal prerogative, or were more unscrupulous in the means they used to maintain it. Every public man was presumed to have his price, and all the patronage of the kingdom was not thought too high a price, if it was all necessary, to secure to the King the privilege of being just as despotic and unreasonable as he pleased. He never would forgive a politician for taking a right course, unless satisfied that he took it from a wrong motive. During the first ten years of his reign he had six different Prime Ministers. He distrusted and cheated them all by turns. He had most of the qualities which enable a man to abuse an exalted station, with hardly any of those necessary for acquiring it.

The general election which brought Fox into Parliament was the first since the King came to the throne. Older than his years in his opportunities, Fox's equipment for statesmanship consisted of a few political prejudices, a few personal alliances, rather social than political, and not a few personal dislikes which he had inherited; but of course, at his age, he had next to no political knowledge, no political

convictions, and no idea of a public life beyond getting a good place as soon as possible.

Lord Chatham resigned the great seals immediately after the election, and the Duke of Grafton became Prime Minister. Fox took his seat upon the ministerial benches less from any partiality for its policy than from regard for his father, and unwillingness to fellowship with his father's enemies.

His earlier Parliamentary efforts did more to establish his reputation as a debater than as a statesman, for he accepted rather as an inheritance than from conviction party relations which his maturer judgment led him to condemn, and he was the most effective Parliamentary antagonist of those constitutional rights of which he afterward became one of the most eloquent and impassioned vindicators. The first speech in which he gave his colleagues an opportunity of taking his measure was one of the most trying that can well be conceived of for a début. It was upon the petition of John Wilkes, from the King's Bench Prison, praying "that he might be allowed to satisfy the solicitude of his constituents by attending to his duty in Parliament."

With few moral qualities to commend him in private life, Wilkes possessed some of the rarer qualities of a statesman in as large a measure as any man of his time. Profligate in his habits, brutal as a husband, though an affectionate sort of father, bankrupt in his estate, he managed by his superior discernment of the English character, his marvellous wit, tact, courage, and persistence, to make himself the successful champion of an issue second only in importance to that which was decided of old on Marston Moor, to defy the King backed by an overwhelming Parliamentary majority, to attain the highest civic dignities and affluence, and become and remain till his death the idol of the English people. Expelled from Parliament in 1764 for an article which appeared in the *North Briton* offensive to the sovereign; driven the same year into exile under a sentence of outlawry passed upon him by the Court of King's Bench—Lord Mansfield Chief Justice—for writing an obscene poem he never published; arrested again, four years later, and fined £1000 and imprisoned for twenty-two months for two other alleged libels; having been four several times elected by the voters of Middlesex to represent them in Parliament, and as many times declared incapable of sitting—the Commons at last declared his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, elected, on the ground that the votes cast for Wilkes were void. It is safe to say that the announcement of this vote made John Wilkes the most popular man in the empire.*

In the debate on his petition all the great speakers on either side had had their say: Onslow and Blackstone and Thurlow and Sir Fletcher Norton, not to speak of the paid lawyers who presented the petition, were heard on behalf of the government, and Grenville, and Wedderburn, then at the summit of his professional renown, and Burke, the greatest of them all, for the petitioner. Wedderburn and Burke were still unanswered when young Fox arose. Of what he said and how he said it we know little, for in those days it did not suit representative assemblies to allow the people to know much of their deliberations beyond their results, but there is an abundance of contemporary evidence that the great lawyer and the great statesman had met a foeman in all respects worthy of their steel. His speech was marked by a freedom, not from most of the faults, but from most of the weaknesses, of new speakers. He spoke as if he had spent his life in the House of Commons, and had no other thought or preoccupation in rising than to get votes against the petition. When he resumed his seat it was conceded that the lawyer and the statesman had met their match. Walpole bears reluctant testimony to his success. So unanimous was the public verdict that Lord Holland felt at liberty to allude to it in terms which so experienced a veteran of the House of Commons would hardly have indulged in had there been any difference of opinion about the facts. "I am told," he writes to one of his corre-

* Lord Brougham has preserved an anecdote of Wilkes which gives a good idea of his popularity. While he and Luttrell were standing together on the Brentford hustings, Wilkes asked his antagonist privately whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkesites spread out before them. "I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you," said the colonel. Perceiving that the threat did not disturb Wilkes, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you would stand here an hour after I did so?" "Why," was the answer, "you would not be alive an instant after." "How so?" "I should merely say it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye!"

spondents, "and I willingly believe it, that Charles Fox spoke extremely well. It was all off-hand, all argumentative, in reply to Mr. Burke and Mr. Wedderburn, and excessively well indeed. I hear it spoke of by everybody as a most extraordinary thing, and I am, you see, not a little pleased with it. My son Ste. spoke too, and (as they say he always does) very short and to the purpose. They neither of them aim at oratory, make apologies, or speak of themselves, but go directly to the purpose; so I do not doubt they will continue speakers. But I am told Charles can never make a better speech than he did on Monday." His speech is nowhere mentioned except with some indication of surprise at its extraordinary merit.

Luttrell's election was confirmed by 221 votes to 152, and later in the same day Parliament was prorogued. Fox had the satisfaction of knowing that he had contributed conspicuously to the triumph of his party, and afterward the pain of remembering that the first eventful act of his Parliamentary life was a foul and serious blow at the liberties of his country. Happily he lived long enough to expiate this youthful indiscretion, and to completely efface every trace of it from his reputation as a statesman and a patriot.

While these troubles between Wilkes and his sovereign were working out, Pitt, who had exchanged the title of "the Great Commoner" for that of Earl of Chatham and a seat in the House of Lords, had been prevented by illness from retaining his place in the cabinet or taking any part in the public business. But he among all the counsellors of the King seemed to comprehend the gravity of the situation and the consequences to the country of conceding to the King through a corrupt exercise of his patronage upon the House of Commons the right or power to deny to a lawfully elected delegate of the people of England his seat in the national council. He appeared in his place on the 9th of January, the first day of the session of 1770, and as soon as the address, in which the Lords pledged themselves to assist the King in doing all the mischief that his royal heart might incline to, had been read and seconded, he rose and in a brief but most impressive speech called upon the Peers "to inform the mind of their sovereign and pacify the just irritation of his people by declaring that the House of Commons by proceeding of its own authority to incapacitate Wilkes from serving in Parliament had usurped a power which belonged to all the three branches of the legislature." As soon as the earl resumed his seat the Lord Chancellor Camden rose and said the time had come when he must speak out and proclaim to the world that his opinions were those of the great man whose presence had breathed life into the State, and that if in his character as a judge he were to pay any respect to this unconstitutional and illegal vote of the House of Commons, he should look upon himself as a traitor to his trust and an enemy to his country. Of course the example of such defection was contagious, and a reorganization of the ministry was inevitable. This difficult task, which consigned the Duke of Grafton's immediate successor to a premature grave, a victim of remorse and shame, finally resulted in the formation of the North ministry, so famous, or so infamous, for its part in drawing the English colonists into rebellion and a successful war for their independence.

While the King was cradling himself to rest in the supposition that a venal majority of the House of Commons expressed as much of the will of the English people as he at least had any occasion to reckon with, "Junius," who was at the height of a popularity which in our day seems a more curious problem than his identity, after making all the members of the government in turn cower under his lash, did not hesitate to address the King himself, and warn him of the consequences of attempting to absorb in himself the powers which were constitutionally distributed among the three estates of the realm. The publisher of the *Public Advertiser*, in which this article appeared, and all others who had any part in writing, printing, and circulating it, were at once arraigned before the King's Bench for what his Majesty in his foolishness thought fit to treat as a libel. In spite of Lord Mansfield's disgraceful charge to them that the greater the truth, the greater was the libel, the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" as to the libel. This verdict would have been a sufficient intimation from his people to a wise king that he had strained the prerogative, and should have warned him that "that way danger lies." The triumph of Woodfall was the triumph of Wilkes, whose term of imprisonment was soon to expire, and

the influence of whose tongue and pen was looked forward to by the ministry with dismay. His appearance in the streets was all that seemed to be lacking to crystallize the popular disaffection around a leader upon whose prudence and forbearance then more than upon those of any other man in England the security of the throne itself was dependent. But Wilkes was far wiser and more prudent than either his enemies or his friends gave him credit for being. He was determined to be recognized as the member for Middlesex, and to vindicate the supremacy of the people over Parliament, as their supremacy over the crown had been vindicated a century before. But he had no disposition to be the leader of a rebellion or a martyr to liberty. He accepted all the civic honors that were thrust upon him, and was re-elected to Parliament as often as he was refused his seat, the majority for the administration growing smaller, however, on every division. It was in one of the debates on a question of unusual intricacy to which this Middlesex election gave rise, that Fox won his next greatest Parliamentary triumph, and took his place unconditionally among the first Parliamentary debaters of England.

"Wedderburn by a singularly ingenious and well-timed argument," says Trevelyan, "had convinced even his opponents that there was no precedent for the course recommended by the government in a matter where precedent was everything; and honorable members were just settling down to the disagreeable conviction that they would have to vote against their common-sense or see their party defeated, when Charles Fox started up, and produced a case in point so apt and recent as entirely to cut the ground from under Wedderburn. The House 'roared with applause'; the King, delighted by a majority which exceeded his most sanguine expectations, begged the Prime Minister to give him the particulars of a debate which had been crowned by so brilliant a victory; and on the very day after his Majesty had heard Lord North's report of what had passed, a new writ was moved for the borough of Midhurst in consequence of Mr. Charles Fox having been appointed a junior Lord of the Admiralty."

If Fox had been a man to be intoxicated by success, the time had come for him to lose his head. This grandson of a footman, and son of one whose name was never mentioned in political circles except to be denounced, in his second year in Parliament, and before he was of age, had become a leader of the House of Commons, and one of the King's confidential advisers. The younger Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-three, and Napoleon received the command of the Army of Italy at twenty-six. Both these appointments were tributes to genius, but neither more conspicuously such than the selection of Fox, yet in his teens, as the fittest man in Parliament to cope with an opposition headed by Chatham and Burke and Wedderburn and Grenville, backed by the cordial sympathies of the middle and lower classes of the people of England. Much as we may regret that the speeches with which he won this distinction have not reached us, they are not necessary to convince us of their power, for to them only can be ascribed a success in Parliament which in some respects is still unrivalled. Unhappily he was rolling the stone of Sisyphus and pouring into the sieve of the Danaïdes. He was wasting his extraordinary gifts upon a failing cause. He was purchasing laurels as a debater by mortgaging his character as a statesman. He was still the son of Henry Fox, and the heir to his quarrels and party prejudices, and such his filial affection constrained him to remain so long as any other course could give that father pain. He was yet to learn that in the struggles of truth with error, and of justice with oppression, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The pertinacity of the ministry in its attempts to punish the printers for uttering opinions shared by the great body of the nation began to alarm all who were wise enough to know that the freedom of the press was the indispensable bulwark of popular liberty. Lord Mansfield's doctrine that it was for the judge to determine what was a libel, and for the jury to determine the fact only of its publication, was easily seen to place every printer and author in the kingdom at the mercy of a servile judiciary. A fortnight's reflection sufficed to satisfy the opposition that such a doctrine must be fought as they would fight a foreign invader, and as an earnest of their purpose, at the immediate instigation of Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburne moved for a committee to inquire into the rights of the press and the authority of juries.

The object of this motion could not be mistaken, and it brought all the debating talent of the House into the field. "Glynn, Dunning, and Wedderburn," said Lord Chatham, "stood with much dignity for the transcendent object now at stake." The Attorney-General and Thurlow opposed the motion in behalf of the government with ingenuity, but Fox's speech did more than the arguments of all the learned lawyers in the kingdom to reconcile his partisans to the vote they were bound to give, with or without argument. After briefly, but with an imposing audacity, maintaining that to deny to a judge the right to determine what was a libel was an insult to the ermine, he abandoned the arena of technical right, where his adversaries had him at a disadvantage, for the open field of general politics, where their situations were reversed. Reproaching Glynn and his friends with having clamored for a dissolution of Parliament on the ground that it did not represent the people, that it was a packed assembly, he suddenly turned upon the supporters of the motion with a torrent of interrogatories which artfully concealed the weakness of his case and the ludicrous unfairness of his taunts, and in his most audacious manner cried: "What are you about? You have yourselves allowed that you are no legal House of Commons; that you are *de facto* and not *de jure;* and you are going to arraign the venerable judges of Westminster Hall, and enter upon a revision of the laws of the land. What have you been doing for these last two years but ringing constantly in our ears the contempt in which we are held by the people? Have you not made these walls incessantly echo with the terms of reproach which you allege to have been cast upon us by men of every degree—high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned? Were we not, and are we not still, according to your account, held in universal detestation and abhorrence? Does not the whole empire, from one end to the other, reckon us equally weak and wicked? How can you, then, with a serious face, desire us to undertake this inquiry in order to satisfy the people? The people, if your former assertions are to be credited, will get no good at your hands. Who do you think will pay any attention to your authority? From your former confessions, have they the right? They can not, if they take you at your own words, hold you or your debates in any other light than the idle declamations of coffee-house politicians. I have heard a great deal of the people, and the cries of the people, but where and how am I to find out their complaints? As far as my inquiries have led me, those complaints do not exist; and as long as that is the view of the majority of this House (who themselves are the people, as being their legal representatives), I shall continue to think with them."

The impression which Fox had produced compelled Burke to go to the rescue of his friends, and though it would seem an easy task to expose the absurdity of the notion that to revise the laws was to degrade the judges, he found it necessary to put forth all his powers to give dignity to their defeat. Of course the House refused the inquiry. Nearly a quarter of a century was to elapse before the freedom of the press was to be properly secured, and then by the eloquence of the very man who had dealt it its most telling blows. It was Fox himself who ultimately carried through Parliament, with Lord Camden's assistance, the law which vindicated the rights of juries, and placed the insurmountable barrier of a free press between the rights of the people and the exorbitant pretensions of the crown.

Fox in these days rarely gave a vote which his maturer life was not destined to rebuke, but his devotion to the peculiar institutions which his father had taught him to revere, and the disastrous tendency of which no one has yet succeeded in making quite intelligible to the English people, was due in his case to the generous impulses of youth, not to any sordid calculations of selfishness. Invaluable as he had already proved himself to the ministry, and as in the course of the Parliament he repeatedly proved himself again, especially in his opposition to the Grenville act for the greater purity of elections, and the Nullum Tempus Bill, which were the features of the session of 1771–72, his services were never accepted cheerfully nor rewarded gratefully, for there was a conviction that underlying all his zeal for the despotic measures of the administration there were sentiments of honor and justice and independence which made him unreliable for a hireling ministry sustained by a venal Parliament. He voted badly enough to suit the King, but his motives were not bad enough. He always seemed to be in earnest when it would

have inspired more confidence if, like the rest of the court party, he had been content with being simply servile. He denounced the Grenville act not because it was an opposition movement, but because he saw nothing but injustice and bad logic in visiting people with a penal disfranchisement for doing once in seven years what was done every quarter-day by a majority of the gentlemen who condemned them. What business had a Parliament, nearly every seat in which was bought, putting penalties upon bribery? Fox had never seen nor known of any other sort of a Parliament, or of any other way of governing England but that from which this act threatened to strike the foundation. He could have used to his critics the reply given a famous Grecian general who reproached his wife with never having told him that his breath was bad. "I supposed," the virtuous lady answered, "that the breath of all men was like yours. I have never been near enough to any other man to learn better." He had no difficulty in putting his opposition to the Nullum Tempus Act upon the highest grounds of reverence for the constitution and the sanctity of property, though the act was manifestly a wise effort to counteract a flagrant outrage upon both. The fame of his speech on this question betrayed Horace Walpole, who was not given to praising his juniors, to confess that Fox was "the phenomenon of his age."

But while Fox could be trusted in those days to defend any stretch of authority or abuse of patronage which the pressing emergencies of their party rendered necessary, no one could predict what he would do upon any question which had not been developed into an article of party faith. When an attempt was made to relieve the clergy and the graduates of universities from the necessity of subscribing to the XXXIX. Articles, and to restore to them their undoubted rights as Protestants of interpreting Scripture for themselves, neither the frowns of Lord North nor the undisguised wrath of the King could prevent him from voting with the friends of the measure. Again, early in 1772, a member of Parliament asked leave to introduce a bill to secure the holders of what had once been church lands against dormant claims of more than sixty years standing. The bishops were opposed to this bill, and North, who could not dispense with the Upper House, opposed it also by unusual methods. Fox fell upon the Prime Minister ruthlessly, charged him with inventing an unparliamentary rule of procedure to resist a measure against which he had submitted no reasonable objection, and followed up his speech with his vote in favor of the bill. Of course this was an act of insubordination which "lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget." At least so Fox supposed, for he resigned his Commissionership of the Admiralty within a day or two.

Fox was no doubt precipitated into a resignation of his office in consequence of his hostility to the Royal Marriage Bill, commonly known as the King's Bill, introduced in consequence of the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to Colonel Luttrell's sister. This bill, which gave to the King an absolute power to annul the marriage of any one of the blood royal entered into without the King's consent, and to stigmatize with illegitimacy the offspring of such a marriage, was offensive to the Holland family, and dishonorable in the King: offensive to the Hollands, because under such a law, if in force twenty-four years before, Charles James Fox might have been proclaimed a bastard; dishonorable to the King, because he had been himself a suitor for the hand of Lady Sarah Lenox, and was only prevented from marrying her, and making the aunt of Charles Fox Queen of England, by the intrigues of Earl Bute and the Princess Royal.

But though Fox was a man whom it was exceedingly difficult for the ministry to get on with, it was far more difficult to get on without him. The political morality of the day justified the popular impression, when it transpired that Lord North had lost a subordinate, that Lord Rockingham had gained an adherent. But they greatly misjudged who supposed that, while his father lived, Fox would ally himself to those whom he had been taught to regard as his father's enemies.

Neither would he blindly serve any chief who in his opinion was in no way his superior but in years, and that was one of Lord North's misfortunes as a Premier in Fox's eyes. He was determined to have something to say about the measures to be presented for his support before he would consider himself bound to support them. Lord North, feeling that he could

not afford to drive Fox into opposition, and as he dared not shoot him, there was nothing to do but to muzzle him.

Before the close of the year which commenced with Fox's resignation the ministry was reconstructed, and Fox was made one of the Lords of the Treasury. He accepted this post partly because it evinced a disposition on the part of the Prime Minister to treat him as a colleague and not as a creature, and partly because it was a post where he could learn the work and entitle himself to the reversion of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

But those were not the times, nor was George III. the king under whom a man of Fox's temperament and genius could long work in official harness. At the commencement of the session of 1774, Fox asked Parliament to direct the Attorney-General to file an information against the writer and printer of a stupid paragraph which traced back the then prevailing corruption and immorality of the age to the date of the rebellion against James II. So inveterate was the disposition of the British lawgiver of those days to regard the press as vermin, and always in the wrong, that, to the great disgust of Lord North, who had no inclination for another bout with the newspapers, the resolution was adopted.

This offense was aggravated by the agency which Fox had in preventing a like disposition of a libellous publication against the Attorney-General, of which Horne—more commonly known now as Horne Tooke—was the author, and Mr. Woodfall the printer.

In this case he opposed the proposal to have Horne disciplined by the judiciary, and insisted that he should be dealt with at once and summarily by the House of Commons. "Was the House of Commons," he asked, "with its undoubted and unbounded judicial authority, to implore an inferior tribunal for protection? The King's Bench would never humiliate itself by appealing for redress to the Common Pleas. And what the King's Bench in majesty and strength was to the Common Pleas, that and much more was the House of Commons to the King's Bench."

To North's great chagrin, Fox's view prevailed. Woodfall, the publisher of the offending paper, was brought to the bar of the House, where he admitted that Horne was the writer of the alleged libel. Having now the name of the principal, the more reasonable men were inclined to relieve the government of the irksome responsibility of holding the accessory. But Fox had no such thought. He paid no attention to the writhings and torture of North, and succeeded in committing the government to the proposal that Woodfall should be sent to jail instead of remaining in charge of the Sergeant-at-arms. Driven to vote for a course of which he disapproved, by a subordinate whom he was beginning to detest, North thankfully accepted the humiliation of being beaten on a motion of his own introducing by a majority of two to one.

Woodfall temporarily disposed of, Horne was sent for. He contended that the law officers had nothing against him but the unsupported testimony of a man who had accused him in order to clear himself. The government could not meet this point, and asked an adjournment to procure farther testimony. The adjournment was carried in spite of Burke's appeal to Lord North to desist from engaging Parliament in a war with individuals where victory could only be bought with the tears, and defeat would be attended with the scorn, of the whole kingdom. Burke was right. When the inquiry was resumed the new witnesses proved to be two of Woodfall's printers, one of whom had printed the MS., but did not know the handwriting, and the other had only heard his employer say that Horne was the author.

Fox turned angrily upon his brother ministers for allowing the publisher, of whom they were sure, to escape, to pursue a writer they could not hold; and amidst his mutinous upbraidings of his colleagues and the taunts of the opposition Horne stalked out of the House, the second indifferent sort of man whom the persecutions of this King and his servants had made the idol of his people. The discomfiture of the government in this affair was all ascribed by the King to Fox. He had made all the issues, waiting neither for North to indicate the policy of the crown, nor for Wedderburn or Norton to lay down the law. When remonstrated with in the progress of the battle, he was inexorable. He had been taught by his superiors in the government that its officers were not to be criticised by the press, and that when they offended in that way there was scarcely any punishment too severe for them. He believed what he preached. Unlike his colleagues,

he had the courage of his convictions, and when he saw them falter, he cheerfully assumed their functions without so much as saying "by your leave." The King, who had marked Fox for discipline because of the inconvenient independence which he exhibited in his treatment of the Dissenters' Relief Bill and the Royal Marriage Bill, felt that the time had now come to administer it, that his government could no longer get along with Fox, and must get along without him. As soon as the circumstances attending the defeat of the government were communicated to him, he addressed the following note to Lord North:

"I am greatly incensed at the presumption of Charles Fox in obliging you to vote with him, and approve much of your making your friends vote in the majority. Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honor and honesty that he must become as contemptible as he is odious; and I hope you will let him know you are not insensible of his conduct toward you."

When George III. was betrayed into the use of such language about one of his ministers, Death alone could ever be expected to negotiate their reconciliation.

When asked at Almack's the evening which followed his successful rebellion whether North had turned him out, Fox replied, "No; but if he does, I will write to congratulate him, and tell him that if he had always acted with the same spirit I should not have differed with him yesterday."

Another week's pressure from the palace, and a fresh act of insubordination, at last nerved the minister to write the following note to his untamable colleague:

"Sir,—His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name."

So twice in as many years Fox was in and out of office, and before he had reached what is commonly regarded among statesmen as the age of political responsibility. He was now out for good. The death of his father, whose battles he had been fighting, left him free to choose his political associates. The Boston Port Bill and the disfranchisement of Massachusetts Bay, which came under the consideration of Parliament within a month or two after his retirement from the ministry, took him at once into the ranks of the opposition, where the illustrious career as a statesman by which he is known to history may be said to have commenced. The six years that he had spent in Parliament between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five had satisfied him that England could not be governed upon the principle that the government and the people of England were rivals.

Though it is not our purpose in this paper to follow the subsequent career of Fox, which happily has had no lack of historians and panegyrists, it is but just to give the only defense which Fox ever felt impelled to offer for any of the speeches made during what may be charitably termed his political nonage. In 1780 he was charged by Dundas with having abandoned the sentiments he had held respecting the Middlesex election, and with having then maintained that the people had no legal or constitutional voice in the House of Commons.

Fox, after circumstantially denying the correctness of the report of the language imputed to him, went on to say that in the second or third speech he had ever made in his life, and while he was only one-and-twenty years of age, expressions loose and undefined might undoubtedly escape him; but was it candid, or just, or manly to examine such expressions with rigor? Was he the only one likely to be injured by a precedent so contrary to the usage of Parliament? Was an assembly of British senators the only society of gentlemen in which no allowance was to be made for the inadvertence of youth or the warmth of debate? Were a man's settled habits of thinking to be known only from a single sentence uttered at a time when his judgment could not be very mature, and at least long enough ago to render the recollection of it extremly imperfect and precarious? He then went on to show the improbability of his using the language imputed to him, and concluded by saying that it had ever been his opinion that the voice of the people was always to be heard within those walls, except when a majority of their representatives acted in the most notorious and palpable contradiction to the voice of the people in their original capacity. In all ordinary cases it was certainly the most practicable and expeditious mode of declaring their meaning; but when the representative body did not speak the genuine sense of their constituents, the people themselves had a constitutional right of announcing it in whatever form they

deemed it most eligible and efficient. This had ever been and would still be his opinion.

Never did any one rally quicker from an official discomfiture, and overcome the "avalanche of unpopularity" under which any of his colleagues would have been buried forever sooner, than this stripling statesman did. "And while his elasticity of temperament," says Mr. Trevelyan, "boded well for his own happiness, those who looked to him as a future servant of his country noticed in all that he said and did the unmistakable tokens of an ingrained disinterestedness, which it required only a good cause to turn into heroism. He was not a political adventurer, but a knight-errant roaming about in search of a tilt, or, still better, of a *mêlée*, and not much caring whether his foes were robbers or true men, if only there were enough of them. He was one who, in a venal age, looked to something besides the main chance; who, when he had set his mind or his fancy on an enterprise, never counted the odds that he faced, or the hundreds a year that he forfeited. But with all these generous gifts, his education and his circumstances almost proved too much for him; and it was the instinct of moral self-preservation which drove him to detach himself from his early surroundings, and find safety in uncompromising hostility to that evil system which had come so near to spoiling him."

When Macaulay called Fox emphatically *the* debater of the British Parliament, and Burke proclaimed him the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw, they accorded to him an intellectual eminence to which few of the sons of men have attained. But far more marvellous than his gifts as a debater in our judgment were his moral forces. How any one trained and indulged as he had been, commended to the excitements of the gaming table and the bagnio, while yet a schoolboy, by a father whom he adored; accustomed from infancy to no restraints but the providential penalties of excess; beset with temptations during the most impressionable years of his life to which those of St. Anthony were but as the heat of Vesuvius to the fires of the sun; taught neither by precept nor example, in the domestic circle or in the social circle in which he lived, to deny or chasten any appetite; plunged prematurely and without discipline or preparation into public life in those days when among legislators venality was as much a matter of course as paying their taxes or praying on Sundays for the royal family; endowed with personal attractions which made him irresistible with the fair sex, and born, as one may say, into a social and official rank which made him the natural prey of the foul of both sexes—it is Fox's greatest distinction that with the loss of his office and fortune (for he was thriftless with money as with ministerial favor) he did not surrender himself to his appetites, make merchandise of his principles and conscience, for which his King always kept open market, and rapidly decline into a sensualist or political Cheap Jack, a Sandwich, or a Rigby, or a Wilkes. So far from this, Fox never for a moment lost his self-respect. With all his excesses and irregularities he never lowered a hair's-breadth his standard of public duty. Early in life he fixed his eye upon the highest dignity accessible to a British subject, and he was never conscious of an act or a thought unworthy of that position. Though the most confirmed gambler in Europe, and one of the lions at Brooks's at sixteen, he seems to have played to lose his own money rather than to win the money of others. He may not be presumed to have carried the largest nose-gays in London for nothing, but he was never involved in any overt scandal; he broke up no man's home; nor did he ever add a paragraph to the chronicles of sin and shame in which many of his companions and some of his relatives conspicuously figured. "There have been few better husbands," says Mr. Trevelyan, "than Fox, and probably none so delightful; for no known man ever devoted such powers of pleasing to the single end of making a wife happy. When once he had a home of his own, the world outside, with its pleasures and ambitions, became to him an object of indifference, and at last of repugnance. Nothing but the stings of a patriotic conscience, sharpened by the passionate importunity of partisans whose fidelity had entitled them to an absolute claim upon his services, could prevail upon him to spend opposite, or even on, the Treasury bench an occasional fragment of the hours which were never long enough when passed at Mrs. Fox's work-table, with Congreve or Molière as a third in company."

He was the best-natured of men, and

famous for his ability to inspire friendship and preserve it. Even Dr. Johnson, who detested his politics, cherished him with the affection of a father; but, unlike Johnson, he confessed himself "a bad hater."

Though the Fox property was less by £140,000 as a consequence of Charles's childish extravagance and folly, no one, high or low, Jew or Gentile, was ever a penny the worse for having helped him in his extremities.

How Fox was enabled to pass so little scathed through such fiery furnaces of temptation, and to come out of them with such a throng of active virtues and noble graces of character in no way scorched or smoked, is susceptible of but one explanation. He was free from vanity, the besetting sin of public men, which urges them constantly into the sphere of temptation beyond their strength. Fox was ambitious, but he was too proud to ask or accept praise or honors which he had not earned in fair competition and did not deserve. His judgment could not be affected by flattery, while sycophancy of every kind he despised. He carried as much manliness and dignity with him to Brooks's as to the House of Commons. He had no illusions about himself, and no one, however exalted, could by his praise or by his censure make him sacrifice to false gods. This insensibility to flattery was Fox's Egeria. To it he owed in a great degree his perpendicularity of judgment, and his inaccessibility to the meaner motives which always beset and usually mar the career of men in exalted station. We despise the weakness of Bacon, the venality of Marlborough, and the untruthfulness of Napoleon; but no one can despise Charles James Fox for anything he ever said or did, though more conspicuous for the irregularities of his life than either of them.

When Fox's library, which had been taken under an execution by the sheriff, was sold at auction, among the books was found the first volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which appeared by the title-page to have been presented by the author. Upon the same page was found the following note in the handwriting of Mr. Fox:

"The author, at Brooks's, said there was no salvation for this country till six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

In the general opinion of mankind it would be thought as great an injustice to Gibbon to rate him on a level with Fox as a moralist as to rate Fox on his level as a historian, and yet Fox was more incapable of such a surrender of his convictions for place as that which is here imputed to Gibbon than he was to build the literary monument which has made the name of Gibbon immortal.

The complete subordination of himself to the cause or party in which he was enlisted made Fox always decorous in debate. Though a more frequent speaker while in Parliament than any other member, it is safe to say that he was never called to order for an unparliamentary expression.* Gibbon himself bore the most unqualified testimony to Fox's moral elevation of character. "No human being," he said, "was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood." It was his entire freedom from self-consciousness, which vanity will always betray, that gave Fox a large share of his influence in Parliament. He never seemed to be concerned about himself, or with anything but the division. He roused no man's jealousy, and encountered no hostility but that which was entertained for the cause he advocated. "His superiority," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preferences usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still

* Bentham, in his *Essay on Political Tactics*, used Fox's example to illustrate the importance of the rule in debate to "never impute bad motives." "Mr. Fox," he says, "the most distinguished orator of England, who attacked his adversaries with so close a logic, carried to the highest pitch the art of avoiding everything which might irritate them. In his most animated moments, when he was, as it were, borne onward by the torrent of his ideas, always master of himself, he was never wanting in the most scrupulous regard to politeness. It is true that this happy quality was in him less a secret of the art of oratory than the effect of the benevolence of his character—modest amidst its superiority, and generous in its strength. Still, however, no man ever expressed himself more courageously or less ceremoniously. '*Les mots allaient*,' as says Montaigne, '*où allait la pensée*.'"

more from the mildness of his nature than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. The pleasantry perhaps of no man of wit had so unlabored an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from than to be produced by it."

Though Fox may never have known while in the flesh the highest joys of the Christian life, he was a sincere believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and never was heard to utter a word that betrayed either indifference to or want of confidence in them. "Though undoubtedly," says Mr. Fox's earliest biographer, Mr. Fell, "there were and are men of great piety in the House of Commons, whose close attention to religious subjects has done them honor, I have not in the whole course of that attention to the Parliamentary proceedings of the last thirty years which the preceding pages of this volume required, found any speeches or even allusions to a subject in every age so interesting to man, the hope of the virtuous, the comfort of the afflicted, and the terror of the vicious, so replete with genuine and unaffected religion as those of Mr. Fox."

While there is so much to admire and love in the character of Fox, just commended anew to our study by one of the most fascinating biographical fragments in our language, there is no man of his own or perhaps of any age who presented in himself more to be accepted and at the same time more to be avoided as an example. His habits of life would have ruined him before he had matured if he had not contracted them innocently, and if they had not been afterward controlled to some extent by intellectual endowments of the very highest order. Happily the number of parents who train children as Fox was trained is very limited, and unhappily the number born with such marvellous endowments is still more limited. He is therefore to be contemplated rather as a phenomenon than a model, reminding one of the Pyramid of Cheops, so imposing in its dimensions, so unique in all its proportions, but fitly built in a wilderness, and not a model upon which a school of architecture can ever be founded.

PUSS TANNER'S DEFENSE.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY years previously to the occurrences herein told, Silas Tanner, whose home hitherto had been in the wire-grass region at the head-waters of the Ohoopees, came up into the hill country, married Mary Foster, and settled about two miles east of the somewhat ambitious little village of Dukesborough. A tall, strongly built, awkward man was Silas, and remarkably taciturn. Within twelve years of the marriage his wife died, leaving him with two children—Mary, the elder, and Joseph, five years younger.

From the day of her mother's death, Mary, whom her father first, and everybody afterward, called Puss, was the mistress of the household. She went for several years to the village mixed school, always taking her brother with her. In the afternoons she attended to domestic matters, gave out next day's dinners for her father and the negroes, and acted in most respects as the only authorized head of the family. Thus matters continued until she was about seventeen years old, when, tall, slender, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, she was the handsomest girl in all that section of Middle Georgia.

Silas Tanner's possessions were his one-story-and-a-half mansion, with piazza and shed-rooms, good common out-buildings, about a dozen negroes, and three hundred acres of good fresh land, lining, on the east side, by Rocky Creek, with the Booker estate, the latter owned, yet undivided, by the widow Booker, her married daughter, Mrs. Kemp, her son George, twenty, and her daughter Eliza, eighteen, years of age.

Now George Booker greatly loved Puss Tanner, and had told her so some time ago. The Bookers were richer than the Tanners, and although they did not exactly war against George's intentions, yet they would have preferred his pursuing what seemed to them a better fortune, namely, Miss Susan Kemp and her fifteen negroes, together with five hundred acres of land, down on Long Creek. This property was already in hand, and George's married sister, who was the sister-in-law of Miss Kemp, assured him that there was a strong likelihood that ten more negroes

and several hundred other acres would devolve upon the young lady, that were now contingent upon the marriage of the widow Kemp, who had been for several months of late in the habit of declaring that she was many years younger than she had been generally represented and believed to be, and giving her hair and her dress and her gait such turns as were suited to her avowed juvenility.

But George Booker was not the only youth in the neighborhood that loved Puss, although he was the only one who had told her of his love. There was John Barnes, who, with his widowed mother and two younger brothers, dwelt two miles west of Dukesborough, on an estate yet smaller than that of the Tanners. Then there was Thaddeus Basil, whose father, Duke Basil, resided in the village, owned the largest estate in the county, was a member of the Legislature, and one of the judges of the County Court. Everybody knew that John Barnes would like to marry Puss, but that he believed both George Booker and Thaddeus Basil stood above himself in her regard. About Basil people had their doubts. The Basils were rather fond of being regarded as aristocratic. Thad had even been to Franklin College, the State University (so called), for a year, and his manners, there acquired, were considered by most of the girls as the best that the neighborhood could afford. It was generally believed that he could win Puss Tanner for the asking, and that her hesitation in accepting George Booker was caused by her waiting to see what direction Thad's matrimonial designs might definitely assume. She believed herself to be his favorite, but she would not have so admitted to any person.

Considering the three as competitors, Basil would have seemed to have marked advantage. He was tall, dark-haired, handsome, easy, gracious, but with a certain imperiousness of deportment which is often a winning card, especially with girls in a country community. George Booker was stout, square-shouldered, ruddy, farmer-like. He was managing—and managing admirably—the estate, which was to be divided in three years. John Barnes was tall, but of a pale complexion. He was studying for the practice of medicine, had already attended one course of lectures at Augusta, and was expecting to be at another the ensuing winter, and take his degree in the spring thereafter. All three had been school-fellows and quasi friends. John Barnes had been the leading male and Puss the leading female pupil of the Dukesborough school.

George Booker, in his suit, had one powerful auxiliary. Silent a man as was her father outside of his home, he would have his little chats with Puss there. The creek between him and the Bookers was an uncertain line. It looked like a big settled stream just above, at Larmer's mill-pond. But when it had performed its offices with its accumulated and reserved resources at the mill, it dwindled to its original volume, and in the irregular grounds below seemed undetermined what channel it would finally and persistently take in its course to the Ogeechee. Sometimes it neared the Bookers' field, and left the whole bottom for a year or two to the Tanners. Silas would smile, but say nothing, as he walked along the margin and looked at the oaks and hickories which towered all along on his side. But then, perhaps, after an extraordinary freshet, the swollen waters would plough up the ground within a few feet of the Tanner fence, and then the Bookers would have their indulgence in view of the stately growth. It was during this latter period that one night Silas had the following chat with his daughter.

"George Booker seems to be coming right often to see us, Puss, here of late."

He had almost turned his back upon her, as they sat by the table, after Joe had gone to bed, for Silas was a modest man, and yet he was trying to be a little artful.

"Not so *very* often, pa," answered Puss; "not much oftener than some others."

"Some oftener, Puss—a *leetle* oftener, I think. Thad Basil does come right often, and John Barnes sometimes; but George comes the oftenest, Puss. Do the boys, or do George Booker, seem like he had anything particklar on his mind, Puss—any business?"

She looked squarely at him, but he turned his head farther from her, and with his off hand gently stroked and shaded the near side of his face.

"No, pa, I don't think they've been coming on *business*. If they'd had business, I suppose they would have called on you."

"They might wish, you know, to see me afterward, Puss, for a final settlement—for a final settlement, you know, Puss."

"Turn around, pa—turn square around. Put down your hand, and look at me. Now tell me what you wish to say."

She had been mistress there too long to be disobeyed at this late day. Silas turned, and tried to come to the point.

"That creek-bottom line betwixt us and the Bookers, I do think, upon my soul, Puss, it's the crookedest and uncertaintest line that any two plantations ever went to work to have a line and set up a line betwixt one another."

Silas looked so mournful as he said these words that Puss must have wept if she had not laughed.

"Well, pa, not one of these young men has ever mentioned, if I remember rightly, the line between us and the Bookers."

"Not George, Puss?"

"Not George."

"Nor nothing a—a sort of *borderin'* on the line, Puss?"

He tried to turn and hide again, but she pulled him back.

"You'll have to explain yourself, pa. You generally talk to the point, what little talk you do at all; but your conversation to-night is about as crooked and uncertain as the creek line. Come, now, my dearest old pa, straighten your speech, and let me know what you are thinking about."

"You know, Puss, that it have been my wishes always to have that line straightened if it could be done in a peaceable and a friendly and—yes, I may say, Puss, in an affectionate way, family and neighborly; and so I've been a-thinkin', Puss, that if you and George, which, I want you to know, Puss, that I should never be willin' for you to go away from me and Jodie—not while *I* was alive."

Puss would have laughed again, but her father looked too serious. She rose, went to him, and laid both hands upon his shoulders. "I like George Booker very much, pa, and think he is a good man."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Puss."

"But that is a very crooked line, pa, you know."

"Very crooked, Puss—the crookedest and uncertaintest—"

"Not uncertaintest, pa; say 'most uncertain.'"

"Most uncertain; and you're the only one that can straighten it."

"Am I? Well, we shall see." She wound her hands in his long hair, and moved his head back and forth. "You artful, honest old pa, you straightforward, blundering old pa, I love you so much that I scarcely know what I would not do at your wish; but remember what I say, and what you say, that that line between the Bookers and us is a crooked one, and an uncertain—"

"The crookedest, Puss, and the uncertaintest—"

"That will do."

She kissed him, and went off to her chamber.

CHAPTER II.

THE being so long without a mother, and in charge of her father's family, had served to make Puss Tanner less reserved and timid in her ways than other girls in the neighborhood. Not having to consult anybody when and where she was to go, she went when and where she pleased, on foot or on horseback. Her freedom in this respect must have attracted some comment in a community that was extremely strict in its common law regarding the deportment of young females. The men, indeed, old and young, contended that she was not only the prettiest girl in the county, but as full of sense and energy as the most of the married women. But some widows and spinsters—what few there were—when they would see her pacing out of town with George Booker or Thad Basil, would seem to think it a pity that Silas Tanner did not better provide for his motherless children. Some of the girls would say occasionally that they wondered how Puss Tanner could be so brave.

Thad Basil had never addressed Puss, and everybody except Puss, and perhaps George Booker and John Barnes, believed he never would. In general conversation on such subjects Thad had often said that he was not a marrying man; he liked the society of the girls, especially pretty ones, and he liked his fun, but he wanted to see some of the world before he settled down to become an old man.

It was a monthly Sunday meeting day in Dukesborough. Never had Puss seemed finer than on that April morning, with her white frock, blue belt, Leghorn bonnet, with a red, red rose and violets in her hair, and riding-whip in hand. Although George Booker had ridden with Puss to church, he yielded to Thad Basil's

motion to accompany her upon the return. Indeed, in those days, when the majority of country people travelled on horseback to church, the company of no one was usually engaged, and riders of both sexes habitually intermingled variously along the road. To-day Puss seemed as gracious to Thad as she was glorious to behold. George Booker was troubled by what seemed to him a too ready acceptance of the proffered escort, but he was silent, and rode along with Silas. Everybody had gotten some distance before Thad and Puss started; for Thad took much pains in adjusting her saddle, and the stirrup, and the girth. When mounted they rode slowly. Puss's horse was restive, partly from the girth, as it seemed, having been too tightly drawn, and partly from his eagerness to press forward at the rate which he was accustomed to travel when ridden by her. There was a piece of dense woodland on either side of the road a mile from the church. At the entrance of this they passed Giles, an elderly negro man, Mr. Tanner's foreman, who, on his return from church on foot, had sat down to rest under the shade of an oak. Almost immediately afterward an occurrence took place which greatly alarmed the negro, and momentarily much disconcerted his young mistress. This circumstance, joined with their previous conversation, led to unexpected consequences, which will appear shortly. Puss and Thad rode the rest of the way in a gallop. At the gate Puss dismounted without the assistance of her escort, who bowed low, took his leave, and returned to the village.

It was several days before Puss went into Dukesborough. When she did she was surprised to find that every female acquaintance whom she met was constrained in her deportment toward her. She said nothing of this, however, not even to her father, but pondered with herself what it meant.

Soon Rumor, that last offspring of Terra, whom, "by the ire of the gods irritated," she bore, began to complain of the sorrowful pity it was that Puss Tanner had had no mother to bring her up. This personage went on to say that Puss Tanner, in her eagerness to catch Thad Basil for a husband, had made such bold advances toward that young gentleman as literally to drive him off, whereas, except for such advances, she might possibly have succeeded in her ambitious desires. *Advances* was the word which the young man had employed in his talk with Miss Susan Harrell, who, as general opinion had guessed, would probably be the one that Thad would select after he had had enough of the fun he so valued, and should settle down into an old man. For Miss Harrell, though neither handsome nor very bright, had property of her own, and aristocratic inclinations almost equal to those of the Basils. Now Miss Harrell professed to be pained almost beyond endurance by such imprudence upon the part of a girl whom, though she must say that she had never thought as much of Puss Tanner as some people, she had never supposed would have made advances. ADVANCES! Seldom did a word, apparently harmless, make a greater ado. The very variety and scope of its meanings, in a community whose vocabulary was limited to the commonest words and expressions, instituted inquiries and speculations that would have been amusing but for their effects upon a motherless and now almost friendless girl. Miss Cynthia Perkins, now past, by several years, the time of extreme youth, a dependent of the Harrells, seemed even more than Miss Susan painfully agitated, and made known the state of her feelings in town and country, far and near.

"What was them things, Cynthy, you said she made for Thad Basil?" asked Mrs. Rainwater, a widow lady on whom Miss Perkins had called for a brief visit.

"Advances."

Mrs. Rainwater laid down her sewing and looked aghast. "Advances? What's them, Cynthy?"

Good gracious! Miss Perkins thought everybody knew what advances were. And then she left, to pursue her round, carrying to other ears the mighty word. The rumor acquired astonishing strength in its travels. The common law for female deportment, though aiming to be just, was extremely stringent throughout all that region, and punished with rigor, especially among feminine judges, all departures even from prescribed modesty. The indefiniteness of the charges against Puss made her case appear desperate, and led to suspicions and positive assertions that tended to destroy her social position. Thad Basil, like Miss Harrell and Miss Perkins, appeared to suffer much distress; but his was subdued, silent, and of the

kind sympathetic. He had little to say about the matter, and that mostly to express his regret that he had ever mentioned Puss Tanner's name. Indeed, he went out of society for a brief period, and kept himself at his father's plantation.

In this state of things the grief of the old church members was profound. Puss Tanner's mother had been, in her lifetime, the brightest jewel in the Dukesborough church. Her father, though not a professed member, was what was commonly called a great respecter of religion; and Puss, who had been a member since her childhood, was already active in such religious work as was considered becoming to a girl of her age. Notably she was the sweetest singer for many and many a mile around. She had been the avowed favorite of old Mr. Rainey, who lived on his little farm about two miles north of Dukesborough, and had been deacon for more than forty years. The night after Mr. Rainey heard the news (and this was when it was at its highest), while in his family prayers he was asking the blessing of Heaven upon the orphan, he broke down, though a man ordinarily of great firmness, and there on his knees he wept and wept.

The next morning Mr. Rainey was preparing to ride over to Silas Tanner's, but he was prevented by his wife, who, angry with Puss as she was sorry for her, shook her head. The old lady afterward declared, that never before having heard of such things as them words *advances*, she didn't remember that she was ever madder, not even with the children—no, not even with the niggers—when she first heard of 'em.

"The thing for you to do, Johnny Rainey," she said to her husband—"you don't know how to manage sich a case as that—is to fetch it up before the church conference, and write to her aunt Polly."

And Mr. Rainey dispatched by that day's mail (it happened to be that of the weekly mail) a letter thus addressed:

To Missis Polly Peacock,
Williamson's Swamp
post ofis, Georgia.

On one corner were written the words: "p. m please deliver in gret hast;" on another, "Importance, but swingle." This last word was intended for "single," in order to save Mrs. Peacock (according to post regulations of that period, when letters were paid for at the place of delivery) from the expense of additional postage, should the postmaster suspect that so large a letter was double. In two days it had reached it destination.

Mrs. Polly Peacock, tall and rather gigantic, the main pillar and theologian of Harmony church and the region bordering on the Ohoopees, had been a Tanner before her marriage with Mr. Joshua Peacock, and was the oldest, as Silas was the youngest, of the children of their parents.

"Now did anybody ever hear the like of that about a Tanner?" said Mrs. Peacock, when, after a long, careful reading of Mr. Rainey's letter, she handed it to her husband. "If it's so, it's not come through the Tanner blood, though I never heard of sich among her mother's people. It's come from livin' so close to that 'ristocratic town, and having no mother to p'int out to her the ways of men. I say *if* it's so. That child jined the church when she were eleven year old, and I never heard a prettier exper'ence than she told, not even from a grown person; and when she riz out of the water, if anybody ever did look like a angel, providing I know anything about how a angel *ought* to look, it were that child as she riz out of the water, and it a-streamin' down her face and her hair. And she have no mother, and her father ain't no man for any sich business, and Brother Rainey says in his letter, which you may read for yourself, that I ought to go, and I'm a-going."

Mr. Peacock took the letter, and began upon it with the look of a man who was preparing to undertake the solution of a problem that demanded both time and pains. He was feeling his way along carefully.

"I tell you, Mr. Peacock, that to my opinion that child onst had grace. That young man maybe might 'a fooled Puss, like so many of 'em does, and made her believe he were in love with her; but I can't believe that motherless child—"

Here she broke into tears. Now these were not often shed by Mrs. Peacock, and they not always produced the same results. Sometimes, as in her own losses, they tended to resignation; at other times, as now, they excited her ire, and stimulated her courage. She rose, paced the floor for a minute or two, then sat down, took off her cap, and laid it on her lap.

"This thing's got a bottom to it, Mr. Peacock, and I'm going to find it."

Mr. Peacock was spelling along.

"Mr. Peacock, you may set there all night, and keep on saying that this thing have no bottom to it, and I'd outset you and say that it have."

Mr. Peacock, who had not yet opened his mouth—that is, audibly—as he knew of, paused and seemed to be trying to remember whether he had assumed the position of the bottomlessness of the matter of the present apparent controversy, when his heated opponent broke in upon him again. Lifting her cap, she said,

"I've wore this married woman's cap for forty-seven year. Up to seventeen year old I were, as you know yourself, a onmarried female, and my name it were Polly Tanner. I've had nine children and buried five of 'em. My mother and my father, and which they were the onliest parents I ever had—"

Here Mrs. Peacock's voice took a tremble, and Mr. Peacock had to pull out his bandana.

"The onliest ones," she continued, softly, to her husband's sympathy. "And they had ten children, and both they and them is all dead excepting Silas, the youngest, who is yet a Tanner, and me, who are now a Peacock. Them various people, them that was raised was raised respectable, them that married married respectable, them that lived lived respectable, and them that died, other died when they were children, or they died with a good hope, as we who was left hoped that they had a good hope. And now all this, and then now to have such as this flung up against the name, which make me go to say, Joshua Peacock, that it have a bottom to it."

Mr. Peacock—being persuaded in his mind that if the thing had a bottom indeed, his wife could find it, knowing, besides, the uselessness of endeavoring to prevent her when so resolutely purposed—consented that she should take the gig, Bob, her trusty sorrel, and Sam, a favorite little negro boy, and start for Dukesborough the next morning. The first night she reached and tarried at the Harrisons', more than half way. After supper and family prayers the hosts and their guest had a comforting talk. Mrs. Harrison cried and cried, and said that if it was to save her life she couldn't keep from crying, as Mrs. Peacock related the experience of the child, Puss Tanner, and how she looked as she rose from the waters of baptism, and how her mother had taught her, as soon as she could speak, to say her prayers and call all the good names in the Bible, and how, when *she* died, never was there a prettier corpse laid out, and how Brother Silas Mercer said in his farewell sermon he had never seen such a deathbed.

"I tell you, Sister Peacock, ef she onst had grace—if the child onst had grace—" said Mr. Harrison.

"*If* she had 'a had it, Mr. Harrison," interrupted his wife—"*if* she had it onst? Don't you know she was obleeged to have grace arfter you heard Sister Peacock say what her experience was?"

"That's what make me say what I do say, Malviny; and you and Sister Peacock may mark my words. The child may have backslid—that is, to a certain p'int—but if she onst had grace, she hain't fell clean off, because that's onpossible; that is," continued he, with a precautionary shrug of the shoulders, "providing the 'Postle Paul, when he p'inted his epistle to them Romans over thar, knowed who he was a-writin' to, who he was hisself, what he was writin' about, and what it was he writ."

After a night's rest, which Mrs. Peacock declared to be one of perfect splendor, she and Bob and Sam again set out. A most fair region was that in which their road lay, as it wound along into the hill country where the Ogeechee grows rapidly less. As Mrs. Peacock wended her way along, and smelled the sweet air, and listened to the wood-singers, though not a sentimental person nor a superstitious, yet, drawing nearer and nearer her destination, thinking of Puss and her dead mother, of how one had looked at her burial and the other at her baptismal, she did not know but that she felt that the spirit of her sister-in-law, if her child were innocent, would come down and assist in her defense. Early in the afternoon the travellers reached their journey's end.

CHAPTER III.

ONLY the day before the arrival of her aunt had Puss Tanner heard the rumors in circulation, and even then not the worst. Old Giles had told her that people were talking about her, and about

what Marse Thad Baswell was saying of the ride home that Sunday. Then, for the first time, she informed her father of the occurrence before alluded to, but did not tell of the conversation she had previously had with Thad. The news disturbed him, but not greatly, for his confidence in his daughter was as unbounded as that which he had had in his wife.

"Puss," he said, "the child of your mother, I should suppose, could not do a mean, or even a immodest thing."

"Nor could the child of my father, I should suppose," answered Puss, quietly.

Great was the joy with white and black when Mrs. Peacock, Sam, and Bob arrived at the gate. After shaking hands all around, Mrs. Peacock, in a business way, sent out Silas, enjoining him to look carefully after Bob, who needed close attention after climbing those everlasting hills, and before entering the house, but merely removing her bonnet, made Puss, after scanning her closely, sit down by her side.

"Look at me, child," she said. "You're a Tanner, and I never knowed one of the name that was a liar. I want the truth, and that's what I've come for, and no visit. What's all this I've been a-hearing about you?"

Puss had not suspected that her aunt had heard of the reports. Her eager joy at the meeting was at once dispelled, therefore. She knelt down upon the floor and looked up into that old face.

What a contrast! The one wrinkled, worn, stern, searching; the other fresh, beautiful, but pale, suppliant. Her blue eyes were tearless, opened full, and her hair that had been twisted, was loosed and came down upon her, reaching nearly to the floor. She took one of her aunt's hands and laid it upon her own shoulder, then took the other and held it in her lap between both of hers.

"Look at me, Aunt Polly, and say if I look so much changed."

"As the Lord liveth, you don't. Excepting that you've growed bigger, and your hair longer, I don't see much difference betwixt now and when you riz out of the water."

"I am not as I was then, aunt—no, not nearly as I was then."

The old lady bore harder upon her shoulders, and Puss felt some relaxing of the fingers she was holding.

"Let me know, then, child—I'm your own and your onliest aunt that's a-living, and your mother's dead and gone—let me know the p'int, the exact p'int, where you've backslid."

"Backslid, aunt! I don't understand what you mean."

Then Mrs. Peacock told in full the various rumors that she had heard. To her surprise, the face of her niece became more and more composed. Then she related the occurrence which she supposed had led to the rumors.

"Is that all that happened?"

"All, aunt."

"What was you and the young man a-talking about before that?"

"Oh, aunt, I promised not to tell of that. Don't ask me of that. I gave Mr. Basil my word about that. I don't know that it would affect the case anyway. At all events I do not feel at liberty to mention it."

Instantly that aged face grew sterner.

"I want to know all. You are a pretty judge to say how it will affect the case, as you call it, with your 'cademy words. I want to know *all*, and I *will* know all. Tell me all, girl. Is this a time to be keeping promises with such people? I'll have the whole of it before you rise from your knees, or I'll call for Sam and Bob, and leave for home this minute."

Puss could not resist this appeal, and in a few words told the whole.

"Now, is that all?" demanded Mrs. Peacock.

"All, aunt. God knows it is, and I hope He'll forgive me for breaking my word."

"He's done done it, you precious little—He wouldn't 'a forgive you if you hadn't. Humph! humph! And, oh! the ways of this gainsayin' world! And that's all, is it? Yes, I see it is. You couldn't fool me if you was to try, and I see that you ain't a-trying. And that's the bottom of it. I got to it sooner than I expected. Now, let me tell you another thing about the Tanners. I never knowed one of 'em that was afraid of liars, nor them that believed 'em. Git up, and let me hug you."

She rose, but Puss had fainted, and was sinking softly on the floor.

"Bless my soul! what ails the child?"

She stooped down, and loosening her stays, raised her, took her into her arms as if she had been an infant, strode with her through the big room into her chamber, laid her upon her bed, felt her pulse,

waited for her eyes to open, and then broke out into the hymn,

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?"

Now Mrs. Peacock was not, and never had been, what might be called an artistic singer. It was one of her claims that she could *start* a tune as well as the best, but was frank to admit her inability to conduct it unsupported to any considerable distance. In her present frame her success in this line was more limited than usual. In the second line her voice, though sufficiently loud and strong, quavered more and more, and the last word of the distich was prolonged into a polysyllable of indeterminate length and much varying modulation. Her lower jaw seemed as if it were attempting to unhinge itself entirely from its superior, and take all, or leave all, the responsibility of musical endeavor. At that moment Puss broke forth into uncontrollable laughter. She jumped from the bed, re-adjusted her clothes, she and her aunt caught each other by the waists, and hugged, and laughed, and cried to their hearts' content.

And then Mrs. Peacock said she must go to work. She would rest from her travel, so long and unwonted, that afternoon and night; but when the morrow should come, she must be moving.

When Silas fully comprehended the situation, his grief and his resentment were great. Slow to be moved, when moved he was a man to be avoided. Before Puss and her aunt were aware of his intention, he had ridden into the village, and did not return until dusk.

"I couldn't find him," he said, quietly. "He wasn't in town, they told me."

"Look here, Silas," said his sister that night to him. "Listen to me. I'm older than you, and I'm a female person, and I know how to work this case, and you don't. I don't say but what a man person may have to come in before it's through with, but not yit. It's a dilicate case, and it need a female person to work it, and 'specially the present female, a-p inting to myself;" and Mrs. Peacock placed her forefinger at right angles firmly but delicately upon her breast-bone. "So do you wait, Silas, until somebody, yit a-p'inting to myself, calls on you."

Silas brooded in silence.

On the next morning Mrs. Peacock, after a hurried visit to Mr. Rainey's with Bob, Sam, and Joe, drove into town—in by the church to the left, the grave-yard to the right, Sweep's shoe-shop, Spouter's tavern, Bowden's store, and all. "A proud town," thought Mrs. Peacock. "So many people—nigh on to a hundred and fifty, counting in children and negroes—living, as it were, all jammed in upon one another. If they'd scatter about more, and get some work to do, they mightn't have so much time to start so many tales." The country folk of that primal time believed, or assumed to believe, that the indwellers of towns and villages, even those as inconsiderable as the straggling Dukesborough, lived in uninterrupted luxury, and had little other employment than telling and hearing new things.

"They've got hills even in their towns in this region," old Bob seemed as if he would say, if he could have spoken English, as he bowed his neck before beginning the ascent of the rocky hill on the summit of which stood the Basil mansion, long and lumbering. Mrs. Peacock, leaving the boys, descended from her gig, mounted the steps of the piazza, advanced to the open door, and knocked loudly. A negro girl answered.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell her I want to see her."

The servant hesitated.

"Did you hear me?" asked Mrs. Peacock.

"Yes, ma'am; but I didn't exactly know who it was—that wanted—"

"Tell your mistress that it's nobody but an old female person that wants to see her on some partickler business."

"Will you take a seat in the piazza, ma'am?"

"No; I'll go in the house;" and in she went, and seated herself in the big room. In a few minutes a tall lady, pale but not decidedly unhealthy-looking, entered, and bending her head slightly, without speaking, took her seat in a corner remote from her guest. Mrs. Peacock, who sat near the door, followed her with her eyes, and turned squarely toward her when she had seated.

"Is your name Missis Jook Baswell, madam?"

"I am Mrs. Duke Basil, ma'am."

"My desires was to see you on some partickler and dilicate business."

"The name, ma'am, please?"

"What name? the name of the business? or maybe you mean the name of the person, a-p'inting to myself? That person, ma'am, it is Missis Polly Peacock, and have been forty-seven year of that name, and up to that time I were Polly Tanner, and I live now and always lived, both as a Tanner and as a Peacock, on Williamson's Swamp, if you maybe might know where that is. I supposen, ma'am, if you don't know that, you have at leastways heard tell of Silas Tanner, and possible of his daughter Mary, and which they in general calls her Puss?"

Mrs. Basil slightly started at the mention of the name of Tanner, but, recovering herself instantly, she answered that her husband knew Mr. Tanner well, and had always spoken of him as an excellent citizen; she herself knew Miss Tanner, who was certainly a very fine-looking young woman.

"She got that from her mother and her people," replied Mrs. Peacock. "The Tanners was never much for looks. Silas Tanner, madam, is my brother. I'm the oldest of ten children, and he's the youngest, and we two are the onliest ones that's now a-livin'. I've heard, madam, that you have a son of the name of Thad Baswell."

"I have a son Thaddeus, ma'am."

"Yes, madam, so I've heard." Then Mrs. Peacock at great length related the reports in circulation, winding up thus:

"And I've left my home, ma'am, and that at a busy season, and I've come to find the bottom of these tales, because I knowed it were somewheres or somewheres else; and I've found out that that bottom is right here, on the top of the highest and onliest hill in your town, and a rocky hill at that; and as it were a dilicate business, knowing I were a female myself, and hearing that Thad Baswell's mother were also a respectable female, I thought maybe might she and me could settle it without calling in men persons at all, excepting in so fur, ma'am, that I should wish his mother to git him to sign a paper a-saying that all them tales about Mary Tanner is lies; and if that don't exactly suit him, then the present female, yit a-p'inting to myself, would desires that he come to the Dukesborough church next Sadurday, after preaching time, and at the conference, and there norate to the members exactly what happened betwixt him and Mary Tanner on that moraculous Sunday, so to speak, and so let them lies speak for theirselves, as it were."

Mrs. Basil looked with lady-like yet contemptuous pity upon her visitress. She was a good woman—proud, indeed, but charitable, and meaning to be just. She had heard with intense pain the rumors of Puss Tanner's ill-advised attempts to capture her son, but had fully trusted his accounts of them. She now answered that of course her son could give no such certificate; and as for their conference, as they called it, he would do as he pleased; herself had no advice to give.

"'Conference, as they call it,' you say." Mrs. Peacock took off her spectacles, wiped them with her handkerchief, and replacing them, said, "I supposen, then, madam, that you are agin final pesseverance, or at leastways you believe in sprinklin'."

The theologian of Harmony was tempted for a moment to engage Mrs. Basil in doctrinal controversy. The latter smiled, but answered not.

"I supposen you do, but of which that's your business and your look-out, and not mine. Well, madam, I've offered two things, and one of which I thought was cantamount. Now I offer another: that is, that betwixt now and next Sadurday morning, before going-to-meeting time, Mr. Thad Baswell shall send a letter to Puss, which is Mary Tanner, a-asking of her pine-blank to marry him, and which would yit be cantamount."

Mrs. Basil, smiling almost audibly, replied, "My dear ma'am, my very dear ma'am."

"Oh, you needn't be so 'fectionate, madam. There's monstrous few people *I* call my dear, and them but sildom."

Mrs. Basil laughed outright.

"As for my son's formally and seriously addressing Miss Tanner, that would be his own affair; but I really think, in the circumstances, that he would scarcely be expected to do anything of the kind."

"It have been supposened by some people, madam, that he onst had such a notion."

"Oh, possible, Miss Tanner is so uncommonly handsome, ma'am, that a young man, even of high expectations, might be tempted for a while to marry her. But after such imprudences he would scarcely forget so far what was due to his family." The lady looked impatient and somewhat resentful.

Mrs. Peacock mused a moment as she looked about the room; then she asked, "You've got a daughter, madam, hain't you, or hain't you not?"

"One, ma'am. A mere child of nine years."

"Nine year old. Jest two years under Puss when she were baptized, and her mother dead three months. Did you ever think, madam, that before that child was growed up and married safe you might be tuck away yourself, and leave her a motherless orflin? You don't look so powerful healthy, you don't. It's not my desires to make insiniwations, nor to hurt feelings, but you don't look so powerful healthy. When Puss Tanner were nine year old her mother, to go by looks, looked like she had a better lease on life than you do now; and if the poor thing had 'a foresaw what was comin' upon her daughter after she were in her grave, I reckon she'd 'a died sooner than she did."

Mrs. Basil, both terrified and offended, rose abruptly from her seat. Mrs. Peacock rose also.

"Because," said she, placing one arm akimbo to her side, and lifting the other above her head, "if you do, your motherless child, like that one out yonder at Silas Tanner's, may some time need the jestice which it seems can't be got now. Then her mother, wheresomever she may be, and I'm a-going to jedge not, lest I be jedged myself, will wish she'd 'a done different when jestice was asked of her. That son of yours, madam, have hurted the charrecter of that orflin child in a way that Godamighty—I supposen you believe in HIM, madam, if you are so much agin conferences?—that He, I say, never yit stood from nobody. He knows that in these tales there ain't narry evil word nor narry evil breath that ain't a lie. I call on Him now, since He have took her mother away, to come down to the help of this motherless child that in these hurtin's from the rich have nobody but her father, who ain't used to sich things, and her poor old aunt, that's nigh on the vargin of the grave; and I'm jest as certain He's a-comin' as if I saw the winders of heaven a-opening ready for Him to move out with His lightnings, and His horses, and His char-yots!"

The old lady's voice had risen to a very high pitch, and she was indeed terrible to behold. Mrs. Basil would have moved away had she had strength sufficient. She stood, leaning upon her chair, deadly pale, and trembling.

"I leave you now, madam," began again Mrs. Peacock. But at that instant Thaddeus Basil entered the room, and taking his mother's hand said, "Go out, mother; let me talk with this woman."

"Do, my son," she gasped; "and oh, if any wrong has been done, undo it." She walked feebly out, closing the door after her. Mrs. Peacock resumed her seat, and looked fixedly at the youth.

"I have only just come in from the plantation, ma'am, and overheard your propositions to my mother. Do I understand, ma'am, that a proposition of marriage from myself to Miss Tanner would be considered by herself and her friends as a satisfactory solution of the unpleasant rumors, the extent of which no person could regret more than myself?"

"Is your name Thad Baswell?"

"I am Thaddeus Basil, ma'am."

"Well, you use so many words, and some of them so oncommon, that I don't think I clear and p'inted gits your meanin's. Say them words again, young man, if you please, and say 'em a little plainer."

Thad repeated.

"It would, sir."

"In that event, what should I expect Miss Tanner to do?"

"I think she'd forgive you, for she's of a forgivin' natur'. She got that from her mother."

"But would she then accept the proposal, or decline it?" He tried to seem unconcerned; but some things, among them the receipt of a letter that day, had served to make him anxious.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Peacock, "you mean that if you was to send word to Puss that you was ready and a-waitin' to marry her, would Puss send you word back that she was ready and a-waiting to marry you?"

"That, ma'am, or its equivalent."

"You don't exactly send them words, now, out and out?"

Thad looked hard at her. "Of course, ma'am, I don't propose to make a fool of myself."

She rose. "Well, young man, we've done called on Godamighty in this case, and He ain't a-going to stand no lies, not from one side any more than the t'other. Young man, I can answer for Puss Tanner: she'd say No! Go your ways, young man. You are worse than I thought, though I didn't expect to git much out of

you, excepting through your mother, and that's failed me. But go your ways. You're rich, and you're young, and you're strong. You've got poor weak people that you're dealing with; but don't forgit, or if you do forgit now, you'll remember some time hereafter that I told you, we've carried this case to Godamighty." Without other words, she left the house, took her gig, and drove away.

CHAPTER IV.

Two letters had come by that day's weekly mail to Dukesborough, both sent by the same hand. One was addressed to Thaddeus Basil, and read thus:

"AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, *April* 5, 18—.

"*To Mr. Thaddeus Basil, Dukesborough:*

"DEAR THAD,—I have heard strange news about you and Puss Tanner. I think I understand you well enough to know what it means. At all events I wish to notify and to warn you that I intend, on reaching home, to maintain in public and in private the entire innocence of Puss of all wrong, in deed, word, or thought, and will readily meet whatever responsibilty there may be in so doing. Yours, etc.,

"JOHN BARNES."

The other was addressed to Puss, and contained an offer of marriage, and asking her to take such time as she might desire to consider it.

Different was the deportment of George Booker. He did, indeed, denounce in unmeasured terms the insinuations started by Miss Perkins, and grown broader the further they travelled. He would have gone to Puss at once, but that he was withheld by his family, especially Mrs. Kemp. He went to Thad Basil, who expected and was ready for him. Thad was glad to see George, he said, frankly, for he wanted to tell him that the confounded business had been grossly exaggerated, and he wanted to tell George confidentially that if he wanted Puss Tanner there was no great reason why—well, the truth was, many a girl more imprudent than Puss Tanner had married and done well afterward; and then Thad actually whistled in the enjoyment of the magnanimity with which he had palliated Puss's advances. Such talk as this, and much more like it, excited George Booker to the last degree of confusion. His fingers itched to encounter Thad and strangle him. As it was, his mind was completely dazed. His love for Puss enhanced his fears; yet these fears, with his sister Kemp's remonstrances, obscured his judgment, and hindered manly action. In his confusion and torment he thought best to remain at home, and so, for two weeks and more, he did not even cross the creek.

"Who is this John Barnes?" inquired Mrs. Peacock of her brother; "and do he know anything of these difficulties?"

Silas did not know, but supposed not. In this emergency, great as was the grief of Puss, far greater was that of her father, the greater because he was denied words with which to console. He said but little, staid about the house, where his sister kept him, and revolved in his simple but continually surging bosom what part he ought to take. Mrs. Peacock, to use her own phrase, remained calm and cool.

"Calm and cool, Silas, is the word. You're nat'rally hot-headed and high-tempered, Silas, like all the Tanners, though you don't show it. I was so myself when I was younger. But calm and cool's the word now. I don't think thar'll have to be any fighting. I don't say thar mayn't have to be some *rastling*. You know Jacob had a rastle with a angel once. I suppose this John Barnes, when he hears all this pretty news, like that Booker boy, will keep *hisself* aloof and aloff. Well, Puss ain't in no conditions to be courted now. But never mind; the Lord is strong and mighty. I believe He's on our side, as much as He was with Deborah under the palm-tree in Ephraim; and if He is, we can whip out the whole kit, bilin', and generation of 'em."

Although so calm and cool, Mrs. Peacock rose, strode up and down the piazza, and felt as courageous as the heroine whom she had invoked.

These were on a Wednesday. On Thursday Mr. Rainey rode into town, and having called upon the father of Thaddeus Basil, requested that the latter would attend the church conference on the following Saturday; or, if he were not so disposed, meet a committee of the church somewhere in town—say, Spouter's tavern—upon a matter of much importance to the church's honor, on which his son, it was understood, was in possession of material information. Mr. Basil, a politician and

man of the world, knew better than to attempt to put off a man so universally revered as Mr. Rainey. "Of course Thad owed it to the church, and to the community, and to himself, indeed, at least to meet a committee; and he was glad to know that he would be able to stop some of the biggest of the stories about the daughter of his friend Silas Tanner, one of our stanchest citizens, Mr. Rainey." The old man thanked him, and drove away.

Spirits had been raised more serious and formidable than had been expected. Thad's father, when he heard of the rumors, told him that he was no less than a fool for saying a word about Puss Tanner's advances, as they called them. To this the youth pleaded that he had mentioned the matter only because it had been witnessed by old Giles, Mr. Tanner's servant, and he was afraid that, negro like, he might get to blabbing, and make appear worse what he was glad to assure his father was not of great importance, and had been shamefully exaggerated.

"Poor excuse, sir. You know that a negro's testimony in this country amounts to nothing. You ought to have kept your mouth shut, and sent word to old Giles that if he opened his, you'd mash it. It's too late, though, to talk about that now. It's to be hoped you'll have more sense next time. Go along, and meet the committee of their church, and make as good a case for the girl as you can. Remember you won't be on your oath, and—ahem! —Thad, Silas Tanner is one of my friends, and, besides, he is a more positive and determined man than you probably think."

Thad's mother, who had been rendered intensely anxious, especially since the interview with Mrs. Peacock, besought him to make every concession consistent with truth and his own honor.

Within these last few days Thaddeus Basil had seriously thought of going away from the neighborhood in order to avoid the increasing publicity. His father's injunctions, John Barnes's letter, and perhaps other motives superadded, detained him. He had come of a stock brave even to imperiousness, and the idea of retreating before threatened danger from man's resentment was scarcely less painful than the contemplation of his own death.

The church was unusually full for a Saturday meeting, for expectation of the trial had brought many besides the members. The sermon, partly out of regard to the noted predestinarian from a sister church, was upon an extremely knotty point of doctrine, and, to Mrs. Peacock's comfort and gratification, made it knottier than before. After a short recess the members re-assembled in conference. These meetings were usually long protracted. All the business of the church—financial matters, reception of members, questions concerning fellowship, often including unimportant domestic infelicities, were discussed therein with unlimited freedom, and generally minute but most irregular circumstantiality. They were fond and proud of their conference days, especially the old members. It was a love that grew with age. It was not considered grateful nor right to hurry through a conference, even when the business was small, and even when there was none. Younger members were chided sometimes when they moved to put questions to vote before they had been discussed and conferred upon four or five hours, even when it was foreseen to be necessarily and inevitably unanimous.

After an hour or two occupied upon other matters, the question of fellowship coming up, in answer to the moderator in that behalf, Mrs. Peacock, who was sitting on one of the benches by the side of her niece, arose. Apologizing for being nobody but a female, and a poor old female at that, yet, premising that her own church of Harmony was in full fellowship with the sister church of Dukesborough, she had heard, even away down on Williamson's Swamp, certain reports affecting the fellowship of one of the members of this church, who was also a female, and would so acknowledge at the proper time, she doubtless supposened. After some extended remarks on the necessity of every church watching and keeping its skirts as clean as possible, she would now wish, she said, to cap the climax of these few scattering and feeble remarks, and say, without multiplying any more words, that the person she was alluding to was Sister Mary Tanner, who was now present, and in view of all the brethren and sisters of the conference. Then the speaker sat down with soft dignity, untied Puss's bonnet strings, removed her bonnet, and fanned, with her big turkey tail, her alternately flushed and pallid face.

There was the habitual, long preliminary silence, the old members, with their hands to their foreheads, meditating and

drawing out audible breathings of profoundest melancholy. At length Mr. Rainey, who, everybody knew, was going to rise at the proper time, after rubbing his head up and down, down and up, several times, slowly rose and said:

"Brother Moderator, ef I'm in order—and I shouldn't desires to be out of order in this conference—I say *ef* I'm in order, I make the move, providing I can git a second *to* my move, that a committee be app'inted."

Mr. Leadbetter seconded the motion in a mournful tone, without uncovering or lifting up his face.

The moderator, a youngish man, who had some recollection of having once been in a debating society, inquired, with some vagueness, what instructions should be given the committee. Mr. Rainey, compassionating the want of age and experience of the moderator, remarked, assuringly, from his seat:

"In case, Brother Moderator, we are supposen that the committee, when they've been app'inted *as* a committee, will find out what their business is, and that their business is to attend to it, and then come back and let the church know that it have been attended to accordin' to theirn and the church's app'intment."

Mr. Leadbetter's face, as he raised his head, became almost cheerful at this lucid clearing of the moderator's difficulties, and the latter, submitting thankfully to a rebuke so mildly administered, appointed a committee of four, with Mr. Rainey at the head, and they withdrew in solemn order, and moved in the direction of Spouter's tavern. Silas Tanner, who had taken his seat upon the rear bench in the forenoon, had not re-entered after the sermon, but walked slowly but continuously around the church, occasionally pausing before the door or one of the windows and looking in for a moment, then resuming his walk. After the committee had retired, his sister went to him as he was beginning to follow them, and said:

"Silas, calm and cool. Maybe a man might be wanted; you may go, but keep behind; wait and see. I'm afraid some rastlin' may have to be done; but don't let it be anything *but* rastlin'. Silas, watch yourself: calm and cool, Silas—like—like me: you see, Silas—how—coohool and ca-halm—I am."

For the first time in her life Mrs. Peacock, as she admitted afterward, regretted that her sex hindered her from leading in the combat which she expected to ensue. Returning to the church, breathing fast and hard, she waved her turkey-tail for her own instead of her niece's relief.

Silas followed the committee afar off.

CHAPTER V.

THEY had not reached their destination when a Jersey wagon, drawn by horses reeking with sweat, drove rapidly to the church well, near which, on a bench beneath a white-oak, old Giles was sitting. A young man alighted from the wagon, approached the negro, shook hands with him cordially, and had a few minutes' earnest conversation with him.

"Just as I expected," said the youth. "Stay right where you are, Uncle Giles, until I call for you."

"Lor, Marse John, don't fetch me up in dat case. I ain't nobody but a nigger, and Marse Thad Basil will kill me ef my word is fotch in agin his'n. One of his pappy's men done told me so."

"Never mind Thad Basil, Uncle Giles. I'll stand between you and all danger from Thad Basil."

Leaving his horses for Giles to tie, he walked rapidly to the church and entered. As he passed Puss, she blushed scarlet, and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Who's that?" whispered Mrs. Peacock.

"John Barnes."

A few words passed in low tones between John and Mr. Leadbetter. Then the former rose.

"Brother Moderator," said he, "hearing of this intended trial, I have come with great haste to attend it. Fortunately I have just seen a witness who will be able to dispose of it briefly. I know, sir, that there is a prejudice, even in the church, against admitting testimony from one of the class to which this witness belongs. He is a negro, Brother Moderator."

At this announcement every head, including the moderator's, was lifted straight up, and looked at every other head in the house in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," continued John, "a negro, and as such his testimony would be excluded from a court of justice, although a court of justice even will take the testimony of everything except a negro: it

will take that of a knife, of a gun, a foot-print, a bird, or even of a dog. But, Brother Moderator, this is a court higher and more important and more solemn than a court of justice, and its judge is the Judge of all the earth. Before that Judge I come now, and I offer as a witness of the innocence of our sister one whom, like you and me and the rest of us, He made after His own likeness. That witness is Brother Giles Tanner. He is a member of this church; he is known personally by me and many of this church to be a truthful man. If the brethren refuse to admit him as a witness, then I make his testimony my own, and propose to assume all the responsibility of its truth. I shall undertake to say, therefore, upon my own accountability to you, to this church, and to the Judge who is presiding above us all, that the reports in circulation about our sister, not only in part, but in whole, are most wickedly and basely false."

After speaking at considerable length in this strain, he sat down. His face was slightly flushed. Mrs. Peacock leaned forward and yearned toward him. Puss did not trust herself to look in that direction. The members regarded one another in doubt. All looked finally toward the seat of Mr. Rainey. Here was a question which only that aged and wise head was competent to grapple with. Mr. Leadbetter moved, "if he was in order, and could get a second *to* his move, that the church wait a few minutes, until the committee that had been app'inted—and yonder they're a-comin' now," said he, looking out of the window.

This is what occurred at Spouter's:

Thaddeus Basil received the committee graciously. After a long statement of its business by Mr. Rainey, and just as Thad was beginning his speech, a lad came running from the church, and rushed in, crying that John Barnes had brought in Tanner's old man Giles, and they were taking negro testimony at the meetin'-house.

"What do you mean by your brawlin' nonsense, boy?" asked Mr. Rainey, indignantly.

"Hit's a fac, Mr. Rainey," answered the boy. "John Barnes is a-givin' in nigger evidence."

Thad's face instantly darkened.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I could have cleared this case of most of its difficulties; but as I am to be confronted with a negro, I shall have nothing more to do with it."

He turned and walked rapidly out into the piazza, at the entrance to which Silas Tanner stood before him.

"You're not quite done with it yet, Thad," said he, with a sort of smile upon his face, as he stood squarely before Thad; and the wrinkles and the stoop having disappeared, he seemed a full two inches taller than ever before. "I want you to go along with me down to the meeting-house, and hear what Giles has to say. You've *got* to go. I didn't intend to carry Giles there, but I've been intending to carry you if I lived to see you. If you don't go, I'll carry you or kill you. This case has got to be settled to-day, Thad Basil, or you or me, one or t'other, dies."

Silas was weaponless. Thad carried a heavy cane. He began to back and raise it to strike, when Silas, seizing his arm with one hand, and wrenching away the cane by a single effort with the other, took him by the collar, dragged him down the steps, and wheeled him with his face toward the church.

"Now march!" said he; "and if you as much as wabble, I'll beat out your brains with your own stick. Once more, and not but once more, am I going to tell you, march!"

The sound of his command was not loud, but terrific. Such was his passion that no one, not even Mr. Rainey, felt it to be useful or safe to interfere. Thad took up slowly the unwilling march.

"You have me at unfair disadvantage, Mr. Tanner," he said.

"Halt!" said Silas. "You sha'n't say that." Returning him the cane, he continued, "Take it; but if you raise it to strike, I'll strangle you, and I don't want to do that until I've got the truth out of you."

Thad Basil was brave, but he could not withstand the superior courage of the man whose conduct had astounded and awed and subdued him. The committee followed close behind.

They had reached the great white-oak at the edge of the church-yard. Thad halted, and leaned against it.

"Mr. Tanner," he said, beseechingly, "can not this matter be compromised?"

"What's your terms?" answered Silas, pausing also. "Say 'em; then I'll name mine. Wait a moment, Mr. Rainey, and you, gentlemen, if you please."

Thad addressed Mr. Rainey.

"Mr. Rainey, I say in your presence and in the presence of these gentlemen that I am willing to marry Mr. Tanner's daughter, and so propose."

"Umph! humph!" responded Mr. Rainey, taking off his hat and rubbing his head slowly.

"And I," said Silas, "tell you, Mr. Rainey, that I refuse and kick and spit upon his offer."

"My! my!" exclaimed Mr. Rainey.

"What other terms have you got to name?" demanded Silas.

"That I am willing to say, and do say, that I believe Miss Mary Tanner to be as pure and as modest a young lady as any in my acquaintance, notwithstanding the rumors in circulation concerning her."

"Oh! ah! now, now, Silas!" said Mr. Rainey, smooth as butter.

"Is that all?" asked Silas.

"I should think that was enough. Wouldn't you, Mr. Rainey?"

"Then I'll name mine. You are to say in words now, and in writing hereafter, that on the last Sunday meeting day, while riding with my daughter home, you asked her to marry you, that she refused, and that you then got a promise from her not to tell of your offer. How will they do, so far?"

Thad nodded his head.

"Words, words," said Silas, relentlessly; "no nods. Open your mouth and speak."

"I agree to them."

"Your committee's making something of a start at last, you see, Mr. Rainey," said Silas, with a lion smile. "Good so far, Mr. Basil. You are to say, also, that when you and Mary Tanner got to the skirt of woods this side of my house, and she, intending to go faster, put her horse into a gallop, her saddle girth broke, and in jumping from him her foot hung in the stirrup, and as she was falling you caught her in your arms; that this is the only kind of advances that she ever made to you; and that all you have said to the contrary of this is—Lies!"

Mr. Rainey actually jumped back from those words and from Silas Tanner's looks.

"That's hard, Mr. Tanner," pleaded Thad—"that's too hard."

"Well, sir, then you've got to go into that house, where Mary Tanner is on her trial for all she's got that's worth having, and say whether *she* lies or not; for that's the tale she tells, and Godamighty may strike her dead, for me, if what she says is not the truth. You got to face both her and Godamighty."

Pale, vanquished, abject, Thad acknowledged all Silas's charges, pleading not so much his anger at Puss's repulsion of his suit as the hope by this means to win her at last.

Mr. Rainey actually rubbed his head with the palm of his hand until not a hair was in its normal attitude.

Silas looked at the young man. The great deep of his simple, just, noble being was surging. His fingers were clinched, and he raised his powerful arm. If he had struck, scarcely more disastrous had been the blow with which the mailed hand of Entellus prostrated the bullock upon the plain. But at this moment Mrs. Peacock, who had been slowly advancing since the pause at the oak, strode up, and seizing her brother's uplifted arm, said: "Silas Tanner, it is enough. Will you strike an enemy when he is down? Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good."

Getting between him and Thad, she said to the latter: "Go, young man. I want to tell you, though, that that child kept her promise until I came and made her break it for her own safety. Go, and may God forgive you!"

Thad turned and walked away rapidly. Silas turned also, and his knees beginning to tremble, he sat down upon the ground, laid his head against the tree, and for the first time since his childhood wept aloud, and poured forth abundant tears. Then he ceased, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, rose, and without a word to any one, went to his horse, and rode slowly home.

According to the time-piece of one of the younger members, Mr. Rainey occupied exactly fifty-nine minutes in making the committee's report, in the which, after announcing the triumphant acquittal of the young sister, he pronounced many words on the duty of forgiveness, and made an extended argument, illustrated so happily by the recent case, upon final perseverance. Yet probably the most felicitous portion of this report was when, "if he might be in order, he would wish to remind his brethren, what they were all obleeged to know, that there was in that church at the present time a person who, although she acknowledged herself, so to

speak, to be a female, yet she was a person whose name was in all the churches; and if he was not out of order to say it, he would say that from this time forward that name, be it female or male, male or female, would rise, and keep rising higher and higher, from this visit to her sister church, and be—so to speak—as it were—what we should all—wish, and—be thankful to receive."

His unexpected and unwonted embarrassment served only to add zest to his compliment. And now, as the sun was getting low, he would recommend and he would request the brethren and sisters to wind up the conference by singing what all knew to be his favorite hymn.

Mr. Leadbetter slowly raised the tune—

"Come, thou fount of every blessing."

By ones, by twos, by half-dozens, the congregation joined. Mrs. Peacock, now ecstatic from various emotions, started out with a power approximating ferocity; but before the first stanza was finished, her lower jaw, in its frantic efforts at independent action, became wholly unmanageable. She stopped, moved slightly from Puss, and looked at her as the beautiful girl poured her throat in thankful praise. One by one the singers, as they looked and listened, softened their notes, and let their tears flow, until the last stanza, when they all ceased, while she, unconscious of being alone, lifted her voice higher and higher, and seemed as if she had actual vision of the invisibles that had come to her defense and her rescue.

Sunday morning.

Vast was the congregation. Puss came in plain white, without any even usual ornamentation; but to George Booker's hopeless eyes she seemed the incarnation of loveliness. Mrs. Peacock wore her black silk frock, famous for years throughout the region of the wire-grass. Puss seemed humbly and only thankful. Her aunt, thankful too, felt triumphant also, yet like Deborah, as when, along with Barak the son of Abinoam, after the overthrow of the king of Canaan, she sang, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

Dear, beyond the power of expression, to him who remembers them as a child, those country Sunday meeting days of that Georgia foretime. The child, sitting with his mother on the women's side of the long aisle, too young to listen or be expected to listen to the sermon, not deep but of unction, alternately upright and reclining, would hear with strong and strange delight the songs of those thousand voices within, the myriads of birds outside, even the whinnyings of the colts and their dams in the grave-yard grove too distant to be disturbant of the services. Sweeter yet than these were the odors, never in adult time to be reproduced, or equalled, or approximated, that were wafted by turkey tails and cranes' tails, and hawks' wings and herons' wings, from Sunday frocks that, since last meeting day, had lain in chests amid rose leaves and lavender and thyme.

Poor George Booker! When Puss Tanner gently but decisively turned him off, his mother and sisters for a while apprehended serious consequences from his grief. But George was a healthy young man; and when, the next year, Puss was married to John Barnes, he went down to Long Creek and married Miss Kemp, whose contingent remainder in the other negroes and land had become vested by the second marriage of the robust widow. In the division of the property the creek bottom fell to him, and he was glad to dispose of it to Silas for a reasonable consideration.

Mrs. Peacock must now hasten back to her home. She could linger at the Harrisons' on the return only long enough to tell the news, and get a bite for herself and Sam and Bob. And didn't the heads of that family dispute as to who had told her so the first and oftenest? Yet Mr. Harrison, calling to mind what he had said about Saint Paul and them Romans over there, finally prevailed, and looked as if he were ready to maintain that the Great Apostle, in foresight of the logical contingencies in which his epistle would be involved on the head-waters of the Ogeechee, had been especially guarded in his expressions.

"I got to the bottom of it, Joshua, and I knocked it out," said the returned traveller, alighting from her gig, and then she called him her dear. Mr. Peacock, grateful for the safe return and the endearment, declared that "he had knew that the bottom was somewheres, or somewheres else; and if it were, Polly Peacock was the one to find it; and that his opinion was, which the multiplied world might know if it wanted to, that she were the greatest woman that were a-living."

A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIRST.—GEORGE SOMERSET.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

THEY walked on, and came opposite to where the telegraph emerged from the trees, leaped over the parapet, and up through the loop-hole into the interior.

"That looks strange in such a building," said her companion.

"Miss Power had it put up to know the latest news from town. It costs six pounds a year for each mile. She can work it herself, beautifully: and so can I, but not so well. It was a great delight to learn. Miss Power was so interested at first that she was sending messages from morning till night. And did you hear the new clock?"

"Oh! is it a new one?—Yes, I heard it."

"The old one was quite worn out; so Paula has put it in the cellar, and had this new one made, though it still strikes on the old bell. It tells the seconds, but the old one, which my very great grandfather erected in the eighteenth century, only told the hours. Paula says that time, being so much more valuable now, must of course be cut up into smaller pieces."

"She does not appear to be much impressed by the spirit of this ancient pile."

Miss De Stancy shook her head too slightly to express absolute negation.

"Do you wish to come through this door?" she asked. "There is a singular chimney-piece in the kitchen, which is considered a unique example of its kind, though I myself don't know enough about it to have an opinion on the subject."

When they had looked at the corbelled chimney-piece they returned to the hall, where his eye was caught anew by a large map that he had conned for some time when alone, without being able to divine the locality represented. It was called "General Plan of the Town," and showed streets and open spaces corresponding with nothing he had seen in the county.

"Is that town here?" he asked.

"It is not anywhere but in Paula's brain; she has laid it out from her own design. The site is supposed to be near our railway station, just across there, where the land belongs to her. She is going to grant cheap building leases, and develop the manufacture of pottery."

"Pottery—how very practical she must be!"

"Oh, no, no," replied Miss De Stancy, in tones showing how supremely ignorant he must be of Miss Power's nature if he characterized her in those terms. "It is *Greek* pottery she means—Hellenic pottery she tells me to call it, only I forget. There is beautiful clay at the place, her father told her: he found it in making the railway tunnel. She has visited the British Museum, Continental museums, and Greece and Spain; and hopes to imitate the old fictile work in time, especially the Greek of the best period, four hundred years after Christ, or before Christ—I forget which it was Paula said.... Oh, no, she is not practical, in the sense you mean, at all."

"A mixed young lady, rather."

Miss De Stancy appeared unable to settle whether this new definition of her dear friend should be accepted as kindly or disallowed as decidedly sarcastic. "You would like her if you knew her," she insisted, in half tones of pique; after which she walked on a few steps.

"I think very highly of her," said Somerset.

"And I. And yet at one time I could never have believed that I should have been her friend. One is prejudiced at first against people who are reported to have such differences in feeling, associations, and habit, as she seemed to have from mine. But it has not stood in the least in the way of our liking each other. I believe the difference makes us the more united."

"It says a great deal for the liberality of both," answered Somerset, warmly. "Heaven send us more of the same sort of people! They are not too numerous at present."

As this remark called for no reply from Miss De Stancy, she took advantage of an opportunity to leave him alone, first repeating her permission to him to wander where he would. He walked about for some time, sketch-book in hand, but was conscious that his interest did not lie much in the architecture. In passing

along the corridor of an upper floor, he observed an open door through which was visible a room containing one of the finest Renaissance cabinets he had ever seen. It was impossible, on close examination, to do justice to it in a hasty sketch; it would be necessary to measure every line, and get impressions of every surface, if he would bring away anything of practical utility to him as a designer. Deciding to reserve this gem for another opportunity, he cast his eyes round the room, and blushed a little. Without knowing it he had intruded into the absent Miss Paula's own particular set of chambers, including a boudoir and sleeping apartment. On the tables of the sitting-room were most of the popular papers and periodicals that he knew, not only English, but from Paris, Italy, and America. Satirical prints, though they did not unduly preponderate, were not wanting. Besides these there were books from a London circulating library, paper-covered light literature in French and choice Italian, and the latest monthly reviews; while between the two windows stood the telegraph apparatus whose wire had been the means of bringing him hither.

These things, ensconced amid so much of the old and hoary, were as if a stray hour from the nineteenth century had wandered like a butterfly into the thirteenth, and lost itself there.

The door between this antechamber and the sleeping-room stood open. Without venturing to cross the threshold, for he felt that he would be abusing hospitality to go so far, Somerset looked in for a moment. It was a pretty place, and seemed to have been hastily fitted up. In a corner, overhung by a blue and white canopy of silk, was a little cot, hardly large enough to impress the character of bedroom upon the old place. Upon a counterpane lay a parasol and a silk neckerchief. On the other side of the room was a tall mirror of startling newness, draped like the bedstead in blue and white. Thrown at random upon the floor were two or three pairs of silk stockings, and a pair of satin slippers that would have fitted Cinderella. A dressing-gown lay across a settee; and opposite, upon a small easy-chair in the same blue and white livery, were a Bible, the *Baptist Magazine*, *Wardlaw on Infant Baptism*, Walford's *County Families*, and the *Court Journal*. On and over the mantel-piece were knickknacks of various descriptions, and photographic portraits of the artistic, scientific, and literary celebrities of the day.

A dressing-room lay beyond; but becoming conscious that his study of ancient Gothic architecture would hardly bear stretching further in that direction without injury to his morals, Mr. Somerset retreated to the outside, passing by, without notice, the gem of Renaissance that had led him in.

"She affects blue," he was thinking. "Then she is fair."

On looking up, some time later, at the new clock that told the seconds, he found that the time at his disposal for work had flown without his having transferred a single feature of the building or furniture to his sketch-book. He remained but a little longer that day. Before leaving he sent in for permission to come again, and then walked across the fields to the inn at Sleeping-Green, reflecting less upon Miss De Stancy (so little force of presence had she possessed) than upon the modern flower in a mediæval flowerpot whom Miss De Stancy's information had so vividly brought before him, and upon the incongruities that were daily shaping themselves in the world under the great modern fluctuations of classes and creeds.

Somerset was still full of the subject when he arrived at the end of his walk, and he fancied that some loungers at the bar of the inn were discussing the heroine of the chapel scene just at the moment of his entry. On this account, when the landlord came to clear away the dinner, Somerset was led to inquire of him, by way of opening a conversation, if there were many Baptists in the neighborhood.

The landlord (who was a serious man on the surface, though he occasionally smiled from beneath) replied that there were a great many—far more than the average in country parishes. "Even here, in my house, now," he added, "when folks get a drop of drink into 'em, and their feelings rise to a song, some man will strike up a hymn by preference. Though I find no fault with that; for though 'tis hardly human nature to be so calculating in yer cups, a feller may as well sing to gain something as sing to waste."

"How do you account for there being so many?"

"Well, you see, sir, some says one thing, and some another. I think they does it to save the expense of a Christian burial for their children. Now there's a poor family out in Long Lane—the husband used to smite for Jimmy More, the blacksmith, till a' hurt his arm—they'd have no less than eleven children, if they'd not been lucky t'other way, and buried five when they were three or four months old. Now every one of them children was given to the sexton in a little box that any journeyman could nail together in a quarter of an hour, and he buried 'em at night for a shilling a head; whereas 'twould have cost a couple of pounds each if they'd been christened at church.....Of course there's the new lady at the castle; she's a chapel member, and that may make a little difference; but she's not been here long enough to show whether 'twill be worth while to jine 'em for the profit on't, or whether 'twill not. No doubt if it turns out that she's of a sort to relieve folks in trouble, more will jine her set than belongs to it already. 'Any port in a storm,' of course, as the saying is."

"As for yourself, you are a Churchman at present, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; but I was a Methodist once—ay, for a length of time. 'Twas owing to my taking a house next door to a chapel; so that what with hearing the organ bizz like a bee through the wall, and what with finding it saved umbrellas on wet Sundays, I went over to that faith for two years—though I believe I dropped money by it—I wouldn't be the man to say so if I hadn't. Howsomever, when I moved into this house, I turned back again to my old religion. Faith, I don't see much difference: be you one, or be you t'other, you've got to get your living."

"The De Stancys, of course, have not much influence here now, for that or any other thing?"

"Oh, no, no; not any at all. They be very low upon ground, and always will be now, I suppose. It was thoughted worthy of being recorded in history—you've read it, sir, no doubt?"

"Not a word."

"Oh, then, you shall. I've got the history somewhere. 'Twas gay manners that did it. The only bit of luck they have had of late years is Miss Power's taking to little Miss De Stancy, and making her her company-keeper. I hope 'twill continue."

That the two daughters of these antipodean families should be such intimate friends was a situation which pleased Somerset as much as it did the landlord. It was an engaging instance of that human progress on which he had expended many charming dreams in the years when poetry, theology, and the reorganization of society had, rightly or wrongly, seemed matters of more importance to him than a profession which should help him to a big house and income, a fair Deïopeia and a lovely progeny. When he was alone he poured out a glass of wine, and silently drank the healths of the two generous-minded young women, who, in this lonely country district, had found sweet communion a necessity of life, and by pure and instinctive good sense had broken down a barrier which men thrice their age and repute would probably have felt it imperative to maintain. But perhaps this was premature: the omnipotent Miss Power's character—practical or ideal, politic or impulsive—he as yet knew nothing of; and giving over reasoning from insufficient data, he lapsed into mere conjecture.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Somerset was again at the castle. He passed some considerable interval on the walls before encountering Miss De Stancy, whom at last he observed going toward a pony-carriage that waited near the door.

A smile gained strength upon her face at his approach, and she was the first to speak. "I am sorry Miss Power has not returned," she said to him, and proceeded to account for that lady's absence by her distress at the event of two evenings earlier.

"But I have driven over to my father's—Sir William De Stancy's—house this morning," she went on. "And on mentioning your name to him I found he knew it quite well. You will, will you not, forgive my ignorance in having no better knowledge of the elder Mr. Somerset's works than a dim sense of his fame as a painter? But I was going to say that my father would much like to include you in his personal acquaintance, and wishes me to ask if you will give

him the pleasure of lunching with him to-day. My cousin John, whom you once knew, was a great favorite of his, and used to speak of you sometimes. It will be so kind if you can come. My father is an old man, out of society, and he would be glad to hear the news of town."

Somerset said he was glad to find himself among friends where he had only expected strangers; and promised to come that day if she would tell him the way.

That she could easily do. The short way was across that glade he saw there—then over the stile into the wood, following the path till it came out upon the turnpike-road. He would then be almost close to the house. The distance was about two miles and a half. But if he thought it too far for a walk, she would drive on to the town, where she had been going when he came, and instead of returning straight to her father's, would come back and pick him up.

It was not at all necessary, he thought. He was a walker, and could find the path.

At this moment a servant came to tell Miss De Stancy that the telegraph was calling her.

"Ah—it is lucky that I was not gone again!" she exclaimed. "John seldom reads it right if I am away."

It now seemed quite in the ordinary course that, as a friend of her father's, he should accompany her to the instrument. So up they went together, and immediately on reaching it she applied her fingers to the keys, and began to read the message. Somerset fancied himself like a person overlooking another's letter, and moved aside.

"It is no secret," she said, smiling. "'*Paula to Charlotte*,' it begins."

"That's very pretty."

"Oh!—and it is about—you," murmured Miss De Stancy.

"Me?" The architect blushed a little.

She made no answer, and the machine went on with its story. There was something curious in watching this utterance about himself, under his very nose, in language unintelligible to him. He conjectured whether it were inquiry, praise, or blame, with a sense that it might reasonably be the latter, as the result of his surreptitious look into that blue bedroom, possibly observed and reported by some servant of the house.

"'*Direct that every facility be given to Mr. Somerset to visit any part of the castle he may wish to see. On my return I shall be glad to welcome him as the acquaintance of your relatives. I have two of his father's pictures.*'"

"Dear me! the plot thickens," he said, with surprise, as Miss De Stancy announced the words. "How could she know about me?"

"I sent a message to her this morning when I saw you crossing the park on your way here—telling her that Mr. Somerset, son of the Academician, was making sketches of the castle, and that my father knew something of you. That's her answer."

"Where are the pictures by my father that she has purchased?"

"Oh, not here—at least not unpacked."

Miss De Stancy then left him to proceed on her journey to Markton (so the nearest little town was called), informing him that she would be at her father's house to receive him at two o'clock.

Just about one he closed his sketch-book, and set out in the direction she had indicated. At the entrance to the wood a man was at work, pulling down a rotten gate that bore on its battered lock the initials "W. De S.," and erecting a new one whose ironmongery exhibited the letters "P. P."

The warmth of the summer noon did not inconveniently penetrate the dense masses of foliage which now began to overhang the path, except in spots where a ruthless timber felling had taken place the previous winter for the purpose of sale. It was that particular half-hour of the day in which birds of the forest prefer walking to flying; and there being no wind, the hopping of the smallest songster over the dead leaves reached his ear from behind the undergrowth. The tract had originally been a well-kept winding drive, but a deep carpet of moss and leaves overlaid it now, though the general outline still remained to show that its curves had been set out with as much care as those of a lawn walk, and the gradient made easy for carriages where the natural slopes were great. Felled trunks occasionally lay across it, and alongside were the hollow and fungous boles of trees sawn down in long-past years.

After a walk of three-quarters of an hour he came to another gate, where the letters "P. P." again supplanted the historical "W. De S." Climbing over this, he found himself on a highway, which

presently dipped down toward the town of Markton, a place he had never yet seen. It appeared in the distance as a quiet little borough of six or eight thousand inhabitants; and without the town boundary, on the side he was approaching, stood half a dozen genteel and modern houses of the detached kind usually found in such suburbs. On inquiry, Sir William De Stancy's residence was indicated as one of these.

It was almost new, of streaked brick, having a central door, and a small bay-window on each side to light the two front parlors. A little lawn spread its green surface in front, divided from the road by iron railings, the low line of shrubs immediately within them being coated with pallid dust from the highway. On the neat piers of the neat entrance gate were chiselled the words "Myrtle Villa." Genuine road-side respectability sat smiling on every brick of the eligible dwelling.

"How are the mighty fallen!" murmured Somerset, as he pulled the bell.

Perhaps that which impressed him more than the smallness and modernism of Sir William De Stancy's house was the air of healthful cheerfulness which pervaded it. Somerset was shown in by a neat maid-servant in black gown and white apron, a canary singing a welcome from a cage in the shadow of the window, the voices of crowing cocks coming over the chimneys from somewhere behind, and sun and air riddling the house everywhere.

Being a dwelling of those well-known and popular dimensions which allow the proceedings in the kitchen to be distinctly heard in the parlors, it was so planned that a raking view might be obtained through it from the front door to the end of the back garden. The drawing-room furniture was comfortable, in the walnut-and-green-rep style of some years ago. Somerset had expected to find his friends living in an old house with remnants of their own antique furniture, and he hardly knew whether he ought to meet them with a smile or a gaze of condolence. His doubt was terminated, however, by the cheerful and tripping entry of Miss De Stancy, who had returned from her drive to Markton; and in a few more moments Sir William came in from the garden.

He was an old man of tall and spare build, with a considerable stoop, his glasses dangling against his waistcoat buttons, and the front corners of his coat tails hanging lower than the hinder part, so that they swayed right and left as he walked. He nervously apologized to his visitor for having kept him waiting.

"I am so glad to see you," he said, with a mild benevolence of tone, as he retained Somerset's hand for a moment or two; "partly for your father's sake, whom I met more than once in my younger days, before he became so well known; and also because I learn that you were a friend of my poor nephew John Ravensbury." He looked over his shoulder to see if his daughter were within hearing; finding she was not, he bent toward Somerset, and, with the impulse of the solitary to make a confidence at the first opportunity, continued in a low tone: "She, poor girl, was to have married John: his death was a sad blow to her, and to all of us. —Pray take a seat, Mr. Somerset."

The reverses of fortune which had brought Sir William De Stancy to this comfortable cottage awakened in Somerset a warmer emotion than curiosity, and he sat down with a heart as responsive to each detail of speech uttered as if it had seriously concerned himself, while his host gave some words of information to his daughter on the trifling events that had marked the morning just passed; such as that the cow had got out of the paddock into Miss Power's field, that the smith who had promised to come and look at the kitchen range had not arrived, that two wasps' nests had been discovered in the garden bank, and that Nick Jones's baby had fallen down stairs. Sir William had large cavernous arches to his eye-sockets, reminding the beholder of the vaults in the castle he once had owned. His hands were long and almost fleshless, each knuckle showing like a bamboo joint from beneath his coat sleeves, which were small at the elbow and large at the wrist. All the color had gone from his beard and locks, except in the case of a few isolated hairs of the former, which retained dashes of their original shade at sudden points in their length, revealing that all had once been raven black.

But to study a man to his face is a species of ill-nature which requires a colder temperament, or at least an older heart, than the architect's was at that time, to carry it on long. Incurious unobservance

is the true attitude of cordiality, and Somerset blamed himself for having fallen into an act of inspection even for so short a time. He would wait for his host's conversation, which would doubtless be of the essence of historical romance.

"The favorable bank returns have made the money market much easier to-day, as I learn?" said Sir William.

"Oh, have they?" said Somerset. "Yes, I suppose they have."

"And something is meant by this unusual quietness in foreign stocks since the late remarkable fluctuation," insisted the old man, significantly. "Is the current of speculation quite arrested, or is it but a temporary lull?"

Somerset said he was afraid he could not give any opinion, and entered very lamely into the subject; but Sir William seemed to find sufficient interest in his own thoughts to do away with the necessity of requiring fresh impressions from other people's replies; for often after putting a question he looked on the floor, as if the subject were at an end. Lunch was now ready; and when they were in the dining-room, Miss De Stancy, to introduce a topic of more general interest, asked Somerset if he had noticed the myrtle on the lawn.

Somerset had noticed it, and thought he had never seen such a full-blown one in the open air before. His eyes were, however, resting at the moment on the only objects at all out of the common that the dining-room contained. One was a singular glass case over the fire-place, within which were some large mediæval door keys, black with rust and age; and the others were two full-length oil portraits in the costume of the end of the last century—so out of all proportion to the size of the room they occupied that they almost reached to the floor.

"Those originally belonged to the castle yonder," said Miss De Stancy, or Charlotte, as her father called her, noticing Somerset's glance at the keys. "They used to unlock the principal entrance doors, which were knocked to pieces in the civil wars. New doors were placed afterward, but the old keys were never given up, and have been preserved by us ever since."

"They are quite useless—mere lumber—particularly to me," said Sir William.

"And those huge paintings were a present from Paula," she continued. "They are portraits of my great-grandfather and mother. Paula would give all the old family pictures back to me if we had room for them; but they would fill the house to the ceilings."

Sir William was impatient of the subject. "What is the utility of such accumulations?" he asked. "Their originals are but clay now—mere forgotten dust, not worthy a moment's inquiry or reflection at this distance of time; nothing can retain the spirit, and why should we preserve the shadow of the form?—London has been very full this year, sir, I have been told?"

"It has," said Somerset, and he asked if they had been up that season. It was plain that the matter with which Sir William De Stancy least cared to occupy himself before visitors was the history of his own family, in which he was followed with more simplicity by his daughter Charlotte.

"No," said the baronet. "One might be led to think there is a fatality which prevents it. We make arrangements to go to town almost every year, to meet some old friend who combines the rare conditions of being in London with being mindful of me; but he has always died or gone elsewhere before the event has taken place.... But with a disposition to be happy, it is neither this place nor the other that can render us the reverse. In short, each man's happiness depends upon himself, and his ability for doing with little." He turned more particularly to Somerset, and added, with an impressive smile: "I hope you cultivate the art of doing with little?"

Somerset said that he certainly did cultivate that art, partly because he was obliged to.

"Ah—you don't mean to the extent that I mean. The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality, says, I think, Cicero somewhere; and nobody can testify to the truth of that remark better than I. If a man knows how to spend less than his income, however small that may be, why, he has the philosopher's stone." And Sir William looked in Somerset's face with frugality written in every pore of his own, as much as to say, "And here you see one who has been a living instance of those principles from his youth up."

Somerset soon found that whatever turn the conversation took, Sir William

invariably reverted to this topic of frugality. When luncheon was over, he asked his visitor to walk with him in the garden, and no sooner were they alone than he continued: "Well, Mr. Somerset, you are down here sketching architecture for professional purposes. Nothing can be better: you are a young man, and your art is one in which there are innumerable chances."

"I had begun to think they were rather few," said Somerset.

"No, they are numerous enough; the difficulty is to find out where they lie. It is better to know where your luck lies than where your talent lies: that's an old man's opinion."

"I'll remember it," said Somerset.

"And now give me some account of your new clubs, new hotels, and new men. . . . . What I was going to add on the subject of finding out where your luck lies is that nobody is so unfortunate as not to have a lucky star in some direction or other. Perhaps yours is at the antipodes; if so, go there. All I say is, discover your lucky star."

"I am looking for it."

"You may be able to do two things, one well, the other but indifferently, and yet you may have more luck in the latter. Then stick to that one, and never mind what you can do best. Your star lies there."

"There I am not quite at one with you, Sir William."

"You should be. Not that I mean to say that luck lies in any one place long, or at any one person's door. Fortune likes new faces, and your wisdom lies in bringing your acquisitions into safety while her favor lasts. To do that you must make friends in her time of smiles —make friends with people wherever you find them. My daughter has unconsciously followed that maxim. She has struck up a warm friendship with our neighbor, Miss Power, at the castle. We are diametrically different from her in associations, traditions, ideas, religion—she comes of a violent Dissenting family, among other things; but I say to Charlotte what I say to you: win affection and regard wherever you can, and accommodate yourself to the times. I put nothing in the way of their intimacy, and wisely so, for by this so many pleasant hours are added to the sum total vouchsafed to humanity."

It was quite late in the afternoon when Somerset took his leave. Miss De Stancy did not return to the castle that night, and he walked through the wood as he had come, feeling that he had been talking with a man of simple nature, who flattered his own understanding by devising Machiavelian theories after the event, to account for any spontaneous action of himself, or his daughter, which might otherwise seem eccentric or irregular.

Before Somerset reached the inn he was overtaken by a slight shower, and on entering the house he walked into the general room, where there was a fire, and stood with one foot on the fender. The landlord was talking to some guest who sat behind a screen; and probably because Somerset had been seen passing the window, and was known to be sketching at the castle, the conversation turned on Sir William De Stancy.

"I have often noticed," observed the landlord, "that folks who have come to grief, and quite failed, have the rules how to succeed in life more at their fingers' ends than folks who have succeeded. I assure you that Sir William, so full as he is of wise maxims, never acted upon a wise maxim in his life until he had lost everything, and it didn't matter whether he was wise or no. You know what he was in his young days, of course?"

"No, I don't," said the invisible stranger.

"Oh, I thought everybody knew poor Sir William's history. He was the star, as I may say, of fashion forty years ago. I remember him in the height of his splendor, as I used to see him when I was a very little boy, and think how great and wonderful he was. I can seem to see now the exact style of his clothes. They were always of a very light color—a neat white hat, white trousers, white silk handkerchief; ay, and his handsome face as white as his clothes with keeping late hours. There was nothing black about him but his hair and his eyes—he wore no beard at that time—and they were black indeed. The like of his style of coming on the race-course was never seen there before nor since. He drove his barouche himself; and it was always drawn by four beautiful white horses, with two outriders on matches to 'em, rode in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post was another groom—

all in splendid liveries—waiting with another hack. What a 'stablishment he kept up at that time! I remember him, sir, with thirty race-horses in training at once, seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters at his box t'other side of London, four chargers at Budmouth, and ever so many hacks."

"And he lost all by his racing speculations?" the stranger observed; and Somerset fancied that the voice had in it something more than the languid carelessness of a casual sojourner.

"Partly by that, partly in other ways. He spent a mint o' money in a visionary project of founding a watering-place, and sunk thousands in a useless silver mine; so 'twas no surprise that the castle that bears his name passed into other hands. .... The way it was done was curious. Mr. Wilkins, who was the first owner after it went from Sir William, actually sat down as a guest at his table, and got up as the owner. He took off, at a round sum, everything salable—furniture, plate, pictures, even the milk and butter in the dairy. That's how the pictures and furniture come to be in the castle still; wormeaten rubbish some of it, and hardly worth moving."

"And off went the baronet to Myrtle Villa?"

"Oh no; he went away for many years. 'Tis quite recently, since his illness, that he came to that little place within sight of the buildings that once were the pride of his ancestors and himself."

"From what I hear, he has not the manner of a broken-hearted man?"

"Not at all. Since that severe illness he has been happy, as you see him; no pride or regret, quite calm and mild, at new moon quite childish. 'Tis that makes him able to live there. Before he was so ill he couldn't bear a sight of the place; but since then he is happy nowhere else, and never leaves the parish further than to drive once a week to Markton. His head won't stand society nowadays, and he lives quite lonely, as you see, only seeing his daughter, or his son whenever he comes home, which is not often. They say that if his brain hadn't softened a little he would ha' died—'twas that saved his life."

"What's this I hear about his daughter?—is she really hired companion to the new owner?"

"Now that's a curious thing again, these two girls being so fond of one another—one of 'em a Dissenter, and all that, and the other a De Stancy. Oh no, not hired exactly, but she mostly lives with Miss Power, and goes about with her, and I dare say Miss Power makes it worth her while. One can't move a step without the other following; though, judging by ordinary folks, you'd think 'twould be cat-and-dog friendship rather."

"But 'tis not?"

"'Tis not; they are more like lovers than girl and girl. Miss Power is looked up to by little De Stancy as if she were a goda'mighty, and Miss Power let's her love her to her heart's content. But whether Miss Power loves back again I can't say, for she's as deep as the North Star."

The landlord here left the stranger to go to some other part of the house, and Somerset drew near to the glass partition to gain a glimpse of a man whose interest in the neighborhood seemed to have arisen so simultaneously with his own. But the inner room was empty: the man had apparently departed by another door.

CHAPTER VI.

THE telegraph had almost the attributes of a human being at Stancy Castle. When its bell rang, people rushed to the old tapestried chamber allotted to it, and waited its pleasure with all the deference due to such a novel inhabitant of that ancestral pile. This happened on the following afternoon about four o'clock, while Somerset was sketching in the room adjoining that occupied by the instrument. Hearing its call, he looked in to learn if anybody were attending, and found Miss De Stancy standing over it.

She welcomed him without the least embarrassment. "Another message," she said—"'*Paula to Charlotte. Have returned to Markton. Am starting for home. Will be at the gate between four and five if possible.*'"

Miss De Stancy blushed with pleasure when she raised her eyes from the machine. "Is she not thoughtful to let me know beforehand?"

Somerset said she certainly appeared to be, feeling at the same time that he was not in possession of sufficient data to make the opinion of great value.

"Now I must get everything ready, and order what she will want, as Mrs. Goodman is away. What will she want? Dinner would be best: she has had no lunch, I know: or tea, perhaps, and dinner at the usual time. Still, if she has had no lunch— Hark! what do I hear?"

She ran to an arrow-slit, and Somerset, who had also heard something, looked out of an adjoining one. They could see from their elevated position a great way along the white road, stretching like a tape amid the green expanses on each side. There had arisen a cloud of dust, accompanied by a noise of hoofs and wheels.

"It is she," said Charlotte. "Oh yes —it is past four—the telegram has been delayed."

"How would she be likely to come?"

"She has doubtless hired a carriage at the King's Arms: she said it would be useless to send to meet her, as she couldn't name a time.... Where is she now?"

"Just where the boughs of those beeches overhang the road—there they are again."

Miss De Stancy went away to give directions, and Somerset continued to watch. The vehicle soon crossed the bridge and stopped: there was a ring at the bell; and Miss De Stancy re-appeared.

"Did you see her as she drove up?—is she not interesting?"

"I could not see her."

"Ah, no—of course you could not from this window because of the tree. Mr. Somerset, will you come down stairs?—you will have to meet her, you know."

Somerset felt an indescribable backwardness. "I will go on with my sketching," he said. "Perhaps she will not be—"

"Oh, but it would be quite natural, would it not? Our manners are easier here, you know, than they are in town, and Miss Power has adapted herself to them."

A compromise was effected by Somerset declaring that he would hold himself in readiness to be discovered on the landing at any convenient time.

A servant entered. "Miss Power?" said Miss De Stancy, before he could speak.

The man advanced with a card; Miss De Stancy took it up, and read thereon, "Mr. William Dare."

"It is not Miss Power that has come, then?" she asked, with a disappointed face.

"No, ma'am."

She looked again at the card. "This is some man of business, I suppose. Does he want to see me?"

"Yes, miss. Leastwise he would be glad to see you, if Miss Power is not at home."

Miss De Stancy left the room, and soon returned, saying, "Mr. Somerset, can you give me your counsel in this matter? This Mr. Dare says he is a photographic amateur, and it seems that he wrote some time ago to Miss Power, who gave him permission to take views of the castle, and promised to show him the best points. But I have heard nothing of it, and scarcely know whether I ought to take his word in her absence. Mrs. Goodman, Miss Power's relative, who usually attends to these things, is away."

"I dare say it is all right," said Somerset.

"Would you mind seeing him? If you think it quite in order, perhaps you will instruct him where the best views are to be obtained?"

Thereupon Somerset at once went down to Mr. Dare. His coming as a sort of counterfeit of Miss Power disposed Somerset to judge him with as much severity as justice would allow, and his manner for the moment was not of a kind calculated to dissipate antagonistic instincts. Mr. Dare was standing before the fireplace with his feet wide apart, and his hands in the pockets of his coat tails, looking at a carving over the mantel-piece. He turned quickly at the sound of Somerset's footsteps, and revealed himself as a person quite out of the common.

His age it was impossible to say. There was not a hair upon his face which could serve as a peg to hang a guess upon. In repose he appeared a boy; but his actions were so completely those of a man that the beholder's first estimate of sixteen as his age was hastily corrected to six-and-twenty, and afterward shifted hither and thither among intervening years as the tenor of his sentences sent him up or down. He had a broad forehead, vertical as the face of a bastion, and his hair, which was parted in the middle, hung as a fringe or valance above, in the fashion sometimes affected by the other sex. He wore a heavy ring, of which the gold

seemed good, the diamond questionable, and the taste indifferent. There were the remains of a swagger in his body and limbs as he came forward, regarding Somerset with a confident smile, as if the wonder were, not why Mr. Dare should be present, but why Somerset should be present likewise; and the first tone that came from Dare's lips wound up his listener's opinion that he did not like him.

A latent power in the man, or boy, was revealed by the circumstance that Somerset did not feel, as he would ordinarily have done, that it was a matter of profound indifference to him whether this gentleman-photographer were a likable person or no.

"I have called by appointment—or rather, I left a card stating that to-day would suit me, and no objection was made." Somerset recognized the voice; it was that of the invisible stranger who had talked with the landlord about the De Stancys. Mr. Dare then proceeded to explain his business.

Somerset found from his inquiries that the man had unquestionably been instructed by somebody to take the views he spoke of; and concluded that Dare's curiosity at the inn was, after all, naturally explained by his errand to this place. Blaming himself for a too hasty condemnation of the stranger, who, though visually a little too assured, was civil enough verbally, Somerset proceeded with the young photographer to sundry corners of the outer ward, and thence across the moat to the field, suggesting advantageous points of view. The office, being a shadow of his own pursuits, was not uncongenial to Somerset, and he forgot other things in attending to it.

"Now in our country we should stand further back than this, and so get a more comprehensive *coup d'œil*," said Dare, as Somerset selected a good situation.

"You are not an Englishman, then?" said Somerset.

"I have lived in Australia; I there invented a new photographic process, which I am bent upon making famous. Yet I am but an amateur, and do not follow this art at the base dictation of that which men call necessity." As soon as this business was disposed of, and Mr. Dare had brought up his van and assistant to begin operations, Somerset returned to the castle entrance. While under the archway, a man with a professional look drove up in a dog-cart and inquired if Miss Power were at home to-day.

"She has not yet returned, Mr. Havill," was the reply.

Somerset, who heard it, thought that Miss Power was bent on disappointing him in the flesh, notwithstanding the interest she expressed in him by telegraph; and as it was now drawing toward the end of the afternoon, he walked off in the direction of his inn.

There were two or three ways to that spot, but the pleasantest was by passing through a rambling shrubbery, between whose bushes trickled a broad shallow brook, occasionally intercepted in its course by a transverse chain of old stones, evidently from the castle walls, which formed a miniature water-fall. The walk lay along the river-brink. Soon Somerset saw before him a circular summer-house formed of short sticks nailed to ornamental patterns. Outside the structure, and immediately in the path, stood a man with a book in his hand; and it was presently apparent that this gentleman was holding a conversation with some person inside the pavilion, but the back of the building being toward Somerset, the third individual could not be seen.

The speaker at one moment glanced into the interior, and at another at the advancing form of the architect, whom, though distinctly enough beheld, the other scarcely appeared to heed in the absorbing interest of his own discourse. Somerset became aware that it was the Baptist minister, whose rhetoric he had heard in the chapel yonder.

"Now," continued the Baptist minister, "will you express to me any reason or objection whatever which induces you to withdraw from our communion? It was that of your father, and of his father before him. Any difficulty you may have met with I will honestly try to remove; for I need hardly say that in losing you we lose one of the most valued members of the Baptist Church in this district. I speak with all respect due to your position when I ask you to realize how irreparable is the injury you inflict upon the cause here by this lukewarm backwardness."

"I don't withdraw," said a woman's gentle voice within.

"What do you do?"

"I decline to attend for the present."

"And you can give no reason for this?"

There was no reply.

"Or for your refusal to proceed with the baptism?"

"I have been christened."

"My dear young lady, it is well known that your christening was the work of your aunt, who did it unknown to your parents, when she had you in her power, out of pure obstinacy to a Church with which she was not in sympathy, taking you surreptitiously, and indefensibly, to the font of the Establishment, so that the rite meant and could mean nothing at all.... But I fear that your new position has brought you into contact with the Pædobaptists, that they have disturbed your old principles, and so induced you to believe in the validity of that trumpery ceremony."

"It seems sufficient."

"I will demolish the basis of that seeming in three minutes, give me but that time as a listener."

"I have no objection."

"First, then, I will assume that those who have influenced you in the matter have not been able to make any impression upon one so well grounded as yourself in our distinctive doctrine, by the stale old argument drawn from circumcision?"

"You may assume it."

"Good—that clears the ground. And we now come to the New Testament."

The minister began to turn over the leaves of his little Bible, which it impressed Somerset to observe was bound with a flap, like a pocket-book, the black surface of the leather being worn white at the corners by long usage. He turned on till he came to the beginning of the New Testament, and then commenced his discourse. After explaining his position, the old man ran very ably through the arguments, citing well-known writers on the point in dispute when he required more finished sentences than his own.

The minister's earnestness and interest in his own case led him unconsciously to include Somerset in his audience as the young man drew nearer, till, instead of fixing his eyes exclusively on the person within the summer-house, the preacher began to direct a good proportion of his discourse upon his new auditor, turning from one listener to the other attentively, without seeming to feel Somerset's presence as superfluous.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "I put it to you, sir, as to her: do you find any flaw in my argument? Is there, madam, a single text which, honestly interpreted, affords the least foot-hold for the Pædobaptists; in other words, for your opinion on the efficacy of the rite administered to you in your unconscious infancy? I put it to you both as honest and responsible beings." He turned again to the young man.

It happened that Somerset had been over this ground long ago. Born, so to speak, a High-Church infant, in his youth he had been of a thoughtful turn, till at one time an idea of his entering the Church had been entertained by his parents. He had formed acquaintances with men of almost every variety of doctrinal practice in this country; and as the pleadings of each assailed him before he had arrived at an age of sufficient mental stability to resist new impressions, however badly substantiated, he inclined to each denomination as it presented itself, was

"Everything by starts, and nothing long,"

till he had travelled through a great many beliefs and doctrines without feeling himself much better than when he set out.

Fully conscious of the inexpediency of contests on minor ritual differences, he yet felt a sudden impulse toward a mild intellectual tournament with the eager old man—to do now, purely as an exercise of his wits in the defense of a fair girl, what he had once done with all the earnestness of a lad fighting for his principles, and not quite able to maintain them.

"Sir, I accept your challenge to us," said Somerset, advancing to the minister's side.

CHAPTER VII.

At the sound of a new voice the lady in the bower started, as he could see by her outline through the crevices of the wood-work and creepers. The minister looked surprised.

"You will lend me your Bible, sir, to assist my memory?" he continued.

The minister held out the Bible with some reluctance, but he allowed Somerset to take it from his hand. The latter, stepping upon a large moss-covered stone which stood near, and laying his hat on a

flat beech bough that rose and fell behind him, pointed to the minister to seat himself on the grass. The minister looked at the grass, and looked up again at Somerset, but did not move.

Somerset for the moment was not observing him. His new position had turned out to be exactly opposite the open side of the bower, and now for the first time he beheld the interior. On the seat was the lovely woman who had stood beneath his eyes in the chapel, the "Paula" of Miss De Stancy's enthusiastic eulogies. She wore a summer hat, beneath which her fair curly hair formed a thicket round her forehead. It would be impossible to describe her as she then appeared. Not sensuous enough for an Aphrodite, and too subdued for a Hebe, she would yet, with the adjunct of doves or nectar, have stood sufficiently well for either of those personages, if presented in a pink morning light, and with mythological scarcity of attire.

Half in surprise she glanced up at him; and lowering her eyes again, as if no surprise had power to influence her actions for more than a moment, she sat on as before, looking past Somerset's position at the view down the river, visible for a long distance before her till it was lost under the bending trees. Somerset turned over the leaves of the minister's Bible, and began:

"The words of my text are taken from the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the seventh chapter and the fourteenth verse."

Here the young lady raised her eyes in spite of her reserve, but, as though it were too much labor to keep them raised, allowed her glance to subside upon her jet necklace, extending it with the thumb of her left hand.

"Sir!" said the Baptist, excitedly, "I know that passage well—it is the last refuge of the Pædobaptists—I foresee your argument. I have met it dozens of times, and it is not worth that snap of the fingers. It is worth no more than the argument from circumcision, or the Suffer-little-children argument."

"Then turn to the sixteenth chapter of the Acts, and the thirty-third—"

"That too," cried the minister, "is answered by what I said before. I perceive, sir, that you adopt the method of a special pleader, and not that of an honest inquirer. Is it, or is it not, an answer to my proofs from the eighth chapter of the Acts, the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh verses; the sixteenth of Mark, sixteenth verse; second of Acts, forty-first verse; the tenth, and the forty-seventh verse; or the eighteenth, and eighth verse?"

"Very well, then: I will not stick to my text, since you are predetermined not to be convinced by my sermon. Let me prove the point by other reasoning—by the argument from apostolic tradition." He threw the minister's book upon the grass, and proceeded with his contention at length, which comprised:

A lucid discourse on the earliest practice of the Church.

Inferences from the same.

(When he reached this point an interest in his ingenious argument was revealed in spite of herself by the mobile bosom of Miss Paula Power, though otherwise she still occupied herself by drawing out the necklace.)

Testimony from Justin Martyr.

Inference from Irenæus in the expression, "Omnes enim venit per semetipsum salvare: omnes, inquam, qui per eum renascuntur in Deum, *infantes* et parvulos et pueros et juvenes."

(At the sound of so much learning, Paula turned her eyes upon the speaker with great attention.)

Proof of the signification of "renascor" in the writings of the fathers, as reasoned by Wall.

Argument from Tertullian's advice to defer the rite.

Citations from Cyprian, Clemens Alexandrinus, Nazianzen, Basil, Ambrose, Chrysostom, and Jerome.

Somerset looked round for the minister as he concluded the address, which had occupied about fifteen minutes in delivery. The old man had, after standing face to face with the speaker, gradually turned his back upon him, and during the latter portions of the discourse had moved slowly away. He now looked back; his countenance was full of commiserating reproach as he lifted his hand, twice shook his head, and said: "In the Epistle to the Philippians, first chapter and sixteenth verse, it is written that there are some who preach in contention, and not sincerely. And in the Second Epistle to Timothy, fourth chapter and fourth verse, attention is drawn to those whose ears refuse the truth, and are turned into fables. I wish you good-afternoon, sir, and that priceless gift, *sincerity*."

The minister vanished behind the trees, Somerset and Paula being left confronting each other alone. Somerset stepped down from the stone, hat in hand, at the same moment in which Miss Power rose from her seat. She hesitated for an instant, and said, with a pretty girlish dignity, sweeping back the skirt of her dress to free her toes in turning, "Although you are personally unknown to me, I can not leave you without expressing my deep sense of your profound scholarship, and my admiration for the thoroughness of your studies in divinity."

"Your opinion gives me great pleasure," said Somerset, bowing, and fairly blushing. "But, believe me, I am no scholar, and no theologian. My knowledge of the subject arises simply from the accident that some few years ago I looked into the question on my own account, and some of the arguments I then learned still remain with me."

"If your sermons at the church only match your address to-day, I shall not wonder at hearing that the parishioners are at last willing to attend."

It flashed upon Somerset's mind that she supposed him to be the new curate, of whose arrival he had casually heard during his sojourn at the inn. Before he could bring himself to correct an error to which, perhaps, more than to anything else, was owing the friendliness of her manner, she went on, as if to escape the embarrassment of silence:

"I need hardly say that I, at least, do not doubt the sincerity of your arguments."

It occurred to him that in her look as she spoke there was archness, almost approaching to mockery. But he was not sure.

"Nevertheless, I was not altogether sincere," he answered.

She was silent.

"Then why should you have delivered such a defense of me?" she asked, with simple curiosity.

Somerset looked in her face for his answer.

Paula saw it, and involuntarily teased the necklace. "Would you have spoken so eloquently on the other side if I—if occasion had served?" she inquired, softly.

"Perhaps I would."

Another pause, till she said, "I, too, was insincere."

"You?"

"I was."

"In what way?"

"In letting him and you think I had been at all influenced by authority, Scriptural or patristic."

"May I ask why, then, did you decline the ceremony the other evening?"

"Ah, you too have heard of it?" she said, quickly.

"No."

"What then?"

"I saw it."

She blushed deeply, and silently looked past him down the river. "I can not give my reasons," she said.

"Of course not," said Somerset, respectfully.

"I would give a great deal to possess real logical dogmatism."

"So would I."

There was a moment of embarrassment; she wanted to get away, but did not precisely know how. He would have withdrawn had she not said, regretfully, as if rather oppressed by her conscience, and evidently still thinking him the curate: "I can not but feel that Mr. Woodwell's heart has been unnecessarily wounded."

"The minister's?"

"Yes. He is single-mindedness itself. He gives away nearly all he has to the poor. He works among the sick, carrying them necessaries with his own hands. He teaches the ignorant men and lads of the village when he ought to be resting at home, till he is absolutely prostrate from exhaustion, and then he sits up at night writing encouraging letters to those poor people who formerly belonged to his congregation in the village, and have now gone away. He always offends ladies, because he can't help speaking the truth as he believes it; but he hasn't offended me."

Her feelings had risen toward the end, so that she finished quite warmly, and turned aside.

"I was not in the least aware that he was such a man," murmured Somerset, looking wistfully after the minister.... "Whatever *you* may have done, I fear that *I* have grievously wounded a worthy man's heart from an idle wish to engage in a useless, unbecoming, dull, last-century argument."

"Not dull," she murmured, "for it interested me."

Somerset accepted her correction with

a glance. "It was ill-considered of me, however," he said; "and in his distress he has forgotten his Bible." He went and picked up the volume from where it lay on the grass.

"You can easily win him to forgive you by just following, and returning the book to him," she observed.

"I will," said the young man, impulsively. And bowing to her, he hastened along the river-brink after the minister. He walked some distance, and at length saw his friend before him, leaning over the gate which led from the private path into a lane, his cheek resting on the palm of his hand with every outward sign of abstraction. He was not conscious of Somerset's presence till the latter touched him on the shoulder.

Never was a reconciliation effected more readily. When Somerset said that, fearing his motives might be misconstrued, he had followed to assure the minister of his good-will and esteem, Mr. Woodwell held out his hand, and proved his friendliness in return by preparing to have the conversation on their religious differences over again from the beginning, in an amicable spirit, and with exhaustive detail. Somerset evaded this with alacrity; and once having won his companion to other subjects, he found that the austere man had a smile as pleasant as an infant's on the rare moments when he indulged in it; moreover, that he was warmly attached to Paula.

"Though she gives me more trouble than all the rest of the Baptist Church in this district," he said, "I love her as my own daughter. But I am sadly exercised to know what she is at heart. Heaven supply me with fortitude to contest her wild opinions and intractability! But she has sweet virtues, and her conduct at times can be most endearing."

"I believe it," said Somerset, with more fervor than mere politeness required.

"Sometimes I think those Stancy towers and lands will be a curse to her. The spirit of old papistical times still lingers in the nooks of those silent walls, like a bad odor in a still atmosphere, dulling the iconoclastic emotions of the true Puritan. It would be a pity indeed if she were to be tainted by the very situation that her father's indomitable energy created for her."

"Do not be concerned about her," said Somerset, gently, for the minister was evidently in trouble. "She's not a Pædobaptist at heart, although she seems so."

Mr. Woodwell placed his finger on Somerset's arm, saying, "If she's not a Pædobaptist or Episcopalian, if she is not vulnerable to the mediæval influences of her mansion, lands, and new acquaintance, it is because she's been vulnerable to what is worse—to doctrines beside which the errors of Pædobaptists, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, are but as air."

"How? You astonish me."

"Have you heard in your metropolitan experience of a curious body of Newlights, as they think themselves?" The minister whispered a name to his listener, as if he were fearful of being overheard.

"Oh no," said Somerset, shaking his head, and smiling at the minister's horror. "She's not that—at least I think not.... She's a woman; nothing more. Don't fear for her; all will be well."

The poor old man sighed. "I love her as my own. I will say no more."

Somerset was now in haste to get back to the lady, to ease her apparent anxiety as to the result of his mission, and also because time seemed heavy in the loss of her tender voice and soft, thoughtful look. Every moment of delay began to be as two. But the minister was too earnest in his converse to see his companion's haste, and it was not till perception of the same was forced upon him by the actual retreat of Somerset that he remembered time to be a limited commodity. He then expressed his wish to see Somerset at his house to tea any afternoon he could spare, and receiving the other's promise to call as soon as he could, allowed the younger man to set out for the summer-house, which he did at a smart pace. When he reached it he looked around, and found she was gone.

Somerset was immediately struck by his own lack of social dexterity. Why did he act so readily on the whimsical suggestion of another person, and follow the minister, when he might have said that he would call on Mr. Woodwell to-morrow, and making himself known to Miss Power as the visiting architect of whom she had heard from Miss De Stancy, have had the pleasure of attending her to the castle? "That's what any other man would have had wit enough to do," he said.

There then arose the question whether her dispatching him after the minister was such an admirable act of good-nature

to a good man as it had at first seemed to be. Perhaps it was simply a manœuvre for getting rid of himself; and he remembered his doubt whether that light in her eyes when she inquired concerning his sincerity were innocent archness or mockery. As the possibility of levity crossed his brain his face warmed; it pained him to think that a woman so beautiful could condescend to a trick of even so mild a complexion as that. He wanted to think her the soul of all that was tender and noble and kind. The pleasure of setting himself to win a minister's good-will was a little tarnished now.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening Somerset was so pre-occupied with these things that he left all his sketching implements out-of-doors in the castle grounds. He went somewhat earlier the next morning to secure them from being stolen or spoiled. Meanwhile he was hoping to have an opportunity of rectifying in the mind of Paula the mistake about his personality, which, having served a very good purpose in introducing them to a mutual conversation, might possibly be made just as agreeable as a thing to be explained away.

He fetched his drawing instruments, rods, sketching-blocks, and other articles from the field where they had lain, and was passing under the walls with them in his hands, when there emerged from the outer archway an open landau, drawn by a pair of black horses of fine action and obviously strong pedigree, in which Paula was seated, under the shade of a white parasol with black and white ribbons fluttering on the summit. The morning sun sparkled on the equipage, its newness being made all the more noticeable by the ragged old arch behind.

She bowed to Somerset, bestowing on him a smiling look of recognition which might or might not be meant to express that she had discovered her mistake; but there was no embarrassment in her manner, and the carriage bore her away without her making any sign for checking it. He had not been walking toward the castle entrance, and she could not be supposed to know that it was his intention to enter that day.

She had looked such a bud of youth and promise that his disappointment at her departure might have shown itself in his face as he observed her. However, he went on his way, entered a turret, ascended to the leads of the great tower, and stepped out.

From this elevated position he could still see the carriage and the white surface of Paula's parasol in the glowing sun. While he watched these objects the landau stopped, and in a few moments the horses were turned, the wheels and the panels flashed, and the carriage came bowling along toward the castle again.

Somerset descended the stone stairs; before he had quite got to the bottom he saw Miss De Stancy standing in the outer hall.

"When did you come, Mr. Somerset?" she gayly said, looking up, surprised. "How industrious you are, to be at work so regularly every day! We didn't think you would be here to-day: Paula has gone to a vegetable show at Markton, and I am going to join her there soon."

"Oh, gone to a vegetable show? I think she has altered her—"

At this moment the noise of the carriage was heard in the ward, the door was thrown open, and after the lapse of a few seconds Paula came in, Somerset being invisible from the door where she stood.

"Oh, Paula, what has brought you back?" said Miss De Stancy.

"I have forgotten something."

"Mr. Somerset is here. Will you not speak to him?"

Somerset, being by this time in sight, came forward, and Miss De Stancy presented him to her friend. Mr. Somerset acknowledged the pleasure by a respectful inclination of his person, and said some words about the meeting yesterday.

"Yes," said Paula, with serene deliberateness quite noteworthy in a girl of her age: "I have seen it all since. I was mistaken about you, was I not? Mr. Somerset, I am glad to welcome you here, both as a friend of Miss De Stancy's family, and as the son of your father—which is indeed quite a sufficient introduction anywhere."

"You have two pictures painted by Mr. Somerset's father, have you not? I have already told him about them," said Miss De Stancy. "Perhaps Mr. Somerset would like to see them, if they are unpacked."

As Somerset had from his infancy suffered from a plethora of those productions, excellent as they were, he did not reply

"FINE OLD SCREEN, SIR!"

quite so eagerly as Miss De Stancy seemed to expect to her kind suggestion, and Paula remarked to him: "You will stay to lunch? Do order it at your own time, if our hour should not be convenient."

Her voice was a voice of low note, in quality that of a flute at the grave end of its gamut. If she sang, she was a pure contralto unmistakably.

"I am making use of the privilege you have been good enough to accord me—of sketching what is valuable within these walls."

"Yes, of course, I am willing for anybody to come. People hold these places in trust for the nation, in one sense. You lift your hands, Charlotte; I see I have not convinced you on that point yet." She turned her tranquil eyes on Miss De Stancy.

Miss De Stancy laughed, and said something to no purpose.

Somehow Miss Power seemed not only more woman than Miss De Stancy, but more woman than Somerset was man; and yet in years she was inferior to both. In her presence he felt himself nothing bigger than a young student without a definite standing. Though becomingly girlish and modest, she seemed to possess an inviolate composure, which was well expressed by the shaded light of her eyes.

"You have, then, met Mr. Somerset before?" said Charlotte.

"He was kind enough to deliver an address in my defense yesterday. Did I seem quite unable to defend myself?" she asked of him.

Her aspect was so soft and grave that he assumed her to be quite serious in wanting to know, though, not forgetting what she had shown of lurking mischief the day before, he thought it dangerous to construe her as all gravity. When he had replied, she turned to Miss De Stancy and spoke of some domestic matter, upon which Somerset withdrew, Paula accompanying his exit with a half-smile, saying she hoped to see him again a little later in the day.

Somerset retired to the chambers of antique lumber, keeping an eye upon the windows to see if she re-entered the carriage and resumed her journey to Markton. But when the horses had been standing a long time, the carriage was driven round to the stables. Then she was not going to the vegetable show. That was rather curious, seeing that she had only come back for something forgotten.

These queries and certain rose-colored thoughts occupied the mind of Somerset until the bell was rung for luncheon. Owing to the very dusty condition in which he found himself after his morning's labors among the old carvings, he was rather late in getting down stairs, and seeing that the rest had gone in, he went straight to the dining-hall.

The population of the castle had increased in his absence. There were assembled Paula and her friend Charlotte; a bearded man some years older than himself, with a cold gray eye, who was cursorily introduced to him in sitting down as Mr. Havill, an architect of Markton; also an elderly lady of dignified aspect, in a black satin dress, of which she apparently had a very high opinion. This lady, who seemed to be a mere dummy in the establishment, was, as he now learned, Mrs. Goodman by name, the widow of a recently deceased gentleman, and aunt to Paula—the identical aunt who had smuggled Paula into a church in her helpless infancy, and had her christened without her parents' knowledge. Having been left in narrow circumstances by her husband, she was at present living with Miss Power as chaperon and adviser on practical matters—in a word, as ballast to the management. Beyond her Somerset discerned his new acquaintance Mr. Woodwell, who on sight of Somerset was for hastening up to him and performing a labored shaking of hands in earnest recognition.

Paula had just come in from the garden, and was carelessly laying her large shady hat on a chair as he entered. Her dress, a figured material in black and white, was short, allowing her feet to appear. There was something in her look and in the style of her corsage which reminded him of several of the by-gone beauties in the gallery. The thought for a moment crossed his mind that she might have been imitating one of them, but it was scarcely likely.

"Fine old screen, sir," said Mr. Havill, in a long-drawn voice, across the table, when they were seated, pointing in the direction of the traceried oak division between the dining-hall and a vestibule at the end. "As good a piece of fourteenth-century work as you shall see in this part of the country."

"You mean fifteenth century, of course?" said Somerset.

Havill was silent. "You are one of the profession, perhaps?" asked the latter, after a while.

"You mean that I am an architect?" said Somerset. "Yes."

"Ah! one of my own honored vocation." Havill's face had been not unpleasant until this moment, when he smiled, whereupon there instantly gleamed over him a phase of meanness, remaining until the smile died away. It might have been a physical accident; it might have been otherwise.

Havill continued, with slow watchfulness: "What enormous sacrileges are committed by the builders every day, I observe. I was driving yesterday to Helterton, where I am putting up a town-hall; and passing through a village on my way I saw the workmen pulling down a chancel wall, in which they found imbedded a unique specimen of Perpendicular work—a capital from some old arcade—the carving wonderfully under-cut. They were smashing it up as filling in for the new wall."

"It must have been unique," said Somerset, in the too readily controversial tone of the educated young man who has yet to learn diplomacy. "I have never seen much under-cutting in Perpendicular stone-work; nor anybody else, I think."

"Oh yes, lots of it," said Mr. Havill, nettled. His glance at Somerset as he answered had a peculiar shade in it, suggesting that he might be readily converted into an enemy.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN Lord Beaconsfield's new novel, Endymion's introduction as a boy, "in black velvet jacket, with large Spanish buttons of silver filigree, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of white satin," recalls Willis's description of the author of *Endymion* fifty years ago, when he was himself little more than a boy. Willis saw him at Lady Blessington's—a lady of whom there are evident traces in *Endymion's* Lady Montfort—and he describes him with the sympathetic touch that marks his treatment of all such scenes and figures in the amusingly audacious *Pencillings by the Way*. "Far off his coming shone." It is nearly fifty years since the young American wrote that at his first call upon Lady Blessington her ladyship said to him: "'Disraeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him. He is very fond of him, and as he was going away he patted him on the head, and said to me: "Take care of him, Lady Blessington, for my sake. He is a clever lad, but he wants ballast. I am glad he has the honor to know you, for you will check him sometimes when I am away."'.....Disraeli the younger is quite his own character of Vivian Grey, crowded with talent, but very *soigné* of his curls, and a bit of a coxcomb. There is no reserve about him, however, and he is the only *joyous* dandy I ever saw."

A little later Willis dined at Lady Blessington's with Bulwer, Disraeli, Barry Cornwall, Fonblanque, Henry Bulwer, Lord Durham, and Count d'Orsay, and he says, in a passage which might have been taken from *Endymion* or *Lothair*: "Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out on Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object."

After describing the other guests, who seem to have struck our American Adonis as peculiarly ill-dressed, he returns to the author of *Vivian Grey*, who sat opposite to him at table, where by "the blaze of lamps" he could study his face. "Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

"'With thy incomparable oil, Macassar.'"

And a little later—to complete the sympathetic portrait—when the conversation fell upon "Vathek" Beckford, Disraeli gave a sketch of his habits and manners, and Willis says: "I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were at least five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and

yet no others apparently could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in Parliament."

This is the author of *Vivian Grey* as he appeared when he was about twenty-five to a most sympathetic observer, and this is the gentleman who, at the age of seventy-five, when, according to high authority, he is uglier than Gladstone's most injurious dream of him, has written *Endymion*. It is thoroughly and amusingly characteristic of his whole career. He has been Prime Minister of England, and for a time one of the most conspicuous contemporary figures in the world. He has suddenly encountered an unexpected and tremendous political defeat, and, well past threescore and ten, he retires to private life. An old and renowned statesman in retirement is one of the gravest and most respectable of characters to the imagination, if he be not chafing, and angry, and plotting impotently to regain power. But the gartered hero of the Berlin Treaty and its queer "peace with honor," without moping or vanishing into silent and dignified privacy, turns off a later *Vivian Grey, Young Duke, Coningsby, Tancred, and Lothair*, all truffles and Tokay, and coronets and prime ministers, and cloth of gold and banquets and beakers. Instead of commending us to Sir William Temple in contemplative retirement amid his cabbages at Sheen, or musing upon the ruins of empires and the vanity of human wishes, the old necromancer, with the air of Brummel *redivivus*, or Major Pendennis with fresh padding, introduces the amused reader into the modern world of Sardanapalus and Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and the whole fairy realm, where the trees bear pearls, and the rivers run emeralds, and every bantam is a peacock.

The most comical part of the performance is that there are readers who take *Endymion* and its author *au grand sérieux*. They speak of him and his books gravely. They read the *Young Duke* and *Sibyl* as if they were pictures of life and character, when they are only stories of the Fair One with Golden Locks and the little tailor of Cashgar. They are novels as *Phantasmion* is a novel. They are entertaining and brilliant, indeed; they are the recreations of a golden youth grown old, who has seen fine society in his day, and eaten soup with a golden spoon, and who has a natural passion for filigree buttons and gorgeous upholstery. But novels are pictures of life and portrayals of human character and emotion. *Amelia* is a novel, and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and the *Newcomes*, and *Adam Bede*. *Endymion* is as much like a novel as St. Barbe is like Thackeray. As a novel, one cabinet picture by Miss Austen is worth all the Disraeli collection. Yet his works are very illustrative of himself. They must always have the attraction which his personality gives them. If Sir Robert Walpole or Lord Chatham had written stories, they would be read because of their authors. George Eliot's tales have an enormous sale because of their excellence, Lord Beaconsfield's because he wrote them. *Endymion* as the work of an unknown writer would have been thought a dull imitation of the old politico-fashionable novel; as Lord Beaconsfield's, the copyright is sold for sixty thousand dollars. The London *Times* pays five thousand for a copy two or three days in advance, and fifty thousand copies are sold in the United States within two or three days after publication.

The ordinary novel-reader must read it, of course, but he or she can not be really pleased with it. The student of human nature can find to study in it only the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. Prince Florestan, Lord and Lady Roehampton, Lord and Lady Montfort, Mr. Neuchatel, Zenobia, Agrippina, and the rest are not men and women. They are names used by an ex-Prime Minister of England in the composition of a treatise to show how sweet a thing it is to have piles of precious stones and political place, the precious stones being acquired by other people's labor, and the place not by ability, but by intrigue. *Endymion* is the kind of book that a clever Bubb Doddington with a taste for politics might have written, and might greatly delight to read. But to the general novel-reader without familiar knowledge of English politics, the only interest of the book must be its descriptions of fine society. There is properly no plot and no development of character.

In brief, the story is that of twin children—a handsome and bright boy and a beautiful girl—who are early left penniless orphans. The boy, by the power of patronage, becomes Prime Minister of England, and the girl, by force of her beauty and resolution, becomes Empress of France. The persons of the drama are the nobility and gentry. But as a picture of society it is a caricature, and the characters are no more than the puppets of a pantomime. There is no intelligible political story. But what a curious illustration it affords of the general estimation in which its author is held, that he does not suffer by its publication! If any other man in England of similar age and standing had written and published such a tale, it would have been accepted sadly as conclusive evidence of a painful mental decay. But in the case of Lord Beaconsfield there seems to be the flash of a cap, the tinkle of a bell, the familiar salutation, "Here we are again!" and a good-natured smile breaks over the face of the audience. We began with quoting what Willis said of him fifty years ago; we end with what McCarthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*, says of him now. He is speaking of Disraeli's extraordinary speech at Edinburgh, in which he "astonished and amused the public" by announcing that he had been for years a thorough reformer. Some people were offended.

Some Tories were indignant. "But the general public, as usual, persisted in refusing to take Mr. Disraeli seriously, or to fasten on him any moral responsibility for anything he might say or do.....If he were anything but that, he would not be Mr. Disraeli; he would not be leader of the House of Commons; he would not be Prime Minister of England."

THE old New-Yorker who is akin to the class of "the thoughtful patriot," and "a well-informed gentleman," and during the war, "an intelligent contraband," was secretly proud as he took his seat recently in the Academy of Music to assist at the first night of a new opera. This is peculiarly an event of the older cities. In Milan, Naples, Vienna, Paris, Dresden, such an occasion is memorable, and it was so especially during the reaction that followed the Napoleonic overthrow, when it was the aim of the Holy Alliance to keep their "peoples" amused and uninquisitive. The opera world, indeed, is extremely important to itself, and the contentions and politics of the *coulisses* are as urgent and absorbing as any other. It is delightful to perceive from the conversation of a prima donna or primo tenore that the real events of life are first appearances, and the compliments of princes and grand duchesses.

The spectator in the boxes or the parquette vaguely wonders, perhaps, that men and women can consent to dress themselves as old beggars, or emperors, or gypsies, and rant and sing through an evening. In other words, play-acting sometimes seems very ludicrous to those who have not the instinct or the faculty of the actor, or who forget that in every country and age play-acting has had a resistless fascination. But the old New-Yorker does not harbor these æsthetic metaphysics. He recalls with gratitude that Malibran sang in New York before she was famous, and that he can still see a few favored survivors of the golden age who heard the concerts at the City Hotel. Yet as he glances at the young men standing and sitting about the Academy, who think to-day the golden age, and who prove their *ton* by wearing black satin cravats at the opera in place of the regulation white, and who carry a folding hat under their arms, and have at twenty-three the same delightful air of superiority and indifference and courteous cynicism which used to illuminate his own countenance at the same age, he reflects that few of them probably ever heard of the City Hotel, or could tell where it stood. But he is fain to own that operas which had not been generally approved in Europe were never in the golden age brought out in America; still less that the American success of such operas would be mentioned as worthy the attention of Europe. The consciousness that the voice of New York is invoked as an authority is exceedingly pleasing to our venerable friend, who seats himself with a lofty air of appreciative impartiality before the curtain which is to rise upon the prologue of *Mefistoféle*.

The opera has been announced as "forthcoming," and "in preparation," and "immediately," and placarded with other appetizing phrases for a long time. The newspapers have teemed with accounts of the composer, and the incidents of its first hearings in Italy. Two cities differed. One approved, and the other scorned. Both agreed that it was a bold departure from the Italian traditions, and on one side it was darkly hinted that the *maladetti Tedeschi* had at last invaded even the last ditch (so to speak) of the native opera. There was a groan and a shrug that it was becoming Germanized, and that Boito in *Mefistoféle*—Boito, the successor of Rossini and Bellini and Donizetti and Verdi—was (awful thought!) a Wagnerian! But on the other side it was contended that the new opera showed an emancipation of Italian genius from the crushing traditions; that it proved that genius to be full of the modern spirit; that it would not sit with its face to the past, humming exhausted tunes, but that it was rising and moving forward to meet the sun of the future in his coming. In London, also, a highly respectable city, which has had the advantage of hearing much good music, Campanini, the first of living tenors, Italian to the core, proud of his *patria*, and always ready to *suonare* the *tromba* of his delicious voice in its praise and defense, had produced the opera with energy and success. "And now," says the old New-Yorker softly to himself, as he takes his seat and proceeds to survey the house—"now he brings his case for final adjudication to the highest court of appeal."

Perhaps the sweet and touching melodies of Gounod's Garden Scene in *Faust* murmur through his mind as he gazes. Perhaps the vision of the Marguerites that have enchanted him float across his lorgnette. Perhaps, even, he recalls the music of Sphor's *Faust*, heard long ago, in his German student days. Perhaps the performance of Goethe's own great drama, adapted to the stage, recurs to set the stage of his mind for the opera which is to come. But while his memory is thus filled with the legend and the music, and while his wandering eyes behold the gathering toilets, the incomparable Arditi takes his place, raises his baton, evokes a few solemn chords, and the first performance of *Mefistoféle* in America has begun.

It is a scene outside the world. There are treble angel voices heard in the clouds, and the sudden apparition of Mefistoféle is seen responding. The music is somewhat vague, but it is impressive, and the prologue—a dangerous experiment—passes satisfactorily. Then follows the familiar drama, told in three scenes, with another scene from the Second Part of "Faust," a Grecian interlude, with Helen in place of Margaret, and the epilogue, the death of Faust. As the work proceeds, the old New-

Yorker nods his head approvingly. The house is very full, and listens intently, and there is occasional applause "of esteem." At the close of the first act there is a quartette of Faust, Mephistopheles, Marguerite, and Martha, which touches the audience into enthusiasm, and they demand persistently a repetition. No other "number" is so warmly applauded. But Signora Valleria and Miss Cary, Signori Campanini and Novara, sing and play throughout with a spirit, a harmony, a comprehensive intelligence, which are inspiring. Miss Cary's little part is perfectly done, Signora Valleria's Marguerite is surprisingly forcible and admirable, and the two gentlemen are thoroughly good. There is no hitch in the progress of the play. Nothing shows the crudity and creak of a first performance. The singers are called out. The incomparable Arditi is called out. The excellent chorus-master is called out. There are huge baskets and pyramids and tablets of flowers handed up, and there is general satisfaction. The old New-Yorker whispers to himself, gravely, that it will do, and that, New York having approved, Europe may now enjoy and commend.

The next day Campanini telegraphs to his friend Boito in Milan the success of his opera, and Boito returns an expression of his pride and pleasure, and especially of his gratitude to Campanini. It is just, for the excellent tenor has secured the favorable judgment. Except for Campanini's commanding position as a singer and actor, and his loyalty to Italy, this latest voice of her modern musical genius would not now, at least, have been heard in London and in New York. "Yes, the judgment of this city would still have been wanting," muses the old New-Yorker; "but this evening, if I may say so, has blazed the path, and venerable Europe may safely follow. It is not like *Linda*, nor *Sonnambula*, nor *Trovatore*," he adds, as he rises and begins to move out; "the tum-ti-tum tunes are clearly lacking. It is undoubtedly a growth of the modern impulse, like the music of Wagner. It proceeds not by melodies, but by melodious declamation. It is not music for the hand-organs, but it is suggestive, and even rich. Good? Yes, dear madame, very good. It will bear hearing more than once. It will certainly bear hearing several times. I remember, madame, one evening when Malibran—Ah! she is out of hearing. But I am glad that New York has given its approbation, and patted Signor Boito upon the head. I observed Colonel Mapleson in his lofty box, and I imagined him wondering whether the people who are perpetually calling upon him to produce new operas really care to hear new operas. I think that I may say they do if the operas are good, and he will have observed, as the civilized world will observe, that New York has said that this opera is good."

Mr. Wendell Phillips's letter to the Easy Chair correcting a common use of the French prefix *de* before proper names—a use for which he good-naturedly reproves the Easy Chair, and, among others, Professor Francis Bowen, of Cambridge—has been challenged in many quarters, and brings us the following letter from Professor Bowen:

"Harvard College, *December* 6, 1880.

"In a letter to the Easy Chair Mr. Wendell Phillips, who is nothing if not critical, blames me for repeatedly writing 'De Tocqueville.' He asserts that the honorary prefix can be rightfully applied only to proper names which are monosyllabic, as 'De Thou,' or which begin with a vowel, as 'D'Alembert'; but that in all other cases we should write the name either 'M. de Tocqueville,' or simply 'Tocqueville.'

"The works of 'De Maistre'—so lettered on the back—happened to be lying on my table when I first read this statement of the law by Mr. Phillips; and remembering a pleasant chapter about this author by the great French critic of the present century, I took down from my shelves the third volume of Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal*. Opening it at random, I found the name written 'De Maistre,' in the nominative case, no less than six times on the first two pages which I happened to see. As Sainte-Beuve was a member of the French Academy, he will probably be admitted to be good authority.

"I then took down E. Caro's *L'Idée de Dieu*, and there found him writing, 'Aussi de Candolle disait-il,' etc. As Caro also is one of the forty Academicians, I presume even Mr. Phillips will not sneer at him as a 'learned professor.'

"If English authority is wanting, consult the learned and painfully accurate Hallam, who, in his *Literature of Europe*, writes 'De Sacy.'

"In truth, the frequent use of this honorary prefix has caused it, in many instances, to coalesce with the proper name to which it belongs; and we frequently write 'Delaunay' and 'Decandolle,' but never 'Degerando' or 'Demaistre.'

"Mr. Phillips is not too old to learn, and if he will prosecute his studies, I doubt not that he will become a good French critic.

"Very truly yours,

"Francis Bowen."

Mr. John Hay, also, Assistant Secretary of State, and an accomplished linguist, who has had unusual opportunities during his official diplomatic residence abroad of knowing the best French custom, writes to the Easy Chair from Washington: "I am surprised. Such use is universal in French. I would not waste time in multiplying examples, but I happened to see this morning, in Adams's *Life of Gallatin*, a singular and striking use of the particle, which I inclose. One could hardly read a more awkward sentence in French than the last one, but it shows how conscientiously

they stick to the particle in such cases. Gallatin writes: 'Une Suissesse qui avait epousé un Génevois nommé de Lesdernier.' And again insists on this peculiarly awkward retention of the *de:* 'Parmi eux était un des fils de de Lesdernier.'"

On the other hand, the Easy Chair may cite the omission of the prefix in the name of Lafayette, who was Marquis de Lafayette, but is always known to us without the honorary prefix; and in support of the assertion of Mr. Phillips, there is Murray's edition of the *France before the Revolution*, lettered on the back simply "Tocqueville," and the general custom in speaking of Goethe and Humboldt, from both which names the corresponding German prefix *von* is dropped. It will probably appear that there is no fixed rule upon the subject, and that good usage permits both forms.

THE conversation upon Hawthorne which took place at Concord last summer, and upon which the Easy Chair commented with favor as supplying many vivid and interesting glimpses of his life and character, has been criticised severely by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, so far as Mr. Alcott's contribution is concerned. Miss Peabody, also, seems to have been somewhat in error in describing certain details of the older Hawthorne homestead. As the Easy Chair gave a wide audience to the conversation, it is its duty to make one or two corrections, that the future estimate of our great author, so far as early domestic influences are involved, may not be inaccurate.

The conversation represented the mother of Hawthorne as withdrawing to her chamber after her husband's death, and mainly passing the rest of her life there in morbid retirement, and clothed always in white. The picture of the elder Mrs. Hawthorne, indeed, was a singular reproduction of Dickens's grotesque portrait of Miss Havisham. Whoever saw it, and reflected upon the influence of such morbid oddity upon a young and sensitively imaginative child, might easily find in this fact alone a key to much of the singular shyness and running to cover of Hawthorne himself. But there has been some misunderstanding or misreporting. The elder Mrs. Hawthorne was not especially addicted to seclusion or to dressing in white—indeed, it is not clear that she ever did so—and her house was a free and joyous resort for the younger people. Mrs. Hawthorne was a widow, and lived quietly with her family upon a moderate income, and her son Nathaniel was always shy and solitary. It is very possible that in later days Hawthorne used to tell stories of his early life with the sly, humorous, and fanciful exaggeration which was characteristic, and that such "tales of the grotesque and arabesque" were received by the hearers as sober narrations. The Easy Chair itself has heard him speak of old Salem and his life there, but all his allusions to his own habits pointed only to the child as father of the man, and there was no implication or insinuation that the family household was in any way so extraordinary as the figure of his mother as the Woman in White would suggest. If the impression were derived from him, it was a misapprehended play of characteristic humor.

So captivating and shadowy a personality as Hawthorne's is sure to provoke a curiosity which seizes upon the marvellous as probable. He was singularly reticent with his tongue, and communicative only with his pen. Indeed, the careful reader of his works, as he follows, fascinated, the enchanted line, will be surprised to see how much Hawthorne has told of himself. Everything that can be known of such men is not, indeed, too much, and the desire to know every detail is insuperable. But it is precisely of such veiled figures, also, that the most fanciful tales are told, and restless curiosity envelops them in romance. Witch-haunted Salem teems with strange legends of its most famous son, but they are not to be received as history or biography; they are tributes of loyalty to genius, and signs of the undying interest in great men. Mr. Parton has shown how a reverent mythology has accumulated about Washington, from the hatchet and the cherry-tree to the prayer in the snowy wood. Washington's head is girt with an aureole of fable. The terrible tests of modern criticism and investigation rob us of the Roman wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, and reduce William Tell to a myth. Even the white-headed warrior suddenly appearing to repel the Indian attack upon Hadley—one of the most heroic and inspiring traditions of our early history—vanishes at the Ithuriel touch of Mr. Sheldon. Of all our renowned authors there is none around whom strange stories would so certainly gather as around the remote and silent Hawthorne, and no such stories should be so carefully scrutinized as those told of him.

Editor's Literary Record.

IMPRESSED by the powerful influence that example exerts upon conduct and character, and acting in a line with the truth condensed by Coleridge into the maxim, "We insensibly imitate what we habitually admire," Mr. Samuel Smiles has devoted a large portion of an unusually useful and practical life to the preparation of a number of volumes which most emphatically merit the title of the "Self-Help Series." Written with such vigorous plainness and simplicity as to be easily comprehended by youthful or unpracticed readers, and with such earnestness and dignity as to conciliate their sympathy and respect, these books

present in agreeable anecdotal form, combined with pregnant moralizings and reflections which are not pursued to a forbidding length, a large number of examples, drawn from the lives of real and noteworthy men and women, that are worthy of study for the wholesome influence an imitation of their virtues would exert upon the life and morals, the welfare and happiness, of the individual and of society. The first of the series, *Self-Help*, was more especially designed to impress young men just beginning the battle of life with the conviction that their happiness and well-being depended largely upon themselves—upon their diligent self-culture, self-discipline, and self-control, their perseverance and single-mindedness, and, above all, their honesty and uprightness. In the succeeding volume, *Character*, Mr. Smiles arrayed a great number of instances of nobility and magnanimity, as illustrated by passages in the lives of many excellent, distinguished, or heroic persons, with the object of making those invigorating virtues attractive to young people. This was followed by *Thrift*, which, although more didactic than its predecessors, still adhered to the personal and anecdotal treatment that had made them attractive and influential. It was specifically addressed to workmen, artisans, mechanics, laborers, clerks, and men in comparatively humble circumstances, who had families dependent upon them, and whom it sought to impress with the dignity of labor. It also urged them to economize in order that they might secure their personal independence, showed them how they might do so if they were systematic and frugal, and by many strong practical reasons and incentives endeavored to persuade them to live clean, sober, and manly lives, and to aim to raise themselves to a higher elevation by the practice of morality and religion. The last of the series, now just published, completes the round of Mr. Smiles's invaluable practical teachings. Its topic is *Duty*,[1] its sphere, its operation upon the conscience and as a rule of conduct, and its effectiveness to ennoble and beautify the world by its outcome of courage, fortitude, honesty, truthfulness, patriotism, heroism, magnanimity, and the virtues generally, whether in prosperity or under stress of trial and adversity, whether at home or in the workshop, in common and every-day business avocations, or in any of the more heroic callings in which one's life may be cast. The volume is a richly stored commonplace-book of inspiring and instructive personal anecdote and incident, and also of sententious wisdom, illustrating the influence of a loyal obedience to duty to lift a man out of the rut of ignoble motives and base practices, and to nerve him to the practice of the more trying and heroic virtues, without being disabled for the exercise of the sweet charities and the simple and ordinary offices of daily common life.

At the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Peleg W. Chandler recently prepared a memoir of the late Governor Andrew;[2] and it is now published in a convenient little volume, supplemented by some additional personal anecdotes and reminiscences of the great "War Governor," together with several of his addresses and orations. The memoir and supplement form an interesting outline sketch of the life and character of Governor Andrew, written in a genial and appreciative but discriminating spirit, and in a style of robust simplicity.

Mr. George M. Towle has grouped in a handy pocket volume, entitled *Certain Men of Mark*,[3] half a dozen spirited sketches of as many living English and Continental celebrities, who are not only as prominent as any by reason of their commanding personal qualities and their qualifications for leadership, but who have also exerted, and continue to exert, a more potent influence than any others upon the destinies of their several countries, and incidentally upon the destinies of Europe. The sketches to which special allusion is here made are character drawings of Gladstone, Bismarck, Gambetta, Beaconsfield, Castelar, and Bright; and they embody Mr. Towle's conceptions of the mental equipment and moral fibre of each of these great men, together with graphic descriptions of their personal appearance, their characteristic traits, their style and delivery as orators, their bearing in official life, and their demeanor and enjoyments in familiar society and the home circle. Mr. Towle takes no pains to conceal that his pen-and-ink sketches are influenced by his prepossessions and sympathies. Still his judgment is never so warped by his predilections or his antipathies as to make him unjust. His estimates and characterizations of the distinguished men to whom he introduces the reader are commendably fair and generous. To his studies of these statesmen Mr. Towle adds a brief sketch of the three great living emperors, William of Germany, Francis Joseph of Austria, and Alexander of Russia, and a vigorous portrait of Victor Hugo.

Mary and I; or, Forty Years with the Sioux,[4] is an unaffected autobiographical narrative of a life spent, during the forty years between 1837 and 1877, among one of the fiercest and

[1] *Duty.* With Illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 412. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Memoir of Governor Andrew.* With Personal Reminiscences. By Peleg W. Chandler. 18mo, pp. 298. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[3] *Certain Men of Mark:* Studies of Living Celebrities. By George Makepeace Towle. 18mo, pp. 242. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[4] *Mary and I; or, Forty Years with the Sioux.* By Stephen R. Riggs, D.D., LL.D. With an Introduction by Rev. S. C. Bartlett, D.D. 12mo, pp. 388. Chicago: W. G. Holmes.

most warlike, and also the most highly endowed with intellectual capabilities, of our aboriginal tribes. The story is told by the venerable Stephen R. Riggs, D.D., favorably known to scholars as the author of a grammar and dictionary of the Dakota tongue, who with his wife—the "Mary" of the narrative—very early in their married life felt it to be their duty to carry the good tidings of the Gospel to the heathen; and turning their backs upon their pleasant New England homes, took up their abode with the untutored savages of our far Western wilds, and devoted themselves to their spiritual, intellectual, and physical needs. The volume is a record of faith and zeal, of wisdom, patience, courage, and enterprise; of cheerful endurance, heroic self-sacrifice, and native piety, which, as President Bartlett suggests in the introduction, has a remarkable resemblance to the story which has come down to us of the spirit of the primitive Christians in apostolic times. It is, besides, an authentic and highly interesting narrative of incident and adventure among the Indians; of their life, manners, and traditions; of instances of their susceptibility to intellectual advancement and religious influences; and of the wrongs to which they have been subjected by individuals, or through our mistaken or unjust Indian policy. This singularly earnest and unaffected as well as intelligent and disinterested narrative will be read with interest by all who are concerned for the spiritual and material welfare of our aborigines.

When Mr. Gough speaks of his newly written volume of reminiscences, *Sunlight and Shadow*,[5] as a "patchwork" gathered "from wayside opportunities," and "jotted down in a desultory manner," he describes it accurately, though with unconscious irony. Indeed, it must constantly remind the reader of those heterogeneous quilted performances of a former generation, with which their grandams and venerable maiden aunts and cousins still astonish us, and in which remnants of the most remarkable and most oddly contrasted colors and designs are patiently wrought into a whole of bewildering variety and substantial usefulness. Largely made up of personal recollections of the multitude of more or less prominent men and women he had met in the course of his long career as a temperance lecturer, liberally garnished with rambling anecdotes of the men and things that came under his observation, and lavishly sprinkled with descriptions which, if neither new nor original nor elegant, are usually piquant and suggestive of life and character among the lowly, the erring, the vicious, the abandoned, and the intemperate, Mr. Gough's volume has at least the spice of variety. To literary merit he makes no pretensions, and his estimate of himself in this respect is more just than self-estimates usually are. His book has a strong flavor of the platform as that institution has been made familiar to us by himself. The incidents he relates, the reminiscences he recalls, and the anecdotes he tells are of the kind that may be told more effectively than they can be written. On this account the volume will have a fugitive popularity with a limited class of readers whose literary tastes are not too exacting. It will doubtless amuse, and possibly help, those who are exposed to the dangerous vice against which its author has been so active an evangelist.

If the poems[6] of Edwin Arnold, now published in an American edition, do not exhibit the higher qualities of fancy and imagination, they are certainly wealthy in the inferior graces and ornaments, picturesqueness, sensuousness, ornateness, and artistic excellence. The principal poem in the collection, "The Indian Song of Songs," is a paraphrase of the "Gita Govinda," or "Song of Govind," from the Sanskrit of Jayadeva, an Indian poet who wrote about A.D. 1150. The poem is a musical and idyllic mystery play, and its theme is taken from one of the Sacred Books of Indra. It celebrates, under the form of a parable of human passion, the loves of Radha, the celestial spirit of intellectual and moral beauty enshrined in earthly mould, and of Krishna, who is an incarnation—half human and half divine—of the god Vishnoo. Krishna is at first enticed away from Radha by the attractions and pleasures of the senses, but is finally released from these sensual snares and allurements, and surrenders himself to her purer and surpassing loveliness. The several stages of the poem, or sargas, which are eight in number, describe the sports of Krishna with the sensual siren-loves that had allured him from Radha, Radha's heart-sickness because of his desertion of her, his penitence, his remorse, his revived hopes under the encouragement held out to him by a messenger sent by Radha, his passionate appeals for forgiveness and restored love, Radha's tender and loving rebukes and pretended coldness as a punishment for his inconstancy, and their final rapturous union in perfect love and trust, when Krishna enthrones Radha in his heart as the sole and only one who can satisfy his aspirations. The art of the poet consists in investing an abstraction with the sensuous forms, passions, emotions, desires, and feelings that belong to real men and women; and like all such efforts, the attempt is a failure in a narrative or romantic poem, though in an acted play, where the abstractions are clothed in hu-

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[5] *Sunlight and Shadow; or, Gleanings from My Life-Work.* Comprising Personal Experiences and Opinions, Anecdotes, Incidents, and Reminiscences gathered from Thirty-seven Years' Experience on the Platform and among the People, at Home and Abroad. By John B. Gough. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 542. Hartford: A. D. Worthington and Co.

[6] *Poems.* By Edwin Arnold. With a Preface written for this Edition by the Author. 12mo, pp. 246. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

man form, and constantly appeal to our senses by exhibiting their feelings as men and women in love are wont to do, it might be highly effective. Several of the minor pieces in the collection, notably the ballad entitled "The Rajpoot Wife," the blank-verse romance of the Crusades, "King Saladin and Torel of Istria," the translation of the legend of Hero and Leander from the Greek of Musæus, and the poem descriptive of Belshazzar's Feast, are remarkable for their vigor and musicalness.

THE most minute, and also the most pleasing and picturesque, descriptions of the Holland and Hollanders of to-day that have yet appeared in an English dress have been written by a Frenchman, Mr. Henry Havard, and an Italian, Mr. Edmondo de Amicis. Aside from the gifts of close observation and graphic delineation which are natural to Frenchmen and Italians, there is no doubt that their impressions of a country like Holland are all the more fresh and vivid for the striking contrasts it presents at every turn with everything of which they could have had any experience in their own more genial lands. The secure and solid earth of France and Italy, their landscapes of hill and plain and valley, their sunny skies and transparent atmosphere, are not more different from the flat, artificial, and unstable ground of Holland, its clouded skies and humid atmosphere, than are the versatile, vivacious, sensuous, voluble, and pleasure-loving children of France and Italy from the phlegmatic, ruminating, silent, and patiently industrious Dutchmen. Moreover, not only are the Frenchman and the Italian peculiarly attracted by those characteristic traits of the Hollander and those distinctive features of his country which are the result of a ceaseless warfare with the ocean, and the direct opposites of all to which they have been accustomed, but they regard these, and the thousand lights and shadows of Dutch life and manners, arts, occupations, and enjoyments, with the eyes and describe them with the zest and spirit of first discoverers. In the Record for August last we gave our readers a glimpse of Holland and the Dutch as they were sketched by Mr. Havard in his *Heart of Holland*, and we now invite their attention to a worthy companion volume of that enjoyable book, *Holland and Its People*,[7] by Mr. De Amicis. With many points of resemblance to the *Heart of Holland*, Mr. De Amicis's work touches more lightly upon the rural features, the antiquities, and the historical facts and traditions of the country, and dwells more largely upon the aspects of its cities, the peculiar characteristics of their social life as contrasted with life in the villages and outlying rural districts, the magnitude and methods of their commercial enterprises and mercantile pursuits, and the architecture, customs, and public spirit which distinguish each from the other. In addition to graphic accounts of these, which evince descriptive powers of rare excellence, Mr. De Amicis's book contains a number of extended and brilliant criticisms of the works of the most eminent Dutch masters, interspersed with striking or interesting passages in their lives, and with discriminating estimates of their genius as compared with contemporaneous Italian artists.

[7] *Holland and Its People.* By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the Italian by CAROLINE TILTON. 12mo, pp. 409. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S *Endymion*[8] has been the most interesting event of the month in the realm of prose fiction, less, perhaps, because of its intrinsic merit, or its superiority to other recent productions in the same field, than from the curiosity that is felt for anything proceeding from the pen of its versatile and veteran author, and because of the opportunity that it affords for a comparison of his earlier with his latest work. If we say that it will neither add to nor diminish his reputation, and that it will fail to place him in the first rank of English novelists, we shall probably discount the general verdict that will be passed upon it by posterity. Less ambitious, less imaginative, less intellectual, and less emotional than the best of his earlier novels, and noteworthy for the utter absence from it of the vividly prophetic forecastings, the quasi-poetical rhapsodies, the superciliousness, and the literary coxcombry which distinguished them, *Endymion* is far more fully imbued with real though still far from deep feeling than they, and is wiser, calmer, more equable, and not less witty and vivacious. No novel of his is dramatic in the higher sense of the term, or delineates character as it has been delineated by Fielding, and Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and George Eliot, from its seed germ till its final ripeness for good or evil, under the influence of the passions and interests that sway the human heart; yet all belong to the first rank of those relatively inferior novels which amuse the reader by a pleasing narrative of the schemings and dreamings, sayings and doings, dilemmas, defeats, and successes of their heroes and heroines, but which fail to invest them with a distinctive personality, and an individuality that is unmistakably their own. There is not a prominent actor in any who might not interchange parts with another, or whose utterances might not without violence be ascribed to another. In a narrow sense of the term, *Endymion* is a political novel. It foreshadows no great policy, it portrays no great movement, it does not describe the attitudes and relationships of great leaders to such a policy or movement, nor does it trace the influence of great statesmen, or the bearings of their political principles upon any large social or national interests. The states-

[8] *Endymion.* A Novel. By the Earl of Beaconsfield. 12mo, pp. 477. New York: D. Appleton and Co.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

men who figure in it have no convictions, and their political principles are as convertible and interchangeable as their sayings and doings. Its vicissitudes are merely those petty and personal ones which invest the career of a youth, predestined for civic honors, from his first step on the lowest rung of the ladder of the public service until, through the agency of indefatigable feminine wire-pullers of high rank and unbounded wealth and social influence, assisted by the deft and not too scrupulous manipulations of eminent official dignitaries, he reaches the topmost round, and vaults into the Premiership. The period assigned to the novel is the England of forty years ago, and if Lord Beaconsfield's account of the methods then resorted to in Great Britain for the manufacture of public men and public opinion, for the maintenance of party ties, the increase of party adherents, the election of members of Parliament, and the overthrow or ascendency of a ministry, still remains a faithful one, the refined aristocracy of England may dispute the supremacy in political trickery with the least reputable of our American demagogues. Most of the characters who figure in the novel were prominent society or political leaders in England forty years ago, among them being Palmerston, Cobden, Gladstone, John Bright, Sidney Herbert, Louis Napoleon, Bismarck, and Beaconsfield himself while yet Disraeli; and their careers are described and their portraits painted with unquestionable spirit, not so literally as to be historically exact, and yet with a sufficient adherence to fact, cleverly veiled by fictions and anachronisms, to make their identification an entertaining exercise for those who are fond of practical conundrums.

THE scenes of Mr. Hardy's strong novel *The Trumpet-Major*[9] are laid in the lower middle ranks of English life, and abound in the picturesque descriptions of scenery and still-life, and the subtle delineations of widely contrasted character and manners, that are the characteristic charms of his style and methods. Brighter—or rather less sombre—in its coloring, and even more minute than is his wont in its realistic paintings, its narrative has many episodes of great intensity, which are the more striking for the simplicity and directness with which they are related. The story is felicitously told, and rises in interest at every stage of its development.

ALTHOUGH the other novels of the month are not distinguished by any of those striking or salient qualities which invite enthusiastic admiration or provoke severe criticism, they have the merit of furnishing the reader with refreshing and refined entertainment for an hour of leisure or recreation. The most meritorious of the number are Mrs. Oliphant's genial and restful society novel *He Will Not When He May,*[10] and Mr. James Payn's *A Confidential Agent,*[11] a clever and mildly sensational story, whose central incidents are a mysterious robbery of diamonds and the kidnapping of their custodian, which give occasion for an engaging display of the constancy and faith and love of woman, and for some charming pictures of happy domestic life, and some touching ones of the same homes when invaded by sorrow and disgrace.—The others, which we name without regard to the order of their desert, are: *The Head of Medusa,*[12] an effective and occasionally thrilling romance, by the author of *Kismet,* the scenes of which are laid in Italy, and in which the principal actors are Americans; *A Dreamer,*[13] by Katharine Wylde; *From the Wings,*[14] by B. H. Buxton; *The Princess Oghéroff*[15] and *The Trials of Raïssa,*[16] by Henry Gréville; and *Marion Scatterthwaite,*[17] a religious novel, by Maggie Symington.

AMONG recent publications are several modest volumes having the serious and important purpose in view of conveying in brief popular form elegant or useful knowledge on subjects of large interest. Placing a high valuation on such easily accessible books as potent educational agencies for the cultivation and refinement of the rising generation, it would be a congenial task to give our readers a full outline of their contents, but, to our regret, we can do little more than announce their titles. The group comprises the following volumes: *A Manual of Classical Literature,*[18] by Mr. Charles Morris, covering the period from Homer to Boethius; a series of critical and biographical studies on *British Thought and Thinkers,*[19] from the twelfth century until the present, by Professor George S. Morris, of Johns Hopkins University; an able treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful,*[20] by John S. Kedney, in

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[9] *The Trumpet-Major.* A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 366. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[10] *He Will Not When He May.* A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 86. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *A Confidential Agent.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 69. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *The Head of Medusa.* By GEORGE FLEMING. 16mo, pp. 371. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[13] *A Dreamer.* By KATHARINE WYLDE. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 452. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[14] *From the Wings.* A Novel. By B. H. BUXTON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 52. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *The Princess Oghéroff.* A Russian Love Story. By HENRY GRÉVILLE. Sq. 12mo, pp. 326. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[16] *The Trials of Raïssa.* A Russian Love Story. By HENRY GRÉVILLE. Sq. 12mo, pp. 314. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[17] *Marion Scatterthwaite.* A Story of Work. By MAGGIE SYMINGTON. 12mo, pp. 373. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[18] *A Manual of Classical Literature.* Comprising Biographical and Critical Notices of the Principal Greek and Latin Authors, etc. By CHARLES MORRIS. 12mo, pp. 418. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

[19] *British Thought and Thinkers.* By GEORGE S. MORRIS, A.M. 12mo, pp. 388. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

[20] *The Sublime and Beautiful.* An Analysis of these Emotions, and a Determination of the Objectivity of Beauty. By JOHN STEINFORT KEDNEY. 12mo, pp. 214. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

which the fundamental questions that underlie the subject are discussed, its philosophy is outlined and stated, the emotions affected by the sublime and the beautiful are analyzed, and beauty is defined; a collection of *Art Suggestions from the Masters,*[21] compiled by Susan N. Carter, being the best ideas of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Charles Bell, William Hazlitt, and Benjamin R. Haydon, explaining the motives which enter into the construction of great paintings; a compendious *Primer of French Literature,*[22] by George Saintsbury, in which the development of polite letters in France is traced from a period before A.D. 1200 until the present time; a historical sketch of *Modern France,*[23] its social life and literature, its political changes, and the great industrial, military, and civil events that have made an impression upon it from 1814 till 1879; and finally, a course of instruction in the Italian language,[24] drawn up by Signor Rocci, of the City of London College, on the plan of Dr. Smith's *Principia Latina,* with the object of enabling a beginner to acquire an accurate knowledge of the chief grammatical forms of the Italian tongue, to learn their usage by the construction of simple sentences, and to accumulate a stock of words useful for conversation as well as in reading.

Peculiarly appropriate to the holiday season are two recent contributions to musical literature—*A Book of Rhymes and Tunes,*[25] and *Album of Songs by Robert Franz.*[26] The former is a collection of over one hundred songs set to music, judiciously selected, mainly from the best German composers, but including also some charming French and English lullabies, and a number of old English Christmas carols; about one-third of the songs having simplified accompaniments, prepared by the musical editor of the work. The Robert Franz Album is an important addition to our musical literature. Robert Franz and Franz Schubert are well known as the greatest of German song-writers. The songs of the latter have been for several years familiar to our musical readers through popular editions, and we are glad to see those of Robert Franz presented in the same way.

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[21] *Art Suggestions from the Masters.* Selected from the Works of Artists and Other Writers on Art. Compiled by Susan N. Carter. 12mo, pp. 260. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[22] *A Primer of French Literature.* By George Saintsbury. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 216. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *Modern France.* By Oscar Browning. "Harper's Half-hour Series." 32mo, pp. 201. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *The Italian Principia.* Part I. A First Italian Course. Containing a Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. On the Plan of Dr. William Smith's Principia Latina. 12mo, pp. 221. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[25] *A Book of Rhymes and Tunes.* Compiled and Arranged by M. P. Osgood. Translations by Louisa T. Cragin. 4to, pp. 128. Boston: Oliver Ditson and Co.

[26] *Album of Songs, Old and New, by Robert Franz.* 4to, pp. 277. Boston: Oliver Ditson and Co.

A number of holiday volumes have been received at so late a day as to make only the briefest reference to some of them possible. In some cases the text of these has a substantial value aside from the illustrations by which it is interpreted and adorned; but in the majority of instances, although invariably pure and refined in sentiment, and graceful in construction, it has slight intrinsic worth, and derives its value mainly from its pictorial embellishments. Belonging to the first of these classes are a translation from the modern French of Alexandre Bida, of the charming twelfth-century manuscript romance, in prose and verse, of *Aucassin and Nicolette,* or *The Lovers of Provence,*[27] with a justly appreciative introductory note by Edmund C. Stedman, a scholarly preface, containing a revision of the original text, by Gaston Paris, and a number of fine illustrations after designs by A. Bida, Mary Hallock Foote, W. H. Gibson, and F. Dielman; also a reproduction of John Howard Payne's popular song, *Home, Sweet Home,*[28] tastefully and poetically illustrated with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, engraved by Andrew; and a simple and touching retrospective poem by W. H. Venable, *The Teacher's Dream,*[29] in which the ideal and the real are happily blended, and which has been successfully illustrated by artists who have caught the quaint and tender spirit of the author.—Among the volumes that must be relegated to the second class above referred to are *Onti Ora,*[30] a legendary and narrative romance of the Adirondacks, by M. B. M. Toland; *Persephone, and Other Poems,*[31] by Mrs. Charles Willing; and *Shakspeare's Dream,*[32] by William Leighton.

A rich aftermath of juveniles, specially suitable for holiday gifts, but affording wholesome and appetizing browsing for young folk at any season, has sprung up too late for extended notice. One of the most toothsome of these is *A Guernsey Lily,*[33] a delightful story by Susan Coolidge, in which she gives a spirited description of one of the most picturesque of the Channel Islands (Jersey), its scenery, people, quaint nooks, historical incidents, and legendary remains. It is copiously illustrated.—Even more relishing than Miss Coolidge's pleasant descrip-

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[27] *The Lovers of Provence, Aucassin and Nicolette.* Rendered into Modern French by Alexandre Bida. Translated into English by A. Rodney Macdonough. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 82. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

[28] *Home, Sweet Home.* By John Howard Payne. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 34. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[29] *The Teacher's Dream.* By W. H. Venable. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 36. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[30] *Onti Ora.* A Metrical Romance. By M. B. M. Toland. With Illustrations from Designs by W. L. Sheppard. Small 4to, pp. 117. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[31] *Persephone, and Other Poems.* By Mrs. Charles Willing. Small 4to, pp. 94. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[32] *Shakspeare's Dream, and Other Poems.* By William Leighton. 4to, pp. 148. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[33] *A Guernsey Lily; or, How the Feud was Healed.* A Story for Girls and Boys. By Susan Coolidge. 4to, pp. 238. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tive tale of a foreign island, and certainly having a more substantial value as an incentive to youthful patriotism, is *The Story of the United States Navy*,[34] prepared for boys by our indefatigable and accurate American annalist, Benson J. Lossing. Mr. Lossing sketches the more important achievements of our navy in outline, it is true, but with sufficient minuteness of detail to direct attention to inspiriting instances of individual heroism, and to give a just idea of the part borne by the navy in vindicating the national honor, and protecting our citizens and commerce. In an appendix Mr. Lossing has collected a dozen old-time and recent naval ballads, whose ringing patriotism will stir the heart of Young America like the blast of a trumpet. The book is profusely illustrated with correct pictures of men and things, which, with the narrative, form a comprehensive history of the navy and its work.—Few books have a more generous Christmas aroma, or are more suggestive of the out-of-door sights, sounds, and enjoyments peculiar to the jocund season, than Miss Warner's *Carl Krinken and his Christmas Stocking*,[35] and *Allie's Mistake*,[36] by Rebecca Gibbons Beach.—Three other volumes, *In the Sunlight and Out of It*,[37] *Nobody's Lad*,[38] and *How Nora Crena Saved Her Own*,[39] are tales with a less obvious Christmas atmosphere than those just named, and with a definite but sweet and winning religious under-tone.

[34] *The Story of the United States Navy.* For Boys. By Benson J. Lossing, LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 418. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[35] *Carl Krinken: his Christmas Stocking.* By the Author of the Wide, Wide World. 16mo, pp. 308. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[36] *Allie's Mistake.* A Christmas Story. By Rebecca Gibbons Beach. 16mo, pp. 281. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[37] *In the Sunlight and Out of It.* A Year of my Life-Story. By Catharine Shaw. 12mo, pp. 224. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[38] *Nobody's Lad.* By Leslie Keith. With Illustrations by Petherick. 12mo, pp. 218. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[39] *How Nora Crena Saved Her Own.* By L. T. Meade. 12mo, pp. 316. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of December.—The third session of the Forty-sixth Congress was begun December 6. The President's Message was read in both Houses. Among its recommendations to Congress were the following: To create the office of Captain-General of the Army for General Grant; to defend the inviolability of the constitutional amendments; to promote free popular education by grants of public lands and appropriations from the United States Treasury; to appropriate $25,000 annually for the expenses of a commission to be appointed by the President to devise a just, uniform, and efficient system of competitive examinations, and to supervise the application of the same throughout the entire civil service of the government; to pass a law defining the relations of Congressmen to appointments to office, so as to end Congressional encroachment upon the appointing power; to repeal the Tenure-of-office Act, and pass a law protecting office-holders in resistance to political assessments; to abolish the present system of executive and judicial government in Utah, and substitute for it a government by a commission to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, or, in case the present government is continued, to withhold from all who practice polygamy the right to vote, hold office, and sit on juries; to repeal the act authorizing the coinage of the silver dollar of 412½ grains, and to authorize the coinage of a new silver dollar equal in value as bullion with the gold dollar; to take favorable action on the bill providing for the allotment of lands on the different reservations in severalty to the Indians, with patents conferring fee-simple title inalienable for a certain period, and the eventual disposition of the residue of the reservations for general settlement, with the consent and for the benefit of the Indians, placing the latter under the equal protection of the laws of the country.

The bill for the relief of General Fitz-John Porter was amended and passed by the Senate December 14. It authorizes the President, in his discretion, by and with the consent of the Senate, to nominate General Porter to be placed upon the retired list, with the rank of colonel.

Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, December 15, introduced a bill to regulate the civil service and to promote the efficiency thereof, and also a bill to prohibit Federal officers, claimants, and contractors from making or receiving assessments or contributions for political purposes.

The Fortification Appropriation Bill, amounting to $450,000, the regular Pensions Appropriation Bill, amounting to $50,000,000, and the Military Academy Bill, appropriating $322,135 37, were passed by the House December 15, 16, and 18 respectively.

The Burnside Educational Bill passed the Senate December 17. It provides that the proceeds of the sale of public land and the earnings of the Patent Office shall be funded at four per cent., and the interest divided among the States in proportion to their illiteracy. An amendment by Senator Morgan provides for the instruction of women in the State agricultural colleges in such branches of technical and industrial education as are suited to their sex.

Two treaties between this country and China were signed at Pekin November 17, one of commerce, and the other securing to the United States the control and regulation of the Chinese immigration.

The British Admiralty, December 8, decided to abolish flogging in the navy.

The commotion in Ireland is unabated, and a reign of terror exists in a large part of the country. Important sessions of the cabinet have been held, but coercion has not yet been resolved upon. The Irish magistrates, replying to Mr. Forster's circular, in which he reminded them of their powers, expressed the opinion that they would be unable to carry out the provisions of the circular. Mr. Forster therefore told his colleagues that the ordinary law could not be depended upon.

The Greek preparations for war are going forward. The Chamber of Deputies, December 9, passed all the supplementary votes, including about $8,500,000 for the Ministries of War and Marine.

Dulcigno was captured by Dervisch Pasha, November 24, after an engagement of eight hours with the Albanians. Two days later the town was surrendered to the Montenegrins.

DISASTERS.

November 19.—Fire-damp explosion in a coal-pit near Mons, Belgium. Twelve men killed.

—News of the loss of the British steamer *Mildred*, from New York, September 28, for Marseilles. Twenty-three men drowned.

November 24.—French steamer *Oncle Joseph* run into and sunk near Spezia. Two hundred and fifty persons drowned.

December 10.—Explosion at the Pen-y-graig New Colliery, in the Rhondda Valley, Wales. One hundred miners killed.

December 17.—Fire in wall-paper factory, Buffalo, New York. Fifteen lives lost.

OBITUARY.

November 20.—At Indianapolis, Indiana, Governor James D. Williams, in his seventy-third year.

November 20.—In London, England, Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, aged seventy-eight years.

November 23.—In London, England, Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis, an American author, aged fifty-six years.

December 12.—In Paris, France, Madame Thiers, widow of the ex-President, aged fifty-five years.

December 19.—In London, England, the Duchess of Westminster, *née* Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson-Gower, aged fifty years.

December 20.—In London, England, Francis Trevelyan Buckland, naturalist, aged fifty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is well known as an original and versatile journalist, and a politician of great independence and some eccentricities; but it is not generally known that he is the humorist *par excellence* of the West. Recently a fellow applied to Mr. Halstead for either work or a temporary loan of money. His application being declined, he undertook to enforce it by threatening suicide. He said he would walk out to the centre of the Covington bridge, jump off, and drown himself.

"Well, now, that's a good thought," said Halstead. "I'd go right down and do that; it will relieve you and me of a great responsibility for your future support. Go right off and do it while you are in the notion."

The fellow struck out in the direction of the bridge. Presently Mr. Halstead rushed after him, and called him to stop. The fellow evidently thought he had won his point. "Stop! stop now! don't do that," continued Mr. H. "It won't be safe; try some other plan. Come to think of it, the last two fellows who tried that were both *got out alive*."

A GOOD old Presbyterian elder, living at M——, Illinois, as a minor part of his business, sold the cobs which came from his steam-sheller. One day he received a note from a minister known for his close ideas of economy, asking that a load of cobs might be sent to his house, signed, "Yours, in the blessed Gospel of our," etc. The old elder, not fancying this sanctimonious mixing up of religion with cobs, sent the cobs, with a little note signed, "Yours, *in the cob business*." Besides, cobs had "riz."

ELDER GEORGE CHAMPLIN, now dead, preached many years in Rhode Island. He was a colored man, but sharp and witty, and withal of good sense, though not without some failings. At one time some of his hearers complained that he was personal and severe in some of his remarks. Elder C. replied, "When I am preaching I shoot right at the devil every time, and if any one gets between me and the devil, he will be *liable to get hurt*."

AT the Baptist Social Union recently held in Providence, Rhode Island, Dr. Gordon, a guest from Boston, related the following:

A colored brother from the South recently came to his church to solicit money in behalf of some interest with which he was connected. After the brother had made his appeal, one of the members of the church arose and "wished to know why everybody seemed to come to their church to beg money." Dr. Gordon said he feared the remarks would be very discour-

aging to the colored brother, and regretted they were uttered. Whereupon the colored man promptly rose and said he could explain the matter. Said he, "*When I goes shootin' ducks, I goes whar de ducks be.*" The objector gave him a hundred dollars.

He was an Episcopal clergyman, and a great lover of the great American game, who inadvertently remarked, at the end of that portion of Scripture appointed to be read, "Here endeth the first innings."

BEAU.

(*Dedicated to the Modern "Heroic" School of Writers.*)

HON. PONDEROUS POLYLOQUENT, LOQUITUR.

That reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened
When I was a lad.
Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir. And if you'll permit me,
I shall be very glad
To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that
It is other than bad.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old darky?
Well, that, sir, is Beau,
The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion,
A long time ago,
'Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me,
In the year twenty-fo'.

'Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided
Till the day that he died,
Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres,
And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,
Was he known, far and wide.

This digression pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together—
Old Beau there and me.
Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a tittle cared we;
We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,
In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington city,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish,
With an arrogant sneer
For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements
In tobacco and beer.

From the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tackey,"
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darky
Very seldom replied.

One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters—
Inclusive of Beau
And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A-swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual
(If he could have done so).

Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles,
Which he made with his knife,
And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond
A marvellous fife,
To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation,
Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,
In view of us all,
Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched. In the tussle ensuing
Beau was rather too small;
James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in *his* pocket,
Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river,
Our prime destination;
Our ablutions performed, our habiliments donned, 'twas suggested
That, for more recreation,
We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion
Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated,
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down by its current
Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white waters,
And with some superstition,
When, attempting to cast an unwieldy projectile into them,
James lost his position—
Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues,
In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father
(Beau after the brawl
Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims,
And none is so rash
As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue,
Nor— Hold!—like a flash,
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur, and then a dead silence.
He can ne'er re-appear:
This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers
To be found far or near.
Thus we wait a full minute—another—*two heads above water!*
And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden,
At last is ashore;
And the men rear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
With a thunderous roar.

And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "By Jehovah,
He is FREE, evermore!"
When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth, and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it,
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it war you I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)—
"'Twar my *fife*, and I got it!"

T. H. ROBERTSON.

A FRIEND in Providence sends us the following extract from a *History of Warwick, Rhode Island*, lately published:

"Elder Charles Holden was pastor of the church in Warwick at the time of the Declaration of American Independence. He had been accustomed to pray for 'the king and all in authority' in his public services, and his thoughts, from long running in the same channel, had crystallized themselves in words from which he found it difficult to break away. The elder was patriotic, and the new order of things interfered with his set forms of speech. At one time while praying he came to the place, 'We pray for the king and all in authority,' but before he was aware of it the words were uttered. He stopped short, and, after an instant's hesitation, supplemented the petition, in stentorian tones, with, '*living in Rhode Island.*'"

A CLERICAL friend who had just returned to town from the country was speaking of funerals, and said, "We had another evening funeral service at eight o'clock." This being the second occurrence of the kind, a ten-year-old boy inquired, with a keen sense of the slowness of country funeral processions, "Papa, what do they have 'em at night for?—*so as they can trot?*"

THE poems of "Uncle Remus" are among the best, if not the best, that the South has contributed to our "cullud" literature since the war. The hymns especially breathe the genuine air of devotion which is characteristic of the negro when he gives himself up to psalmody, as, for example:

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be kotched out late,
En fine no latch ter de golden gate!
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer;
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer;
Sin's es sharp es a bamboo brier—
O Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

CHIEF JUSTICE SHEA, of the Marine Court of New York, occasionally avails himself of an opportunity to take down those members of the bar who are unmindful of the proprieties. Not long since two gentlemen who were trying a case before his honor gave each other the lie direct. Judge Shea, after a moment's pause, remarked, in his quiet, bland way, "As no one in court appears to contradict *either* of the gentlemen, let the argument proceed." A general smile seemed to attest the neatness and appropriateness of the judge's little observation, and the two legal gentlemen went on with their pettifogging.

TELL us not that the depraved "machine man" exists only in perfection in New York, or that the enterprising repeater is only to be found at the North. Nor does the "color line" mark the astuteness of the aforesaid. In Galveston, Texas, if we are to rely upon the accuracy of the *News* of that city, the "man and brother" knows full well how to vote early, if not often, as the following instance sets forth:

Old Uncle Mose was not noticed near the polls on election day, consequently a colored striker was sent to hunt him up. He was found sitting by the fire, groaning dismally, in his cabin, on the east end of Galveston Island.

"Uncle Mose, has yer voted yit?" asked the colored rounder.

"No, chile, I wouldn't risk ketchin' cold in my lungses foah all de money in de world."

"Here's a dollar to pay for your time."

The old man secured the subsidy, remarking, "Ef you is comin' de bulldose on dis ole niggah, he weakens. Hev yer fetched a kerridge foah me?"

"Hit's waiting at de doah, Uncle Mose."

"Is yer gwine to bring me back after I's voted?"

"Bring you right back, Uncle Mose; hurry up now."

"Gimme a dram foah I starts?"

"Here it is," said the emissary, producing a flask. "Take a pull."

He pulled, and asked, "Gwine ter gimme anudder pull when I's done voted?" and then he pulled again.

"Yes, take anudder pull right now. Don't be afeared ob it. Dar's plenty moah whar it come from."

So the old man pulled again, and wanted to know, "Hev yer got anudder dollar bill wid yer?"

"Look heah, ole man, you must 'low de campaign committee's made ob money! Here's yer udder dollar. Now jump in. De polls is gwine ter close."

"Lor, chile, you makin' out you is a statesman—heah! heah! I's been foolin' yer. I done voted de udder ticket only dis mornin'—heah! heah! heah!" and the old image settled down in front of the fire and nearly chuckled his head off.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES tells an amusing story, rather at his own expense, of his gratification at the apparent desire of the "man and brother" for higher intellectual culture. On arriving at the station at West Chester, Pennsylvania, where he was to lecture, a darky hackman offered his services as conveyancer to convey him to the hotel. On arrival Mr. Forbes asked the extent of pecuniary remuneration expected for the manœuvre. The darky replied, "Well, sah, if you'd jes gib me a ticket to de lectur', sah, I should be right glad."

This unusual request from a member of that profession struck him not only as singular and laudable, but as quite complimentary to himself, so he said, "Certainly; and haven't you got a missis?"

"Oh yes, sah, I's got a missis."

"Well, you shall have one for her;" and re-

quested his agent to hand to the knowledge-seeker the requisite cards. On reaching the lecture-room he cast a glance over the audience to see his colored friend, but he had not arrived, nor did he put in an appearance.

Next morning, on getting into the same gentleman's palanquin to go to the station, Mr. Forbes said, "I didn't see you at the lecture last night."

"No, sah, I wer not dar."

"But I gave you tickets for yourself and wife?"

"Yes, sah, I know dat, sah; but you see, sah, I jes sold dem tickets for a dollar, sah, 'cause I don't know much 'bout lectur's, and thought I'd rather hab de cash, sah."

This was a new and cute way of realizing more than the usual fare, and Mr. Forbes thought it "interesting."

THERE is a "party" in this city, on the east side of the town, near Canal Street, who offers to a sickly public the inestimable advantages of a "Portable Turkish Bath." He takes his machine with him, and comes to your house, where he administers it, as he says, "in the most approved manner, and no unconvenience." The advantages of this institution are set forth in a circular, from which we quote, verbatim, the herewith paragraph:

ADVANTAGES OF THE PORTABLE TURKISH BATHS:

1. It is the only Proper Mode of Beathing as the Head is not enclosed there by keeping the Brain cool and giving the Lungs, Hart and other Internal organs proper action. 2d It avoids Cantagion and Exposure and the advantage of having them at home. 3d It is recommended by all physicians as the only proper Mode of Beathing in Hot air.

To have your little cantagion at home is certainly an advantage.

A CORRESPONDENT at Akron, Ohio, sends us the following hitherto unpublished anecdote of Ben Wade:

A negro of the blackest type was one day introduced as a witness in a case on trial before that statesman. He was incompetent as a witness, under a statute of Ohio, and an objection was made on that ground. After a brief argument, Judge Wade said,

"Have you anything further to suggest?"

"No."

"Have you anything further to produce?"

"No."

"Well, then, your objection is overruled. That statute is a disgrace to Ohio. It is opposed to the common law. I shall construe it strictly. You have offered no evidence that the witness *is* a negro. Proceed with the examination."

OLD CAPTAIN STANLEY, who lives down in the middle of Kentucky, was a good old Hard-shell Baptist, who occasionally would tell a story at the expense of some of the brethren. Many years ago they were not so conspicuously orthodox on the temperance question as they are in our time. "On one occasion," said the captain, "the brethren down in my region were about to have a grand church gathering, and all the faithful in the neighborhood were expected to exert themselves to entertain suitably and hospitably the visiting brethren. Two of my neighbors met each other just before the grand gathering, one of whom said,

"'What are *you* going to do?'

"'Well,' replied the man, 'I've laid in a gallon of first-rate whiskey.'

"'A gallon!' retorted his neighbor, with a look of contempt; 'why, I've got a barrel; and you are just as able to support the Gospel as I am.'"

In those days you could always tell a Hard-shell by looking at him from behind: one of the skirts of his coat would hang lower than the other—the one in which he carried his bottle. But the captain said there was one old brother down there whose denominational views couldn't be ascertained in that way: his skirts hung even—a bottle in each pocket.

DURING the recent session in this city of the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, a speech of unusual power was made by Bishop Neely, of Maine, on organizing a more efficient system of collecting funds for the missionary operations of the Church; and the plan he proposed—a very simple and practical one—was adopted with great unanimity. The bishop himself related to a few friends privately an amusing but practical criticism of a member of his congregation on the present unsystematic and expensive mode of making collections. It was at a missionary meeting in Portland. When the plate was passed around, an old gentleman dropped in twenty-five cents, and said at the same time, "Stop a bit; here's a dollar to pay the expense of getting that quarter to the heathen."

THE PUZZLE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

I AM quite content to let the public decide which is most reliable, "the baseless fabric of this vision" or the records of a log-book; and I should leave to Mrs. Baker the satisfaction, so highly prized by ladies, of having the last word as well as the first, if she had not attributed to me the crime of inhumanity in her communication to the Drawer of December: "Whether or not Captain Codman remained perfectly silent during the dreadful scene, he knows, of course, better than I; but that there was a cry of 'Man overboard!' and that there were the most vigorous exertions to save poor Frederic on the part of the warm-hearted crew, I am sure, not only from what I heard and saw in my vision, but from what was afterward narrated by one who was on board."

For an actual, not a visionary, description of the scene, I refer the reader to page 786 of your October number. There was no one on deck besides the chief mate, the man at the wheel, and myself. All the rest of the crew were on the foretopsail yard; all the passengers were asleep below; and the erring spirit who told Mrs. Baker of things which he did not see or hear was himself invisible to mortal eyes.

JOHN CODMAN.

HARPER'S
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BEDFORD PARK.

VIEW FROM A BALCONY.

FIVE years ago I happened to pass through Chiswick, near London, and paused near a field where Prince Rupert and his little army camped overnight on their retreat before Hampden and his Roundheads—a scene which the perspective of time has made into an allegorical tableau of Aristocracy retreating before Yeomanry. (It is a retreat that steadily goes on still.) At that time I found it pleasant to see large and beautiful gardens, with stately poplars and every variety of fruit tree, glorifying the acres once steeped with the bluest blood of England. Eight hundred Cavaliers were here found dead when the Roundheads came in the early morning, glowing with victory, to pitch their tents where the Cavaliers had just folded theirs. Last year I turned in to take another look at the same place. I paused again near the Rupert House—surely a very civil-seeming home for the barbaric prince whose name was twisted into "Prince Robber." Two lions couch above the projecting doorway, two child-figures stand on the ground beneath, which may be emblems of that ferocity for which the prince was famed beyond all warriors of his time, until he fell in love with the pretty actress under whose sway he became gentle as a child.

I meant to enter on the grass-covered

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Roman Road along which the prince retreated some seventeen centuries after the Romans made it. Here Roman coins and bits of ancient tile have been found, are still occasionally found. At any rate, it is well enough to keep one's eyes sharp upon the ground for a few hundred yards. But first another good look at the beautiful gardens which cover the camp of the Cavaliers—gardens planned and planted by Lindley, the famous horticulturist and botanist, father of the present Mr. Justice Lindley.

Angels and ministers of grace! am I dreaming? Right before me is the apparition of a little red town made up of quaintest Queen Anne houses. It is visible through the railway arch, as it might be a lunette picture projected upon a landscape. Surely my eyes are cheating me; they must have been gathering impressions of by-gone architecture along the Malls, and are now turning them to visions, and building them by ideal mirage into this dream of old-time homesteads!

I was almost afraid to rub my eyes lest the antique townlet should vanish, and crept softly along as one expecting to surprise fairies in their retreat. But when across the common a Metropolitan train came thundering, and the buildings did not disappear, I began to feel that they were fabrics not quite baseless. That they should be real seemed even stranger than that they should be fantasies. The old trees still stood, the poplars waved their green streamers in the summer breeze, the huge willows branched out on every side; but the turnips and pumpkins they once overhung had become æsthetic houses, and amid the flowers and fruit trees rosy children at play had taken the place of grimy laborers. I passed beneath a medlar—who ever before heard of a medlar-tree out on a sidewalk?—on through a wide avenue of houses that differed from each other sympathetically, in pleasing competition as to which could be prettiest. Their gables sometimes fronting the street, their doorways adorned with varied touches of taste, the windows surrounded with tinted glass, the lattices thrown open, and many comely young faces under dainty caps visible here and there, altogether impressed me with a sense of being in some enchanted land. After turning into several streets of this character, and strolling into several houses not yet inhabited, watching the decorators silently engaged upon their work, I recognized that this was the veritable land of the lotus-eaters, where they who arrive may sit them down and say, "We will return no more."

My summer ramble ended in a conviction that Bedford Park was an adequate answer to Mr. Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" If lived at Bedford Park, decidedly yes! In one year's time an architectural design adapted to our taste and needs stood finished in brick, amid trees planted by Lindley; the last convenience was completed, the ornamentation added; and therein I now sit to write this little sketch of the prettiest and pleasantest townlet in England, while my neighbor Mr. Nash is out on the balcony sketching the trees and houses that wave and smile through my study windows. For those who dwell here the world is divided into two great classes—those who live at Bedford Park, and those who do not. Nevertheless, we of the first class are not so far removed from those of the second as not to feel for them, and to help them as well as we can to see our village, so far as it can be put on paper in white and black. It is with that compassionate feeling that Mr. Nash with his pencil and I with my pen have prepared some account and illustration of what has been done toward building a Utopia in brick and paint in the suburbs of London.

For a long time cultured taste in London for persons of moderate means had been able to express itself only on paper. Any deviation from the normal style could be achieved only by the wealthy. The Dutch have the proverb, "Nothing is cheaper than paint," but the Dutch might have discovered their mistake had they lived in London within recent years, and ventured to desire any variation from the conventional decoration of houses. Even fifteen years ago the artistically decorated (modern) houses in this vast metropolis might almost be counted on one's fingers and toes, and they were the houses of millionaires or of artists. The artists could do much of the work themselves, and the millionaires could command special labors. But meanwhile the people who most desired beautiful homes were those of the younger generation whom the new culture had educated above the mere pursuit of riches, at the same time awakening in them refined tastes which only through riches could obtain their satisfaction. However, London is a vast place;

TOWER HOUSE AND LAWN-TENNIS GROUNDS.

one of the best things about it is that nearly every head, however ingeniously constructed, can find a circle of other heads to which it is related. The demand of a few expanded until its supply was at hand. Jonathan Carr, member of a family to which much of this kind of artistic activity in London is due, had become the proprietor of a hundred acres of land out here at Chiswick. It was land on which art had already been at work; a considerable part of it had been the home garden of Bedford House, where, as already said, Lindley had resided. Around the large garden were orchards and green fields. Mr. Carr believed that his land might fairly be made the site of a number of picturesque houses, both as to architecture and decoration, such as many of his acquaintances were longing for; he believed that if a considerable number of persons should contract for such houses, that kind of work which has been costly because exceptional might be much reduced; he believed also that there were architects and decorators who, out of materials sufficiently alike to be secured in large quantities, could produce a rich variety of combinations, so that a maximum of individual taste might be expressed at a minimum of cost. Mr. Carr consulted Norman Shaw on the matter; that architect encouraged the project, and agreed to devote himself personally to it. And I may say here that the speedy success of the scheme was largely due to the well-known characters of the landlord and the architect. Their enthusiasm for art, their liberality and honor, excluded all suspicion that the scheme was a money-making bubble; the slow-growing plant of confidence was already grown in their case for the kind of people who really wanted these houses. In the course of little more than three years three hundred and fifty houses have been erected. They are embowered amid trees, and surrounded by orchards; their generous gardens are well stocked with trees, flowers, and fruits, so that these houses appear as if they had been here for generations. No one could imagine that four years ago they were all little sketches on paper, passing between landlord, architect, and residents; and indeed my friend Abbey, the artist, who has visited us occasionally, says he can not yet get it out of his head that he is walking through a water-color.

The first consideration is health. Bedford Park is naturally healthy. It is situated upon a gravel-bed, remote from the fogs of London, and with easy access to the river for its drains. Kensington is only nine minutes nearer the centre of

DINING-ROOM IN TOWER HOUSE.

London than Bedford Park, yet at Kensington few afternoons between October and February can be passed without gaslight, whereas here there were only four or five occasions last fall and winter when the lights were required before evening. There are beautiful walks around, and in ten minutes by train we reach Kew Gardens. The Chiswick Horticultural Gardens are under ten minutes' walk. There is no lack of breathing space. Co-operating with these natural sanitary advantages we have a system of open drain-pipes completely separating each house from the main drain, carrying all its drain-pipes outside of every house, thus preventing any back draught of sewer gas, and any serious evil or immediate discomfort arising from accidents to the water system of the house. The houses are built with fourteen-inch brick walls, and without cellars. It is in conformity with what has been decided to be the prudent plan in London that under-ground rooms are unknown here, each house being founded on a solid bed of concrete, the floors raised sufficiently high above this to allow of full and free ventilation beneath every house.

Sanitary considerations are not neglected in the decorations. Matting is used in the lining of halls and staircases; it is easy to keep clean, and does not gather or send forth dust every time a door is opened, as is often the case with paper. Tiles are also much employed, which are also easy to keep clean; and although stained glass is used, it is as a decorative casement, and is not allowed to impede the light, which can never be spared in England.

What at once impresses the intelligent visitor to Bedford Park is the fact that the beauty which has been admittedly secured is not fictitious. A competent writer in the *Sporting and Dramatic News* (September 27, 1879) speaks very truly of this feature of the new village: "We have here no unchangeable cast-iron work, but hand-wrought wooden balustrades and palings; no great sheets of plate-glass, but small panes set in frames of wood which look strong and solid, although, the windows being large, they supply ample illumination for the spacious rooms within. There is no attempt to conceal with false fronts, or stucco ornament, or unmeaning balustrades, that which is full of comfortable suggestiveness in a climate like our own—the house roof; everything is simple, honest, unpretending. Within, no clumsy imitations of one wood to conceal another, but a preserving surface of beautifully flatted paint, made handsome by judicious arrangements of color. Here brick is openly brick, and wood is openly wood, and paint is openly paint. Noth-

ing comes in a mean, sneaking way, pretending to be that which it is not. Varnish is unknown. There is an old-world air about the place despite its newness, a strong touch of Dutch homeliness, with an air of English comfort and luxuriousness, but not a bit of the showy, artificial French stuffs which prevailed in our

QUEEN ANNE GARDENS.

homes when Queen Anne was on the throne, when we imported our furniture from France, and believed in nothing which was not French."

Those who purchase or lease houses at Bedford Park are allowed the choice where their wall-papers shall be purchased, what designs shall be selected, and what colors shall be used on the wood-work. A certain amount is allotted for the decoration of the drawing-room, dining-room, and so on, and the occupants are invited to select up to that sum freely; or if they fancy some costlier paper or decoration, the excess of price is added. As a matter of fact, a majority of the residents have used the wall-papers and designs of Morris, the draught on whose decorative works has become so serious that a branch of the Bloomsbury establishment will probably become necessary in the vicinity of Bedford Park. This natural selection of the Morris designs by so many families, independently of each other, could hardly have occurred a few years ago, or, if it had occurred, would have been a misfortune of monotony; but recently these designs have been sufficiently varied, and the new patterns, which may be had in divers colors and shades, are now so numerous that it is quite possible for all to be satisfied without a calamitous sameness. And this result is largely due to the excellent taste and ingenuity of the founder of the village, who is pretty certain to give those arranging the interiors of their houses the best advice, not unfrequently guiding them about the place to see the effect of certain papers already on walls, and showing how by new combinations of dado-paper and wall-paper, or distemper, repetitions of neighboring decorations may be avoided. The besetting sin of the new decoration—monotony—is thus measurably escaped.

The best standards, indeed, Mr. Carr is generally able to show in his own house. His taste and that of his wife have made their house very beautiful indeed. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful room than the dining-room, which our artist has drawn with care, but much of its beauty depends upon the soft colors and tints of its walls and its genuinely

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND TABARD INN.

old furniture. This house, known as the Tower House, is as elegant, comfortable, and charming as need be desired even by those whose home is the seat of a continuous and liberal hospitality. The hall, landings, and rooms are all spacious and well proportioned; yet the entire building, arrangements, and decorations have probably not cost more than two thousand pounds.

In Mr. Nash's sketch of "Queen Anne Gardens" the observer may see some characteristic features of the place, such as the venerable air of our trees, and the relation of our streets to the old characters traced upon the soil by the gardens which preceded these. It is said some of the streets of Boston, Massachusetts, followed the old sheep-paths; and it may now be entered in the archives of Bedford Park, against its becoming a city, that its streets and gardens have been largely decided by Dr. Lindley's trees. Some of them curve to make way for the lofty patriarchs of the estate, which we hope may long wave over us. There has been an accompanying good result, that wherever the eye looks it meets something beautiful.

One of our views is slightly utilitarian. It is taken from the old Roman Road, and from the Co-operative Stores in the foreground commands the railway, on which trains bear us to the heart of London in thirty minutes. Indeed, one can start from our little station for a voyage round the world, so many are the junctions to be reached from it. The portico of the church is visible on the right in this picture, and in the distance the steeple of Turnham Green parish church. Beside the Co-operative Stores stands the one inn of Bedford Park. It is a part of the contract of each lessee that he shall not allow any public-house (or drinking house) to be opened on his premises, nor allow any trade to be carried on upon the same. Yet there is need of an inn that families may come to experiment on the place, and where lodgings may be obtained when houses are overfull of guests, Bedford Park being much given to hospitality. The inn is called "The Tabard." That was the name of the old inn in the borough, near London Bridge, from which Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims started.

Another of Mr. Nash's views shows our Tennis lawn and Badminton floor (asphalt), which are pretty generally the scene of merry games. These beautiful grounds are at the west end of Tower House (seen on the left). Its garden is not fenced off from the Tennis ground, and extends to the Club-house. It contains beautiful trees, among others the first

Wellingtonia (as the English insist on naming that American institution) planted in England.

The Club is the social heart of Bedford Park, and it is speaking moderately to say it is as pure a sample of civilization as any institution upon this planet. After claiming that, my reader need hardly be informed that in it ladies and gentlemen are on a perfect equality. Whatever distinctions are made are such as instinct and taste suggest. The ladies did not enter the billiard-room, possibly fearing that they might put too much restraint upon gentlemen who not only smoke, but sometimes like to take their coats off at the game; so there has been added a ladies' billiard-room, exquisitely panelled and papered. The wainscot is of oak which was once in a church of London City built by Sir Christopher Wren: the wood was so sound after all those years as to "bleed" when sawn for this room. Above this panelling there is a soft golden paper. A door opens between this and the reading-room, beyond which is the gentlemen's billiard-room. One of our two sketches made in this room looks toward this door; the other shows its great bay-window, on the seats about which ladies and gentlemen are wont to sit to read the new books with which the table is always stocked, or to take refreshments. Outside of this superb window may be seen flowers and ornamental shrubs by day, but the time selected by our artist for presenting it was somewhat after midnight, on an occasion when there were prettier flowers inside—those of the night-blooming variety, which never fail to spring up when the summons has gone forth for a fancy-dress ball.

The book-shelves, settees, and, indeed, most of the furniture in these rooms are genuinely antique and finely carved oak of the seventeenth century; other pieces are of the dark perforated pattern formerly made in India. In the reading-room are to be found all the appliances of the Pall Mall clubs, the journals and periodicals of the world, and the newest works from the great circulating libraries. The Club has a large hall for assemblies; it is beautifully decorated, and especially rejoices in some old panels, with classical subjects wrought in gold on ebony, which fill the wall space above the mantel-piece. There is a stage, with drop-scene representing one of our streets, and appointments for theatrical representations. Here the inhabitants assemble to witness the performances of their amateur company, and to

READING AND BILLIARD ROOM, CLUB-HOUSE.

A FANCY-DRESS PARTY AT THE CLUB.

listen to concerts by their musical neighbors. Here they enjoy lectures, poetical and dramatic recitations, and other entertainments, at the close of which they generally dance.

Fancy-dress balls are an amusement much esteemed at Bedford Park. There is, indeed, a rumor in the adjacent town of London that the people of Bedford Park move about in fancy dress every day. And so far as the ladies are concerned it is true that many of their costumes, open-air as well as other, might some years ago have been regarded as fancy dress, and would still cause a sensation in some Philistine quarters. At our last fancy-dress ball some young men, having danced until five o'clock, when it was bright daylight, concluded not to go to bed at all, but went out to take a game of tennis. At eight they were still playing, but though they were in fancy costumes they did not attract much attention. The tradesmen and others moving about at that hour no doubt supposed it was only some new Bedford Park fashion. There seems to be a superstition on the Continent that fancy-dress balls must take place in the winter, and end with Mi-Carême. It does not prevail here. It was on one of the softest nights of July that we had our last ball of that character. The grounds, which in one of our pictures are seen beyond the tennis-players, were overhung with Chinese lanterns, and the sward and bushes were lit up, as it were, with many-tinted giant glow-worms. The fête-champêtre and the mirth of the ball-room went on side by side, with only a balcony and its luxurious cushions between them. Comparatively few of the ladies sought to represent any particular "character"; there were about two hundred present, and fancy costumes for both sexes were *de rigueur;* yet among all these there were few conventionally historical or allegorical characters. There was a notable absence of ambitious and costly dresses. The ladies had indulged their own tastes in design and color, largely assisted, no doubt, by the many artists which Bedford Park can boast, and the result was decidedly the most beautiful scene of the kind I have ever witnessed.

There is hardly an evening of the spring and summer when Bedford Park does not show unpurposed tableaux, which, were they visible any evening at the opera, would be declared fine achievements of managerial art. Through the low and wide windows, on which the curtains often do not fall, the light of wax candles comes out to mingle with the moonlight, and many are they who wend their way from the more dismal suburbs to gaze in at the happy families *en tableau*, and listen to the music stealing out on the ever-quiet air.

The new suburb which has thus come into existence swiftly, yet so quietly that the building of it has not scared the nightingale I heard yesternight nor the skylarks singing while I write, has gone far toward the realization of some aims not its own, ideals that have hitherto failed. There is not a member of it who would not be startled, if not scandalized, at any suggestion that he or she belonged to a community largely socialistic. They would allege, with perfect truth, that they are not even acquainted with the majority of their neighbors, have their own circle of friends, and go on with their business as men and women of the world. Nevertheless, it is as certainly true that a degree in social evolution is represented by Bedford Park, and that it is in the direction of that co-operative life which animated the dreams of Père Enfantin and Saint-Simon. All society, indeed, must steadily and normally advance in that direction. For a long time there have been tendencies to put more and more of the domestic work out upon establishments which all have in common. As one baker prepares bread for many families, and one laundry washes for many, and the railway, omnibus, cab, ply for many, so other accommodations needed by all are found to be within reach of the co-operative principle; even the luxuries of life are found to be largely within reach of it. This village has been rendered possible by that principle, though it had another aim. Houses of similar architecture have in recent years been built here and there in London and other cities, but they have probably cost their owners a third more than they have cost here, because the large number of families which agreed to buy or rent houses enabled the landlord and founder of Bedford Park to make large, therefore comparatively cheap, arrangements for the supply of materials and labor, elsewhere special or exceptional. By this means one of the chief advantages of co-operation was to some extent secured. We have also our co-operative stores; our newspapers and current literature are obtained in common; we have billiard-rooms, tennis lawns, club conveniences, and entertainments to a considerable extent in common; and perhaps by the time this paper is read the Tabard may be supplying the *table d'hôte* at a rate sufficiently moderate to place a daily dinner within reach of families who may find that desirable. Thus the co-operative principle has shown its applicability to the requirements of the cultured class, who are especially interested in making for their families beautiful homes, without, as Thoreau said, sacrificing life to its means. Incomes are largely increased when they need no longer be expended on the physical appliances of comfort beyond the actual advantage derived. To keep a private carriage in order that it may be used an hour or two each day is not economy, if an equally good carriage can be hired for the hours needed. Now and then we hear a little gossip when some of the dishes at a distinguished dinner party are suspected of having been prepared by Duclos instead of a private *chef*, but the tendency of refined society is to smile still more at large outlays for ostentation.

But while in some regards Bedford Park must be considered a socialistic village, it is almost the reverse of any community which has been so called hitherto, and is far away from the rocks on which most of them have been wrecked. No step in the planting or development of the village has been artificial, or even prescribed; each institution has appeared in response to a definite want. It was not in consequence of any original scheme that the co-operative stores, the club, or the Tabard Inn were built. The entire freedom of the village and of its inhabitants is unqualified by any theory whatever, whether social, political, or economic.

Bedford Park is in danger of becoming a show place. Now and then the fair riders of Hyde Park extend afternoon exercise to enjoy a look at the new suburb. And sometimes the statesman, weary with his midnight work in Parliament or in Downing Street, finds relief in this quiet retreat. Professor Fawcett is apt to put in an appearance on Sunday afternoons, and one day the grand face of John Bright, with

AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

its white halo of silken hair, was seen among us. M. Renan, when he was delivering his Hibbert lectures, was entertained in one of our homes, and pronounced Bedford Park "une véritable utopie." He appeared quite amazed at finding in London that ideal place which French enthusiasm has often dreamed of, and which differs from the "plain living and high thinking" of the English philosophers. For here where we have the scientific lecture one evening, we may have theatricals on the next; and if we have ambrosial poetry or classic music one day, on the next the ladies will be found attending the School for Cookery, and learning how to make dishes dainty enough to set before any gourmand. Minister Lowell has also paid us a visit, and I believe he thought Bedford Park ought to be somewhere in the neighborhood of Harvard University. But our most memorable visitor was "H. H.," whose eyes illuminated our town for a day or two, and then went away with such pictures as can only be painted when such vision as hers comes upon such a vision as she found here. She came from a beautiful home in a beautiful land; from bright rooms decorated with many a brilliant stripe and spot contributed by the wild creatures and growths of Colorado, and touched all over with her own poetic taste; and she realized at once that she had come to sister homes with hers, where there was the same desire to cultivate beauty in harmony with nature. The brilliant letter she wrote about her visit here comes back to Bedford Park just as I write this my last page, and among the many reports that have been written of us none is more true. My distant readers will perceive that my enthusiasm is not of delusion, if I conclude my rambling paper by borrowing for a moment the pen of "H. H." "Only thirty minutes by rail from Charing Cross—gardens, country air, lanes, bits of opens where daisies grow, where fogs do not hang, and from which far horizons can be seen—is not the London prisoner lucky that can flee his jail at night, and sleep till morning in such a suburb? Lucky indeed, no matter to what sort of house he escaped, so it stood on a spot like this. But when to the opens, the clear air, lanes, and daisies, it is added that, fleeing thither, the London prisoner may sit down and rest, lie down and sleep in, and rise up and enjoy, a charming little Queen Anne house, built, colored, and decorated throughout with good taste by artists who know what souls need as well as what bodies require, there is conferred on him a double, nay, an immeasurable, benefit and unreckonable obligation."

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIDEN.

ON February 11, 1875, the University of Leiden celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Delegates from all the great universities of Europe gathered in the famous senate-chamber, which Niebuhr called the "most memorable room in Europe in the history of learning," bearing addresses of congratulation for this joyful occasion. The Hollanders look with peculiar pride on this their favorite university. It commemorates one of the most glorious events in the history of their country. The long Eighty Years' War with Spain had begun. City after city had fallen before the onward march of the Spaniards. The heroic struggle of Haarlem had ended in the capture of the city. Leiden, after a double siege lasting in all nearly a year, was saved by the valor of its citizens. No siege in history surpasses the record of this in heroic bravery and endurance. War, pestilence, and famine hovered over the apparently doomed city. Relief came at last. The great dikes were cut, the sea flowed in over the land, bearing the patriot fleet, and the siege was raised. In token of the national gratitude for the successful defense of the city, the Prince of Orange, with the advice of the Estates of the Realm, decreed the establishment of a university. Never did resolution and action in so important a matter follow in more rapid succession. The Prince sent his recommendation to the States-General December 28, 1574. On January 2, 1575, the letter was read in public session at Delft, and on the following day the resolution was adopted.

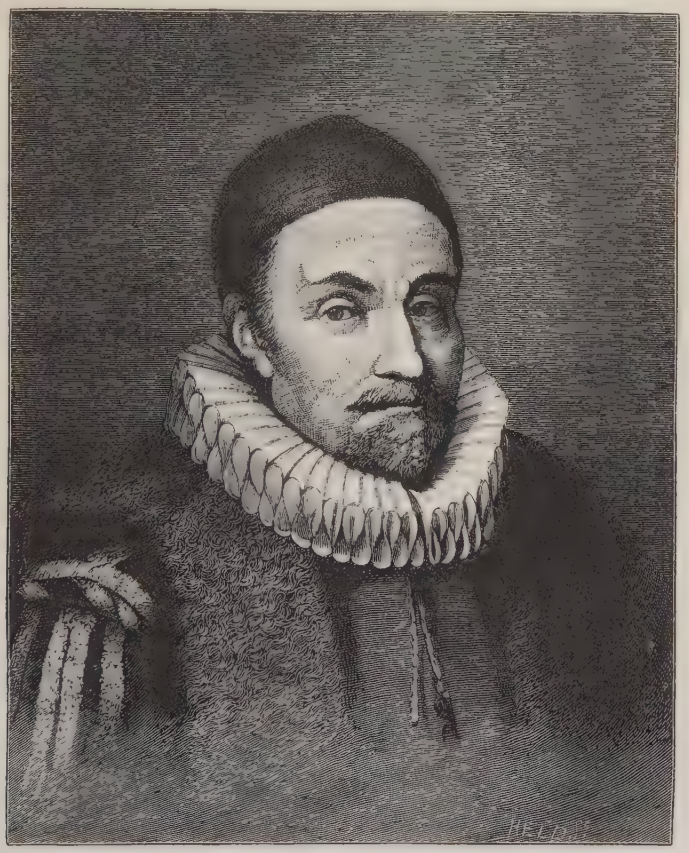
Up to this time the northern provinces of the Netherlands had been far behind the southern in learning. The great University of Louvain was now wholly in the hands of the Spaniards. How deeply

William of Orange felt the need of the establishment of a university on Dutch soil may be inferred. His eldest son and heir, the Count of Buren, had been taken while pursuing his studies at Louvain, and carried a captive to Spain for almost a life-long exile from his native land. While there his whole generous nature was changed, and he became gloomy, austere, and bigoted. The clear vision of the Prince saw that no new national life was possible under the influences which had robbed him of his son. Up to this time the main impulse to learning in Holland, as well as in North Germany, had sprung from the labors of the "Brothers of the Life in Common." These pure and devoted men, like the friars of a later century in England, labored everywhere with a strange fervor and self-denying zeal. In the school of Gerald Groot, at Deventer, Thomas à Kempis and Agricola were educated. They contended against abuses in the Church, and sought to introduce the popular language into its ritual. Limited as was the range of their instruction, their services in copying books and in laboring for the elevation of the common people, and their sturdy condemnation of the beggar monks, were of the highest value as a contribution to the advance of learning in Europe.

The charter of the University of Leiden was modelled after those of the older universities of the Continent. Motley calls attention to the "ponderous irony" in which it was conceived. Holland still recognized its allegiance to Spain; the dream of an independent exercise of sovereignty had never entered the thoughts of the people. Hence it was necessary to throw the majesty of the royal name around the establishment of the young university. The charter proceeds in Philip's name to authorize the founding of a university as a reward to the citizens for their rebellion against himself, "especially in consideration of the differences of religion, and the great burdens and hardships borne by the citizens of our city of Leiden during the war with such faithfulness."

Unlike the English and many of the German universities, which sprang from earlier monastic schools, we can trace the history of the University of Leiden from the beginning, and it is interesting to see with what ceremonies the sturdy Dutch burghers found time for its inauguration in the midst of their long and wearisome war. The Dutch historians describe the stately exercises with great faithfulness and minuteness. After solemn religious services in the cathedral church of St. Peter, a procession was formed, which seems to have consisted of heathen divinities, ancient philosophers and poets, and modern aldermen. The burgher militia came first, in full armor, "in token that, having won liberty for themselves, they would be the defenders of the university." Next came a magnificent chariot, upon which sat a female figure clothed in white. This was the Holy Gospel. The Four Evangelists attended her on foot, walking on either side of her carriage. Then came Justice, blindfold, mounted upon a unicorn, while those eminent doctors of the law, Julian, Papian, and Tribonian, attended by lackeys and men-at-arms, rode by her side. Medicine followed on horseback, bearing in one hand a garland of medicinal herbs, and in the other a treatise on the healing art. Her escort was composed of the most learned physicians of antiquity, Hippocrates, Galen, Theophrastus, and Dioscorides. Philosophy and the Liberal Arts were represented by Minerva in complete armor, with shield, and lance at rest. A noble retinue of ancient philosophers and poets on horseback attended her—Plato and Aristotle, Homer, Cicero, and Virgil. Then came the mace-bearers and beadles with painted staffs, the orator, the professors and doctors in their caps and gowns, the reverend clergy, the burgomasters and state dignitaries, guests of exalted rank, and the great body of citizens. Beneath triumphal arches and over streets strewn with flowers the stately procession moved, amid the thunder of culverins, falconets, and mortars. As it approached the Nuns' Bridge a triumphal barge decorated with flags to the water's edge, and covered with a canopy enwreathed with laurels, cast off and floated to the former cloister of St. Barbara, which had been set apart as the home of the new university. Upon the deck sat Apollo and the Nine Muses in classical attire. Neptune, "who with his waves had saved the city, and who seemed now to guide and welcome this learned company within," stood at the rudder. As the procession approached, Apollo touched his lyre "with strange skill and grace," and the organ was played. Apollo and the Muses then left the barge, and

awaited the advance of the procession. As the Holy Gospel, Justice, Medicine, and Pallas advanced, each was embraced and kissed in turn by Apollo and all the Nine Muses. Each professor received a similar salutation. Then the whole procession entered the new abode of the university. Here an oration, "in praise of theology," was pronounced, and a banquet followed, "not in superfluity, but sufficient for the desire of each and the need of his nature," and the Leiden University was formally opened.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Since the University of Louvain had been closed to students from Holland by the events of the war and by the Catholic character which it had assumed, Dutch students had pursued their studies at foreign universities, at Heidelberg, Basel, or Geneva. Protestant cities paid the expenses of promising students, with the hope of supplying the churches with pastors from among them. The expenses of Arminius were thus defrayed by the city of Amsterdam while pursuing his studies at Geneva. Hereafter education was to find a home in Holland, and to this end the University of Leiden was granted all the privileges of the most favored foreign schools. It was endowed with the revenues of the ancient Abbey of Egmont, and placed under the charge of curators chosen from among the most eminent and learned men in Holland. Every one connected with the university, even to the lowest official, was exempted from taxation of all kinds, and received his wine, beer, salt, soap, coffee, tea, and books free of duty. A court for the punishment of offenses was granted as one of the prerogatives of the university. Whoever had been received to academic citizenship and enrolled on the books of the university was privileged from arrest throughout the

country except at the order of the rector and court. This court was not a purely scholastic tribunal, as in the German universities, but was composed of the rector and four professors and a representation of the city magistracy. The privileges of the court were not limited to students, but all citizens who had received a degree, all strangers who simply visited the university "out of curiosity," but attended no lectures, all clergymen whose names had ever been on an academic roll, and their families and servants, were amenable to this tribunal only. Innumerable questions of jurisdiction naturally arose between the university court and the city courts, but upon an appeal to the States-General questions at issue were always decided in favor of the privileges of the university. Naturally no other tribunal could overrule or review the decisions of this court, though the Prince, in the exercise of his sovereign rights, might pardon or commute a sentence. The punishments which the court might inflict were unlimited in their range, but consisted ordinarily of fines, confinement to the room, and, in graver cases, to banishment for a term of years from the town, and deprivation of all academic privileges. Scourging with the rod was not uncommon in the German universities at this time. One case is on record in the history of Leiden. A theological student received this punishment for some offense, but the infliction of the penalty occasioned such a tumult among the students that a similar sentence was never again imposed. Twice students were condemned to death. One student who had fatally wounded another in a fracas was sentenced to death, but was pardoned by Prince Maurice; another, for theft, seems to have suffered the extreme penalty.

The university owes the pre-eminence which it held during the seventeenth century to the intelligent oversight and wise munificence of the curators. They sought to obtain the most distinguished scholars of all nations, and to this end spared neither pains nor expense. The acquisition of a professor became a subject of diplomatic negotiation, often of princely mediation. Hence it was said that no university of Europe had so many scholars of renown as Leiden—"nulla Europæ totius academia tales habuit viros." The university became the centre of the scholarship of Europe, and the favored resort of the learned of England, France, and Germany. At the ter-centennial celebration Professor De Vries could say, in his address of welcome to the assembled delegates from the universities of Europe, standing in the senate-chamber, and pointing to the portraits of distinguished professors which hang on its walls: "To you, Frenchmen, we owe our Joseph Scaliger, that incomparable man, Salmasius, Donellus, and Clusius; to you, Germans, we owe Gronovius, Hermann, Albinus, Ruhnken, and Pestelius; to you, Swiss, we owe Vitruvius, Weisse, and Wyttenbach." Their learning was cosmopolitan. The universal Latin tongue united scholars in one great brotherhood, and was the source of communication between the learned of different lands. English, French, Dutch, Italian, and German scholars carried on an intimate correspondence and comparison of views. Casaubon and Scaliger corresponded for fourteen years with the greatest regularity, though they had never met; and yet Casaubon could write in his diary, when the news of his great friend's death reached him, "I have lost the guide of my studies, my incomparable friend, the sweet patron of my life."

As the custodians of the rights of scholars, the curators guarded most jealously the prerogatives of the university. Many a Prince of Orange was made to feel that its interests were dearer to them than his favor. Frequently the rector, senate, and the whole body of professors were summoned to deliberate with the curators on important questions affecting the welfare of the university. Their complaints were listened to, controversies reconciled, salaries increased, the rights of subordinates guarded, and presents and special grants made to them. Their books were often published at the cost of the university, and their extra allowances frequently amounted to more than their ordinary salary. The curators were not merely the protectors of the university, but they became the patrons of learning in general. Preachers and professors banished from their country on account of their religious faith received grants to sustain them in their distress. Scholars from abroad were supplied with money to travel and to pursue certain investigations. Incredible numbers of refugees flocked to Holland during the Thirty Years' War and the period of depression in letters which followed it. This little land was

called the "asylum of refuge of men most illustrious for their learning." The university could not have held its way through these troubled times had it not been for the liberal charter which constituted it. By this it became an independent republic of letters, which preserved it in the main from the arbitrary interference of the government, and from the proscriptiveness of external fashions of thought.

In those days a scholar was held to be the glory of the city of his residence and his country. When Scaliger was invited to Leiden, a ship of war was ordered to receive him, and convey him from France to Holland; and when Salmasius returned to his native land upon a visit, after the death of his father, he went in a frigate escorted by the whole fleet to Dieppe. When he visited Sweden and Denmark, royal escorts accompanied him from the borders of one kingdom to the other. When Casaubon went from Geneva to enter upon his professorship at Montpellier, he was met at a distance from the city by a procession of high officials and the regents of the university—an honor not accorded later to the archbishop on his arrival.

At first professors were chosen from the same confession, but when once elected, their views were generally inviolate under the prerogatives of the university and the protection of the curators. Only in 1619, at the time of the bitter Arminian controversy, were professors exposed to attack on account of their opinions. Professors in the theological department, though giving a general assent to the national faith, received later full protection and entire freedom of utterance, which has continued until the present day.

The influence of one great scholar in advancing the learning of his time is admirably illustrated in the history of Scaliger's connection with the university. Its special renown began with his residence in Leiden. He was elected a professor of belles-lettres in 1593, but it can not be shown that he ever lectured in the university. The fame of his learning and the inspiration of his presence drew students from all lands. When a youth of nineteen he shut himself in his room in Paris, and in two years read through all the Greek authors in prose and verse in regular order, and then turned and with equal industry investigated the Hebrew and Oriental languages. He was conversant with ancient and most of modern literature. He was the first whose ideal of classical learning embraced a comprehensive view of ancient law and institutions. He spent days in his study forgetful of food. The reverence of his contemporaries for his genius and learning was unparalleled. Casaubon called him "an ocean of knowledge," the "masterpiece of nature," "greater in Greek poetry than any since Sophocles and Aristophanes." Later writers of to-day echo this praise. Hallam calls him "the most extraordinary master of general erudition that ever lived"; and Niebuhr says of him, "Scaliger stood on the topmost point of linguistic learning, and so high in science of all kinds that he was able of himself to acquire, use, and judge all therein."

Whenever Scaliger visited the university an escort of students attended him, and when he entered a lecture-room the professors ceased speaking in his presence. He occupied the seat of honor at the sessions of the senate, and at all public solemnities of the university. When public promotions were held, he was always addressed before the rector magnificus.

To Leiden came the boy Grotius when only eleven years old to study under the direction of Scaliger. Here he acquired that scholarship which made him renowned in France even when a mere youth. At seventeen Henry IV. presented him to his sister at Versailles with the words, "Voilà, le miracle de la Hollande."

Later Grotius became a jurist, diplomatist, historian, theologian, the finest writer of Latin verse of his time, the founder of international law, the first to maintain that the ethical principle should underlie all transactions between nations as well as between individuals.

The great successor of Scaliger was Salmasius, of whom it was said that "what he did not know was beyond the bounds of knowledge." Leiden then stood at the head of all the universities of Europe. Scholars called it "the most illustrious academy," "the glorious hall of all knowledge, the mother of all arts and sciences."

The earliest contest which shook the university was that between the Arminians and the Gomarists, or Calvinists. The leaders of the two sects were both professors. Stadtholder and synod, the States-General and all classes of the peo-

J. ARMINIUS.

ple, took part in this memorable contest. The inhabitants of the city were divided into two hostile parties. The old hatred once felt toward the Spaniards was now directed against fellow-citizens. Religious questions became the current political issue. The grandest statesman of Holland was led to the scaffold. Episcopius, the friend of Arminius, who formulated his doctrines, and who appears in theological literature as a greater character than his master, narrowly escaped being stoned to death in the city streets. The famous Synod of Dort condemned the Five Propositions of Arminius, and his adherents were deprived of all civil and sacred offices, and banished from the country. In the midst of this tumult the gentle Arminius died, and the quiet words of his will bear no witness to the stormy life he had led: "I have studied to inculcate everything which might contribute according to the word of God to the propagation and increase of truth, of the Christian religion, of the true worship of God, of general piety and a holy conversation among men, and finally to that tranquillity and peace which befit the Christian name." No one who knew him doubted but that his life had been true to his favorite motto: "A good conscience in paradise."

The storm passed away. With the death of Prince Maurice toleration began. Episcopius lifted up mightily his voice in favor of religious liberty, and capital punishment for religious opinions ceased from this time in Holland and Germany.

These religious controversies were scarcely adjusted when another contest broke out, of a different nature, but hardly less intense and bitter. The early days of the university were made memorable by the residence in the beautiful shaded retreats near the city of Spinoza, and later of Descartes. The former lived in almost perfect solitude, known to but few, and carrying on his studies in silence. Descartes had laid aside his roving life, half military, and half man of the world, and dwelt in retirement at Oestgeest. Though older than most students, his name was enrolled on the books of the university in order to enjoy the special privileges which attended academic citizenship. Here he carried on an active correspondence with scholars in France and Germany. His curious mind carried him also to England to investigate strange natural phenomena. Up to this time Aristotle had been worshipped in all the schools of the Continent, and his theories had formed the basis of all instruction in philosophy. The determined attacks made by Descartes on the dicta of Aristotle kindled again a flame in the quiet academic life. Both philosophy and theology were imperiled. Two parties were rapidly formed. The new views were instantaneously attractive to many of the professors of philosophy, and to some of the scientists. The strife grew furious: rival professors attacked bitterly those holding opposite views. The students arrayed themselves actively on the sides of the leading representatives of the different theories. In a debate in the philosophical school a contest broke out, and students pulled each other's hair and joined in fisticuffs. Upon the street they exchanged such epithets as Pelagian, atheist, Aristotelian, bigot, Socinian, Arminian, heathen, and church owl. Again the lofty power of the States-General interfered. The curators forbade the name of Descartes to be mentioned in lectures on philosophy.

Several professors were deposed, and barely escaped banishment. In all these controversies no tests of conscience were ever imposed on the students.

As soon as it was determined that France was to be a Catholic country, and the University of Paris Catholic, the centre of learning was transferred from

France to Holland. The early enthusiasm for Greek literature, which had prevailed throughout Europe at the dawn of the revival of learning, gradually declined. Greek studies came again into prominence in the German universities as an aid to the study of theology. The efforts of Melanchthon in Germany saved Greek from utter neglect. The scientific study of Greek began with the coming of Hemsterhuis to Leiden. He was the most wonderful Hellenist of his time. His pupil Ruhnken says of him, "With a mind almost superhuman and an exhaustless store of learning, he of himself restores to the university the splendor it had under Scaliger and Salmasius." His observations are found on nearly every Greek and Latin author. Gems, coins, and statues had each a language for him in elucidating the marvellous genius of the Greeks. So thoroughly had he imbibed the spirit of the language that he could trace the passages in Polybius and Plutarch and Dionysius where they sought to imitate his favorite Thucydides. He could even say of the renowned Englishman Bentley, who was noted for his emendations in the texts of Greek authors, "Though Bentley alters many passages which ought not to be altered, in most cases the writers would have done better if they had written as he corrects them." Like the best of the Humanists, he loved knowledge not merely for its own sake, but for the healthful influence which it might exert on the heart and life. The intimate connection which existed at this time between English and Dutch scholarship is shown by the fact that the two Vosses, father and son, held honorary appointments in the English Church, the one as prebend of the Cathedral of Canterbury, the other as canon of Windsor. Charles II. assigned apartments in Windsor Castle to the younger during his residence in England. This eminent scholar did not believe in the divine origin of the Christian religion, which led the monarch to say, "This learned divine is a strange man: he will believe everything except the Bible." Dutch scholars were even called to professorships in the English universities.

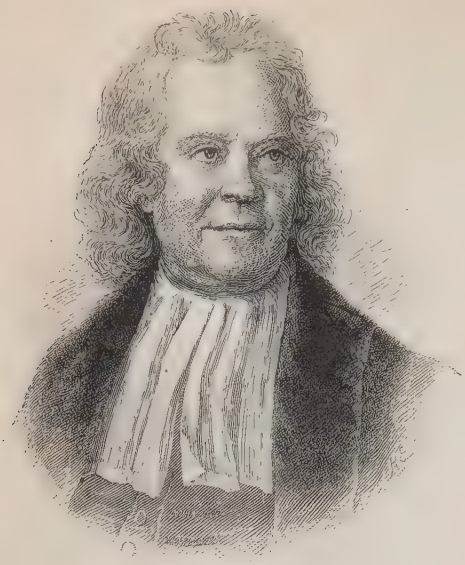
The university has enjoyed a unique reputation for the study of the Oriental languages—a renown which it still retains. The library possesses more than 3000 Oriental manuscripts, brought from Morocco and the Levant. Schultens first brought a profound knowledge of Arabic to the illustration of Hebrew. But the first impulse to the pursuit of these studies came from Golius and Erpenius, who searched the East for rare manuscripts,

TIBERIUS HEMSTERHUIS.

and returned laden with treasures. An impulse to the study of these languages was also derived from the learned Jewish scholars who now found a home in Holland. Students even wrote Hebrew and Arabic poems in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Scientific studies were already cultivated. Under Boerhaave, Albinus, and Sylvius, the medical school became the most famous in Europe. Boerhaave was equally great and equally a discoverer in botany and medicine, and in advance of his time in the infant science of chemistry. All Europe was filled with the praise of this distinguished physician.

A hundred patients were frequently waiting in his anteroom. The Czar Peter once waited two hours for an interview. A Chinese mandarin addressed a letter, "To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe," which reached him without



HERMANN BOERHAAVE.

delay. His insight into disease was wonderful. Symptoms hidden to others were clearly manifest to him. He first instituted the modern system of clinical instruction in medicine. His theory of the balance of humors in the system, translated into more exact scientific phrase in the light of modern research, has a clear and definite meaning. His views upon the preliminary studies and culture necessary for a physician are worthy of study at the present time. His statue stands in front of the grounds of the new medical college. His monument in the Pieterskerk bears the simple inscription, "To the health-giving genius of Boerhaave." His colleague Albinus was scarcely less renowned throughout Europe. His investigations in anatomy have never been set aside, even in the light of later discoveries.

Among the Englishmen who came to Leiden to study at this time was Oliver Goldsmith. He spent a year here, mostly in carousing.

The sympathy of Holland with the United States has always been marked. Indeed, I have fancied that the genuine Hollander still feels that his nation has been unjustly defrauded of this great republic, and that rightfully it should still be Dutch. All through the American struggle for independence, scholars in Holland watched the contest with deepest interest. Luzac, a professor of history at Leiden, was the friend and correspondent of Washington, Jefferson, and Adams. To him Washington wrote when he was removed from office at the instigation of the Directory in Paris: "The man who acts from principle, who never deviates from the path of truth, moderation, and justice, must finally succeed. America is under great obligations to the writings and actions of such men as you." John Quincy Adams was enrolled as a student in the university, and studied under this eminent man.

The later scholarship of Holland has not been adequately recognized by other nations, owing to the general ignorance of the Dutch language. When Latin was the common language of scholars, the results of study here were more widely known and recognized. At present many of the most valuable works of Dutch scholars are published in other languages. Dozy's great work on the Moors in Spain is written in French; Kern writes alike in English and German, as well as in Dutch; De Vries often in German; Cobet in Latin; Kuenen, though writing in Dutch, has published some works first in England. The narrow limits in which the language is spoken will always be an obstacle to the general diffusion of its literary products.

The Dutch mind is more like the American, in its methods of thought, than is that of any other nation of the Continent. There is the same intensity of feeling on all religious questions, the same keen practical genius. An invisible line separates Holland from Germany, and yet the national characteristics are sharply defined. There is none of that vague soaring into infinity which marks his neighbor across the border. The purpose of the Hollander is direct, and he goes directly to its accomplishment. He is not burdened or crushed beneath his learning. These qualities distinguish the scholarship of the two countries. There is in Holland the same patient, industrious research, but, in proportion, more practical valuable results. The Hollander understands America and republican institutions, and their true foundation in the intelligence and self-control of the people. I always felt sure of being understood when speaking with an educated Hollander, whether discussing church and state or our current political questions. He could rightly estimate the real and unreal dangers which attend democratic government, as our Eng-

lish cousins are not always in the habit of doing.

Holland has three national universities. Of these Leiden and Utrecht are the most celebrated. The little University of Franeker cast for two centuries a brilliant but fitful light amid the broad moors of Friesland, until its extinction by Napoleon in 1815. The University of Amsterdam, as recently reconstituted, although a city university, will rank hereafter equal with the others. Groningen has always had some eminent scholars among its professors, but it is local in its constituency, and its future is doubtful. In 1877 a new law for regulating the courses of study and the administration of the universities throughout the kingdom went into effect. It had been carefully prepared after consultation with the various faculties, and was designed to make more uniform the requisitions for graduation, and to define more nearly the studies essential to degrees in the different courses. The lack of a uniform administration of the German universities is deeply felt by the wisest scholars in that country. There is an inequality in the amount demanded by different universities preliminary to the bestowal of the doctor's degree. Even in the same university the various faculties differ according as there is a disposition to insist on the utmost, or to be satisfied with meagre acquirements. A new professor frequently tones up the requisitions to a new tension. Students are quick to understand and take advantage of this fact. They know that a degree may be taken on easier terms at some other university, and so they migrate for their academic laurels, and after a brief residence, receive the degree previously denied. American students who pursue the study of science abroad, escape upon the easiest terms, while those who study history and political science are only a little less fortunate. Students who desire a degree in philology experience far greater difficulty, as they are brought into comparison with the splendidly disciplined scholars from the German gymnasia. The ease with which foreign students are admitted to a German university—often by the mere presentation of a visiting-card or the exhibition of a passport—favors this looseness. I have known under-graduates to leave an American college, and obtain a degree in a German university by attending less than two semesters. In other cases students have gone to Germany in the middle of their college course, and in two years—about the time that they would have received the degree of B.A. or B.S. at home—have returned to exhibit a Ph.D. to their envious classmates. The unrestricted liberty which is allowed to students abroad, in the choice of lectures, often occasions a loss of time from mistaken and tentative efforts in wrong directions. The lack of any systematic course or graded advancement from year to year produces often great waste of effort. These dangers are corrected in part in Germany by the requirements of the state examination, which are more or less clearly known. The success of a student in after-life, and his promotion in the civil service, often depend on the faithfulness of his university work.

PROFESSOR MATTHIAS DE VRIES.

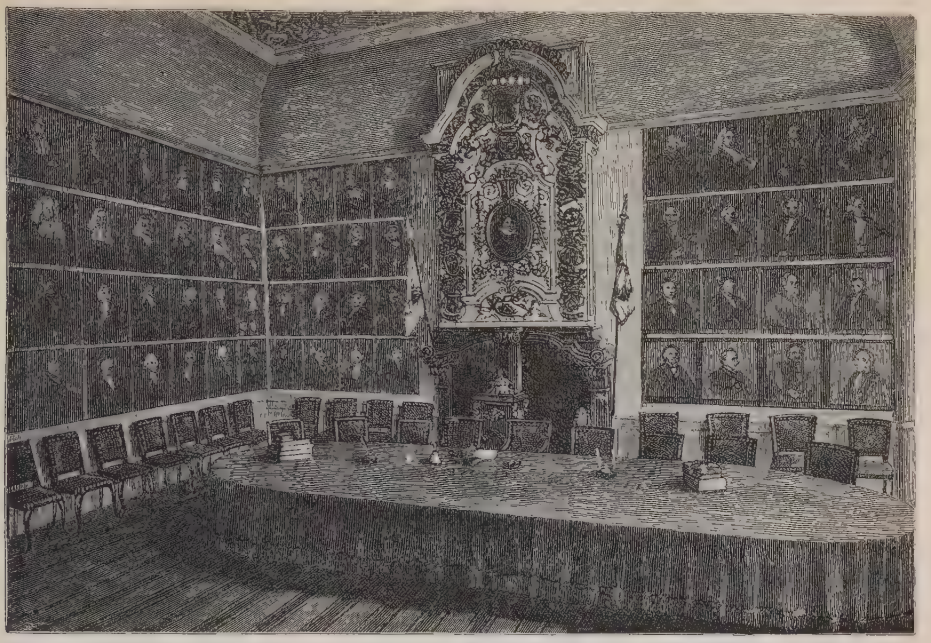
Considerations of this nature have brought about the changes in the law for higher education in Holland. A general correspondence with the German university system still exists, of which the chief excellences are retained. There is a slight approach to some features of our American colleges. The instruction preparatory to the university in Holland has not been equal to that of the German gymnasia. The new law provides for the careful and thorough reorganization of these schools and courses of study.

The university has five faculties, viz., of theology, law, medicine, science and

mathematics, and philosophy and letters. Each faculty has a dean chosen for four years from among the ordinary professors. The rector magnificus serves for one year. He is appointed by the Minister of the Interior upon the nomination of the senate, which submits to him three names for that position. The office is generally held in turn by a representative of each faculty. Discipline rests in the hands of the rector magnificus and four assessors chosen annually by the senate. Their authority is limited to a deprivation of university privileges for from one to five years. This is the only remnant of the former university court. Professors are nominated to the curators by each faculty. A list of these, with the appropriate recommendations, is sent to the minister by whom the appointment is made. The professors are always elected to a particular chair of instruction. This does not abridge the celebrated liberty of instruction, *Lehrfreiheit*, for which the German universities are noted. A professor may, with the consent of the senate, lecture upon other subjects than those connected with his immediate department. The lectures for each year are fixed by the senate. These are divided into courses extending through a semester, or an entire year. The senate is composed of all the professors in the university. A subordinate class of instructors exists, called *lectores*, corresponding in part to the *privat-docenten* of the German universities. They have an official connection with the university, and are appointed and dismissed by the minister. They receive an annual salary from the state. The professors are no longer paid, as formerly, by a fixed salary supplemented by fees for promotions, etc., but receive a uniform salary of 6000 florins. The number of professors is at present fifty, and there are between eight and nine hundred students. The students pay an annual fee of 200 florins, which admits them to all lectures, and to the use of laboratories and museums. A student may, however, pay thirty florins for a single half-yearly course of lectures if he desires. Connected with the university, but upon a separate foundation, is a special department for instruction in the Indian languages. The object of this is to train officers for the civil service in the East Indian colonies. The languages, literature, and laws of the East, as well as Indian history and institutions, are thoroughly studied.

A doctorate may be taken in theology, law, political science, medicine, surgery, and obstetrics; in mathematics and astronomy, or physics, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, botany and zoology, pharmacy; in Semitic, classic, Germanic, or Indian philology, and in philosophy. The thoroughness of a course of study in these departments may be illustrated by the requirements for a degree in classics and natural science. A preliminary examination, which admits the student to be a candidate—*candidaats-examen*—is first held. This embraces, in classics, a grammatical discussion of Greek and Latin writers, the history of the Greeks and Romans, with the development of their civil institutions, literature, philosophy, and art. The doctor's examination embraces the critical philological treatment of Greek and Roman writers, and the general history of antiquity. For a degree in botany and zoology, an examination is required in higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, mineralogy, geology, and palæontology.

Leiden is rich in all the facilities for study. Its vast museum of natural history is probably the largest in Europe in mounted specimens. Dutch scientists and government officers have brought hither the treasures of the East in almost matchless profusion. The botanical garden was long the finest in Europe, though now surpassed by the magnificent garden at Kew. The museum of antiquities is especially rich in Egyptian relics, in papyri, and in Greek and Roman remains. The home of the university has been almost unchanged for two hundred years. It is an odd building, partly a cloister and partly a church. The rooms are lofty, with pointed windows, high cathedras, and hard wooden benches. I always felt that a company of monks with shaven heads and gowns, books and beads, chanting responses, would be more fitting in the old place than a body of students listening to modern lectures on science. The room in which the greatest interest centres is the famous senate-chamber. It is adorned with portraits of the most distinguished professors since the foundation of the university. The picture of William of Orange occupies the place of honor. Upon the table lies still a little book, bound in vellum, containing the maxims of Hippocrates, which has undoubtedly served to puzzle the brains of generations of candi-



THE SENATE-CHAMBER.

dates for degrees in medicine. In this room promotions have been held for many years. New buildings have recently been erected for the medical, physical, and chemical departments. The States-General voted several years since 3,500,000 florins for a new university building, but no action has yet been taken looking to its erection.

The number of promotions which occur in a year is about eighty; of these the largest number receive degrees in law, next in medicine, science, and theology. The average residence of a student varies from three to six years. Law students remain generally three years or more, students in philosophy five, and in medicine six years. Of those who received degrees in 1877, fifty-nine were promoted in law, eight in medicine, six in science, three in literature, and two in theology.

A residence in Holland is more expensive than in most other parts of Europe. To one who has been familiar with the systematized economy of German student life, the cost of a university training in Leiden seems extreme. The expense of but few students is less than 1600 florins, or about $680, a year. That the average expense far exceeds this amount is shown by the fact that an ordinary stipend for a theological student frequently equals this sum. Many a German student lives on half this amount. Most of the students impressed me as possessing ample means. They occupy pleasant rooms in various quarters of the town, tastefully furnished and adorned with pictures. It will be seen from this account that that extremely important class of instructors, the *privat-docenten* of the German universities, is not found in Holland. In Germany they are the most prolific workers. From them the ranks of professors are filled, and in industry they surpass the Fellows of an English university. It is true that many young scholars find opportunity in the extensive museums and laboratories to continue their studies. The limited number of students, in comparison with those of the German universities, only accounts in part for the non-existence of this class. Everett speaks of the "army of silent Grecians" in England, the graduates of the universities, ready to spring to arms to defend an opinion, to criticise superficiality, or to welcome a new truth, which is wanting in our own country. Germany is like England, in respect to the great number of young men devoting themselves to scholarly pursuits.

Instruction at Leiden is given in the

PROFESSOR ABRAM KUENEN.

public lecture-rooms, but many of the professors hold *seminars* at their residences for the reading of special authors. The students thus come into personal contact with the professors, and in some cases work in their libraries. All the scholarship and personal power of the professor is felt in these informal classical, historical, or scientific clubs. Even in a public lecture, I have seen the professor stop in his comments to question the students to see whether they fully understood the subject. In addition to all these means of education, the students have numberless private clubs for comparison of views, reading of papers, and discussion in almost every branch of science and literature.

Nothing impresses the stranger in Holland more than the number and elegance of the private club-houses in the different cities. Many of them have charming grounds, with walks and flowers and fountains. Frequently they seem situated on little islands, inclosed in the arms of a broad silent canal. As this institution fills so large a place in the social life of the people, so it has a place in the academic world. A few years ago a beautiful club-house for the "Minerva Societeit" was erected by the students at a cost of 150,000 florins. The present Crown Prince, Alexander, was one of the building committee. It forms the centre of student life, and affords reading-rooms, libraries, billiard, dining, and committee rooms. Here the various societies for riding, rowing, fencing, chess, the drama, and music have their head-quarters. The building is even richly furnished with fine bronzes, frescoes, and paintings. Here many a delegation from foreign universities has been welcomed and entertained. Students meet on common ground the world over; and I remember well the delightful reception here tendered to a delegation from an American university which was visiting in this ancient town. The old organizations which existed in all Continental universities, the "*Nations*," have nearly disappeared. Traces only remain in societies embracing the students from separate provinces and cities. The English students once had a *Nation* here, and illuminated the city in honor of the restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne.

The favorite and unique entertainments of the Dutch students are public masquerades. These occur each *lustrum*, or period of five years, upon some anniversary day. They generally represent some great historical event. At the ter-centenary celebration, the procession contained all the great scholars, authors, warriors, and statesmen who have lived since the founding of the university. Shakspeare and Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney and Leicester, Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, walked together. I witnessed at Delft a festival of the students of the Polytechnic School representing the entrance of Count William IV. into Utrecht in 14—. The whole city was decorated with flowers. Between the trees along the lines of the canals, festoons were hung. The whole impression was that of an immense open-air theatre. The procession was like a splendid tournament of the Middle Ages, at which princes, bishops, knights, courtiers, and sturdy men-at-arms met amid the flags and pennons of the lists. There were velvet doublets, glittering armor, and caparisoned steeds. At night the city was like an illuminated Venice. Lines of fire ran along the canals, and the fronts of the houses gleamed with jets of flame. Nowhere outside of this little land could so perfect a mediæval picture be produced.

The rector magnificus of the university at the present time is Professor Kern, one of the most eminent of living philologists. It would be difficult to say wheth-

er his learning is more accurate and profound in the Indian or in the Germanic languages. He was born on the island of Java, and educated at the university which now honors him by making him its head. He became at thirty a professor in the English college of Benares, in India. Here the Brahmins became enthusiastic at the wonderful knowledge which the young scholar possessed of their literature and history. Their reserve and exclusiveness gave way, and they listened with delight to lectures which the foreign scholar gave in their native Sanskrit upon European life and institutions. In person Dr. Kern is short, but erect in figure. In conversation, even upon subjects apparently new, he expresses himself with a clearness and ripeness of view that seems to have been derived from a special study of the questions involved. Even with scholars whose whole lives have been devoted to a specialty, he seems to impart more than he receives. A repose of mind and expression marks all his views, whether discussing English rule in the East, or Buddhism, or Tory government in England. He is at home in Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, Ethiopic, Assyrian, Norse, Russian, and Hungarian, while the Indian languages and several of the modern tongues of Europe he speaks with great purity. His lectures embrace not only comparative philology, but Indian antiquities, Sanskrit, and old Persian. He is now preparing a work upon the early history of religion in the East. He wears the gold cross of the order of St. Stanislaus, conferred upon him by the Emperor of Russia.

No scholar of the present day embodies more nearly the special gifts and acquisitions, which distinguished the great scholars who made classic learning famous a few centuries since, than Professor Cobet. He is the worthy successor of Hemsterhuis, Ruhnken, and Valcknaer. In wide range of knowledge, covering the entire field of Greek literature, in critical comprehension of the spirit of an author, and in sagacious emendations of doubtful passages, he is like Bentley, though with a safer judgment. Professor Cobet is the last of the race of mediæval scholars in Holland who lectures in Latin. One of his students told me, that though he had studied several years under Dr. Cobet, he had never heard him speak his mother-tongue. At the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the university, the foreign delegates were struck with the fluency and eloquence with which Dr. Cobet conversed in Latin. Dozy, his colleague, the renowned Arabic scholar, apologized wittily at the banquet for speaking in French: "Il ne reste que deux hommes en Europe qui parlent le Latin; ce sont le Pape et M. Cobet." When the professor began his studies at the university he was enrolled as a student of theology. It was then required that students should pass a preliminary examination in mathematics. Having failed in this after several trials, he devoted himself to the classics. His reputation even then was so great, that, occasionally, when his teacher, the celebrated Peerlkamp, was prevented from lecturing, the young Cobet was summoned to take his place. After receiving his degree, he was sent at the government expense, to Italy, to study the manuscripts in the great libraries there. While in Florence, the following incident is said to have occurred. As he entered a room, one day,

PROFESSOR C. G. COBET.

he found a circle of classical scholars testing each other's knowledge in the following game: one repeated a Greek hexameter, and the next must follow with a similar verse beginning with the last letter of the first. Cobet was invited to join in the game. His resources triumphed over every effort to defeat him. All were astonished at his knowledge of Greek poetry. It was not discovered that when the young champion failed to recall the needed verse, his ready command of Greek words and quantity enabled him to construct instantly the proper verse so skillfully that its genuineness was not questioned. Cobet is so thorough a Hellenist, so filled with the genius of that wonderful language, that he speaks easily classic Greek. He is a contributor to the leading philological journal of Athens, writing in pure ancient Greek. When Cobet returned from his Italian trip, his reputation was so great that the professor holding the chair of Greek at Leiden voluntarily withdrew in order that he might receive the appointment to it.

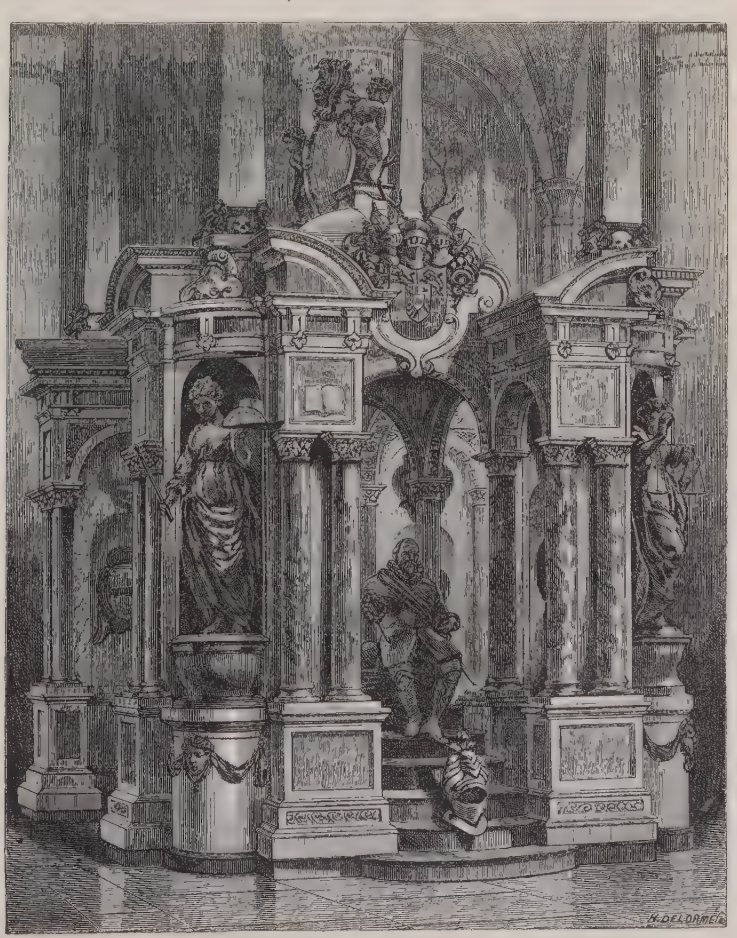
The founder of the critical study of the Germanic languages in Holland is Professor De Vries, who is noted as a historical scholar as well as a philologist. Thirty years ago he conceived the great purpose to present to his country a dictionary of his native language which should embrace its entire literature. The enterprise was in part like that which Jacob Grimm undertook for the German language, and it is possible that his great friend's example led him to commence the task. Never is the grand abnegation of a scholar's life more nobly illustrated than in such a work as this. It involves silent, unseen labor, the first-fruits of which can not be known for years. The whole literature of the language must be mastered before the actual preparation of the work may begin. Our own Allibone undertook a parallel task, and the beautiful words with which he closes his great work are among the most touching in the history of literary achievement. Two pictures hang over the study table of Professor De Vries, one of the brothers Grimm, and the other of Barentz, one of the daring Dutch navigators, who made the first voyage to the icy north. The professor said to me: "Whenever I am tempted to be discouraged, I look at these pictures, the one the emblem of unflagging industry, the other of dauntless courage. I know I can not live to finish my work, but I must go forward, and when I am dead some one will be raised up to carry it on."

I found everywhere in Holland a universal regard for our countryman Mr. Motley, who has done more to make illustrious the heroic struggle of this little nation for independence than all others. He was equally esteemed by the King and the Queen. He often spent a part of the summer in the "House in the Forest," near the Hague—the Queen's summer palace. Mr. Motley was invited by the government to visit Holland on the occasion of the celebration of the capture of Brielle—the first step to victory in the long Eighty Years' War. The modest scholar took his seat among the dignitaries of the whole realm. Professor De Vries, who was the orator of the occasion, rose in that brilliant assembly, and asking the permission of the King, conferred, in the name of the University of Leiden, the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mr. Motley. The King signified graciously his approval, and speaking first in Dutch and then passing into English, expressed his pleasure at the honor shown by the venerable university to the illustrious scholar whose labors had so extended the renown of the nation. Mr. Motley acknowledged, in English, the high honor conferred upon him at that time and in so distinguished a manner.

The theological faculty is at the present time among the most noted in Europe. Kuenen, Tiele, and Scholten win attention from the world of scholars whenever they speak. The school of criticism represented by Kuenen and Tiele has succeeded, in theological thought, that which was known as the Tübingen. Less arbitrary and subjective, perhaps, than the latter in its principles and methods, it is based upon a careful study of ancient records, and an exhaustive comparison of early religions. A more practical and scholarly character pervades it. Hence its conclusions may be fairly met, examined, and answered. Whatever the final and accepted truths of these theories may be, the results will be less barren than in much previous theological discussion. Valuable contributions will have been made to religious history, to the origin and relation of the most ancient documents, and to our knowledge of contemporary religions and the monumental struggles of those early days. The ablest representative of this school is Pro-

fessor Abram Kuenen. In person he is tall, with a stoop in the shoulders, and with a face at once noble and intellectual. The son of an apothecary, the death of his father called him from his preparatory studies to the work his father had left, that he might support his mother and brothers. When he was enrolled as a student at the university by the rector magnificus, Scholten, his present colleague, he joined so heartily in all recreations and diversions of student life that it is difficult to conceive of him at twenty-three as a doctor of theology, and immediately after a professor. His learning is many-sided: in the Semitic languages and in Greek it is critical and profound. He lectures also on the history and growth of Christian institutions, and upon moral philosophy. His conversation is fresh and suggestive upon almost every branch of modern Continental literature. His influence over the students is unbounded, and naturally so over religious thought in his own land. He is the intimate personal friend of many English scholars, especially of the Dean of Westminster. His two most important works, *The Religion of Israel*, and a *Historico-Critical Investigation of the Origin and Arrangement of the Books of the Old Testament*, are the most important factors in recent religious literature.

The history of the revival of learning and the unfolding of science is written in a large measure in the annals of the University of Leiden. The influence of a single university is shown in the fact that more than seventy thousand students have been educated here. The proportion of foreign students is perhaps not surpassed in the records of any European university.



TOMB OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

THE three islands known as the Arran Islands stretch like a natural breakwater across the entrance of Galway Bay. The largest, Inishmore, is nine miles long and one and a half broad. Inishman and Inishere, of which I shall speak hereafter, are respectively three, and two and a half miles long. A legend in the annals of Ireland states that Galway Bay was once a fresh-water lake known as Lough Lurgan, one of the three principal lakes of Ireland, and was converted into a bay by the Atlantic breaking over and uniting with its waters. Appearances go far to warrant such a belief, though I will not enter into the geological history of it, lest I should get beyond my depth, but will content myself with referring my readers to those geologists who have found in Ireland so inviting a field of research. Where verdure clothes these rugged rocks it is perpetual, and so rich that the finest cattle in the kingdom are grown here. There is no spot in Europe which for its size is richer in antiquities than this. More than one thousand years ago it earned the name of the Isle of the Saints, because holy men came hither in quest of that retirement and learned companionship which were deemed so conducive to sanctity. In a walk of nine miles one meets with the ruins of some fourteen churches, dating from about this period or earlier, along with the ruins of monasteries and hermitages, which show us how these men were content to live. There are, besides, round towers and fortresses which date earlier than any authentic historical record, and exhibit to the imagination these islands, now so desolate, filled with inhabitants active in war and peace. I believe they were in the time of the Druids favorite residences, and perhaps one of the latest strongholds of these people; at least the traveller and historian will find many reasons for such belief.

There are but two roads on the island, and being so little embarrassed in my choice, I took the first to the left, which leads to the once celebrated village of Killeany, and passed for a mile along the edge of the sea, the road being mostly upon a floor of rock. On either side were rude monumental structures, erected, as I learned, in the memory of those who lay buried in a cemetery some two miles off. These solemn structures lining the road between the two villages of the island, the sea on one side, the stony hills on the other, seemed a novel and impressive way of recalling the dead to those who passed in their daily traffic. The inscriptions upon some of them were so late as the middle of the present century, and from the half-obliterated stones of others, mocking all record, I could not learn when or for whom they were erected.

As I proceeded I saw before me the lonely figure of a man, barefooted and meanly clad. His hands were crossed behind his back, and he held a farthing candle. I accosted him with a remark upon the beauty of the island. He turned his wolfish eyes upon me, and replied, with bitter scorn, "It is a very hard island."

"You are well acquainted with it, I presume?"

"None better. I was born here, and my forefathers before me. I have outlived every one of my family, and have been striving all my life to get away from here."

His tattered garb and wasted body were emblematic of the place, and befitting the progeny of this land of ruins.

Killeany, which I soon reached, is a large and well-built village. It was once of great note for the piety and learning of its founders. Hither came pious men from all parts of Europe to practice the austerities of a religious life; and the ruins which we see on every side tell us, too, that these men brought with them a taste refined by the arts. In those times Killeany was a village of wise men and sainted Tom Tiddlers, who retired to this solitude to prove that they were better than the world they had abandoned. Thus it acquired a renown which won it the name of the "Abode of the Saints." The inhabitants seem to have inherited nothing from the founders who made it so famous, except, perhaps, to imitate their rigid austerity of life, which, while it was chosen by the latter as a proof of piety, is enforced on these poor people by cruel poverty. I have not seen in any part of Ireland people more poorly clad and so pinched by hunger; even the children have wan, old faces, like hunchbacks. They possess no land, and depend entirely upon fishing. During the winter sea-

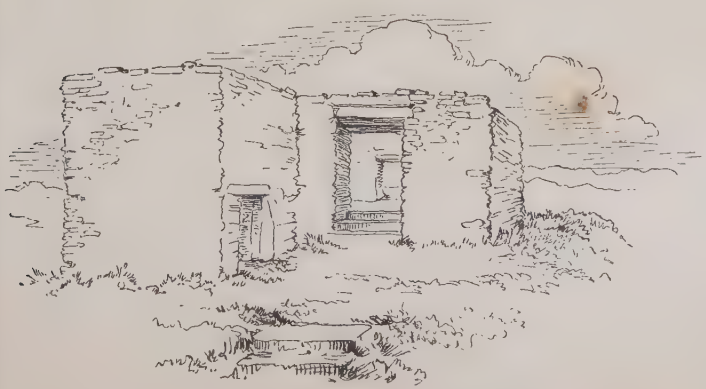
son the sea is so rough that it is impossible for them to venture out. Their principal food is fish dried upon the rocks. When one remembers that Christianity was introduced here by St. Endeus, or Eaney, so early as the sixth century, it seems impossible that they should have degenerated into such stupid barbarity.

The great church of St. Endeus was demolished by the soldiers of Cromwell to repair the fortified castle of Ardkyne, of which there is a ruin close to the sea. On the highest point of the eastern end of the island is the oratory of St. Benan, a unique specimen of the early Irish church.

THE ORATORY OF ST. BENAN.

Near by, sunk in the rock, are the remains of the hermitage. This church, or oratory, is very small and unadorned—just such a structure as befitted the humbleness of the worshippers who lived in so inaccessible a region. It is useless to secure a guide in this country, for there is always some one living near the remarkable places who seems to consider that his duty is to offer his services, or rather, I should say, to accompany you, without any other preliminary than a careful scrutiny of your appearance, and a simple salutation. An old woman of the village, who appeared to have been able to buy some potatoes or other matter of generous diet, had trudged up the hill to the church. One charm of these dreary old places is the power of calling up vague reveries and pictures of the past, clothing realities with the illusions of the imagination. It needed but a slight exertion of the fancy to transform my guide into St. Benan himself, taking his morning airing beside these gabled walls looking out over the sea. But my illusion, which bore so great an impress of reality, was dispelled by the whiffs of smoke from a modern clay pipe in the mouth of my portly guide.

Near by is a residence of the sixth century, which about two years ago was brought to light from a mass of earth and stones. It is built of small and undressed stones, without mortar, and is divided into numerous small compartments, barely large enough for a single person. There were little entryways not more than a foot in width, leading to the remoter rooms, destined, I presume, for the more meagre monks. There are probably twelve or fifteen rooms in this building; the floors and ceilings are all made of the same flinty and rugged stones. What was evidently the main entrance had somewhat an imposing appearance, being reached by four steps, at whose base there was built a little kennel, which, if it was not for a dog, was made by some monk more austere than the rest; he had, however, chosen a southern exposure for his penance.



A DWELLING-HOUSE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY.

As I gave a parting glance at the sea, I saw a bank of clouds melting into it in the distance. It looked like land, but in that

CHURCH OF THE FOUR COMELY SAINTS.

direction the nearest land was America. I remembered then that from these cliffs the famous Hy Brazil was said to have been seen. Arran is still believed by the peasantry to be the nearest land to the far-famed O'Brazil, or Hy Brazil, the blessed paradise of the pagan Irish. Mr. Hardiman derives the name Hy Brassil, or Brazil, from *bras*, fiction; *aoi*, island; and *ile*, great—*i. e.*, "the great fictitious island." The old bards and popular tradition describe it as a country of perpetual sunshine, abounding in rivers, forests, mountains, and lakes. Castles and palaces arise on every side, and as far as the eye can reach it is covered with groves, bowers, and silent glades; its fields are ever green, with sleek cattle grazing upon them; its groves filled with myriads of birds. It is only seen occasionally, owing to the long enchantment, which will, they say, now soon be dissolved. The inhabitants are ever young, taking no heed of time, and lead lives of perfect happiness. In many respects it resembles the Tirna-n'oge, the pagan Irish elysium.

On our way to the village I saw some odd-looking sheep nipping the grass from between the rocks. They had an absurd appearance of being in full dress, with bare necks and shoulders, which prompted me to ask the reason of such an unseemly out-door toilet. I learned that they were originally as well clad as others of their species; but in this region a family rarely owns more than one animal, and they shear off as much wool at a time as they deem necessary for a pair of stockings; so the poor beasts are forced to go all day long in what would in civilized countries be called a strictly evening toilet. While our bare necks and shoulders, however, warm nobody, it is satisfactory to think that theirs are warming the lean legs of their owners.

Any one who has a fondness for shopping could, I think, be radically cured by a sojourn on these islands, as the nearest shops are at Galway, twenty-nine miles distant, and the only means of getting there is by a small yacht that goes once a week, weather permitting. One journey on board of it, along with pigs, fish, peasants, sundry oil cans, and musty boxes, with the prospect of tossing about for ten or twelve hours, will suffice for a long while. The luxuries of the table at the hotel are confined to mutton, boiled and fried, with the usual colossal platter of potatoes, varied only by bacon and cabbage. I saw a few chickens sheltering themselves under the walls, and observing me with an unfriendly eye, as if they saw in a stranger a Moloch who would reduce their number. Prompted probably by this idea, I asked for one for my dinner, but regretted having taken him from his companions, with whom he had lived so long; for he seemed to have been brought here by the early Christians, or, perhaps, had escaped at a remote date from some pagan sacrifice.

It was December, yet the sun was bright and the air soft and balmy, when I started for Dun Ængus, a fortress pronounced by Dr. Petrie to be the most magnificent barbaric monument now extant in Europe. The sun was so warm that I discarded my wrappings as the car jogged toward Kilmurrey. I am fond of loitering, and stopped to see the church of the Four Comely Saints, because the name attracted me. There was, however, so much mud on the road to this blessed chapel that I would have been disgusted with the Four Comely Saints ere I arrived at their sanctuary, had I not considered that the mud and slush might have been an accumulation of the eleven hundred years that lay between them and me. I can not tell how many stone walls I scaled, or through what grimy depths I waded, to reach the little ruin, which was covered with weeds and tangled vines. There

is an east window and altar-place in excellent preservation, and, near by, a niche, the carving of the base of which was as fresh as if made yesterday; but all above was filled by the clustering ivy, which strove, I thought, to fill the cavity left vacant by the absent saint. Although the chapel is small, it is of beautiful proportion, and the four saints seem to have left their comeliness as a perpetual heirloom to these walls.

When I arrived at Kilmurrey, one of those storms which come from the Atlantic, and in an instant envelop these islands in a cloud of wind-driven mist, made me seek refuge in a cabin. It was a crowded, busy peasant's home, and as I sat by the fire—the warmest seat being given me with the invariable hospitality of these people—I found abundant material for observation and reflection. Whatever cleanliness was possible in a family of eight occupying one huge room along with two pigs was carefully maintained; at least, the mother and children were neatly and comfortably attired, the hearth well swept, and the pigs were confined to the limits assigned them. An old woman was carding wool, a little child rocking the cradle, and the mother spinning at a large wheel. The chickens, also driven in by the rain, one by one hopped up a ladder to their roosts among the rafters, from which they watched over their ruffled feathers the busy family and the blazing hearth with so much approval and satisfaction that I am sure, if chickens be susceptible to emotion, these were very tender ones indeed. A dog sneaked in, and seeing a stranger, went out into the rain again. The dogs, which are not numerous on the island, are of the most miserable and condemned aspect, and seem to feel their ignoble ancestry, as they invariably jumped over a wall or ran into some obscurity on the approach of a stranger. While drying my dripping garments, I saw for the first time, seated in a corner, as if to screen himself from observation, the figure of a young man clad in white flannel, the costume of the island. His face was thin and sad, and of the same color as the garments he wore, and he gazed at the fire with such a dejected and hopeless expression as led me to infer that he was the fated victim of some terrible disease—consumption, perhaps—and was feebly waiting through the long hours of the day and night the death he knew to be so sure and near. I spoke to him, striving in my pity to appear unconscious of perceiving his misery. Without answering, he rose abruptly and left the cabin. The looks of concern and inquietude in the faces about me told me of some unusual sorrow, which the mother, leaving her spinning-wheel, explained to me in a low voice. She told me that the young man, her eldest son, poor Owney, as she called him, had until a month before been the most healthy and cheerful member of the family; ready and prompt at work, and the life of the household, when a letter came from America to a neighboring family inclosing money to pay the passage thither of their eldest daughter. It appeared that the young man had long entertained a secret passion for this girl, and when he heard that he probably would never see her again, he declared his love to her, and besought her to remain. So far from being unmindful of his affection, she avowed her willingness to marry him at once, if he would accompany her to America immediately afterward. This was impossible; his own family were unable to assist him, and the few people who possess money on the island would not lend it without security. The practical damsel saw on the other side of the Atlantic every prospect of improving her material condition, and doubted not that husbands were as plentiful there as elsewhere; while, if she remained, she knew the drudgery and hopeless slavery that were the lot of all around her would be hers also. Therefore she told her suitor if he could not accompany her she would not listen to his suit. When the young man found his upbraidings useless, he gave way to despair, and had not worked or spoken since his cruel sentence had been pronounced. Every day he grew thinner and more wan, and he did not partake of sufficient food to support life. All the solicitude and tenderness of his mother had not succeeded in arousing within him his former self, and with tears running down her cheeks she told me she thought he had lost his reason forever.

Some weeks previously the school-master had written for them to a priest, a distant relative of the family, who lived in Connemara; but they had received no reply, and she supposed he had neither help nor counsel to give. I pondered for a long while, as I sat by the fire, upon what often proves to be the unfortunate sin-

MY GUIDE AT FORT ÆNGUS.

were to start immediately afterward upon their long voyage. As I left, the damsel, whose month's delay to prepare her outfit had given such a fortunate respite to her lover, thrust her head in the door, and called upon Owney to be sure and wear the blue stockings she had knitted him to the chapel on the morrow; and then, with her little *retroussé* nose turned up to the sky, ran blushing away.

But to continue my narrative. When the mist had blown over, I left the cabin, and began a difficult ascent to Dun Ængus, which crowned the cliffs overlooking the sea on the opposite side of the island. My guide was a youth of about nine years, whose attire consisted of a red petticoat, and at least a shirt collar, which was ostentatiously displayed over his bodice, an Irish cap resembling the top of a mushroom, blue stockings, and sandals, called pampootees, made of untanned cowhide, universally worn by the inhabitants of these islands. Instead of the treacherous bogs, which my foot-padding in Ireland had familiarized me with, I had now rocks and stones of every dimension and ruggedness to contend with. I may here mention that in the Arran Isles there are no bogs, therefore no turf; and as trees are unknown, all fuel is brought, at considerable expense, from Connemara. My guide danced with such agility and recklessness from stone to stone that I was not only much concerned lest his thin legs should break beneath him, but was also a good deal out of breath and out of patience in my efforts to keep pace with him. In response to my repeated injunctions, however, he restrained himself so much as to run around me like a dog, instead of running ahead of me like a hare. Motion seemed to be a necessity of his existence, for I verily believe he did not remain a second in one spot. When I asked him a question as he bounded at my right, he answered me from the left, and it took some little circumspection to adapt my

cerity of men, and I could not refrain from deploring the no less frequent levity of my own sex. In passing through the village a week afterward I stopped to say good-day to these kind people, when I found the house a scene of bustle and confusion. My erewhile love-sick swain was, when I entered, making himself a pair of pampootees; and as he bade me good-day over a dangerously starched collar, his face glowed with health and energy. The now cheerful and happy mother informed me that since my last visit they had received a letter from the priest in Connemara, inclosing his blessing for her son, and the money to pay his passage to America. She had been very busy knitting him stockings, and making him a fine white flannel suit to be married in, and which thereafter he would not again wear till his arrival at New York, so that he would make a decent appearance in the New World, as became the relative of a priest. He was to be married to the object of his choice the next day, and they

conversation to the movements of this strange will-o'-the-wisp.

"Do you know how much gentlemen and ladies give me for showing them up to Dun Ængus? Two and three shillings," he continued, on my negative response. And then he eyed me with such a keen and mercenary expression that I was astonished to see it in so young a face. I expressed my surprise at the generosity of the ladies and gentlemen whom he had escorted; but this was not to his purpose, for he asked me point-blank how much I intended to give him.

"A shilling," I replied.

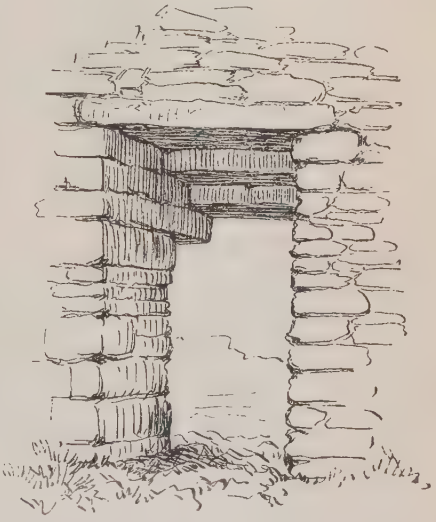
"Oh," he cried, "no lady or gentleman ever gives me a shilling, but always two or three."

My reader perceives that it is not always civilization which makes humanity sordid, as he will admit that this child of nine years displayed ere I bade him good-by a persistent rapacity worthy of the most accomplished Shylock. Until we arrived at the fort, he strove by every possible artifice and argument—so much beyond his years in skill that I would have believed him an elfish changeling had I been credulous in such matters—to convince me that two shillings was the lowest possible sum I could offer him consistent with my own gentility and his services.

The Dun, or fort, is built on the very edge of a precipice which stands three hundred feet above the sea. It is in horseshoe shape, the open side facing the sea. It consists of three inclosures, the innermost wall being the thickest; this inclosure measures one hundred and fifty feet from north to south. About the first century of the Christian era three brothers came from Scotland to Arran, Ængus, Conchovar, and Mil, and their names are still preserved in connection with buildings on the islands. The walls are eight or ten feet thick, built of comparatively small unhewn stones, without mortar, which manner of construction, we are told, affords less resistance to the wind, and is more durable, than the cemented edifices of later date. There is a doorway in perfect preservation, wherein the admirable ingenuity of the builders is shown; the immense thickness of the wall, and consequently great weight upon the lintel, is broken by several gradations, as it were, of supports, as shown in my sketch.

My youthful companion, who had been dancing about me with the utmost impatience during my researches, informed me, when we reached a certain point of the outer inclosure, that that was the consecrated place for paying him, and assured me that though he did not speak at all in his own interest, if I wished for good luck I would pay him then and there.

"It's many a shilling," he said, "you have given to people—mere robbers—while you've been travelling about; but all that 'll be so much bad luck to you unless you pay me well now." With the respect which I always observe for the



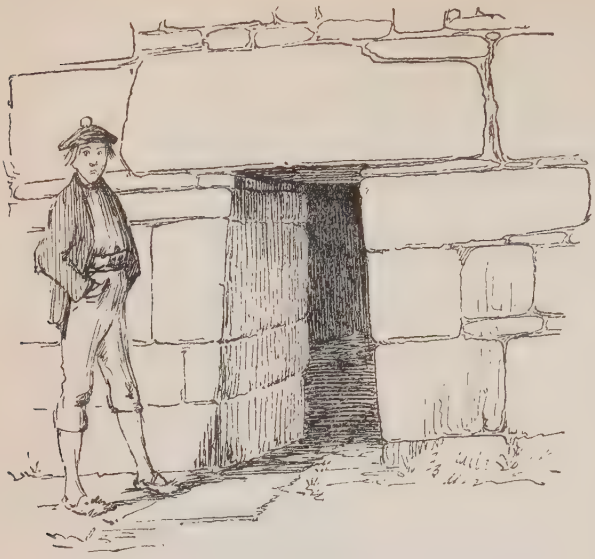
DOORWAY, FORT ÆNGUS.

manners and customs of the country in which I travel, I immediately gave him a shilling, which he held between his thumb and finger, and with a look of indignant reprobation, his cold eye resting upon me as steadily as that of the Ancient Mariner on the wedding guest, he added, "Is that all you'll give me?"

I assured him that it was. "If you'll add twopence," he said, "good luck will be with you; but if you don't, you'll be misfortunate for all the days of your life."

I gave him the twopence, which I am sure the wedding guest would have willingly given the Ancient Mariner to have escaped his gimlet eye; and in some fear of this indefatigably mercenary child, I descended the cliffs as the shades of evening came on.

In the twilight I visited Teampull Mic Duach, a most interesting ruin, upon the grounds of a gentleman who rents the



DOORWAY OF TEAMPULL MIC DUACH.

larger portion of the island for grazing his cattle, while he resides elsewhere. His farmer, or overseer, takes a commendable pride in preserving the ruins on his master's domain. He told me, with swelling breast, that, although he had only lived on this island four years, and was not prejudiced in its favor, he did not believe there could be finer farming land. "Potatoes have been grown in the same ground for over one hundred years, and the cattle reared here, though never housed, and allowed no food save their pasture, take prizes in the English and Irish fairs." I thought the grazing must be rich, for even when in certain rocky wastes it grows in the fissures of the rocks, the land, if land it may be called, is carefully fenced off, and rented at so much per acre. Indeed, the whole island is fenced off in little plots, from a few yards to half an acre in extent, for no other reason, that I could perceive, than that they knew not what other disposition to make of the stones, although as many were left on the ground as would make a thousand such walls.

Teampull Mic Duach is certainly a beautiful little church. Antiquarians have decided that it was built in the sixth century, and the enormous undressed stones used in its construction, fitted with admirable exactitude, no cement being used, show that the builders of those times not only thought a great deal about their work, but exercised a constructive ability not excelled in modern times. There is a window giving a curious example of a primitive kind of pointed arch. Two flat stones form the lintels, so nicely adjusted that, notwithstanding the extreme thickness of the walls, it is to-day as perfect as when constructed thirteen hundred years ago. The origin of the pointed arch has been claimed by many nations, but the best authorities declare that while it was introduced into England and the Continent in the time of the Crusades, probably from the East, it was used in Ireland long before there was any intercourse between the two countries; and Wilkinson says that though he does not claim that the pointed arch originated in Ireland, it existed there prior to the period when the pointed style was introduced through England to that country.

The doorway of this little church is, curiously enough, an almost perfect copy of an entrance to an Egyptian tomb, simple and grand.

At the northwestern extremity of the island are the ruins of the seven churches,

STONE WINDOW, TEAMPULL MIC DUACH.

lying in a hollow between a little village and the sea. There are portions of two which are in only a tolerable state of preservation; others have fallen, leaving an altar or some piece of carved stone that belonged to a window or doorway. An old man issued from a little hovel in the village, having evidently been informed of my arrival by some staring children

who had retreated at my approach. He saluted me as he hobbled down from grave to grave, and asked me if I had ever been there before; if not, he might as well go with me, for he knew every inch of the place, having lived here nearly eighty years. Between his remarks he would stoop and pluck little wisps of grass, and brush some old tombstone with affectionate care, or break the brambles that crept over them.

Teampull Brecain, or the Church of St. Brecain, has a chancel of rude masonry, and a choir that is more modern—when I say modern in this case, I mean a date of four or five hundred years ago. In this, as nearly all the old churches of Ireland, the principal window is on the east, immediately over the altar. The floor is paved with graves, many of the slabs bearing recent dates, every nook and corner being filled with bones of the former occupants, which have been disturbed to give room to newcomers. The Old Mortality who acted as my guide slipped through the archway into the chancel, and pointing with his staff to a large stone in the corner, said, with an air of pride, that he had two sons — fine boys — under it. I asked if his name was upon it.

"No, your honor; but I know they are there, and there was nothing in it but this," pointing to a fragment of a skull that filled a gap made by a fallen stone.

We sauntered about among these relics for a long time, where at every turn something rare presented itself. The Aharla, or sacred inclosure, where only saints were buried, is still visible, with undeciphered inscriptions upon the slabs. A few rags fluttered on some bushes by what I thought was a small cave; but the old man said it was a holy well, that it was dry just now, but when the day of the patron saint arrived it was always full—in the summertime. The greatest curiosity he reserved until the last. On an old tombstone was placed a rare and beautiful cross, broken evidently by force, for the stone shows no signs of decay, the fragments of which he told me had been found in various parts of these sacred grounds. Seating himself upon a grave, he related in the most solemn manner the history of the search for the pieces—how earnest had been his desire to bring together the remains, so that he could see the fulfillment of prophecy. When St. Brecain preached in this church a holy man visited him, and addressed the people; he meant only to say a few words to them, but as he stood by the altar a divine light descended upon him, and illuminated his face and breast. He was inspired to tell them that they would be

OLD MORTALITY—INTERIOR OF TEAMPULL BRECAIN.

DOORWAY OF TEAMPULL CHIARAIN.

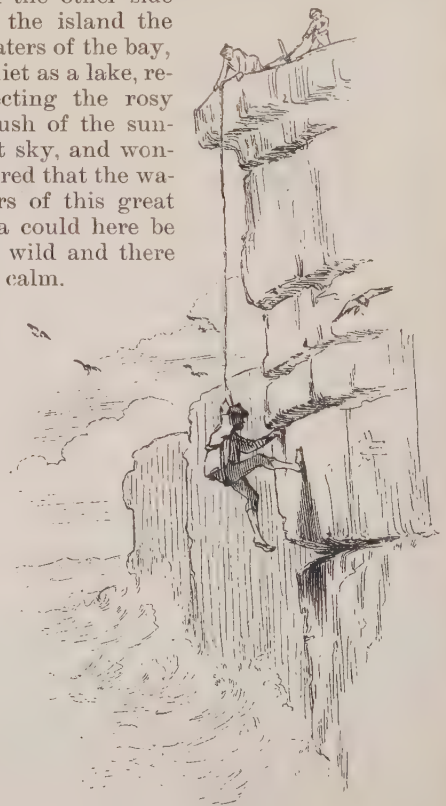
persecuted and beaten, their churches and crosses destroyed, but their religion would outlive it all, and the crosses would be restored piece by piece. "And I have been allowed to see the truth of it," he added; "there is only one piece wanting to that cross, and it will be found in God's own time."

A Scotch mist had so much overcome its national prejudices as to visit Ireland the day I started for Teampull Chiarain, one of the many churches on this little island. Again I encountered a formidable array of stone fences. I reached the church, however—which stands in the midst of a potato field—after a great deal of difficulty. It is one of the best-preserved on the island, having a beautiful east window, and a striking doorway, which gives an instance of the simple construction and common application of the arch in the various ancient edifices of Ireland, formed in most buildings of two stones only, which appear to have been worked from one, and afterward split in the centre.

The next day I grew weary of the sheltered and inhabited side of the island, for the weather was so soft and balmy that one was invited to the open air. I sallied forth to where the cliffs present their rocky front as a barrier to the ocean, which in his wrath dashed against them with such mad fury that the surf rose in many places far above them, and the dark and awful green of the sea was thrown back from these terrible cliffs into the boiling caldron below as white as the driven snow. Here the Black Fort, as it is called, frowns over a fearful precipice. It resembles Dun Ængus in character, though it is much smaller, and in less perfect preservation.

I observed on the very verge of the cliff two figures manœuvring a large rope, as though they were fishing for sea-monsters. As I approached I saw that the end of the rope was attached to no monster, but to a man, who was delving into the crevices for some treasure, and the aerial anglers were moving the rope in accordance with signals made by a wave of his hand. When he arrived at the crevices in which the sea-birds made their homes, he seized dozens of them ere they could escape, and, loaded with his prey, he placed his feet against the perpendicular cliff, and while he was dragged by his friends above, walked up like a fly.

As I turned my steps homeward, the noise of the mighty waves as they broke against the cliffs filling my ears, I saw on the other side of the island the waters of the bay, quiet as a lake, reflecting the rosy blush of the sunset sky, and wondered that the waters of this great sea could here be so wild and there so calm.



BIRD-CATCHING.

MR. H. W. SARGENT'S GARDEN ON THE HUDSON.

THE results of human labor and research in science are cumulative. Each scientist starts with the hoarded experience of centuries, and knowledge grows by the food handed down to it from the granary of the past. The wonderful insight into the secret mysteries of the universe obtained within forty years by discoveries in electricity, by the photograph, the spectroscope, the telephone, the phonograph, and other notable inventions, gives evidence unquestioned of the marvellous power which is preparing for the human race in the centuries to come. Art has no aid from this cumulated power; it is the product of individual brain, aided only by observation of the products of the past. The culture which it requires may, however, be the accumulated work of generations, and what we call genius may be only the impassioned fervor called out by that culture.

The artist can not, like the scientist, take all the work of his predecessors, and with it establish a new starting-point for himself. He may study the works of Raphael and Da Vinci, and from them gain inspiration, but he can not begin where they ended. If this be true in relation to sculpture and painting, it is eminently true in regard to horticulture.

The results of horticulture in the past are, in a certain sense, cumulative, for by them we have the varieties of form and color, and the discovery of a new plant is a gain to the plant artist as great as that of a new gem to the jeweller. But in grouping and shaping forms, in contrasting and harmonizing of colors, and in all which the painter or sculptor means by art, horticulture is still, and will ever remain, dependent upon the genius of its votaries, aided only, as the painter is aided, by study of the works of the past.

Those who have thus studied are few, and still fewer are those who, with adequate study, have united a true love and an appreciation of the possibilities which nature has laid open before them in infinite variation.

Without adulation we can speak of the dead. Among the very few landscape artists in this country, the late A. J. Downing stood pre-eminent. Although denied the opportunity in the early part of his career to study the best examples of landscape art in Europe by personal inspection, he supplied its place by careful study of written descriptions. To natural taste he united knowledge of trees and plants—a knowledge very rare among landscape gardeners of the present day. He held, moreover, a graphic pen, and his magazine articles were spirited and lively, with a breezy freshness which always carried the reader with him. During his life—more than thirty years ago—very little was really known in this country of landscape art. A desire to know was, however, springing up, and thus a niche was formed, into which Mr. Downing stepped, and filled it as he grew. He continued to grow, because he did that which few landscape gardeners have done—he visited frequently the nurseries and private places in which fine or rare specimens were to be found, and studying them carefully, was prepared to judge correctly of their capabilities. He soon saw the necessity for some direct mode of literary communication with the people, and established the *Horticulturist*. His racy and enthusiastic editorials at once excited attention; his readers were kept *en rapport* with the progress of horticulture in Europe, and those whose minds had been turned in that direction received a new impulse and a new impression of the possibilities of horticulture.

We need such writers still. Although among wealthy men there is a decadence of horticultural taste, and trees or plants fade into insignificance beside yachts or horses, yet among the masses of men of moderate means there is an increasing desire for the possession of plants. Very few of these know of the existence of horticultural magazines, and earnest effort of enterprising publishers possessed of large resources is required to place the subject before them. With all the literature of Europe from which to draw, and with the pens of able men in this country to aid the work, a magazine could be made which would be to these masses a guide and inspiration to the achievement of all charming possibilities.

The painter gains both knowledge and inspiration by the study of ancient and mediæval art; in like manner the maker of country homes, whether amateur or artist, can cultivate his taste by learning what was done in former days.

There are handed down to us glimpses of the Babylonish and Persian gardens, the glories of which we can imagine, and of which Coleridge had visions when he wrote:

"There were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
And there were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

The Greeks copied something of these in their intercourse with Persia, but their taste seems to have favored architecture rather than horticulture. Like many American citizens, they had more use for bouquets and garlands than for parks and gardens.

The order-loving Romans gathered up much from the luxurious habits of the countries which they conquered, and the remains of old gardens in Rome show even now that geometric lines and topiary work met most fully their sense of beauty. Virgil complained that he could never escape from the hand of man, and that temples, statues, and fountains were always intruding upon nature; the average Roman delighted in nothing so much as in straight lines, trimmed hedges, arched avenues, and shrubs pruned into all sorts of shapes. The Villa Pamphili Doria in Rome is a good existing specimen of this style.

This topiary gardening, which was the outgrowth of the Roman civilization, impressed itself continually upon all European horticulture. In Spain it was for a long time a favorite, and it became so ineradicably established in Holland that it is known even now as the Dutch style. The best example of it, on a large scale, is at Versailles, but the finest existing topiary work is at Elvaston Castle, in England, where the golden and other yews, pruned into various forms, present a scene of surprising beauty, of which the sketch (page 522) gives but a faint idea. That which, in sinuous folds, seems like an immense boa-constrictor, is a hollow hedge of English yew, with a walk in the interior light-

ITALIAN GARDEN AT MR. H. H. HUNNEWELL'S, WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS, ILLUSTRATING TOPIARY WORK.

ed by windows at the sides. The same effect can here be produced with hemlock. In this country there is no topiary work equal to the Italian garden of Mr. H. H. Hunnewell. It only wants the color of the golden yew to rival Elvaston. In looking at them both, one is forcibly convinced of the limitless possibilities of horticulture.

There came at last a reaction against this artificial system, and the English or natural style gradually came in. This soon became popular on the Continent, was generally known as the *jardin anglais*, and for many years was the prevailing mode throughout Europe. Upon this the French taste for color has, within twenty-five years, been ingrafted. The Champs Élysées and other places of public resort in Paris have been made brilliant with the highest-colored bedding plants. Overflowing soon into England, a taste for ribbon gardening and parterres glowing with the richest colors became the fashion, and one of the best we saw twenty years ago was the terrace garden of the Earl of Harewood. Within a few years this taste for bright colors in plants has reached America, and the Centennial grounds showed our people what could be done with masses of coleus, geraniums, arundos, cannas, and other high-colored plants.

Yet even these, beautiful as they are in their prime, cause for half the summer a colorless disagreeable blot on the lawn. Planted in June, they rarely cover the ground until August, and for the intervening time the bed in which they are planted is a mass of almost naked earth. Before the middle of October they succumb to the frost, and then for eight months more they do nothing to hide the bare earth in which they are planted. Eight months of ugliness is too high a price to pay for two months of beauty. Yet these bedding plants have become the fashion, and fashion is uncompromising in its demands. The gardeners naturally encourage people to buy them, because they bring a good price and are easily propagated. Thus the continued use of exotic plants for bedding is likely to increase rather than diminish, unless the taste is subjected to rigorous criticism. The only remedy is for men and women of true taste to insist on a better exam-

THE APPROACH TO MR. S. B. PARSONS'S HOUSE, FLUSHING.

ple upon their own premises and among their friends. They should not inveigh against color, but should persistently demand from their gardeners permanent plants of color, which would be beautiful for a large part or for the whole of the year.

Few things are finer than a bed or border of ivy contrasted with a border of the dwarf *Euonymus radicans*. Then there is a sort of ivy with white and green variegation, and the periwinkle, with its pale blue flowers crowning dark evergreen leaves. The golden yew and the procumbent yew, both evergreens, one with a rich dark foliage, and the other with a lustre of burnished gold, can be planted in masses, and kept down to six or twelve inches. They can also be pruned into globes, ovals, pyramids, columns, or any desired form. The *Biota elegantissima*, bronze in winter and golden in summer, and the *Retinospora aurea*, with a golden foliage all the year, can be treated in the same way. Then there is a variegated retinospora—*filifera aurea*—like an evergreen fountain tipped with gold, which can serve as a centre for a flat bed. The *Retinospora obtusa nana* makes a low mass of tufted green of great beauty. *Thuja vervaineana aurea* is another mass of gold and green. The evergreen thorn can be kept low for bedding, as can also the glossy rich broad-leaved *Mahonia aquifolia*. *Picea hudsonica* makes a blue-tinted mass, and the common hemlock, with its white-tipped variety, can be kept low in a bed with as smooth a surface as on a hedge. The *Azalea amœna*, with its dark foliage and brilliant pink flowers, and the *Daphne cneorum*, unsurpassed in the fragrance of its flowers, and both hardy, make most exquisite beds. The *Cotoneaster microphylla* would also be very effective. Those I have named are evergreens, but there are many deciduous plants which can be used in the same way. The purple-leaved hazel and the purple berberry are almost as dark as a purple beech. The Japan quince can be kept low, and a bed of its crimson flowers would surpass any coleus. The new varieties of clematis—*jackmanii* and others—with their tints of blue, crimson, and white, would be simply superb. And then come the grand flowers, fawn and orange, of the *Bignonia grandiflora*, blooming freely for many weeks. In truth, all the vines can be treated as bedding plants, if the knife be judiciously used. I think that one of the most striking things I have seen was a common honeysuckle grown in a flat bed, the edges neatly trimmed,

and the whole surface covered with flowers. I saw another honeysuckle trained to a stake four feet high, and then allowed to fall over, making a mound four feet high and five feet in diameter. Few know the capabilities of climbing plants for great variety of form—for flat beds, for mounds, for columns, for arches, for cornices, for sides of buildings, or for any other form that taste can devise.

of form, but in so disposing those forms as to meet the requirements of the most fastidious taste. Here is shown the superiority of the natural or English conception of landscape gardening, not only over the old topiary or Italian mode, but also over the more modern one of numerous flower beds and ribbon gardening.

The English style is based upon a clearly conceived aim to imitate natural land-

VISTA SEEN THROUGH TRIMMED BEECH, AT MR. H. W. SARGENT'S, FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON.

I have applied my remarks to flat beds, in order to show that permanent hardy plants with leaves and flowers of high color could very properly take the place of the present fashionable masses of coleus, geraniums, etc. I would by no means limit the use of these plants to flat beds. True taste requires variety, and these masses could be made to assume various shapes and heights. Even in the foliage of large trees there is sufficient variety of tint to make a lawn seem like a large picture.

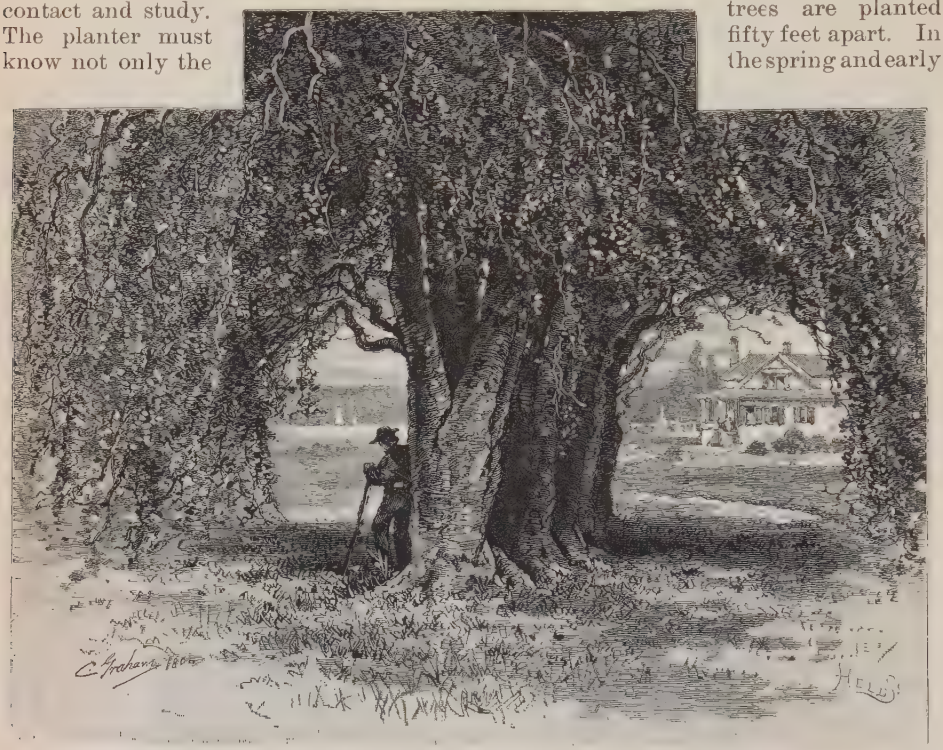
Having thus the color, the perfection of art consists not only in giving variety

scapes, and Repton defines landscape to be "a view capable of being represented in painting. It consists of two, three, or more well-marked distances, each separated from the other by an unseen space, which the imagination delights to fill up with fancied beauties that may not perhaps exist in reality."

Knight expresses the same idea when he says:

"More cautiously will taste its stores reveal:
Its greatest art is aptly to conceal;
To lead with secret guile the prying sight
To where component parts may best unite,
And form one beauteous well-connected whole
To charm the eye and captivate the soul."

To do this well requires not only engineering qualities, not only the ability to sit down and place upon paper groups that please the eye, but it requires a familiarity with trees and plants which is obtained only by years of contact and study. The planter must know not only the form of the tree as he plants it, but the form which it will have fifty years afterward. The landscape gardener or planter who attempts to produce the desired effects without this knowledge will have an ephemeral reputation, or, if his work is accepted for want of experience in his employers, he will retard a true connoissance of art and beauty in the circle in which he is known.



AVENUES FORMED BY A ROW OF ENGLISH BEECHES.

Our subject—the possibilities of horticulture—covers a wide field, and there is abundant opportunity in this country to display the resources of American ingenuity and taste. Only a few can here be named.

Not many of our readers know of the admirable screens which can be made with the hornbeam and the European beech trimmed flat and close as a wall. If variegation is wanted in a beech screen, every third tree can be of the purple variety. The wide-spreading beech-tree—the *fagus* under which Tityrus reclined—is a tree of rare capabilities. For avenues it is unsurpassed if the trees are planted fifty feet apart. In the spring and early summer the delicate tints of the young foliage are very beautiful, while in the autumn the matured leaves are fresh and green long after other trees are stripped by the frost. Its dense foliage lies in flakes upon sturdy horizontal branches, so that, looking through it from one side to the other, you can see the sky, while looking up from below or down from above, you can see nothing but foliage. An admiring writer, dwelling upon its magnificence and its beauty, calls it the Hercules and Adonis of the English forests. The head of the celebrated Studley beech in England was 350 feet in diameter, and there are other trees which were existing at the time of the Norman conquest. The American desire for quick results has induced the planting of maples, elms, and other fast-growing trees; but the man who has faith enough to

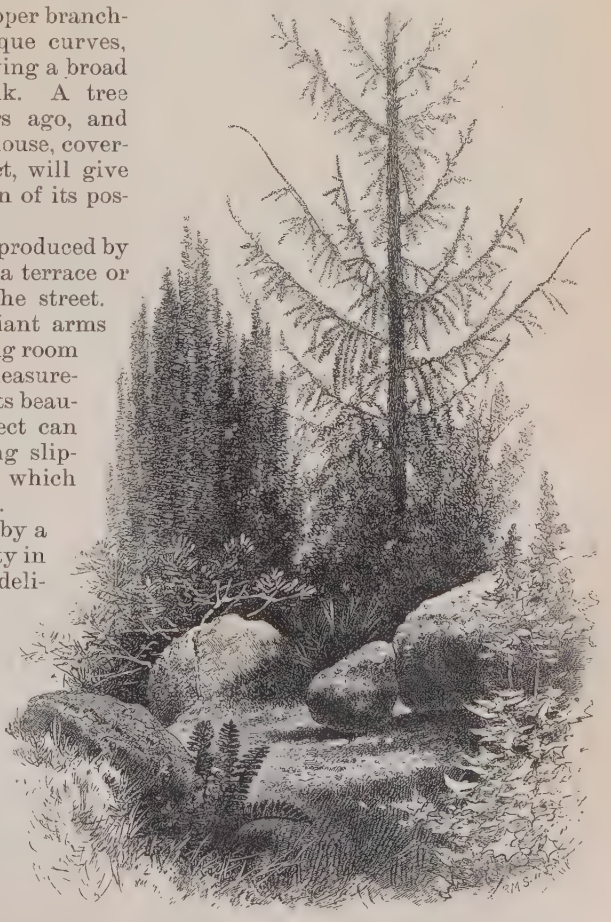
plant for the distant future, and form a beech walk one thousand feet long, with a stone monument recording the time of planting and the name of the planter, will at the end of a hundred years be found famous, and men will rise up and call him blessed. Another possibility is in the weeping-beech. Those who know it growing alone, with its cathedral form, its picturesque contortions, and its graceful beauty, scarcely realize how remarkable it may be when planted in double rows for a walk. The outside branches can be allowed to grow unchecked, forming a picturesque mass, while the inside limbs can be trimmed close to the trunk until a sufficient height is reached, when they can be allowed to interlace and make a dense canopy. A single row would also form a very unique walk. As the tree grows, the lower limbs can be cut off close to the trunk, when the upper branches will arch over in picturesque curves, sweeping the ground, and leaving a broad walk each side of the trunk. A tree which I planted forty years ago, and which is now a leaf-inclosed house, covering two thousand square feet, will give the visitor the best illustration of its possibilities.

Another good effect can be produced by planting it upon the edge of a terrace or bank which is higher than the street. It will then throw out its giant arms and grasp the sidewalk, leaving room beneath its canopy for the pleasure-seeker to walk and wonder at its beauty. Somewhat the same effect can be produced with the weeping slippery-elm, the branches of which sweep in long graceful curves.

For a simple arbor formed by a single tree, there is great beauty in the weeping-sophora. The delicate softness of its foliage is surpassed only by the parasol curves of its branches.

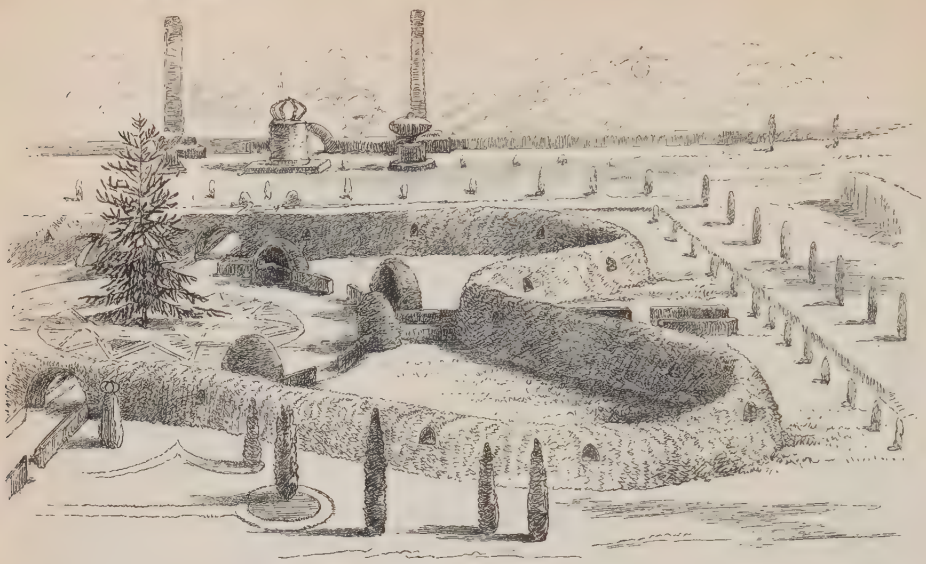
Many men have seen and dreamed of a rustic vine-clad house. Every one who has a house or piazza desires to cover it with vines. If the house is of wood, it is frequently injured by them, and a piazza is often so covered from column to column that no air can reach the house. The true medium is to cover only the cornices and columns, leaving free the spaces between. The most fastidious taste will leave also the columns free, and will allow vines upon the eaves or cornices only, on which the branchlets will be kept well pruned in. These compact lines of green thus form a pleasant contrast with the house, like lambrequins upon the windows of a room.

For these effects vines only have been generally used, and few know how much finer are the branches of the *Salisburia*—a Japanese tree introduced into England a hundred years ago, and known in this country for many years. It has a clean and light-colored leaf like that of the maiden-hair fern, with a peculiarly beautiful radiation from its stem. Its long branches have few branchlets, and are closely furnished with leaves.



Irish Yew. Abies Elata.

ARTIFICIAL FOREGROUND, AT MR. S. B. PARSONS'S, FLUSHING.



HEDGE GARDEN AT ELVASTON CASTLE, ENGLAND.

Planted at each or every alternate column of a house, it can be pruned to a single stem until it reaches the cornice, along which it can be trained horizontally. When the whole cornice is covered, the effect is very bright and striking.

The weeping-larch can be trained in the same way. Admirable archways can be made with the tamarisk or clematis, the one with a light green feathery foliage, the other with large flowers, purple, crimson, yellow, and white. A compact column of foliage, dark green and glossy, is made with the weeping silver-fir. Planted near together, a row of this last would make a perfect hedge or screen.

TRIMMED HOLLY.

Few trees in form and color can equal the Chinese cypress. Of all pyramidal trees it is the most completely cone-like in its form—straight as an arrow, compact in its habit, regular in its gradation, and well defined in its outline. Its color is unequalled by that of any other tree—a light pea-green of a most refreshing tint. Its leaves are like small twisted cords, delicate as the edging of a lady's collar, and in mass giving the appearance of green feathers. Its only fault is its late foliage. We have looked at it only as a single tree: for an avenue or close screen, its effect would be striking. For the latter, no trimming would be required to make it, when planted close, a green wall of exquisite color.

For an avenue, a fine effect will one day be produced by alternate planting of the red-twigged and white linden, when, like a line of battle, they will flash in the sunlight their white and green banners.

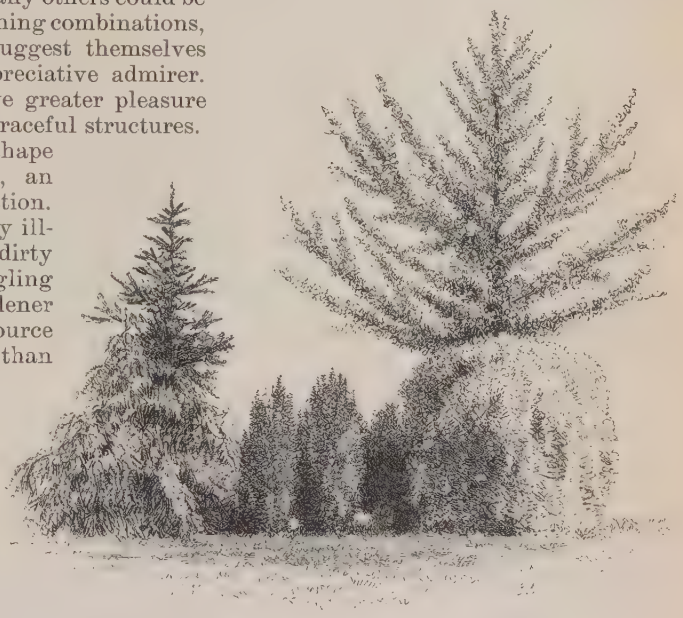
A mass of the euonymus, or burning-bush, with its scarlet autumn seed-vessels, is a thing to be remembered.

The variegated althea, one of the most constant of plants with variegated leaves, is proof against winter's cold or summer's

heat, and will make a hedge of great beauty.

The oak-leaved hydrangea, when trimmed hard, makes a low mass of color of great richness. The kalmia and rhododendron should be planted together, either in groups upon the points of curves, or in double and treble lines on each side of a curving walk. A fine effect is created by four lines, the outermost rhododendrons, the next kalmias, the third hardy azaleas, and the last, next the walk, *Daphne cneorum*. Many others could be named capable of charming combinations, all of which would suggest themselves to an earnest and appreciative admirer. Many of these can give greater pleasure when combined with graceful structures.

To glass in any shape there is, with many, an insurmountable objection. The word suggests only ill-kept greenhouses, dirty flower-pots, and straggling plants, requiring a gardener difficult to find, and a source of annoyance rather than pleasure. There is a structure, however, which requires no other care than that which can be given by a common laborer. A servant of the house can keep it in order as easily as a room. It need not be a costly structure. It can have a span roof, not of glass, but of boards. The sides can be of glass; the length can be a hundred feet, and the width twenty feet. It should be kept as a cool-house. To guard, however, against extreme cold, which occasionally comes, a sunken flue could be run under a path from the extreme end to the chimney of the dwelling of which it would form a part. This flue would be used so rarely that one of the house servants could easily give it attention. In this house could be placed camellias, laurels, laurustinus, Cape jasmine, sago-palm, oranges, the more tender rhododendrons of exquisite color, and many other plants which flourish in a cool-house, or are not injured by a little frost. They should be planted in the ground on curving walks, and no pots should be allowed. The plants would thus require very little care, and would afford a charming promenade for the family—a garden of greenness in the midst of the severity of winter. If desired, orange-trees only could be used, and a veritable orange grove could be formed at the North amid frost and snow. A skillful mechanic could so construct this house that with little labor it could be taken away every spring, leaving as a part of the lawn this unique collection, which would be looked upon as an Italian garden of rare beauty. This plan is simple and thoroughly practicable at moderate expense. It will afford so great increase of enjoyment that, when appreciated, it can not fail to be adopted as a very desirable accessory to a country dwelling.



Nordmann Fir. Weeping-Hemlock. Irish Yews. Gingko. Weeping-Sophora.

ARTISTIC GROUP.

We have mentioned a few only of the possibilities of horticulture. They are limited only as nature is limited. Those whose eyes are fully open to all artistic capabilities will find their resources grow, and will be able to invent new combinations of plants as certain in their results as those of mental or moral culture; and in connection with this work, they will become imbued with a sense of the beauty and meaning which nature reveals only to the reverent artist.

"Once more I stand, but now unknown, by sacred Hudson's tide,
With unfamiliar scenes around, no friendly hand to guide;
For in Albany, forsooth, they've been working such a change
With their modern innovations that the place looks very strange.
All the old lanes and pasture fields, with clover tops so fair,
Are lost to sight, no fences left, no shady *bouweries** there.
Old places once so very dear to these old eyes of mine
Are scattered like the hoar-frost by the ruthless hand of Time.

* * * * * *

Old things have changed so swiftly since last I saw the town—
The honest old Dutch customs; and the stones which marked the mile
Are lost in streets and alleys; and the roads, of which the cows
Had traced the crooked outlines as they moved about to browse,
Are laid in stones and pavements: the degenerated race
Have begun with their 'improvements' to wipe out the old Dutch place.
I would not care to live and see such altered folks and ways,
Since half-doors swung wide open in those palmy old Dutch days,
When streets were cleaned by private hand, and all the city's light
Was furnished by the lanterns from each tenth house hung in sight.

* * * * * *

I fain would take before I go a hasty bird's-eye view
Of forms and places that I loved before all things were new."

ALBANY, or Beverwyck, is one of the oldest of the permanent European settlements in the United States. In 1610 the Dutch navigators came up the Hudson, or, as the Indians had christened it, the Sha-te-muc, and built trading houses to traffic for furs with the various Indian tribes. As early as 1614 a stockade fort was erected on an adjacent island, and three years later was swept away by a freshet of unparalleled violence. A new fort was built in 1623 on Market Street, now Broadway, below State Street, and was called Fort Orange, in honor of the Stadtholder of Holland. For a time the village was called Beverwyck, and also the Fuyck, or Hoop-net; but when James, Duke of York and Albany, came in possession of New Netherlands, Nieuw Amsterdam became New York, and Orange, or Beverwyck, was known as Albany. In 1647 Fort Willemstadt was built upon the hill at the head of State Street, near the site of the old Capitol, and later on it gave place to Fort Frederick. The Indians called Albany Pempotawuthut.*

In Governor Dongan's report on the Province of New York, in 1687, we are told that "at Albany there is a Fort made of pine-trees fifteen foot high @ foot over with Batterys and conveniences made for men to walk about, where are nine guns, small arms for forty men, four Barils of powder with great and small shott in proportion. And truly its very necessary to have a Fort there, it being a frontier place both to the Indians @ ffrench."

Under the Dongan charter, in 1686, Albany became a city of one mile on the river and three and a half miles long. All outside of these limits belonged to the Colonie Rensselaerwyck. In 1683, Albany County comprised all the territory north of Dutchess and Ulster counties on both sides of the river, and Albany was looked upon as the fount of authority in church and judicial matters.

The Albany Dutch Church, founded in 1640, was the only one north of Esopus, until long after 1700, that had an established ministry, save the church at Schenectady. In this Albany church preached the well-known dominies Schaats, Dellius, Lydius, Van Driessen, Van Schie, Frelinhuysen, Westerlo, and Johnson; and here, also, were all the children baptized soon after birth, and the names entered on the *Doop Boek*.†

"As Israel's tribes to Zion's holy hill,
Up to the courts the worshippers would come,
From where is Saugerties; where Plattekill,
Flatbush, Blue Mountain, Malden, Kiskatom—
All daughters fair of mine. But passing fair
Those faithful ones who travelled leagues to prayer.
Call others privileged? *They* had this much—
The Gospel undefiled in Holland Dutch.

"I see the pulpit high‡—an octagon.
Its pedestal, doophuisje,§ winding stair;
And room within for one, and one alone,
A canopy above, suspended there;
No spire, no bell; but 'neath the eaves a porch,
With trumpet hung to summon all to church:

* Farm-houses.

* A place of fire—a council ground.

† Baptism Book.

‡ In front of the pulpit was a socket for the hour-glass.

§ Baptistery—an inclosed space in front of the pulpit.

NEW-YEAR'S HYMN TO ST. NICHOLAS.

Till innovation brought stoves, bell, and spire,
Floors, straight-backed pews, voorleser,* and a choir."

The great festival days were Keestijd,† Nieuwjaarsdag,‡ Paaschdag,§ and Pinksterfeest.‖ Christmas was of little importance among the Dutch, for New-Year was *the* day, and then it was that the right fat, jolly, roistering little St. Nicholas made his appearance, sometimes accompanied by his good-natured vrouw, Molly Grietje.¶

Should you enter the bouwery on New-Year's Eve, you would see the children gathered round the immense fire-place singing in muffled voices their evening hymns to the good saint, as follows:

"Santa Klaus, goedt heilig man!
Knopyebest van Amsterdam,
Van Amsterdam aan Spanje,
Van Spanje aan Oranje,
En brang deze kindjes eenige graps."**

Or,

"Sint Nicholaus, myn goden vriend,
Ik hab u altyd wel gediend;
Als gy my nu not wilt geben,
Tal ik dienen als myn leven."*

New-Year's Day was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown wide open, and a warm welcome extended to friend and stranger. It was a breach of etiquette to omit any acquaintance in these annual calls, when old friendships were renewed, and family differences amicably settled. And here came the famous New-Year cake. The Paas eggs were the feature of Easter. The Pinkster festivities commenced on the Monday after Whitsunday, and now began the fun for the negroes, for Pinkster was the carnival of the African race. The venerable "King of the Blacks" was "Charley of Pinkster Hill," so called because he was the principal actor in the festivities. Charles originally came from Africa, having in his infancy been brought from Angolo, in the Guinea Gulf; and

* The clerk who gave out the hymns, etc., and led the singing.

† Christmas. ‡ New-Year. § Easter.
‖ Whitsuntide. ¶ Wife.

** "Santa Claus, good holy man!
Go your way from Amsterdam,
From Amsterdam to Spain,
From Spain to Orange,
And bring these little children toys."

* "Saint Nicholas, my dear good friend,
To serve you ever was my end;
If you me now something will give,
Serve you I will as long as I live."

when but a boy he became the purchased slave of one of the most ancient and respectable merchant princes of the olden time, Volckert P. Douw, of Wolvenhoeck. Charles's costume as king was that of a British brigadier—ample broadcloth scarlet coat, with wide flaps, almost reaching to his heels, and gayly ornamented everywhere with broad tracings of bright gold-lace. His small-clothes were of yellow buckskin, fresh and new, with stockings blue, and burnished silver buckles to his well-blacked shoe. And when we add the three-cornered cocked hat, trimmed also with gold-lace, and which so gracefully sat upon his noble globular pate, we complete this rude sketch of the Pinkster king.

Both he and his followers were covered with Pinkster *blummies*—the wild azalea, or swamp-apple. The procession started from "young massa's house" (82 State Street, where now stands the large seed store of Knickerbocker and Price), and went up State Street to Bleecker Hill, on the crown of which was the Bleecker Burying-ground. In front of the king always marched Dick Simpson and Pete Halenbeck, the latter the Beau Brummel of his time. The last parade was in 1822. The king died two years later. During Pinkster-day the negroes made merry with games and feasting, all paying homage to the king, who was held in awe and reverence as an African prince. In the evening there was a grand dance, led by Charles and some sable beauty, to the music of Pete Halenbeck's fiddle.

Although King Charley often boasted of his bravery, his master and fellow-servants would twit him with cowardice, and call out to him, "Saratoga"—a most sensitive point with him, which is thus explained: His master was *en route* to join the army at Saratoga, and Charles was following him on horseback as body-servant. It was moonlight, and he saw moving with the wind a quantity of Indian salt, commonly known as sumac, which, when ripe, presents a red appearance. Charley, supposing it to be the red feathers of the enemy, cried out, "*Heer, ik zag een vyand,*"* and putting spurs to his horse, he rode in hot haste for home, proclaiming that his master had been captured, and he, after hard fighting, had escaped.

* "Master, I saw the enemy."

The majority of early settlers used no surnames, and it was customary to prefix the child's to the father's Christian name, terminating in *se* for a girl and *sen* for a boy. *Ke*, *je*, or *ken* added to a name signified little so-and-so. But one name was given in baptism. The Jufvrouw* had the privilege of resuming her maiden name at pleasure to show her descent, and on other occasions she would affix her husband's first name to hers, adding *se*. The use of surnames increased among the Dutch from the time the province was occupied by the English, in 1664, and after the first quarter of the following century few names were written without the addition of the family name.

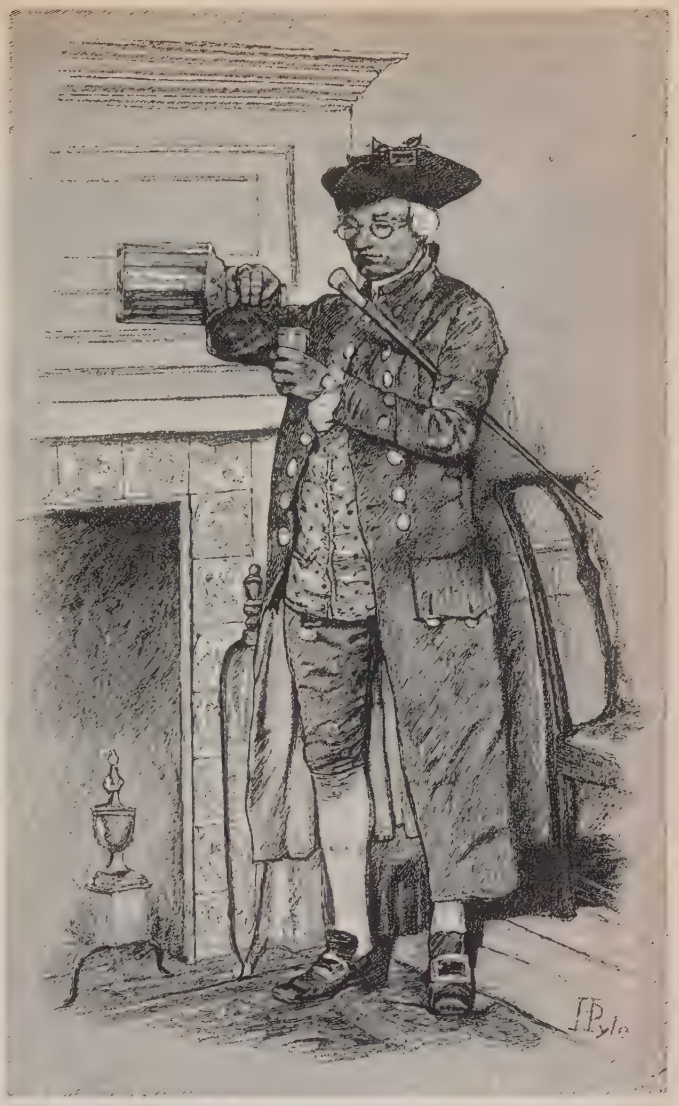
The houses in Beverwyck were very neat without and within. They were built chiefly of brick or stone, and covered with white pine shingles, or tiles from Holland. Most of them had terraced gables fronting the street, with gutters extending from the eaves beyond the sidewalk to carry off the rain-water; hence the streets were almost impassable during a heavy storm of wind and rain. The streets were broad, and lined with shade trees, with here and there a bit of pavement. The houses were generally but a story and a half high, and well spread out on the ground-floor. Each bouwery had its grass-plot, and garden in the rear, where vegetables were produced in great abundance. Mrs. Grant, in her *Memoir of the American Lady*, says, "The Schuylers and one or two other families had very large gardens laid out in fanciful European style." The "stoops" of the houses were raised above the street, and shaded by trees planted in commemoration of some event, or the birth of some member of the family, and here gathered the young and old at twilight. Every family had its cow pastured in a common field at the end of the town, and it was a picturesque sight at evening to see each animal going home of its own accord to be milked, the tinkling bells hung round its neck heralding its approach.

At eight o'clock the suppaan† bell was rung, a signal that work was over for the day. And here just a brief glance at the interior of the Dutch home. The kitchen fire-places were enormous—large enough

* Wife.

† Corn meal boiled in water until a smooth paste, and then eaten with milk and salt.

to roast a whole sheep or hog; and over the crackling hickory logs, suspended on hooks and trammels, bubbled and hissed the large iron pots and kettles. Here the family gathered, while, by the light of the glowing fire and a tallow dip, the juffvrouws spun their linen and the burghers smoked their pipes. In the parlor, that reverenced apartment of state, was a similar large fire-place, with its hickory back-log, and its shovel and tongs keeping guard over the brass andirons (or fire-dogs) and fender. The chimney jambs were inlaid with party-colored tiles of Scriptural designs brought from Holland, and were extremely quaint. The round tea table stood in the parlor, the large square dining table in the kitchen, or family living-room. In one corner stood the old Dutch clock—no doubt the grandfather's — telling the year, month, day, and hour, the rising and setting of the moon, and when each hour struck sending forth in silvery tones some antique air. In still another corner stood the Holland cupboard, with its glass doors, displaying the family plate and china. There was the massive tankard, the richly engraved punch-bowl, the shell-shaped sugar-bowl, with provisions for the "bite and stir," and the *ooma*,* or sifter for cinnamon and sugar. On the top stood a decanter of large size, always filled with rum, and beside it a piece of a cow's horn, smooth on each end, and hollow, tipped with silver. And every morning before breakfast Mynheer must "take a horn" as an appetizer, hence the origin of the term. In another corner stood the huge oaken, iron-bound chest, brimful of fine linen of home production. Later this gave place to the "chest of drawers," with its brass rings and key-holes. On the wall hung the pipe-case of mahogany, with the drawer underneath for tobacco. Every house of pretension had its cock-loft in



MYNHEER'S MORNING HORN.

* The Dutch *oom* means uncle, and an *ooma* was the gift of an uncle to a niece.

OLD DUTCH SCONCE.

the steep roof for house slaves. In the middle of the hall was the "hoist door," through which the wheat was hoisted up by a crane and stored in the loft. Over the front door was a shelf, with steps leading up to it. Here was placed a large tobacco box, always kept filled, and for every one to help himself. On the parlor walls hung the dim portraits of relatives in the Vaderlandt, and "y^{e} sconce, a hanging candlestick, with a mirror to reflect y^{e} rays."

Chintz calico formed the curtains, which were put up without cornices. The windows were of very small panes of glass set in lead frames. The floors were sanded, with fanciful figures made in the sand with a broom handle. The best chairs were straight and high-backed, covered with hair-cloth, and ornamented with double and triple rows of brass nails. About 1700 the claw-foot sideboards, sofas, and tables were generally used. The high-post bedstead had its heavy curtains and valance of camlet, and on it a bed of live-geese feathers, with a lighter one for covering. The patch-quilt was a most marvellous affair. Over each door was usually a stone with the date of erection and name or initials of the builder. In later times the date was built in anywhere, and the general style of architecture was altered.

The table dainties of the higher classes were *supaan en melk*,* *hoofd-kass*,† *worst*,‡ *koolslaa*,§ and the famous Dutch *oile-koek*,‖ with the chopped raisin and apple in the centre. The renowned Peter Kalm says of the Dutch: "They rise early, and go to bed late, and are almost overwise and cleanly in regard to the floor. The use of tea is general; coffee seldom. They seldom put sugar or milk in their tea, but take a small piece of the former in their mouths while sipping the beverage." They breakfasted at seven, dined at twelve, and supped at six. Sweet milk and buttermilk were used at every meal. Cheese at dinner and breakfast was grated instead of sliced. The prevailing beverages were beer and water—though, to be candid, the Dutch thought the latter somewhat injurious when taken inwardly. Fish, flesh, and fowls, preserves of the richest kind, pastry, nuts, fruits, and various wines, were used by the richer classes, especially when entertaining company. As an example of the richness of the food, an old receipt for wedding cake says it must be "mixed in a wash-tub," and contain twelve dozen eggs. Hospitality was pure and generous without formality, but nothing was allowed to interfere with household or farm duties. Every family had its brass mortar and pestle, used for grinding the grain for the household.

Each house had its *dood-kamer*,¶ where the dead were placed until the funeral. Dutch ladies were famous for their attendance on such occasions, and, if the deceased were of their sex, burnt wine was served them in silver tankards. The funeral was always a great event, and the *goedt vrouw's*** skill was spent to the utmost to load her table with choicest delicacies for the *dood-feest*,†† the most prominent dish being the *dood-koeks*.‡‡

* Suppaun and milk. † Head-cheese.
‡ Sausages. § Cabbage, hence our coldslaw.
‖ Literally oil-cake ¶ Dead-chamber.
** Goodwife. †† Dead-feast.
‡‡ Dead-cakes.

They were thick disks about four inches in diameter, and similar in ingredients to our New-Year cakes, and were kept for years as mementos of the departed. Each burgher had a pipe of wine spiced in reserve for his funeral, and I regret to say ken, not a whole decanter or glass left in the house, and finally the pall-bearers ended the debauch by kindling a fire with their scarfs.

Philip Livingston was the son of Robert Livingston, of the Manor. His mo-

THE DEAD-FEAST.

the mourners were often in a mournful condition after the event; and in this connection we recall an incident. A familiar name in the old Dutch times in Albany was Wyngaard. Skipper Block, in his cruise of discovery, called an island he came across, Martin Wyngaard's Island, *Martin Vineyard's Island*, corrupted to Martha's Vineyard; and likewise Wyngaard's Point is now known as Vineyard Point. The last in the male line was one Lucas Wyngaard, who died about 1756, unmarried, and leaving estate. The invitations to the funeral were general—a custom still kept up among old Dutch families in Albany—and all relatives and friends received a written invitation to be present. Of course the attendance was large, and those who attended returned, as was the custom, to the house, not leaving till morning's light. In the course of the night a pipe of wine was drunk, dozens of pounds of tobacco consumed, grosses of pipes brother was the lovely Alida Schuyler, daughter of Philip P. Schuyler, and widow of Dominie Nicholas Van Rensselaer. In Robert Livingston's Bible are the following quaint records:

"1679, I Robert Livingston was wedded to my worthy helpmeet Alida Schuyler, widow of Dominie Nicholas Van Rensselaer, in the Presbyterian church at Albany, America, by Dom. Giddon Staats. May God be with us and bless us!"

"1686, on the 9 of July, being Friday evening, at 10 of the clock, my second son Philip was born. God grant he may grow up in wisdom! He was named after my wife's father, and on the 25 was baptized by Dom. Giddon Staats; the witnesses were Uncle David Schuyler, and Brother Philip Schuyler as God Father, he was held to baptism by Sister Corneles Schuyler, Brother Brant's wife."

Philip Livingston married Catrina, daughter of Peter Van Brugh, and was second Lord of the Manor. He resided in New York, in a fine old house on Broad Street, where he died in 1749, and was buried in the family vault at Linlithgo, Columbia County. His funeral services

PHILIP LIVINGSTON.

were held at his New York house, as well as at the Manor. As usual, there was the spiced wine, and each of the eight bearers was given a pair of gloves, a monkey-spoon,* and a mourning ring. This ceremony was repeated at the Manor, and an additional present of a kerchief was given the tenants. The cost was £500.

The Livingstons claim descent from Livingus, who lived in 1124, through a long and complicated line of nobility, for the truth of which we can not vouch. This love of ancient ancestry is laughably displayed by the Lewis family of England, who are said to have in their possession a picture of the Ark, with Noah emerging from it, bearing a large trunk, labelled, "Papers belonging to the Lewis Family."

This we do know, however, that the Livingstons were a remarkable family. All the daughters married distinguished men, and the sons held prominent positions in the state. Robert Livingston emigrated to America in 1674, and was first Lord of the Manor. His son Robert married Margarita Schuyler, and was head of the Clermont Manor. Another son, Gilbert, married Cornelia Beekman, and was head of the Poughkeepsie Manor. The daughter of this marriage, Joanna, married General Pierre Van Cortlandt. Of Philip Livingston's children—Sarah married Lord Stirling; Alida married, first, Henry Hawson, second, Martin Hoffman; Catherina married John I. Lawrence; Peter married Mary, daughter of James Alexander; John married Catherine, daughter of Abraham De Peyster; William married Susanna French, and became the celebrated Governor of New Jersey, called the "Don Quixote of the Jerseys"; Robert married, first, Mary Thong, and second, Mrs. Gertrude Schuyler; Philip was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

On the corner of State and Pearl streets stood one of the oldest trees in Albany. Tradition whispers that in 1736 Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration, saved the life of this historical elm by staying the hand of a sailor who was threatening to cut it down with his penknife. The frosts of centuries had been powerless to kill the old elm; but at last Pearl Street required widening, and about two years since the venerable landmark joined the things of the past.

The margin of the river, save a landing at the foot of State Street, was overhung with willows, and the picturesque little islands below the town were covered with foliage, and bordered by stately trees. Albany was indeed Dutch—the buildings were Dutch, the people were Dutch, the horses were Dutch, and even the dogs barked in Dutch. Every house having any pretension to dignity was placed with its gable end toward the street, and was surmounted by a rooster.

The Dutch were not the most enterprising or active people; most of them possessing, by saving, snug fortunes, in their old age made use of their accumulations, and left their descendants to build up their own. There were none among them, however, very rich or very poor, learned or ignorant, rude or polished. Intercourse was so free that gossip was almost unknown. Every pleasant afternoon the worthy burgher took his pipe, and, seated in the Market-house, settled the affairs of the Colonie. When the Governor of the province, with others of rank, visited the town to hold conferences with the Six Nations, there were balls, parties, and every simple kind of amusement known. And then the Van Rensselaers, the Lansings, the Bogerts, the Schuylers, Wessels, Ten Broecks, Douws, Staats, Bleeckers, De Peysters, Gansevoorts, Ten Eycks, Cuylers, and other leading families, opened their hospitable doors. And speaking

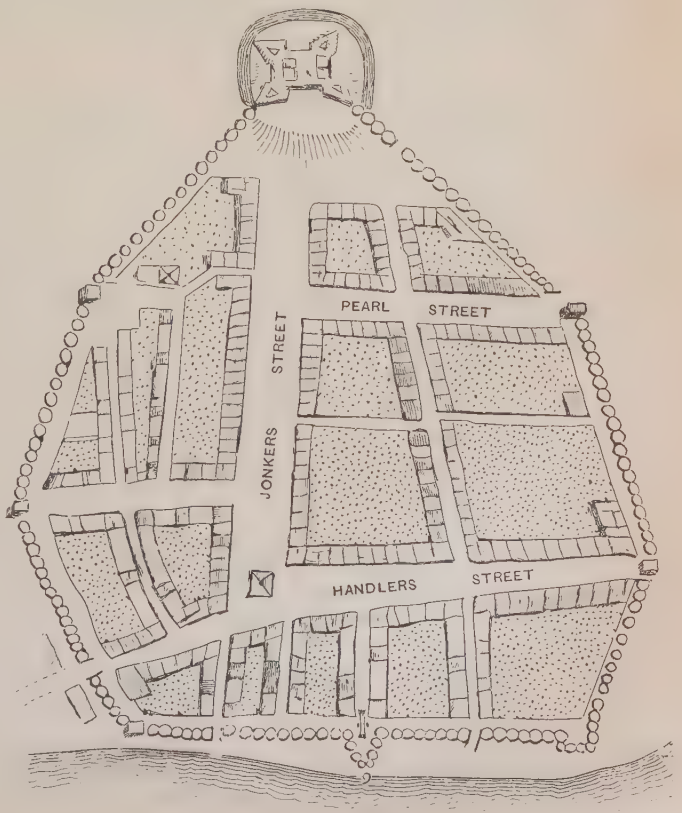
* Used for liquor, and so called from the figure of a monkey carved in solids on the handle. It had a circular and very shallow bowl.

of doors reminds me of the brass knockers: why, modern bric-à-brac hunters would go into raptures over them.

In those unprecocious times the boys and girls did not grow to be men and women so soon as they do now. It would have been highly out of place for them to have thought of falling in love before they were out of their teens, or before Catrina had spun her pile of linen, and Volckert had several hundred guilders laid aside.

The fashionable dress for ladies was a colored petticoat, rather short, waist jacket, colored hose of homespun woollen, and high-heeled shoes. The Dutch gentlemen appeared in long-waisted coats, with skirts reaching to the ankles, and shoes adorned with large silver buckles, knee-breeches, and silk or woollen stockings, with cocked hats, or red-ringed worsted caps. But, more than this, they carried the turnip-shaped watch, with a heavy seal, the tobacco-box of embossed silver, on which was engraved the coat of arms surrounded by a scroll. In the pocket was the tongue-scraper, tooth, ear, and nail pick, the whole shutting within a guard or handle. The hair was worn in a queue, and was generally powdered, the front hair being brushed straight down over the forehead—a style now imitated by young ladies.

The Dutch church, to which reference has already been made, was very small. It stood at the intersection of State Street and Broadway, commanding both streets, as a security against the Indians. The windows were high from the ground, as it was too far from Fort Orange to be protected by its guns, and hence must guard against a sudden attack. The men carried their arms to service, and sat in the gallery, in order to be able to fire from the windows. The more venerable were seated on a raised platform against the walls, and the women sat out of danger's way in the centre. This church was replaced by a new one in 1715, and tradition says the new church was built round the old; and while the former was building, service was held in the latter, and only interrupted for two Sabbaths. The new edifice was an exact counterpart of the old, except in size, and being of stone. There was the same general arrangement and separation of the sexes. But now the congregation was a wealthier one, and several of the windows bore family arms in colored glass. There were the Schuyler, Douw, Van Rensselaer, and others. Each window had a heavy wooden shutter, fastened with a latch, and was never opened except on Sunday. The roof was very steep, and surmounted by a belfry and weather-cock. Dominie Westerlo was the loved preacher,



ALBANY IN 1696.

RENSSELAER ARMS.

and called "our Westerlo" by his flock. The first child baptized in this church was Elizabeth Vinhagen, who became the wife of Jonas Oothout, and the church bell tolled for the last time at her burial, she having died at the age of ninety-two. The church was demolished in 1806, and the materials used in the building of the Middle Dutch Church, on Beaver and Hudson streets. Many of the old families were buried under the church, and, as a special privilege, those who could pay for it were allowed burial under their seats.

"Whenever any one of them" (the pews) "is vacated by death, it shall descend to the eldest son or daughter living in the county, next to a son-in-law, next to own brothers and sisters, the first occupant paying 30*s.* and his successor 15*s.* for transferring the same, in behalf of the Reformed Dutch Church in Albany."

"Every seat-holder shall be in honor bound to contribute to the minister's salary in proportion to his circumstances. No person living out of the county is entitled to a seat. In default of a successor, seats are to revert to the church," etc.*

And the old Dutch legends—how they carry me back! There was the familiar one of the origin of the "baker's dozen." You don't know it?

Well, know, then, that close by Market Street (now Broadway) lived and prospered a baker, the first man that ever baked New-Year cakes—in fact, the inventor of them. The name of our friend was Volckert Jan Pietersen Van Amsterdam, commonly known as Baas.* He was Dutch from his large feet to his round bald head, and had no respect for any one or any thing that was not Dutch. He was a regular attendant at the old Dutch church, but, nevertheless, in constant fear of being bewitched. His wife, Maritje, was economical even to saving the parings of her nails, and his gingerbread babies were always made in imitation of his children. It was New-Year Eve, 1655, and Baas was in his shop dealing out cakes for small pieces of money, called wampum. He had taken an extra glass of rum in honor of St. Nicholaus, when he heard a sharp rap, and in walked as ugly an old woman as ever he had set his eyes on.

"I want a dozen New-Year cookies," she screamed.

"Vell, den, you needn' sbeak so loud," replied Baas. "Duyvel! I ain't teaf, den."

"I want a dozen," screamed the old woman, "and here is only twelve."

"Vell, den, und vhat de duyvel is dwalf but a dozen?" said the baker.

"I tell you I want one more!" she shrieked.

"Vell, den," said he, "you may co to de duyvel und get anodder; you von't get it here."

SCHUYLER ARMS.

From this time on our baker's wife and himself were made miserable. Their money and cookies were taken away by invisible hands; their bread either rose out of their sight or sank into the earth; their famous brick oven was torn down, and poor Baas pelted with his own bricks; Maritje became deaf; Baas was black and blue from head to toe; and such a life as he led was purgatory. Thrice the old woman appeared, and thrice was she sent to "de duyvel." And at last, in his agony, Baas bethought himself of St. Nicholaus, who advised him, on hearing of his troubles, when he counted a dozen to count thirteen.

"Py St. Johannes de Dooper, put St. Nicholaus is a great plockhead!" thought Baas; and while he was thus thinking, St. Nick had vanished, and in his stead was the old woman. She repeated her demand for "one more," and Baas, re-

* Church Records, December 31, 1719.

* Boss.

THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

membering St. Nicholaus, acceded to her demand, when she exclaimed, "The spell is broken, and henceforward a dozen is thirteen, and thirteen is a dozen." And taking a cooky with an effigy of the good saint on it, she made Baas swear that ever afterward twelve should be thirteen, as a type of the thirteen mighty States that should arise out of the ruins of the government of Vaderlandt.

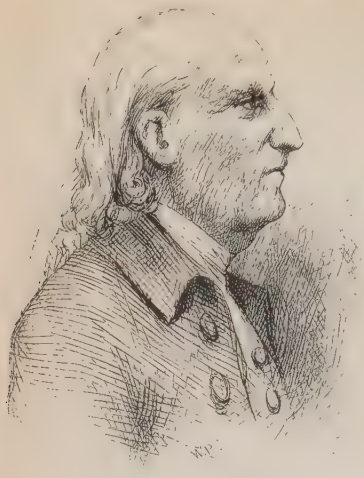
It is well known how terribly St. Nicholaus revenged himself upon those who set themselves up against the venerable customs of their ancestors, and refused the homage to him to whose good offices it was owing that this his favorite city has surpassed all others in beautiful damsels, valorous young men, mince-pies, oliekoeks, and New-Year cookies.

It has become common to speak of the *élite* of Albany as Knickerbockers—a name derived from K-nik-ker-bak-ker (pronounced as spelled), a baker of knickers.* The Knickerbackers were among the first settlers of Albany, and took their surname from their trade, and their descendants who have substituted an *o* for an *a* do but burlesque their names.

Earliest among the settlers of Beverwyck were David and Philip Schuyler (or, as they wrote it, Van Schúÿler), from Amsterdam. Tradition says they were wealthy merchants, and had a country-seat near Dordrecht. David was the elder of the two, and a man of great spirit. He married the blooming Catalyn Verplanck, of Nieuw Amsterdam; and it is recorded that in 1699 she petitioned for an additional piece of land to the north of her home, which was on the south corner of Broadway and Steuben Street, which was refused by the authorities because "it will reach too near y^e^ citty stockadoes." Their son, Captain Myndert Schuyler, was Mayor of Albany for six years, and his daughter Anna married Johannes De Peyster, Mayor and Surrogate, a grandson of old Schepen* Johannes De Peyster, of Nieuw Amsterdam. A codicil to Captain Schuyler's will directs that there be paid to his grandson Myndert Schuyler De Peyster "one good silver tankard, to be made for him," with his clothes, fowling-piece, and sword with the silver handle, "for his prerogative as being my only grandson."

* Marbles.

* Mayor.



VOLCKERT P. DOUW.

Philip Schuyler was a young man of great ability, and soon after his arrival became actively engaged in public affairs. He was a farmer and trader, and his bouwery was at The Flats (now Watervliet), below the present village of West Troy. His marriage to Margarita, daughter of Brant Arentse Van Slichtenhorst, Director of the Colonie Rensselaerwyck, was performed at the old bouwery in Rensselaerwyck by Anthony De Hooges, Secretary of the Colonie, in the presence of the officers of Fort Orange, the magnates of Rensselaerwyck, and some of the principal inhabitants. Mrs. Schuyler was only twenty-two when she was married, and she survived her husband more than a quarter of a century. They had ten children, who became connected by marriage with the most prominent families of the province. Gertrude married Stephanus Van Cortlandt; Alida married Dominie Nicholaus Van Rensselaer, and after his decease Robert Livingston, Lord of the Manor; Arent was the head of the New Jersey Schuylers;* Captain John Schuyler was the father of "the American Lady" and "Aunt Schuyler"; Peter was Mayor of Albany, and no man understood better the relation of the colony with the Six Nations of Indians; and such was his zeal and energy that the House of Assembly gave their testimony to the British court of his faithful services and good reputation. His daughter Elizabeth married Alexander Hamilton; Margaret married Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last Patroon; Catherine married a son of General Malcolm, and after his decease James Cochrane, son of Surgeon-General Cochrane, of Revolutionary fame.

Mrs. Schuyler possessed great energy of character and independence of spirit, inherited from her father. After her husband's death, by her wealth and position she exercised a controlling influence in public affairs in Beverwyck. In 1689 she advanced funds to pay the troops in the city, and she made a personal attack on Milbourne, the son-in-law of Jacob Leisler, when he attempted to assume command of the fort of which her son Peter had charge.

Her great-grandson General Philip Schuyler inherited all the zeal and patriotism of his ancestors, and shed signal lustre upon the family name. He was with Lord Howe when he fell on landing at the north end of Lake George, and he was appointed to convey the young nobleman's body to Albany, and see that it was buried with due solemnities in St.

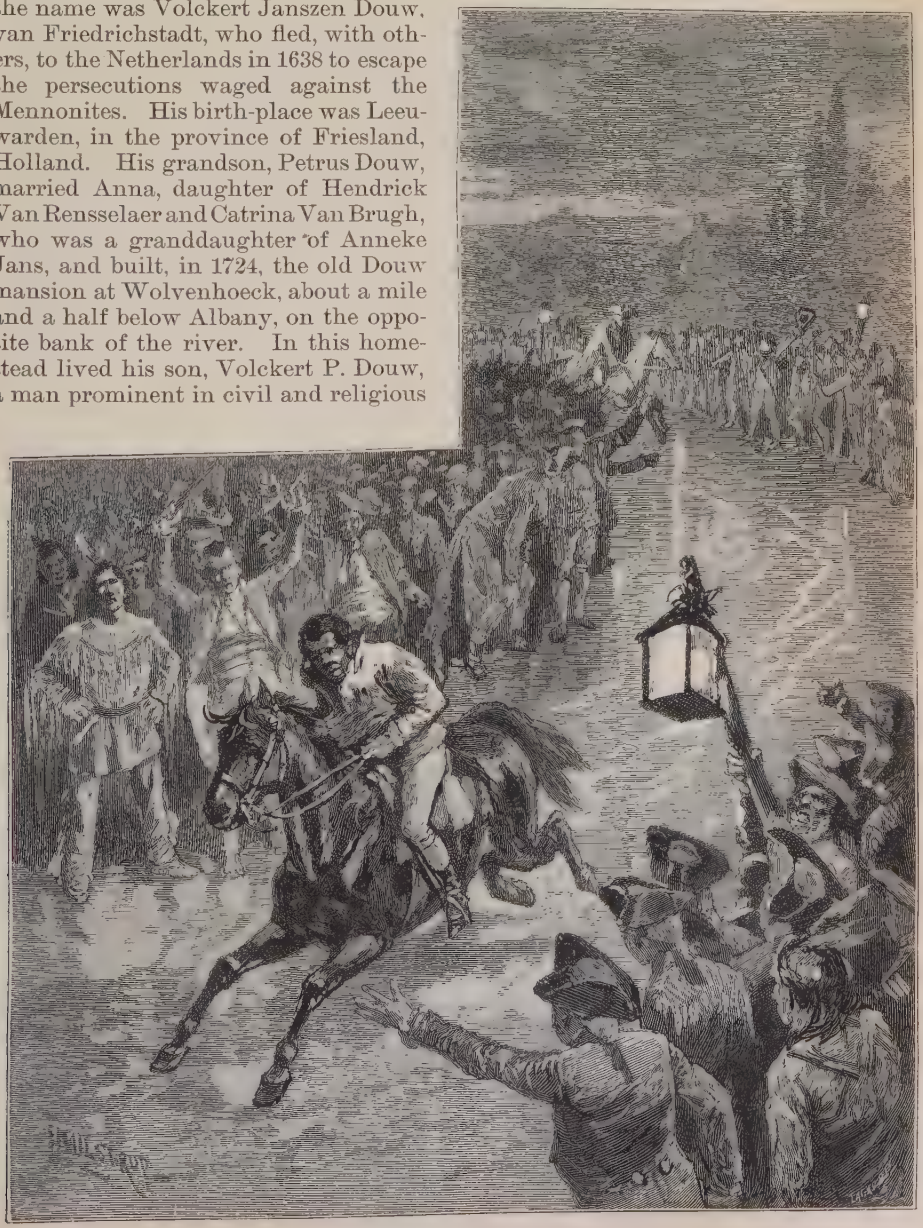
PETER SCHUYLER.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

* His great-granddaughter married General William Colfax, grandfather of Schuyler Colfax, late Vice-President of the United States. His granddaughter married Archibald Kennedy, eleventh Earl of Cassilis. His daughter Eve married Peter Bayard, of New York. His daughter Cornelia married Pierre Guillaume De Peyster, son of Hon. Abraham De Peyster, first Treasurer of the Province of New York.

Peter's Church. To trace his brilliant and laudable career would be impossible in these few pages, for justice could not be done in so limited a space to a man to whom life meant loyalty to his country. His most intimate friend was Judge Volckert P. Douw.

The Douws were an old Dutch family, whose name is closely associated with the early settlement of Albany. The first of the name was Volckert Janszen Douw, van Friedrichstadt, who fled, with others, to the Netherlands in 1638 to escape the persecutions waged against the Mennonites. His birth-place was Leeuwarden, in the province of Friesland, Holland. His grandson, Petrus Douw, married Anna, daughter of Hendrick Van Rensselaer and Catrina Van Brugh, who was a granddaughter of Anneke Jans, and built, in 1724, the old Douw mansion at Wolvenhoeck, about a mile and a half below Albany, on the opposite bank of the river. In this homestead lived his son, Volckert P. Douw, a man prominent in civil and religious affairs. He was Recorder and Mayor of Albany for many years, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Vice-President of the first Provincial Congress, as well as the first judge of Albany County. His wife was a daughter of Johannes De Peyster.

On one occasion Red Jacket and several Indian chiefs, with their retainers, went to the "Hoeck" to have a talk with



A RACE ON THE ICE.

WOLVENHOECK.—[FROM AN OIL-PAINTING.]

the *heer* and his friends, and smoke the "pipe of peace." It was evening, and after a convivial supper the guests grew merry, and General Schuyler offered to bet a large amount that the horse he rode in coming to the feast could beat a famous race-horse named Sturgeon, owned by Mr. Douw, which in his day had won many a purse. It was in midwinter, the ice very slushy, and raining fast. But the Indians and negroes, under Peter Van Loan, the overseer, entered into the sport, cleared the ice, and stationed themselves with lanterns across and down the river. The race was run, old Sturgeon coming in first, amid the shouts and yells of white men, Indians, and negroes, his rider being King Charles, of Pinkster fame.

Still another ancient family were the Gansevoorts, descendants of John Wessel Gansevoort (known in his day as Wessel, and "Lux Mundi"). He was an intimate friend of Thomas à Kempis, as well as of Sixtus IV. Soon after the latter was made Pope he asked Gansevoort what he could do for him, whereupon Wessel asked for a Greek and Hebrew Bible from the Vatican Library.

"You shall have it," said the Pope. "But what a simpleton you are! why did you not ask me for a bishopric?"

"Because I do not want it," was the simple reply.

His descendant, Harmen Harmense Van Gansevoort, was a brewer in Beverwyck in 1660. In 1677 he purchased the lot on the south corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, which is still owned by his descendants. He married Maritie Leendertse Conyn. A son by this marriage was Leendert (Leonard) Gansevoort, known by all as the *eerlijk mensch.** Early in life young Gansevoort, *de pronker van Beverwyck*,† won the heart and hand of Catryna de Wandelaer, and they settled on the lot where Stanwix Hall now stands; and from that homestead went forth a goodly family, whose names have been illustrious for honesty, bravery, and all those generous qualities of the now called "old school." Their son, Harmen, married a daughter of Captain Petrus Douw, of Wolvenhoeck, whose son, Brigadier-General Peter Gansevoort, was the hero of Fort Stanwix.‡ General Gansevoort married Catherine Van Schaick. He was a man of noble presence, of a fearless and magnanimous spirit, undaunted courage, and inflexible integrity. His son, General Peter Gansevoort, was for some time private secretary to De Witt Clinton. His grandson, Guert Gansevoort, commanded the *John Adams* during the Mexican War, and subsequently the *Roanoke*.

Judge Leonard Gansevoort was a nephew of Harmen Gansevoort.§ He was president of the Convention which adopt

* Honest man. † The beau of Beverwyck.

‡ Afterward Fort Schuyler, now Rome.

§ A granddaughter married Judge Elisha P. Hurlburt, of the Supreme Court. A great-great-grandson, John Graham Storm, was the first president of the Lenox Fire-Insurance Company, and married a daughter of Rear Admiral Jacob Walton, of the British navy.

LEONARD GANSEVOORT.

ed the first Constitution of the State, April, 1777, and was the first Judge of Probate. His granddaughter is the widow of the late Hon. Alexander S. Johnson, Judge of the Court of Appeals.

It will be noticed that the ancestors of these old families had each his trade.

One of the great charms of the Dutch life was its simplicity. They did not materially alter their modes of living with the increase of wealth, and they found their happiness in quiet and unostentation. You would have found among them refinement of feeling and cultivated minds, with a due appreciation of things necessary to a higher life. They were as they seemed, simple and true.

Lord Bacon says, "If it be a pleasant sight to behold a fair round timber tree, sound and perfect, or a fine old mansion, not in decay, how much more an old family that has stood against the weather and the winds!"

Most families die out in two hundred years, but the Van Rensselaers have proved an exception. The founder of the family, old Killiaan Van Rensselaer, was a rich pearl merchant in Amsterdam, who in 1631 availed himself of an offer made by the Dutch West India Company to grant lands to any one who should fairly purchase them from the Indians and form a permanent settlement. The medium of commerce was *seawant*, better known as wampum, which was simply a number of strung shell beads. If black, these beads counted three to a *stuiver* (two cents); if the interior was white, six.

The tract of land granted was on the west bank of the Hudson, including Fort Orange, and a large number of agriculturists and mechanics were sent out to people it. Seven years later Van Rensselaer purchased from the Indians for a mere trifle an immense tract on the east side of the river. It extended twenty-four miles along the Hudson, and forty-eight miles from east to west, including the greater part of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia counties, and was called the Colonie of Rensselaerwyck, of which Van Rensselaer was Patroon. That purchase made his descendants very rich, and much of the land still remains in the family. In 1664 the colony passed into English hands, who confirmed the right of

SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

soil to the Patroon, but transferred the sovereignty to the British government. There have been few better transfers of real estate in the Old or New World, and it was almost as good as buying the whole of Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars.

The privileges of a patroon were similar to those of an old English baron, and "were an odious form of feudal government."

De Heer Van Rensselaer was descended from a long and honorable line of ancestors, and was himself a refined and educated gentleman of the old school. He never saw his vast estate, but intrusted it to his agent and nephew, Wouter (Walter) Van Twiller. The Van Rensselaer name is closely interwoven with the history of the State, and of all the patroons De Heer is the one especially known as the ancestor of stanch patriots and true philanthropists. The manor-house was erected in exact counterpart of the Holland residence, and here were stored for generations the massive furniture, richly carved in quaint designs, the silver, and portraits of Dutch ancestry. De Heer Van Rensselaer, "bewindhebber," died in Amsterdam in 1645. His son Jan Baptiste then took charge of the affairs of the Colonie, and was succeeded by his brother Jeremias in 1658, who administered its affairs for sixteen years, and died greatly lamented. His wife was the daughter of the Hon. Oloff Stevensen Van Cortlandt, of Nieuw Amsterdam.

His son Killiaan Van Rensselaer married his cousin Maria Van Cortlandt, and from them was descended Stephen Van Rensselaer, known as the "old Patroon." He was born soon after the accession of George III., and graduated at Cambridge in 1782. His father, who erected the manor-house, died soon after, and his widow married Dominie Westerlo, who had come from Holland to take charge of the Dutch Church. The "old Patroon" was a member of the Congress that elected John Quincy Adams President. By his first wife, a daughter of General Schuyler, he had a son Stephen, called the "young Patroon," and the last to bear the title. His second wife was a daughter of the Hon. William Patterson. He sustained Madison in the war of 1812, and, as a general on the Niagara frontier, made his name renowned for courage and

OLD DUTCH RELICS.

gallantry. He owned over 600,000 acres in Albany and Rensselaer counties, besides 350,000 acres in St. Lawrence County, which, together with valuable estates in New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, made him at the time of his death, in 1839, one of the richest men in the country. He was benevolent and greatly given to hospitality, but his tender point was early hours. No matter how distinguished a guest was beneath his roof, when nine o'clock struck he took his flat silver candlestick from the hall table and went to bed.

Hendrick Van Rensselaer, the sixth child of Jeremias Van Rensselaer, married a granddaughter of the celebrated Anneke Jans. His son, Colonel Killiaan, was the grandfather of the brave old patriot General Solomon Van Rensselaer, and father of Colonel Nicholas Van Rensselaer, who was with General Montgomery at the storming of Quebec, and engaged in the disastrous battle before the city's beleaguered walls on the memorable December 31, 1775; he was also the father of Major-General Henry K. Van Rensselaer.

As an example of the ability which marked the career of this family, it can be stated that during the first forty years following the organization of the Federal Government, the district embracing Albany was represented for twenty-two years by those bearing the Van Rensselaer name.

While we recollect with honest pride the industry, integrity, enterprise, love of freedom, and the heroism of old Beverwyck, let us not forget that the truest way to honor our Dutch ancestry is to follow the example of those who knew no fear where liberty or honor was at stake; and let *me* ask indulgence on the plea that "I am a Dutchman, and so think nothing which concerns the Dutch of unconcern to me."

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I WOULD that I might twine a laurel wreath
To place upon thy brow;
But thou art standing on Parnassus' height,
High o'er this laurel bough.

A few are clustered on the mountain-top,
Serenely at thy side;
Below, a multitude are gazing up
To where our bards abide.

Once gladly through a Castle in the Air
Thy fellows walked with thee;
Now, standing with white locks, they list to hear
Thy grand Hymn to the Sea.

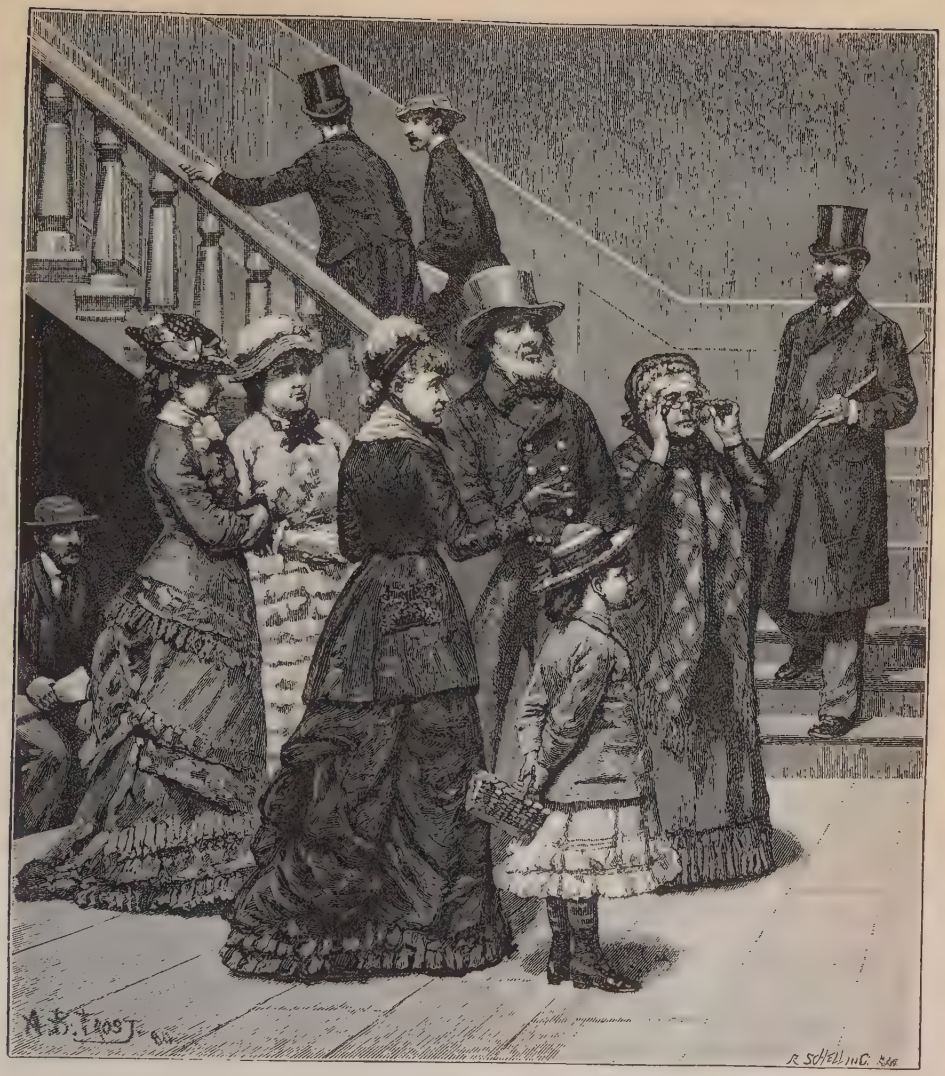
And they have roamed the storied Eastern land,
Have heard its poets sing;
And they have listened eagerly to hear
The bell of Felix ring.

At length it rang when Felix clutched the cord;
The sound died not away;
Far down the changeful vista of the years
I hear its peal to-day.

We, too, have mourned when thou hast sadly sung
The passing of thy youth;
Yet was there need for sorrow had we asked,
"Can poets die, forsooth?"

Now, though I can not weave the laurel crown,
I send on breezes fleet
This simple leaf, plucked from the laurel bough,
To flutter at thy feet.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER.



SIGHT-SEEING.

A NATION IN A NUTSHELL.

WASHINGTON to-day is so cosmopolitan that the proud citizen who goes thither for the first time has to stop and reflect a little before he can fully comprehend that it all belongs to him. Twenty years ago—the time of Buchanan's Presidency and Douglas's supremacy as a Presidency-seeker—it was a skeleton structure, a scattered, unhealthful village, doubly dwarfed by its huge public buildings. Now it is a city clean and fair, and the public buildings are connected by a living tissue of populous streets.

It has not grown as other American cities grow: its progress has been tardy. This yeanling of towns, so carefully fostered on the banks of the Potomac, has not availed itself to any great extent of that popular method of improvement so successfully adopted by Chicago and Boston—the method of burning; and its increase has been more a reflection of the extending magnitude of other centres than a spontaneous movement. More and more the custom has grown among the rich or energetic and inquiring in-

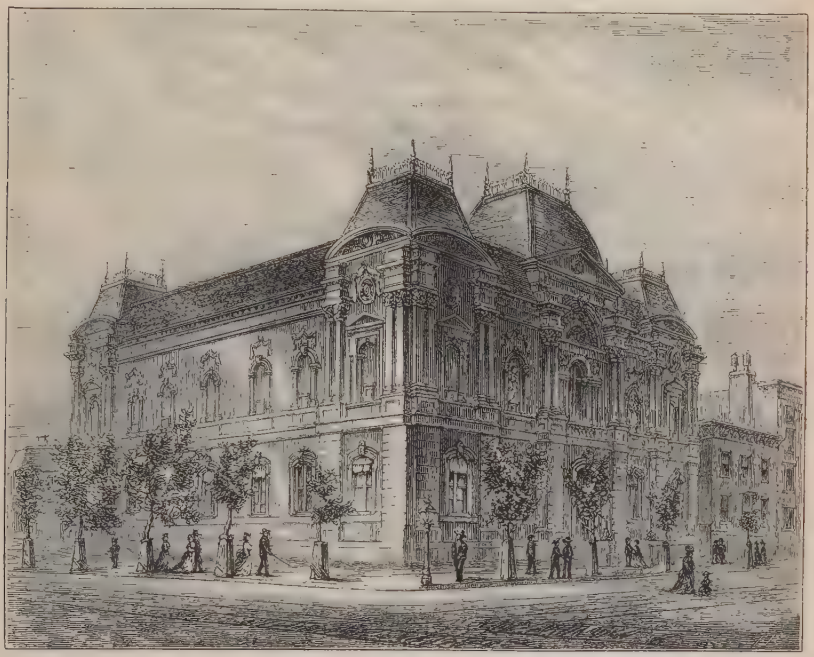
pillared dome, like a shining cloud in the air, to remind you of the human mass so near—Washington nevertheless wears distinctly the appearance of a capital which has risen to the emergency.

It has this special charm to commend it above other places, that while Boston and San Francisco and Cincinnati and New York, despite their numerous points of other than commercial interest, are work-a-day towns, the "maiden capital" shows a gayer disposition, and devotes

THE VAN NESS MANSION, OLD AND NEW.

habitants of other places, of going to the capital to see what it is like; many of them have been so fascinated that they have staid; and now Washington may fairly be called the winter end of New York, as Newport is the summer extension of the metropolis. Add to the exotic population the enlarged ranks of public officials and clerks, the growing circle of scientific and literary people, who from choice or government connection have been led to make their homes there, together with the needful contingent of small traders who supply the daily wants of these elements, and you have a general classification of the hundred and sixty thousand heads counted by the new census. A city without a commerce and without suburbs—drive a mile or two in any direction and you find yourself in the midst of woods set but sparsely with houses or cabins, and with only the great itself largely to social pleasures. To the outsider the difference is that between friendship and flirtation. You like, you may love, the particular big local capital where you live and do business, but you approach Washington with a sense of its being a something piquant and novel, with which you may trifle and entangle yourself in a make-believe attachment having all the stimulus and none of the drawbacks of steady devotion. Besides, it is a city provided with "sights." There are Congress and the Capitol; there are Mount Vernon and Kalorama, where dwelt

the author of the "Columbiad," in profound conviction of his errand as the American epic poet; and Cabin-John Bridge, the longest single arch in the world; Arlington, with its earlier historic and later war memories; Georgetown, with its observatory, its college, and its convent; besides all these, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Smithsonian Institution, the curiosities of the Patent Office, the Treasury with its hundreds of rooms and thousands of employés, where you peer into the busy brain-cells of the government while they are in full activity.

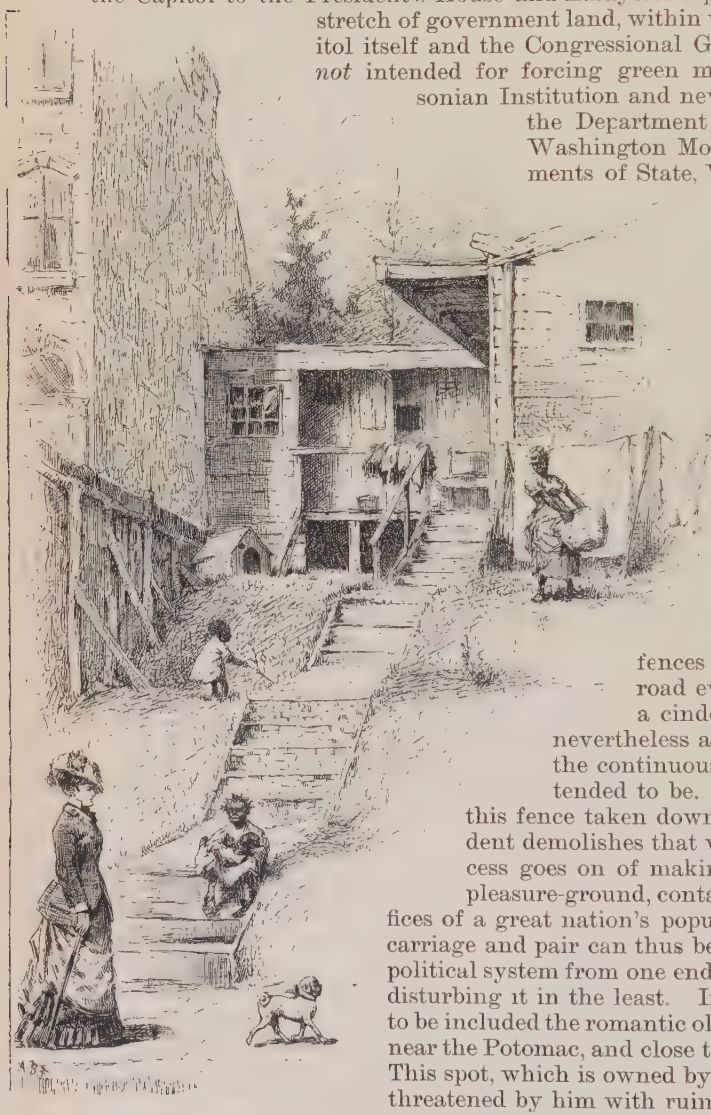


THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

You arrive by an early morning train, and are greeted by a gong beating for breakfast at the station, which makes you feel like an impossible Chinese embassy. But, armed with a pocket copy of the Constitution, you re-assert your birthright, and after going to the hotel, where you wait some hours for a room, you step forth into the broad airy streets. They have a continental width and extent, making it impossible to crowd them except on rare occasions, and in the more retired ones children glide peacefully along the asphalt on roller-skates. Walking these thoroughfares, you know that the trail of the Boss is over them all, but it is a picturesque trail, excellent in its results, whatever it may have been morally. Many of the houses in the new northwest end are well set off by trees and lawns; some stand on terraces decked with vines and shrubbery; and the avenues are lined with more than a hundred thousand trees judiciously planted —elm and tulip, buttonwood and cottonwood, the ash, the negundo, the maple. The quality of the houses is still unequal. Here and there you see a relic of the village era—some little whitewashed hut sticking pertinaciously to the side of a fine modern brick structure of comfortable and tasteful style, like a wasps' nest attached to a real human habitation; and it is amusing to come upon a building—in what is known, according to the barbarous nomenclature of the place, as E Street—which bears on one side the legend, "Law College of the University of Georgetown," and on the other, "Capitol Laundry." Such a conjunction is only to be explained by the tendency of people nowadays to wash their dirty linen in

court. Black men and women are numerous, and laugh very loud on the streets with refreshing freedom. There is everywhere about the city a slight but racy touch of Southern characteristics, interfused with the vigor of other portions of the Union; and for the sake of this you are willing to forgive the copious tobacco stains—those blots on the national escutcheon—which disfigure the sidewalks, and around which you see an English tourist and his wife making their way with a pardonably imperial disdain.

One local improvement in particular deserves our praise. From the park east of the Capitol to the President's House and Lafayette Square there is a long stretch of government land, within which stand the Capitol itself and the Congressional Greenhouse (which is *not* intended for forcing green members), the Smithsonian Institution and new National Museum, the Department of Agriculture, the Washington Monument, the Departments of State, War, and the Navy, the Treasury and White House, and the superb building dedicated to official printing and engraving, together with a large but still unfinished parade-ground by the Potomac. This territory, several miles long, and from a half-mile to a mile wide, has been hitherto short-sightedly broken up by fences and walls, and a railroad even yet scars it with a cindery track; but it has nevertheless almost taken shape as the continuous public park it is intended to be. One President gets this fence taken down, and another President demolishes that wall; and so the process goes on of making the tract a noble pleasure-ground, containing the central offices of a great nation's popular government. A carriage and pair can thus be driven through our political system from one end to the other without disturbing it in the least. In this domain ought to be included the romantic old Van Ness mansion, near the Potomac, and close to the parade-ground. This spot, which is owned by a millionaire, and is threatened by him with ruin to make room for a railroad station, is closely united with the history of the capital and its illustrious founder. It was owned by David Burns, who sold to the government most of the ground on which the city stands, and here are the trees under which Washington sat negotiating with him; here, too, the poor old tottering house in which the famous beauty, Marcia Burns, received the most distinguished company. She married Governor Van Ness, of New York, who built a prouder abode, in style a diminutive White House, within



NEGRO SHANTIES.

a few rods of the old home. During the civil war it was owned by Southern sympathizers, and it was in the cellar that the

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

plotting kidnappers at one time intended to imprison President Lincoln. So curious a link of history ought to be preserved by government. But it is dismantled and disregarded, and looks melancholy enough among its rich old hedges of box, its thick-blossomed magnolias and double-flowering peaches. The grounds are used for a negro beer garden, and only the glorious violets in the grass recall the long-dead beauty's eyes. The colored inhabitants of the neighborhood do what they can for it by investing it with the fame of being haunted, and aver that at midnight the grand Van Ness chariot re-appears in the street drawn by ghostly steeds, which are so obliging and economical as to dispense with their heads.

After you have glanced at some of these localities, and have begun to make acquaintance with the leafy parks or open circles and triangles where the statues of national heroes stand mutely eloquent, or sit their sculptured horses colossally, like bronze videttes, in sunlight and starlight, you are ready to pronounce Washington not only delightful but impressive. Delightful is hardly the word for life at the huge and expensive but well-conducted hotels, unless one's taste inclines that way; but it is curious, and has its stimulus. One dines at the Riggs (where political people chiefly resort) in a big room like a legislative hall, with a gallery full of music, and tables adorned by Congressmen and diamonds. A member of the cabinet, I observed, had his regular seat near one of the windows; and the soup betrayed a positively diplomatic flavor. Nothing could be more democratic than the manner in which the officers of the executive and the members of the legislative branch dispose of themselves at the Federal city, and arrange their mode of life to suit their circumstances or their convenience. One will own a house, simply or richly decorated, as the case may be, with pictures, books, and bric-à-brac, and the sundry belongings of a home; another hires his house for the season; others, again, board in small, economical quarters, or establish

themselves luxuriously at Wormley's. A third hotel receives its characteristic tone from the army and navy, and its halls are full of severely quiet gentlemen, who dress in as dark clothes as possible, and have the air of slightly overdone civilians. Elegance and plainness, the showy and the subdued, are very sharply contrasted, because many degrees in the manner of life are seen among those who occupy the same grade of position in public affairs; and the importance which the hotel and lodging-house necessarily assume where so many are residents only for the time being, makes one feel at moments that the government is to a large extent kept in a trunk. Yet society has many points of stability too. A false notion has gained ground as to the prominence in it of corrupt schemers, of the vulgar and commonplace. Novels of Washington life, for some reason, insist upon this side as the distinctive one. It is the inexcusable defect of such books as De Forest's *Playing the Mischief*, Riddle's *Alice Brand*, and Bret Harte's *Story of a Mine*, as well as of a more recent anonymous fiction, *Democracy*—the cleverest of all—that they present repulsive or unpleasant phases, to the exclusion of those which are much more deeply characteristic of Washington. The Bardwell Slotes and the Mrs. General Gilflorys exist, and paraded perhaps more boldly during and just after the war than they do now; but they are not, and never were, the most permanent types. They certainly are the least profitable to contemplate. It is also quite true that many members of Congress are no better, no more attractive or richly endowed with good taste, than some of the people whom they represent. The wretchedness and coarseness of the life into which some among our national lawmakers fall, who bring no very high aspirations with them, find no entrance into society, and are not provided with intellectual or moral force, could, perhaps, hardly be exaggerated. But the same thing can be said of legislators in other countries, and it is not the chief significant thing about congressional life at the capital. Neither is the social phase of political intrigue a prominent characteristic; though, if properly considered, and taken in connection with the traits of intellectual power, charming personalities, secret ambitions or anxieties, and the often really honest motives which such intriguers have, it becomes an absorbing and dramatic chapter of human character. Apart from this, it must be said that in Washington are to be met many of the most agreeable people in the world, both in politics and out of it—some of the most cultivated and delightful that our own country affords, and quite a number from other countries. Speaking of this, one of our most distinguished generals said to the writer of these paragraphs, with a touch of military impatience for legal debate: "You go up to the Capitol and see members of Congress wrangling over their desks like a parcel of school-boys; but in the evening you find no more accomplished and entertaining men in the world than they are. I can bring together at my dinner table here, any day, thirty of them as brilliant in all departments of thought as could be chosen in any capital of Europe." And he had been in those capitals, and knew the best they had to offer.

Party hostility is, as a general thing, thrown aside in the urbane intercourse of dinners and levées, although some bitter enmities are kept up even there. As a counterpoise, it is discovered that men the most widely opposed in public affairs, who hurl defiance at each other so savagely when the country is gazing at them, are drawn together privately, by common traits, into perfectly harmonious hobnobbings; while others who are eminent as fellow-leaders in the same party cherish feuds so bitter as to forbid speech with one another. For the majority of persons it is important to have place, either legislative, official, military, naval, or scientific; but the mere possession of such a post does not in itself entitle the holder to the best *entrée*. Society at our good-natured seat of government is, for all the good-nature, made up on much the same principles of selection as elsewhere. The best of all kinds assemble in one group, and the rest cohere on the several stages between the highest excellence and mediocrity; but the range of choice and the warmth of welcome accorded to those who are acceptable exceed here the capabilities of any other city hitherside of Europe. There are circles within circles, of course, and the different ones intersect at various points. That which has most permanence and is the most satisfactory as to pure quality, without other regard, is composed of old Wash-

AN INDIAN RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ington families, on whose heads eternal sunshine settles, above the rolling storms of successive administrations; of cabinet secretaries (if they happen to be of the right kind); a few Senators, with here and there additions from the Lower House; and of the diplomatic corps, who affiliate more easily with this than with any other mixture. Even in this association they are to some degree strangers: they appear in it like quicksilver in water. For the interior order or fellowship just described has, notwithstanding a sufficient elaboration of ceremony, a remarkable freshness and informality, a republicanism, to which it is doubtful if representatives of foreign courts can ever wholly accommodate themselves. Within this guarded fold the public gossip retailer, the writer of letters on society, who is sufficiently dreaded to have the run elsewhere, penetrates with more difficulty. The inner circle is not necessarily much connected with the White House, and those belonging to it rather take pride in the fact. The existence of such a nucleus, always retaining one aim and one code, is a valuable social condition.

The indispensable *vade mecum* in Washington, next after the Constitution and a bank account, is the card-case. I am not sure that the card-case should not be put first. "Why, sir," exclaimed one inexperienced individual from the East—a constituent who had managed to dip a little into the social current—"I hadn't been in Washington a week, before I got rid of a dozen finely engraved visiting-cards!" At the height of the season these little certificates of attention are scattered by the ten thousand every day: one could almost track the course of a successful belle by her pasteboard trail. Those who are much blessed with receiving and being received, keep the engraver's press running well-nigh continuously, and don't expect to see their card plate again till the early summer. The season begins with a New-Year's Day reception by the President and his wife, and ostensibly closes with Lent; though in fact the form of gayety is simply changed, and continues with gradual diminution until May. Theoretically the week is distributed in the order given here: Monday, the ladies of the Supreme Court

judges are at home; Tuesday, those of citizens and Representatives; Wednesday, of the cabinet; Thursday, Senators' wives; Friday, Representatives and citizens again—this government being for and of the people; and Saturday, Mrs. President receives. But this is no more than a frame-work on which innumerable other diversions are hung, such as balls, lunches, kettledrums, a manifold succession of brilliant dinners, interspersed, or rather confused, with the levées, the afternoon receptions, and state dinners and social evenings at the White House. An arrangement so definite suggests, what is true, that Washington is the only place in the United States where a fixed and complicated etiquette prevails, resembling that of foreign capitals. Minute regulations of precedence exist, but not being themselves regulated by a final authority, they give rise to vexatious questions, and are not as a whole satisfactory to everybody concerned. The general rule, however, is that those who derive power directly from the people take precedence according to the dignity of their office. Some authorities make an exception in favor of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Bench. If you give a dinner party to private citizens, and invite certain dignitaries, these must sit higher than the special guests for whom the occasion was made. Foreign ministers and their wives sometimes find their claims but slightly regarded by this republican code. The usual law, moreover, that residents should call first on visitors, has to be exactly reversed at Washington.

If, in the more miscellaneous companies, a great many individuals are encountered who do not awaken a lively yearning for further intercourse, there are always desirable ones present as well. The families of men holding seats in the Senate or House are burdened above all other beings with duties toward all sorts of people from their "districts," who make free use of their time; sometimes incredibly queer people; frequently excellent, homely folks who in their hour of trial on getting to this unfamiliar spot turn naturally for support to those who once leaned upon their votes—and may want to again. The wives and daughters of Senators and members, accordingly, may be seen superintending the sight-seeing of such parties in the winter, or taking them to the White House and other places where the Declaration of Independence entitles them to enter. Something incongruous there doubtless is about it, though the custom is in accord with our ideas of practical equality and mutual good-will. It can hardly be questioned, at any rate, that a wholesome considerateness is thus maintained in those who theoretically stand high toward humbler personages; and that by these means germs of cultivation are scattered widely and carried to remote neighborhoods, where they yield fruit. In the very heterogeneousness of the company that one may meet under such circumstances, there is to any healthy and unprejudiced observer a peculiar interest. The greater breadth of toleration for incomplete or even antipathetic persons one has, the greater gain in his range of observation and influence. A young Englishman from one of the higher planes of the British aristocrats' paradise, who passed several weeks at the capital in the mid-season of gayety, found this variety of circles hugely entertaining. In one day, for example, he went to three affairs, which marked the extremes and the middle of the social scale. One was a reception given by some Congressional lady, herself a person of the highest breeding, to whose house the most illiterate constituent, the most remote stranger, or the shadiest kind of adventurer might come on that particular day. Next in order was a fashionable wedding, where, of course, the attendance was more select; and the final and finest sifting was represented by a card reception in the evening at the house of the Secretary of State. The young man pronounced all this "tremendously jolly"—a phrase which in the vocabulary of British youth never fails to express the utmost of praise.

"You could write *seven volumes* about Washington," a young lady said, who knew it thoroughly, and felt that every man born with a gold (or even a steel) pen in his hand should add his quota of comment. The precision of her statement as to the quantity leaves no room for doubting its accuracy. But as the volumes are at present not forth-coming, we must content ourselves with a few extracts from the unpublished diary of a young belle.

"*January* 13.—Since the New-Year receptions I've been to a dozen dinners and dances, two or three receptions every day, and made

about fifty calls, to say nothing of those which Aunt G—— and I have received. My head's in a whirl, and I'm dreadfully happy...."

"*February* 1.—My dress at Mrs. Admiral——'s party, night before last, has been described in the papers. Who could have done it? I'm sure I didn't, even if some people *do*. Now that I know how much there is here besides dressing, and how well people stand who dress very plainly, it seems very foolish this being paraded just for one's costume. Washington, after all, is the most democratic and sensible of cities."

"*February* 6.—I'm getting awfully tired; but no one can stop after the round has once been begun. We keep it up every day from noon to midnight, meeting the same people at a great many of the places, till it's like one big family."

"*February* 19.—A funny reception given to some Chippewa and Apache Indians last night at Senator Savage's. The Indians squatted on the floor in their skins (I don't mean their own, but artificial ones), and in beads and feathers, with a smell of camp-fire smoke and earth and horses about them that wasn't pleasant; and we all shook hands with them, and stared. One of them took hold of the lace on my sleeve, and smiled at it with childish delight. Then they sang, beating their tomahawks on the floor to keep time, a strange chant like the wind in a canyon, ending with a sharp, fierce barking like dogs. We made a show of them, and they made one of us. Which were the most civilized?"

"*February* 21.—Going up to a night session at the House, the stalks of gas jets in the tholus on top of the dome and the electric light at the dome's base made a wonderful effect. All the middle of the Capitol was in a blue, weird mist of brilliance. While I was there they sent the sergeant-at-arms to bring in absent members, who came in evening dress from the dinners and parties where they were found, and had to make excuses. One of them looked half tipsy; another, a new member, was dreadfully disturbed because the House, by way of a joke, pretended at first that it wouldn't accept his excuse. Then they moved to reconsider, and he was greatly relieved. There was a great deal of fun over the whole proceeding."

"*February* 24.—It is astonishing the variety of *tone* that one finds at the meetings of different sets here. One Senator will have a party at which you are thrown in with the most outlandish individuals—men with gaunt faces, stiff beards, and no mustaches, who look as if they would like to take their coats off—side by side with the nicest people. Another collects none but the most interesting, and his party is entirely fine and superior. I can't imagine anything more polished than the atmosphere at Secretary ——'s. It is just like a court. The manners are as clear and quiet as crystal. The diplomatists go there, and I experience at every moment what Emerson calls the romance of meeting the best. There is an indescribable excitement in chatting informally with two or three possible Presidents, who wear dress-coats just like anybody else. One thing is very queer, though; that is, you find men against whom the most dreadful charges are made, associating on the best of terms with others who are quite above suspicion; that

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

is, if the accused person is important and 'able.' The powers that be have to show a good deal of tolerance toward 'influence' and wealth."

"*March. End of the Season.*—Am completely worn out, and haven't an idea left in my head. I shall now begin a course of Shakspeare readings, and have joined the Literary Society. There is still a good deal going on socially, though, and I have an invitation to-morrow for a 'four to seven,' which, in spite of its name, has no connection with politics, but is a delightful afternoon and evening *conversazione*. The Bachelors' German was given last night, and the Army and Navy assemblies will go on after Lent. These are both conducted by young men, who return in this way the civilities they have received during the season."

The Literary Society above mentioned is an agreeable organization (presided over latterly by General Garfield), which devotes itself to essays and poetry, followed rationally by supper, conversation, and music. Recently, also, Washington has developed a small art club. The city has too many other resources to be much given to clubs, but a solid house called

PROFESSOR NEWCOMB.

the Metropolitan exists, and is frequented by gentlemen the best worth knowing. Installed in a few pretty rooms, and very informally conducted, is another club, the Cosmos, which is composed almost wholly of scientific men. Among them are Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution; Professor Simon Newcomb, long of the National Observatory, and now connected with the Nautical Almanac; General Francis Walker, Superintendent of the Census; and many others of enviable renown, who live in a quiet way, and maintain, besides the Cosmos (which is purely social and desultory), a fortnightly Philosophical Club. These men do honor to the nation at its central city by representing its best intellect there, and by an unselfish devotion to intransient aims.

Having said so much in favor of Washington life, it is no more than fair to cite an opinion on the other side, from a gentleman of great attainments, in official place at the time of this writing, who may be called a connoisseur in social phases. "I don't like Washington society," said he, flatly. "I must confess I prefer people who speak one's own language. Here it is a mixture of dialects. Besides, everything changes. Some of the best people I knew a few years ago are gone now: they were not re-elected. In New York, elections make no difference. On the whole, life here is like that of some petty European capital without the court; and you feel the strain and jar of the political machine all the while.... You don't have a *good time*. At a dinner here you meet ten men any one of whom would be made the sole centre of a dinner in any other principal city; but somehow I don't like it. And one reason may be that, while the men are unusual, their wives are not up to their level," he heartlessly concluded. "You see, they married before they were distinguished." He quite overlooked the great number of ladies, brilliant in beauty, in intellect and manners, who have given distinction to the tone of social intercourse here.

The newspaper correspondents, judging from their gloomy dispatches, ought to take an equally discouraged view of Washington; but, on the contrary, they like it, and this notwithstanding the arduous life they lead. The correspondent posted here by one of the great journals is usually a picked man. He works fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. He must be reporter, interviewer, and editor in one. Sometimes he supplies two or three dailies in different sections of the country with news specially suited to each. Up to midnight you see the glow of the windows behind which these critics are recording political and social history by pen and telegraph; and not one of them goes to bed after it all without fearing that he has suffered a "beat." They must be incessantly watchful: one of the New York papers has a coupé with lighted lamps standing at its door throughout every evening, prepared for sudden sallies upon some important man for news. These correspondents form, by-the-way, the most powerful group of men in the capital, public opinion being largely in their hands; and to their credit it can be said that, though here and there a man is false to his trust, and sells his power to politicians and subsidy-seekers, on the whole they use their position well. Their chief fault lies in the suspiciousness caused by a habit of ferreting out wrong or exposing imbecility, together with a belittling and patronizing manner of treating public men, that tends to lower the general tone of discussing national affairs.

At Washington, however, everybody becomes more or less an opinion-maker. On every citizen who goes there rests the great burden of determining with his own eyes and ears How We Are Governed. Yet to do this is not so easy a matter as it

seems from a distance. From the galleries of the House of Representatives popular government appears to consist of a confused mass of desks and desultory men—the desks littered with books and papers, and the men continually walking about in every direction; of a vast amount of private correspondence, a relay of page-boys obeying a Turkish magnificence of clapped hands from this and that member to do his errands; and a monotonous droning by the clerks, together with a minimum of oratory. All this against a dignified background of cigar smoke in the lobbies, and of coat-rooms and barber-shops, where Congressmen lounge and joke, or confer on coming measures. It is also apparent, from the amount of work done with the penknife, that the House is determined to have order as to its finger-nails, whatever may be the fate of public business in this respect. You hear some half-audible speaking, but the general walking, talking, and rustling suggest how Demosthenes, if he had enjoyed the privilege of a seat in this body, might have dispensed with the aid of the sea.

Then a division takes place, and members pour in from the lobbies, the restaurant, the committee-rooms, to pass like a drove of sheep between two tellers. The

A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

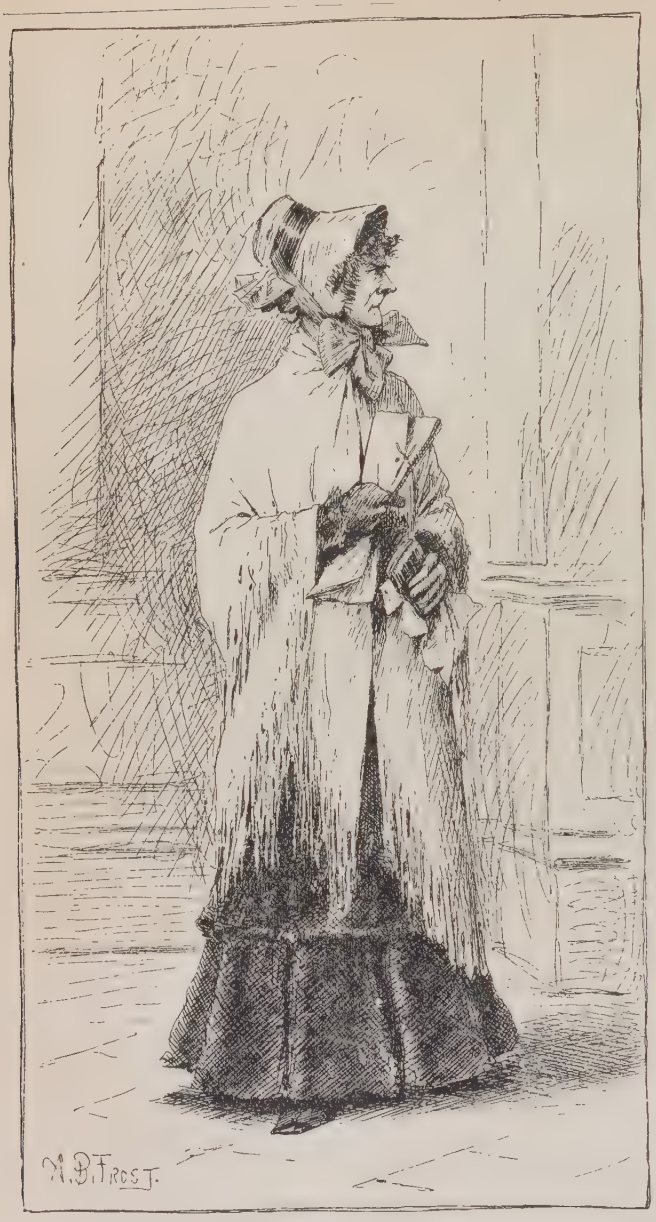
efforts of inexperienced or unimportant members to get attention are pathetic. One is perpetually swaggering about, but never speaks; another gets up and murmurs, but being ignored by all parties, sits down, with a ghastly disappointment, and tries to look as if he did not feel he was being looked at; another, with Chadband hair, rises for information, asking in a bland voice a question so needless that some one on the other side answers it, to save the Speaker's time, and Chadband, after swaying uncertainly on his toes for an instant, subsides so abruptly that he can't at once recover the use of his limbs sufficiently to steal away toward a cloak-room. Yet at almost any moment, except in the "morning hour" and on "private bill day," an exciting and masterly discussion may begin, which promptly fills the chairs, and enchains every listener. The general demeanor of the House, too, is more business-like, excepting for the amount of preoccupation, than that of the House of Commons. Those who come to look on, with imaginations trained by history and the press, are grieved to go away without seeing a single member spring at another's throat, or even call him a liar. The homogeneity of the faces and persons on the floor is another point for remark. It is clear that Americans are Americans, however wide asunder their abodes may be, and it occurs to one that if the representatives of different sections were to get hopelessly mixed up and changed about some day, it would produce no incongruity so far as their outward appearance is concerned. To imagine these comfortable gentlemen arrayed, in their frock-coats of identical make, on opposite sides in a civil war, or as the lawgivers of separate confederacies, would be grotesque, if the reality a few years ago had not been so tragic. A few distinctions of East and South and West may perhaps be traced in the physiognomies, but individual peculiarities assert themselves far more strongly. The man of the people, with his indifferent neck-tie and "well-met" manner; the smug, well-to-do lawyer; the "elegant speaker"; the richest members, with heads partially bald and faces seamed with fine wrinkles, wearing a look of long resignation to the collection of dividends; or the plethoric, rosy-faced man who gains his point by private Champagne rather than public speech; the quiet gentleman of refined manners; and the gory antagonist —all these, and other types besides, may be sharply discriminated without regard to State or geographical lines. It has grown to be the fashion to say that Congress accomplishes nothing except to disturb trade, but if that is so, it is not due to idleness. Accomplishing nothing was never before so laborious a task. House members are the busiest people in the country, with their caucuses, their incessant committee meetings, their speeches and preparation, their dense correspondence with constituents, and interviews with visitors. The House, too, turns out a vast amount of work, its committees being efficient agencies for transacting business. Every day you find in the Document Room a fresh armful of newly printed bills, many of which are trash, to be sure, but harmless. The real and great defect of the popular branch is its fatal capacity for distorting, maiming, or destroying good measures matured in committee, by unforeseen amendments carried in general debate. A few laudable enactments, however, always survive this general massacre of infant bills, and we must remember that the amendments often represent a wholesome watchfulness against special class or private legislation. Whatever the evils of Congress, finally, they are faithful reflections of the avarice, ambition, or low sense of honor in the communities there represented; and the people do not do wisely to sneer at their own exposed deformity, without trying to remedy it by cultivating morals more assiduously in business and in political opinion.

The facilities offered new members for finding their true level are unsurpassed. Some of them, prominent enough when at home, you do not notice at all until they loom up magnificent among obsequious waiters in the hotels. The long perspective of Pennsylvania Avenue, as they approach the Capitol, dwarfs them amazingly, and the big dome, when they get under it, acts as an extinguisher, snuffing them out completely. Only when they return to their constituencies do they again become fully visible. The spectators are often as interesting in their way as the Representatives. Sometimes one-half in the men's galleries are negroes. Every grade of uncouthness or of fashion is represented among the on-lookers of both branches. "Wheer do they daunce?" asked a tall, simple, high-

Bayard. Gordon. Hampton. Lamar.

SOUTHERN SENATORS IN THE CLOAK-ROOM.

cheeked North Carolinian, who had come in the favorite slouch hat of his region, and was looking at prospective feminine voters in the opposite gallery—"Wheer do they daunce? I ain't seen the fiddler." The number of regular attendants, too, is surprising; for watching the sessions of Congress exercises an awful fascination, akin to that of gambling. The House in particular is haunted by a lank ex-clerical gentleman, whom the press correspondents have nicknamed "the prayer fiend." It was he who, toward the end of the Forty-fifth Congress, when a continuous session of some days was about to trench upon Sunday, rose in his place and solemnly forbade the proceedings. Failing in his pious purpose, he has faithfully continued to appear every morning in the same seat, whither he comes all the way from Georgetown, striding like a fate-impelled messenger in time for the opening prayer, during which he stands erect, with head thrown back dramatically. Here and in the corridors also are found the lobbyists — usually shrewd, dashing business men, or women whom it is not desirable to know—and every species of claimant, including a few crazy ones, who never had a valid case, but imagine that Congress has been wickedly bought up to vote against their demands. I heard of one man who had left a profitable business, and utterly ruined his life, to prosecute his claim for a fabulous sum which will never be paid, but is followed by him with insane energy. A withered, elderly woman was pointed out, descending the Capitol steps, dressed in a thin faded gown and flighty bonnet, with an old shawl askew on her shoulders, who carried an envelope box tied with a

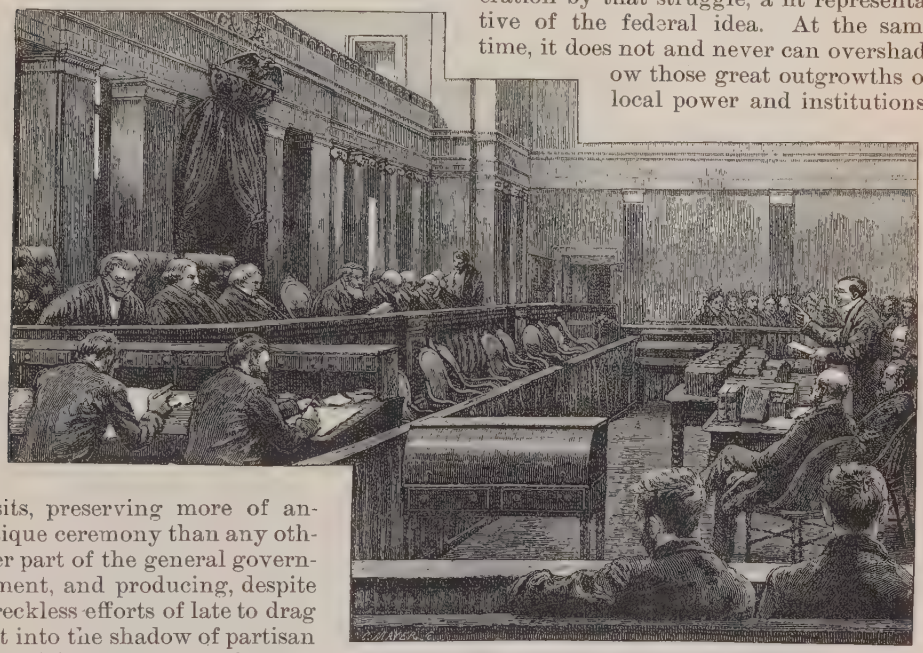


A CLAIMANT.

string, containing the papers with which she daily besieges her committee. She was a nurse in the war, and is believed to be really entitled to the small amount she seeks; but she is not beautiful, and she has an acid tongue, with which she does not hesitate to characterize members: therefore she has had to wait long, and meanwhile has wasted energy enough to have maintained her comfortably if devoted to regular employment.

To an observer the Senate sessions are the more agreeable. They are clearer, more dignified, and deliberate. In the House one feels the power of quantity and of the average; in the Senate, that of selection. Honorable gentlemen here do not clap their hands for the pages, but autocratically snap their fingers instead, and manage to surround themselves with an august atmosphere generally. How strongly the dignity claimed by the Senate affects the imagination is seen in the theory which is steadily kept up, that there is less violence in this body than in the one under the other wing of the building, although, as a matter of fact, the fiercest personal encounters on record have taken place in the Upper House. Fairness requires the statement here that exhibitions of arrogance are not confined to members from any one section. The comparative quiet of the chamber, and the attention to forms of courtesy preserved by Senators, even in their most discourteous and savage utterances, assist this fiction. When there occurs what the newspapers call "a breeze in the Senate," you may perchance see a former Speaker of the House spring up, advance, and gradually walk in among the desks of the enemy, shaking his raised forefinger at them with an energy which gives it the keen force of a dagger, while his vehement words gride on the air wrathfully; yet the action has not quite the same air here that it would have among the Representatives. Something of the modified effect is probably due to

the Senate's smallness. Scatter its members in a larger space, and they must at once adapt themselves to a rougher and louder scale. The fact that in the days of Webster and Clay their assembly met in a room less than half the size of the present chamber, suggests a partial explanation of the greater ascendency then of elaborate oratory, and the traditions of unsurpassable eloquence left by that body. In that old hall the Supreme Court now



THE SUPREME COURT CHAMBER.

sits, preserving more of antique ceremony than any other part of the general government, and producing, despite reckless efforts of late to drag it into the shadow of partisan suspicion, a stronger impression of integrity. It is an interesting and impressive sight to watch the stately entrance of the judges in their black gowns, every one in the court-room rising, and returning their bow after they have taken their places, while the marshal's deputy calls out, in singsong: "Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and claim its attention," etc. The Justices and their Chief, with massive heads and strong features, face from the bench a wall, where they are confronted by the heads of former Chief Justices, made a little more weighty and permanent by being shaped of marble, and seem therefore to form a living and majestic link between the republic's past and its future. By contrast with this presence the House becomes a motley crowd, and the Senate, although a more cultured growth, appears blighted by the disease of ambition or factional misgrowth.

Enough has been said to show that Washington, if still incomplete, has revealed a healthy capacity for developing in accord with the national needs. From a mere central agency, with a something hesitating and uncertain in its character, before the civil war, it has become, with the greater security given to our confederation by that struggle, a fit representative of the federal idea. At the same time, it does not and never can overshadow those great outgrowths of local power and institutions, the chief cities of the United States. Its relation to them is admirably republican, and in accord with our system; it will never permit a concentration of wealth and intelligence such as imperial centralization has caused by slow absorption in Paris and London. Yet all the currents of life from all the States flow through it, giving and receiving something in the passage. It is a whispering gallery for the Union. Every interest and quality, good or bad, that belongs to the parts finds here a voice and a hearing. Much that is dark, no doubt, exists; but it is not very deep. The society of the place is remarkably pure, the city is well ordered. On the whole, examining the nation in a nutshell, as we may do here, we find the substance reasonably sound.

"SHE SAT THERE HIGH IN THE AIR WHILE THE STEAMER BACKED OUT FROM THE PIERS."

CHAPTER VII.

"To all appearance it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature."—CARLYLE.

IT was still September; for great sorrows come, graves are made and turfed over, and yet the month is not out. Anne had written her letter immediately, accepting her grandaunt's offer, and Père Michaux gave her approval and praise; but the others did not, could not, and she suffered from their silence. It made, however, no change in her purpose; she went about her tasks steadily, toiling all day over the children's clothes, for she had used part of the money in her hands to make them comfortable, and part was to be given to Miss Lois. Her own garments troubled her little; two strong, plain black gowns she considered amply sufficient. Into the midst of all this swift sewing suddenly one day came Rast.

"Why did I do it?" he said, in answer to everybody. "Do you suppose I was going to let Annet go away for a whole long year without saying even good-by? Of course not."

"It is very kind," said Anne, her tired eyes resting on his handsome face gratefully, her sewing for the moment cast aside. Her friends had not been overkind to her lately, and she was deeply touched by this proof of attachment from her old playmate and companion. Rast expressed his affection, as usual, in his own way. He did not say that he

had come back to the island because he wished to see her, but because he knew that she wished to see him. And Anne willingly agreed. Dr. Gaston, as guardian of this runaway collegian, gave him a long lecture on his escapade and its consequences, his interrupted studies, a long train of disasters to follow being pictured with stern distinctness. Rast listened to the sermon, or rather sat through it, without impatience: he had a fine sunny temper, and few things troubled him. He seldom gave any attention to subtleties of meaning, or under-currents, but took the surface impression, and answered it promptly, often putting to rout by his directness trains of reasoning much deeper than his own. So now all he said was, "I could not help coming, sir, because Annet is going away; I wanted to see her." And the old man was silenced in spite of himself.

As he was there, and it could not be helped, Rast, by common consent of the island, was allowed to spend several days unmolested among his old haunts. Then they all began to grow restive, to ask questions, and to speak of the different boats. For the public of small villages has always a singular impatience as to anything like uncertainty in the date of departure of its guests. Many a miniature community has been stirred into heat because it could not find out the day and hour when Mrs. Blank would terminate her visit at her friend's mansion, and with her trunk and bag depart on her way to the railroad station; and this not because the community has any objection to Mrs. Blank, or any wish to have her depart, but simply because if she *is* going, they wish to know *when*, and have it settled. The few days over, Rast himself was not unwilling to go. He had seen Anne, and Anne was pressed with work, and so constantly threatened by grief that she had to hold it down with an iron effort at almost every moment. If she kept her eyes free from tears and her voice steady, she did all she could; she had no idea that Rast expected more. Rast meanwhile had learned clearly that he was a remarkably handsome, brilliant young fellow, and that the whole world was before him where to choose. He was fond of Anne; the best feelings of his nature and the associations of his whole boyhood's life were twined around her; and yet he was conscious that he had always been very kind to her, and this coming back to the island on purpose to see her—that was remarkably kind. He was glad to do it, of course; but she must appreciate it. He began now to feel that as he had seen her, and as he could not in any case stay until she went, he might as well go. He yielded, therefore, to the first suggestion of the higher powers, saying, however, frankly, and with real feeling, that it was hard to bid farewell for so long a time to his old playmate, and that he did not know how he could endure the separation. As the last words were spoken it was Rast who had tear-dimmed eyes; it was Rast's voice that faltered. Anne was calm, and her calmness annoyed him. He would have liked a more demonstrative sorrow. But as he went down the long path on his way to the pier where the steamboat was waiting, the first whistle having already sounded, he forgot everything save his affection for her and the loneliness in store for him after her departure. While she was on their island she seemed near, but New York was another world.

Down in the shadow of the great gate there was an ancient little cherry-tree, low and gnarled, which thrust one crooked arm across the path above the heads of the passers-by. As Rast approached he saw in the dusky twilight a small figure perched upon this bough, and recognized Tita.

"Is that you, child?" he said, pausing and looking up. She answered by dropping into his arms like a kitten, and clinging to him mutely, with her face hidden on his shoulder.

"What an affectionate little creature she is, after all!" he thought, stroking her dark hair. Then, after saying good-by, and giving her a kiss, he disengaged himself without much ceremony, and telling her to be a good girl and mind Miss Lois during the winter, he hurried down to the pier, the second whistle summoning all loiterers on board with shrill harshness. Tita, left alone, looked at her arms, reddened by the force with which she had resisted his efforts to unclasp them. They had been pressed so closely against the rough woollen cloth of his coat that the brown flesh showed the mark of the diagonal pattern.

"It is a hurt," she said, passionately—"it is a hurt." Her eyes flashed, and she shook her small fist at the retreating fig-

ure. Then, as the whistle sounded a third time, she climbed quickly to the top of the great gates, and sat there high in the air while the steamer backed out from the piers, turned round, and started westward through the Straits.

watcher in the old house, every other eye was closed in sleep. These moments alone at night, when she allowed herself to weep and think, were like breathing times; then her sorrows came forth. According to her nature, she did not fear or

"YOU KNOW I TOO MUST GO FAR AWAY."—[SEE PAGE 564.]

When the long sad day of parting was at last over, and everything done that her hands could find to do in that amount of time, Anne, in her own room alone, let her feelings come forth; she was the only

brood upon her own future so much as upon the future of the children; the love in her heart made it seem to her a bitter fate to be forced to leave them and the island. The prospect of the long jour-

ney, the city school, the harsh aunt, did not dishearten her; they were but parts of her duty, the duty of her life. It was after midnight; still she sat there. The old shutters, which had been rattling for some time, broke their fastenings, and came violently against the panes with a sound like the report of a pistol.

"The wind is rising," she thought, vaguely, as she rose to fasten them, opening one of the windows for the purpose. In rushed the blast, blowing out the candle, driving books and papers across the floor, and whirling the girl's long loosened hair over her face and around her arms like the coils of a boa-constrictor. Blinded, breathless, she hastily let down the sash again, and peered through the small wrinkled panes. A few stars were visible between the light clouds which drove rapidly from north to south in long regular lines like bars, giving a singular appearance to the sky, which the girl recognized at once, and in the recognition came back to present life. "The equinoctial," she said to herself; "and one of the worst. Where can the *Huron* be? Has she had time to reach the shelter of the islands?"

The *Huron* was the steamer which had carried Rast away at twilight. She was a good boat and stanch. But Anne knew that craft as stanch had been wrecked and driven ashore during these fierce autumn gales which sweep over the chain of lakes suddenly, and strew their coasts with fragments of vessels, and steamers also, from the head of Superior to the foot of Ontario. If there was more sea-room, vessels might escape; if there were better harbors, steamers might seek port; in a gale, an ocean captain has twenty chances for his vessel where the lake captain has one. Anne stood with her face pressed against the window for a long time; the force of the wind increased. She took her candle and went across to a side room whose windows commanded the western pass: she hoped that she might see the lights of the steamer coming back, seeking the shelter of the island before the worst came. But all was dark. She returned to her room, and tried to sleep, but could not. Dawn found her at the window, wakeful and anxious. There was to be no sun that day, only a yellow white light. She knelt down and prayed; then she rose, and braided anew her thick brown hair. When she entered the sitting-room the vivid rose freshness which always came to her in the early morning was only slightly paled by her vigil, and her face seemed as usual to the boys, who were waiting for her. Before breakfast was ready, Miss Lois arrived, tightly swathed in a shawl and veils, and carrying a large basket.

"There is fresh gingerbread in there," she said; "I thought the boys might like some; and—it will be an excellent day to finish those jackets, Anne. No danger of interruption."

She did not mention the gale or Rast; neither did Anne. They sat down to breakfast with the boys, and talked about thread and buttons. But, while they were eating, Louis exclaimed, "Why, there's Dr. Gaston!" and looking up, they saw the chaplain struggling to keep his hat in place as he came up the path sideways, fighting the wind.

"He should just have wrapped himself up, and scudded before it as I did," said Miss Lois.

Anne ran to open the door, and the old clergyman came panting in.

"It is such a miserable day that I thought you would like to have that dictionary, dear; so I brought it down to you," he said, laying the heavy volume on the table.

"Thanks. Have you had breakfast?" said Anne.

"Well, no. I thought I would come without waiting for it this morning, in order that you might have the book, you know. What! *you* here, Miss Lois?"

"Yes, sir. I came to help Anne. We are going to have a good long day at these jackets," replied Miss Lois, briskly.

They all sat down at the table again, and Gabriel was going to the kitchen for hot potatoes, when he spied another figure struggling through the gate and driving up the long path. "Père Michaux!" he cried, running to open the door.

In another moment the priest had entered, and was greeting them cheerfully. "As I staid in town overnight, I thought, Anne, that I would come up and look over those books. It is a good day for it; there will be no interruption. I think I shall find a number of volumes which I may wish to purchase."

"It is very kind; I shall like to think of my dear father's books in your hands. But have you breakfasted?"

No, the priest acknowledged that he

had not. In truth, he was not hungry when he rose; but now that he saw the table spread, he thought he might eat something after all.

So they sat down again, and Louis went out to help Gabriel bring in more coffee, potatoes, and eggs. There was a good deal of noise with the plates, a good deal of passing to and fro the milk, cream, butter, and salt; a good deal of talking on rather a high key; a great many questions and answers whose irrelevancy nobody noticed. Dr. Gaston told a long story, and forgot the point; but Miss Lois ton scouted the idea that it was early; he had often been down in the village an hour earlier. It was a fine bracing morning for a walk.

All this time the high ceaseless whistle of the wind, the roar of the water on the beach, the banging to and fro of the shutters here and there on the wide rambling old mansion, the creaking of the near trees that brushed its sides, and the hundred other noises of the gale, made the room seem strange and uncomfortable; every now and then the solid old framework vibrated as a new blast struck it,

TITA LISTENING.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

laughed as heartily as though it had been acutely present. Père Michaux then brought up the venerable subject of the lost grave of Father Marquette; and the others entered into it with the enthusiasm of resurrectionists, and as though they had never heard of it before, Miss Lois and Dr. Gaston even seeming to be pitted against each other in the amount of interest they showed concerning the dead Jesuit. Anne said little; in truth, there was no space left for her, the others keeping up so brisk a fire of phrases. It was not until Tita, coming into the room, remarked, as she warmed her hands, that breakfast was unusually early, that any stop was made, and then all the talkers fell upon her directly, in lieu of Father Marquette. Miss Lois could not imagine what she meant. It was sad, indeed, to see such laziness in so young a child. Before long she would be asking for breakfast in bed! Dr. Gas- and through the floor and patched carpet puffs of cold air came up into the room and swept over their feet. All their voices were pitched high to overcome these sounds.

Tita listened to the remarks addressed to her, noted the pretense of bustle and hearty appetite, and then, turning to the window, she said, during a momentary lull in the storm, "I do not wonder that you can not eat, when poor Rast is somewhere on that black water."

Dr. Gaston pushed away his plate, Miss Lois sat staring at the wall with her lips tightly compressed, while Anne covered her face with her hands to keep back the tears. Père Michaux rose and began to walk up and down the room; for a moment, besides his step, there was no sound save the roar of the storm. Tita's words had ended all pretense, clothed their fear in language, and set it up in their midst. From that moment, through the long day,

there was no more disguise; every cloud, every great wave, was watched, every fresh fierce blast swept through four anxious hearts. They were very silent now, and as the storm grew wilder, even the boys became awed, and curled themselves together on the broad window-seat, speaking in whispers. At noon a vessel drove by under bare poles; she seemed to be unmanageable, and they could see the signals of the sailors as they passed the island. But there was no life-boat, and nothing else could live in that sea. At two o'clock a large bark came into view, and ran ashore on the reef opposite; there she lay, pounding to pieces for two hours. They saw the crew try to launch the boats; one was broken into fragments in a moment, then another. The third and last floated, filled with humanity, and in two minutes she also was swamped, and dark objects that they knew were men were sucked under. Then the hull of a schooner, with one mast standing, drove aimlessly by, so near the shore that with the glass they could see the features of the sailors lashed to the pole.

"Oh! if we could but save them!" said Anne. "How near they are!" But even as she spoke the mast fell, and they saw the poor fellows drown before their eyes.

At four the *Huron* came into sight from the western pass, laboring heavily, fighting her way along inch by inch, but advancing. "Thanks be to the Lord for this!" said the chaplain, fervently. Père Michaux took off his velvet cap, and reverently made the sign of the cross.

"'Twouldn't be any harm to sing a hymn, I guess," said Miss Lois, wiping her eyes. Then Anne sang the "De Profundis." Amid the storm all the voices rose together, the children and Miss Lois and the two priests joining in the old psalm of King David, which belongs to all alike, Romanist and Protestant, Jew and Christian, bond and free.

"I do feel better," said Miss Lois. "But the steamer is still far off."

"The danger will be when she attempts to turn," said Père Michaux.

They all stood at the windows watching the boat as she rolled and pitched in the heavy sea, seeming half the time to make no headway at all, but on the contrary to be beaten back, yet doggedly persisting. At five o'clock she had reached the point where she must turn and run the gauntlet in order to enter port, with the gale striking full upon her side. Every front window in the village now held gazing faces, and along the piers men were clustered under the lee of the warehouses with ropes and hooks, waiting to see what they could do. The steamer seemed to hesitate a moment, and was driven back. Then she turned sharply and started in toward the piers with all steam on. The watchers at the Agency held their breath. For a moment or two she advanced rapidly, then the wind struck her, and she careened until her smoke-stacks seemed almost to touch the water. The boys cried out; Miss Lois clasped her hands. But the boat had righted herself again by changing her course, and was now drifting back to her old station. Again and again she made the attempt, now coming slowly, now with all the sudden speed she could muster; but she never advanced far before the lurch came, throwing her on her side, with one paddle-wheel in the air, and straining every timber in her frame. After half an hour of this work she drew off, and began to ply slowly up and down under the partial shelter of the little island opposite, as if resting. But there was not a place where she could cast anchor, nor any safety in flight; the gale would outlast the night, and the village harbor was her best hope. The wind was increasing, the afternoon sinking into night; every one on the island and on board also knew that when darkness fell, the danger, already great, would be trebled. Menacing and near on every side were long low shore-lines, which looked harmless enough, yet held in their sands the bones of many a drowned man, the ribs of many a vessel.

"Why doesn't she make another trial?" said Dr. Gaston, feverishly wiping his eyeglasses. "There is no use in running up and down under that island any longer."

"The captain is probably making everything ready for a final attempt," answered Père Michaux.

And so it seemed, for, after a few more minutes had passed, the steamer left her shelter, and proceeded cautiously down to the end of the little island, keeping as closely in shore as she could, climbing each wave with her bows, and then pitching down into the depth on the other side, until it seemed as if her hind-quarters must be broken off, being too long to fit into the watery hollows under her.

Having reached the end of the islet, she paused, and slowly turned.

"Now for it," said Père Michaux.

It was sunset-time in pleasant parts of the land; here the raw, cold, yellow light, which had not varied since early morning, giving a peculiar distinctness to all objects near or far, grew more clear for a few moments—the effect, perhaps, of the after-glow behind the clouds which had covered the sky all day unmoved. As the steamer started out into the channel, those on shore could see that the passengers were gathered on the deck as if prepared for the worst. They were all there, even the children. But now no one thought any more, only watched; no one spoke, only breathed. The steamer was full in the gale, and on her side. Yet she kept along, righting herself a little now and then, and then careening anew. It seemed as though she would not be able to make headway with her one wheel, but she did. Then the islanders began to fear that she would be driven by too far out; but the captain had allowed for that. In a few seconds more it became evident that she would just brush the end of the longest pier, with nothing to spare. Then the men on shore ran down, the wind almost taking them off their feet, with ropes, chains, grappling-irons, and whatever they could lay their hands on. The steamer, now unmanageable, was drifting rapidly toward them on her side, the passengers clinging to her hurricane-deck and to the railings. A great wave washed over her when not twenty feet from the pier, bearing off several persons, who struggled in the water a moment, and then disappeared. Anne covered her eyes with her hands, and prayed that Rast might not be among these. When she looked again, the boat was fastened by two, by ten, by twenty ropes and chains to the end of the pier, bows on, and pulling at her halters like an unmanageable steed, while women were throwing their children into the arms of those below, and men were jumping madly over, at the risk of breaking their ankle-bones. Anything to be on the blessed shore! In three minutes a hundred persons were on the pier, and Rast among them. Anne, Dr. Gaston, Père Michaux, Miss Lois, and the children all recognized his figure instantly, and the two old men started down through the storm to meet him, in their excitement running along like school-boys, hand in hand.

Rast was safe. They brought him home to the Agency in triumph, and placed him in a chair before the fire. They all wanted to touch him, in order to feel that he was really there, to be glad over him, to make much of him; they all talked together. Anne came to his side with tender affection. He was pale and moved. Instinctively and naturally as a child turns to its mother he turned to her, and, before them all, laid his head down upon her shoulder, and clung to her without speaking. The elders drew away a little; the boys stopped their clamor. Only Tita kept her place by the youth's side, and frowned darkly on the others.

Then they broke into a group again. Rast recovered himself, Dr. Gaston began to make puns, and Père Michaux and Miss Lois revived the subject of Father Marquette as a safe ladder by which they could all come down to common life again. A visit to the kitchen was made, and a grand repast, dinner and supper combined, was proposed and carried into effect by Miss Lois, Père Michaux, and the Irish soldier's wife, the three boys acting as volunteers. Even Dr. Gaston found his way to the distant sanctuary through the series of empty rooms that preceded it, and proffering his services, was set to toasting bread—a duty he accomplished by attentively burning one side of every slice, and forgetting the other, so that there was a wide latitude of choice, and all tastes were suited. With his wig pushed back, and his cheery face scarlet from the heat, he presented a fine contrast to Père Michaux, who, quietly and deliberately as usual, was seasoning a stew with scientific care, while Miss Lois, beating eggs, harried the Irish soldier's wife until she ran to and fro, at her wits' end.

Tita kept guard in the sitting-room, where Anne had been decisively ordered to remain and entertain Rast; the child sat in her corner, watching them, her eyes narrowed under their partly closed lids. Rast had now recovered his usual spirits, and talked gayly; Anne did not say much, but leaned back in her chair listening, thankfully quiet and happy. The evening was radiant with contentment; it was midnight when they separated. The gale was then as wild as ever; but who cared now whether the old house shook?

Rast was safe.

At the end of the following day at last the wind ceased: twenty-two wrecks were counted in the Straits alone, with many lives lost. The dead sailors were washed ashore on the island beaches and down the coast, and buried in the sands where they were found. The friends of those who had been washed overboard from the steamer came up and searched for their bodies up and down the shores for miles; some found their lost, others, after days of watching in vain, went away sorrowing, thinking, with a new idea of its significance, of that time "when the sea shall give up her dead."

After the storm came halcyon days. The trees now showed those brilliant hues of the American autumn which as yet no native poet has so strongly described, no native artist so vividly painted, that the older nations across the ocean have fit idea of their splendor. Here, in the North, the scarlet, orange, and crimson trees were mingled with pines, which made the green of the background; indeed, the islets all around were like gorgeous bouquets set in the deep blue of the water, and floating quietly there.

Rast was to return to college in a few days. He was in such gay spirits that Miss Lois was vexed, although she could hardly have told why. Père Michaux, however, aided and encouraged all the pranks of the young student. He was with him almost constantly, not returning to the hermitage at all during the time of his stay; Miss Lois was surprised to see how fond he was of the youth.

"No one can see Rast a moment alone now," she said, complainingly; "Père Michaux is always with him."

"Why do you want to see him alone?" said Tita, from her corner, looking up for a moment from her book.

"Don't you know that it is rude to ask questions?" said Miss Lois, sharply. But although she gave no reasons, it was plain that for some reason she was disappointed and angry.

The last day came, the last afternoon; the smoke of the coming steamer could be seen beyond the blue line of the point. No danger now of storm; the weather would be fair for many days. Père Michaux had proposed that Anne, Rast, and himself should go up to the heights behind the house and watch the sunset hues for the last time that year; they were to come back to the Agency in time to meet Dr. Gaston and Miss Lois, and take tea there all together, before the steamer's departure. Tita announced that she wished to go to the heights also.

"Come along, then, Puss," said Rast, giving her his hand.

They set out through the garden, and up the narrow winding path; but the ascent was steep, and the priest climbed slowly, pausing now and then to take breath. Rast staid with him, while Anne strolled forward; Tita waited with Rast. They had been sitting on a crag for several minutes, when suddenly Rast exclaimed: "Hallo! there's Spotty's dog! he has been lost for three days, the scamp. I'll go up and catch him, and be back in a moment." While still speaking he was already scaling the rocks above them, not following the path by which Anne had ascended, but swinging himself up, hand over hand, with the dexterity and strength of a mountaineer; in a minute or two he was out of sight. Spotty's dog was a favorite in the garrison, Spotty, a dilapidated old Irish soldier, being his owner in name. Spotty said that the dog had "followed" him, when he was passing through Detroit; if he did, he had never repeated the act, but had persistently gone in the opposite direction ever since. But the men always went out and hunted for him all over the island, sooner or later finding him and bringing him back; for they liked to see him dance on his mournful hind-legs, go through the drill, and pretend to be dead—feats which once formed parts of his répertoire as member of the travelling canine troupe which he had deserted at Detroit. It was considered quite an achievement to bring back this accomplished animal, and Rast was not above the glory. But it was not to be so easy as he had imagined: several minutes passed and he did not return, Spotty's dog having shown his thin nose and one eye but an instant at the top of the height, and then withdrawn them, leaving no trace behind.

"We will go up the path, and join Anne," said Père Michaux; "we will not wait longer for Rast. He can find us there as well as here."

They started; but after a few steps the priest's foot slipped on a rolling stone; he lost his balance, and half fell, half sank to the ground, fortunately directly along the narrow path, and not beyond its edge.

When he attempted to rise, he found that his ankle was strained: he was a large man, and he had fallen heavily. Tita bound up the place as well as she could with his handkerchief and her own formed into a bandage; but at best he could only hobble. He might manage to go down the path to the house, but evidently he could not clamber further. Again they waited for Rast, but he did not come. They called, but no one answered. They were perched half way up the white cliff, where no one could hear them. Tita's whole face had grown darkly red, as though the blood would burst through; she looked copper-colored, and her expression was full of repressed impatience. Père Michaux, himself more perturbed and angry than so slight a hurt would seem to justify, happening to look at her, was seized with an idea. "Run up, child," he said, "and join Anne; do not leave her again. Tell her what has happened, and—mind what I say exactly, Tita—do not leave her."

Tita was off up the path and out of sight in an instant. The old priest, left to himself, hobbled slowly down the hill and across the garden to the Agency, not without some difficulty and pain.

Anne had gone up to the heights, and seated herself in good faith to wait for the others; Rast had gone after the dog in good faith, and not to seek Anne. Yet they met, and the others did not find them.

The dog ran away, and Rast after him, down the north path for a mile, and then straight into the fir wood, where nothing can be caught, man or dog. So Rast came back, not by the path, but through the forest, and found Anne sitting in a little nook among the arbor vitæ, where there was an opening, like a green window, overlooking the harbor. He sat down by her side, and fanned himself with his hat for a few moments, and then he went down to find Père Michaux and bring him up thither. But by that time the priest had reached the house, and he returned, saying that he saw by the foot-marks that the old man had for some reason gone down the hill again, leaving them to watch their last sunset alone. He threw himself down by Anne's side, and together they looked through their green casement.

"The steamer has turned the point," said Anne.

They both watched it in silence. They heard the evening gun from the fort.

"I shall never forgive myself, Rast, for having let you go before so carelessly. When the gale began that night, every blast seemed to go through my heart."

"I thought you did not appear to care much," said Rast, in an aggrieved tone.

"Did you notice it, then? It was only because I have to repress myself every moment, dear, lest I should give way entirely. You know I too must go far away—far away from all I love. I feel it very deeply."

She turned toward him as she spoke, with her eyes full of tears. Her hat was off, and her face, softened by emotion, looked for the first time to his eyes womanly. For generally that frank brow, direct gaze, and impersonal expression gave her the air of a child. Rast had never thought that Anne was beautiful; he had never thought of himself as her lover. He was very fond of her, of course; and she was very fond of him; and he meant to be good to her always. But that was all. Now, however, suddenly a new feeling came over him; he realized that her eyes were very lovely, and that her lips trembled with emotion. True, even then she did not turn from him, rather toward him; but he was too young himself to understand these indications, and, carried away by her sweetness, his own affection, and the impulse of the moment, he put his arm around her, and drew her toward him, sure that he loved her, and especially sure that she loved him. Poor Anne, who would soon have to part with him—dear Anne, his old playmate and friend!

Half an hour later he came into the Agency sitting-room, where the others were waiting, with a quick step and sparkling eyes, and, with the tone and manner of a young conqueror, announced, "Dr. Gaston, and all of you, I am going to marry Annet. We are engaged."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dear and fading isle.
Though 'neath distant skies we wander,
Still with thee our thoughts must dwell:
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

"We are engaged."

Dr. Gaston, who was standing, sat down as though struck down. Miss Lois jump-

ed up, and began to laugh and cry in a breath. Père Michaux, who was sitting with his injured foot resting on a stool, ground his hands down suddenly on the arms of his chair with a sharp displeasure visible for an instant on his face. But only for an instant; it was gone before any one saw it.

"Oh, my darling boy!" said Miss Lois, with her arms around Rast's neck. "I always knew you would. You are made for each other, and always were. *Now* we shall have you both with us always, thank the Lord!" Then she sobbed again, and took a fresh and tighter hold of him. "I'll take the boys, dear; you need not be troubled with them. And I'll come over here and live, so that you and Annet can have the church-house; it's in much better repair; only there should be a new chimney. The dearest wish of my heart is now fulfilled, and I am quite ready to die."

Rast was kind always; it was simply impossible for him to say or do anything which could hurt the feelings of any one present. Such a course is sometimes contradictory, since those who are absent likewise have their feelings; but it is always at the moment agreeable. He kissed Miss Lois affectionately, thanked her, and led her to her chair; nor did he stop there, but stood beside her with her hand in his until she began to recover her composure, wipe her eyes, and smile. Then he went across to Dr. Gaston, his faithful and early friend.

"I hope I have your approval, sir?" he said, looking very tall and handsome as he stood by the old man's chair.

"Yes, yes," said the chaplain, extending his hand. "I was—I was startled at first, of course; you have both seemed like children to me. But if it must be, it must be. Only—make her happy, Rast; make her happy."

"I shall try, sir."

"Come, doctor, acknowledge that you have always expected it," said Miss Lois, breaking into permanent sunshine, and beginning to wipe her spectacles in a business-like way, which showed that the moisture was ended for the present.

"No—yes; I hardly know what I have expected," answered the chaplain, still a little suffocated, and speaking thickly. "I do not think I have expected anything."

"Is there any one else you would prefer to have Rast marry? Answer me that."

"No, no; certainly not."

"Is there any one you would prefer to have Anne marry?"

"Why need she marry at all?" said the chaplain, boldly, breaking through the chain of questions closing around him. "I am sure you yourself are a bright example, Miss Hinsdale, of the merits of single life."

But, to his surprise, Miss Lois turned upon him.

"What! have Anne live through my loneliness, my always-being-misunderstood-ness, my general sense of a useless ocean within me, its breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast?" she said, quoting vehemently from the only poem she knew. "Never!"

While Dr. Gaston was still gazing at her, Rast turned to Père Michaux. "I am sure of your approval," he said, smiling confidently. "I have had no doubt of that."

"Haven't you?" said the priest, dryly.

"No, sir: you have always been my friend."

"And I shall continue to be," said Père Michaux. But he rose as he spoke, and hobbled into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Tita was hurrying through the garden on her way from the heights; he waited for her.

"Where have you been?" he asked, sternly.

The child seemed exhausted, her breath came in panting gasps; her skirt was torn, her hair streaming, and the dark red hue of her face was changed to a yellow pallor.

"I have run and run, I have followed and followed, I have listened with my ear on the ground; I have climbed trees to look, I have torn a path through bushes, and I have not found them," she said, huskily, a slight froth on her dry lips as she spoke, her eyes bright and feverish.

"They are here," said Père Michaux; "they have been at home some time. What can you have been about, Angélique?"

"I have told you," said the child, rolling her apron tightly in her small brown hands. "I followed his track. He went down the north path. I traced him for a mile; then I lost him. In the fir wood. Then I crept, and looked, and listened."

"You followed Rast, then, when I told you to go to Anne! Enough. I thought, at least, you were quick, Tita; but it seems you are dull—dull as an owl," said the priest, turning away. He hobbled to the front door and sat down on the threshold. "After all my care," he said to himself, "to be foiled by a rolling stone!"

Through the open window he heard Miss Lois ask where Anne was. "Did she not come back with you, Rast?"

"Yes, but she was obliged to go directly to the kitchen. Something about the tea, I believe."

"Oh no; it was because she did not want to face us," said Miss Lois, archly. "I will go and bring her, the dear child!"

Père Michaux smiled contemptuously in the twilight outside; but he seemed to have recovered his equanimity also. "Something about the tea!" he said to himself. "Something about the tea!" He rose and hobbled into the sitting-room again with regained cheerfulness. Miss Lois was leading in Anne. "Here she is," said the old maid. "I found her; hiding, of course, and trembling."

Anne, smiling, turned down her cuffs, and began to light the lamp as usual. "I had to watch the broiling of the birds," she said. "You would not like to have them burned, would you?"

Père Michaux now looked thoroughly happy. "By no means," he replied, hobbling over and patting her on the head—"by no means, my dear." Then he laughed contentedly, and sat down. The others might talk now; he was satisfied.

When the lamp was lighted, everybody kissed Anne formally, and wished her happiness, Père Michaux going through the little rite with his finest Parisian courtesy. The boys added their caresses, and Gabriel said, "Of course *now* you won't go away, Annet?"

"Yes, dear, I must go just the same," said the sister.

"Certainly," said Père Michaux. "Erastus can not marry yet; he must go through college, and afterward establish himself in life."

"They could be married next spring," suggested Miss Lois: "we could help them at the beginning."

"Young Pronando is less of a man than I suppose, if he allows any one save himself to take care of his wife," said Père Michaux, sententiously.

"Of course I shall not," said Rast, throwing back his handsome head with an air of pride.

"That is right; stand by your decision," said the priest. "And now let us have tea. Enough has happened for one day, I think, and Rast must go at dawn. He can write as many letters as he pleases, but in real life he has now to show us what metal he is made of; I do not doubt but that it will prove pure ore."

Dr. Gaston sat silent; he drank his tea, and every now and then looked at Anne. She was cheerful and contented; her eyes rested upon Rast with confidence; she smiled when he spoke as if she liked to hear his voice; but of consciousness, embarrassment, hesitation, there was not a trace. The chaplain rubbed his forehead again and again, and pushed his wig so far back that it looked like a brown aureole. But if he was perplexed, Miss Lois was not; the happy old maid supplied all the consciousness, archness, and sentimental necessities of the occasion. She had kept them suppressed for years, and had a large store on hand. She radiated romance.

While they were taking tea, Tita entered, languid and indifferent as a city lady. No, she did not care for any tea, she said; and when the boys, all together, told her the great news, she merely smiled, fanned herself, and said she had long expected it.

Miss Lois looked up sharply, with the intention of contradicting this statement, but Tita gazed back at her so calmly that she gave it up.

After Père Michaux had left her in the hall, she had stolen to the back door of the sitting-room, laid her ear on the floor close to the crack under it, and overheard all. Then, trembling and silent, she crept up to her own room, bolted the door, and, throwing herself down upon the floor, rolled to and fro in a sort of frenzy. But she was a supple, light little creature, and made no sound. When her anger had spent itself, and she had risen to her feet, those below had no consciousness that the ceiling above them had been ironed all over on its upper side by the contact of a fierce little body, hot and palpitating wildly.

Père Michaux threw himself into that evening with all the powers he possessed fully alert; there were given so many hours to fill, and he filled them. The young lover Rast, the sentimental Miss Lois, the perplexed old chaplain, even

the boys, all gave way to his influence, and listened or laughed at his will. Only Tita sat apart, silent and cold. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock—it was certainly time to separate. But the boys, although sleepy and irritable, refused to go to bed, and fought with each other on the hearth-rug. Midnight; the old priest's flow of fancy and wit was still in full play, and the circle unbroken.

At last Dr. Gaston found himself yawning. "The world will not stop, even if we do go to bed, my friends," he said, rising. "We certainly ought not to talk or listen longer to-night."

Père Michaux rose also, and linked his arm in Rast's. "I will walk home with you, young sir," he said, cordially. "Miss Lois, we will take you as far as your gate."

Miss Lois was willing, but a little uncertain in her movements; inclined toward delay. Would Anne lend her a shawl? And, when the young girl had gone up stairs after it, would Rast take the candle into the hall, lest she should stumble on her way down?

"She will not stumble," said Père Michaux. "She never stumbled in her life, Miss Lois. Of what are you thinking?"

Miss Lois put on the shawl; and then, when they had reached the gate, "Run back, Rast," she said; "I have left my knitting."

"Here it is," said the priest, promptly producing it. "I saw it on the table, and took charge of it."

Miss Lois was very much obliged; but she was sure she heard some one calling. Perhaps it was Anne. If Rast—"

"Only a night-bird," said Père Michaux, walking on. He left Miss Lois at the church-house; and then, linking his arm again in Rast's, accompanied him to his lodgings. "I am going to give you a parting present," he said—"a watch, the one I am wearing now. I have another, which will do very well for this region."

The priest's watch was a handsome one, and Rast was still young enough to feel an immense satisfaction in such a possession. He took it with many thanks, and frankly expressed delight. The old priest accompanied his gift with fatherly good wishes and advice. It was now so late that he would take a bed in the house, he thought. In this way, too, he would be with Rast, and see the last of him. But love laughs at parsons.

Père Michaux saw his charge to bed, and went to bed himself in an adjoining room. He slept soundly; but at the first peep of dawn his charge was gone—gone to meet Anne on the heights, as agreed between them the night before.

O wise Père Michaux!

The sun was not yet above the horizon, but Anne was there. The youth took her hands in his, and looked at her earnestly. He was half surprised himself at what he had done, and he looked at her again to see how it had happened. All his life from earliest childhood she had been his dearest companion and friend; but now she was his betrothed wife, would she be in any way different? The sun came up, and showed that she was just the same—calm, clear-eyed, and sweet-voiced. What more could he ask?

"*Do* you love me, Annet?" he said more than once, looking at her as though she ought to be some new and only half-comprehended person.

"You know I do," she answered. Then, as he asked again, "Why do you ask me?" she said. "Has not my whole life shown it?"

"Yes," he answered, growing more calm. "I believe you *have* loved me all your life, Annet."

"I have," replied the girl.

He kissed her gently. "I shall always be kind to you," he said. Then, with a half-sigh, "You will like to live here?"

"It is my home, Rast. However, other places will not seem strange after I have seen the great city. For of course I must go to New York, just the same, to learn to be a teacher, and help the children: we may be separated for years."

"Oh no; I shall be able to take care of you all before long," said Rast, grandly. "As soon as I have been through college I shall look about and decide upon something. Would you like me to be a lawyer? Or a surgeon? Then there is always the army. Or we might have a farm."

"There is only Frobisher's."

"Oh, you mean here on the island? Well, Frobisher's would do. We could repair the old house, and have a pony-cart, and drive in to town." Here the steamer sounded its first whistle. That meant that it would start in half an hour. Rast left the future and his plans in mid-air, and took Anne in his arms with real emotion. "Good-by, dear, good-by," he said. "Do not grieve, or allow yourself

to be lonely. I shall see you soon in some way, even if I have to go to New York for the purpose. Remember that you are my betrothed wife now. That thought will comfort you."

"Yes," said Anne, her sincere eyes meeting his. Then she clung to him for a few moments, sobbing. "You must go away, and I must go away," she said, amid her tears: "nothing is the same any more. Father is dead, and the whole world will be between us. Nothing is the same any more. Nothing is the same."

"Distance is nothing nowadays," said the youth, soothing her; "I can reach you in almost no time, Annet."

"Yes, but nothing is the same any more; nothing ever will be the same ever again," she sobbed, oppressed for the first time in her life by the vague uncertainties of the future.

"Oh yes, it will," said her companion, decidedly. "I will come back here if you wish it so much, and you shall come back, and we will live here on this same old island all our lives. A man has but to choose his home, you know."

Anne looked somewhat comforted. Yet only part of her responded to his words; she still felt that nothing would ever be quite the same again. She could not bring back her father; she could not bring back their long happy childhood. The door was closed behind them, and they must now go out into the wide world.

The second whistle sounded—another fifteen minutes gone. They ran down the steep path together, meeting Miss Lois on her way up, a green woollen hood on her head as a protection against the morning air.

"You will want a ring, my dears," she said, breathlessly, as she kissed them—"an engagement ring; it is the custom, and fortunately I have one for you."

With a mixture of smiles and tears of delight and excitement, she took from a little box an old-fashioned ring, and handed it to Rast.

"It was your mother's, dear," she said to Anne; "your father gave it to me as a memento of her when you were a baby. It is most fit that you should wear it."

Rast examined the slender little circlet without much admiration. It was a hoop of very small rubies placed close together, with as little gold visible as was possible. "I meant to give Annet a diamond," he said, with the tone of a young duke.

"Oh no, Rast," exclaimed the girl.

"But take this for the present," urged the old maid. "You must not let her go from you without one; it would be a bad sign. Put it on yourself, Rast; I want to see you do it."

Rast slipped the circlet into its place on Anne's finger, and then, with a little flourish which became him well, he uncovered his head, bent his knee, and raised the hand to his lips.

"But you have put it on the right hand," said Miss Lois, in dismay.

"It does not make any difference," said Rast. "And besides, I like the right hand; it means more."

Rast did not admire the old-fashioned ring, but to Anne it was both beautiful and sacred. She gazed at it with a lovely light in her eyes, and an earnest thoughtfulness. Any one could see how gravely she regarded the little ceremony.

When they came back to the house, Dr. Gaston was already there, and Père Michaux was limping up the path from the gate. He caught sight of Rast and Anne together. "Check!" he said to himself. "So much for being a stupid old man. Outwitted yesterday by a rolling stone, and to-day by your own inconceivable dullness. And you gave away your watch—did you?—to prevent what has happened! The girl has probably bound herself formally, and now you will have her conscience against you as well as all the rest. Bah!"

But while thinking this, he came forward and greeted them all happily and cheerfully, whereas the old chaplain, who really had no especial objection to the engagement, was cross and silent, and hardly greeted anybody. He knew that he was ill-tempered, and wondered why he should be. "Anything unexpected is apt to disturb the mind," he remarked, apologetically, to the priest, taking out his handkerchief and rubbing his forehead violently, as if to restore equanimity by counter-circulation. But however cross or quiet the others might be, Miss Lois beamed for all; she shed forth radiance like Roman candles even at that early hour, when the air was still chill and the sky gray with mist. The boys came down stairs with their clothes half on, and then Rast said good-by, and hurried down to the pier, and they all stood together on the old piazza, and watched the steamer back out into the stream, turn around,

and start westward, the point of the island soon hiding it from view. Then Dr. Gaston took his unaccountable ill temper homeward, Père Michaux set sail for the hermitage, Anne sat down to sew, and only Miss Lois let every-day life take care of itself, and cried on.

"I know there will be no more storms," she said; "it isn't that. But it is everything that has happened, Anne dear: the engagement, and the romance of it all!"

Tita now entered: she had not appeared before. She required that fresh coffee should be prepared for her, and she obtained it. For the Irish soldier's wife was almost as much afraid of her as the boys were. She glanced at Miss Lois's happy tears, at Anne's ruby ring, at the general disorder.

"And all this for a mere boy!" she said, superbly.

Miss Lois stopped crying from sheer astonishment. "And pray, may I ask, what are you?" she demanded.

"A girl; and about on a line with the boy referred to," replied Miss Tita, composedly. "Anne is much too old."

The boys gave a laugh of scorn. Tita turned and looked at them, and they took to the woods for the day. Miss Lois cried no more, but began to sew; there was a vague dread in her heart as to what the winter would be with Tita in the church-house. "If I could only cut off her hair!" she thought, with a remembrance of Samson. "Never was such hair seen on any child before."

As Tita sat on her low bench, the two long thick braids of her black hair certainly did touch the floor; and most New England women, who, whether from the nipping climate or their Roundhead origin, have, as a class, rather scanty locks, would have agreed with Miss Lois that "such a mane" was unnatural on a girl of that age—indeed, intolerable.

Amid much sewing, planning, and busy labor, time flew on. Dr. Gaston did not pretend to do anything else now save come down early in the morning to the Agency, and remain nearly all day, sitting in an arm-chair, sometimes with a book before him, but hardly turning a page. His dear young pupil, his almost child, was going away. He tried not to think how lonely he should be without her. Père Michaux came frequently; he spoke to Tita with a new severity, and often with a slight shade of sarcasm in his voice.

"Are you not a little too severe with her?" asked Miss Lois one day, really fearing lest Tita, in revenge, might go out on some dark night and set fire to the house.

"He is my priest, isn't he, and not yours? He shall order me to do what he pleases, and I shall do it," answered the small person whom she had intended to defend.

And now every day more and more beautiful grew the hues on the trees; it was a last intensity of color before the long, cold, dead-white winter. All the maple and oak leaves were now scarlet, orange, or crimson, each hue vivid; they died in a glory to which no tropical leaf ever attains. The air was warm, hazy, and still—the true air of Indian summer; and as if to justify the term, the Indians on the mainland and islands were busy bringing potatoes and game to the village to sell, fishing, cutting wood, and begging, full of a tardy activity before the approach of winter. Anne watched them crossing in their canoes, and landing on the beach, and when occasionally the submissive, gentle-eyed squaws, carrying their little pappooses, came to the kitchen door to beg, she herself went out to see them, and bade the servant give them something. They were Chippewas, dark-skinned and silent, wearing short calico skirts, and a blanket drawn over their heads. Patient and uncomplaining by nature, they performed almost all the labor on their small farms, cooked for their lords and masters, and took care of the children, as their share of the duties of life, the husbands being warriors, and above common toil. Anne knew some of these Chippewa women personally, and could talk to them in their own tongue; but it was not old acquaintance which made her go out and see them now. It was the feeling that they belonged to the island, to the life which she must soon leave behind. She felt herself clinging to everything—to the trees, to the white cliffs, to the very sunshine—like a person dragged along against his will, who catches at every straw.

The day came at last; the eastern-bound steamer was at the pier; Anne must go. Dr. Gaston's eyes were wet; with choked utterance he gave her his benediction. Miss Lois was depressed; but her depression had little opportunity to make itself felt, on account of the clamor and wild behavior of the boys, which demanded her constant attention. The clamor, how-

ever, was not so alarming as the velvety goodness of Tita. What could the child be planning? The poor old maid sighed, as she asked herself this question, over the life that lay before her. But twenty such lives would not wear out Lois Hinsdale. Père Michaux was in excellent spirits, and kept them all in order. He calmed the boys, encouraged Anne, cheered the old chaplain and Miss Lois, led them all down the street and on board the boat, then back on the pier again, where they could see Anne standing on the high deck above them. He shook the boys when they howled in their grief too loudly, and as the steamer moved out into the stream he gave his arm to Miss Lois, who, for the moment forgetting everything save that the dear little baby whom she had loved so long was going away, burst into convulsive tears. Tita sat on the edge of the pier, and watched the boat silently. She did not speak or wave her handkerchief; she shed no tears. But long after the others had gone home, when the steamer was a mere speck low down on the eastern horizon, she sat there still.

Yes, Anne was gone.

And now that she was gone, it was astonishing to see what a void was left. No one had especially valued or praised her while she was there; she was a matter of course. But now that she was absent, the whole life of the village seemed changed. There was no one to lead the music on Sundays, standing by the organ and singing clearly, and Miss Lois's playing seemed now doubly dull and mechanical. There was no one going up to the fort at a certain hour every morning, passing the windows where the fort ladies sat, with books under her arm. There was no one working in the Agency garden; no one coming with a quick step into the butcher's little shop to see what he had, and consult him, not without hidden anxiety, as to the possibility of a rise in prices. There was no one sewing on the piazza, or going out to find the boys, or sailing over to the hermitage with the four black-eyed children, who plainly enough needed even more holy instruction than they obtained. They all knew everything she did, and all her ways. And as it was a small community, they missed her sadly. The old Agency, too, seemed to become suddenly dilapidated, almost ruinous; the boys were undeniably rascals, and Tita "a little minx." Miss Lois was without doubt a dogmatic old maid, and the chaplain not what he used to be, poor old man —fast breaking up. Only Père Michaux bore the test unaltered. But then he had not leaned upon this young girl as the others had leaned—the house and garden, the chaplain as well as the children: the strong young nature had in one way supported them all.

Meanwhile the girl herself was journeying down the lake. She stood at the stern, watching the island grow distant, grow purple, grow lower and lower on the surface of the water, until at last it disappeared; then she covered her face and wept. After this, like one who leaves the vanished past behind him, and resolutely faces the future, she went forward to the bow and took her seat there. Night came on; she remained on deck through the evening: it seemed less lonely there than among the passengers in the cabin. She knew the captain; and she had been especially placed in his charge, also, by Père Michaux, as far as one of the lower-lake ports, where she was to be met by a priest and taken to the eastern-bound train. The captain, a weather-beaten man, past middle age, came after a while and sat down near her.

"What is that red light over the shoreline?" said Anne to her taciturn companion, who sat and smoked near by, protecting her paternally by his presence, but having apparently few words, and those husky, at his command.

"Fire in the woods."

"Is it not rather late in the season for a forest fire?"

"Well, there it is," answered the captain, declining discussion of the point in face of obvious fact.

Anne had already questioned him on the subject of light-houses. Would he like to live in a light-house?

No, he would not.

But they might be pleasant places in summer, with the blue water all around them: she had often thought she would like to live in one.

Well, *he* wouldn't.

But why?

Resky places sometimes when the wind blew: give him a good stiddy boat, now.

After a time they came nearer to the burning forest. Anne could see the great columns of flame shoot up into the sky; the woods were on fire for miles. She knew that the birds were flying, dizzy and

blinded, before the terrible conqueror, that the wild-cats were crying like children, that the small wolves were howling, and that the more timid wood creatures were cowering behind fallen trunks, their eyes dilated and ears laid flat in terror. She knew all this because she had often heard it described, fires miles long in the pine forests being frequent occurrences in the late summer and early autumn; but she had never before seen with her own eyes the lurid splendor, as there was no unbroken stretch of pineries on the Straits. She sat silently watching the great clouds of red light roll up into the dark sky, and the shower of sparks higher still. The advance-guard was of lapping tongues that caught at and curled through the green wood far in front; then came a wall of clear orange-colored roaring fire, then the steady incandescence that was consuming the hearts of the great trees, and behind, the long range of dying fires like coals, only each coal was a tree. It grew late; she went to her state-room in order that the captain might be relieved from his duty of guard. But for several hours longer she sat by her small window, watching the flames, which turned to a long red line as the steamer's course carried her farther from the shore. She was thinking of those she had left behind, and of the island; of Rast, and her own betrothal. The betrothal seemed to her quite natural; they had always been together in the past, and now they would always be together in the future; she was content that it was so. She knew so little of the outside world that few forebodings as to her own immediate present troubled her. She was on her way to a school where she would study hard, so as soon to be able to teach, and help the children; the boys were to be educated one by one, and after the first year, perhaps, she could send for Tita, since Miss Lois never understood the child aright, failing to comprehend her peculiar nature, and making her, poor little thing, uncomfortable. It would be a double relief—to Miss Lois as well as Tita. It was a pity that her grand-aunt was so hard and ill-tempered; but probably she was old and infirm. Perhaps if she could see Tita, she might take a fancy to the child; Tita was so small and so soft-voiced, whereas she, Anne, was so overgrown and awkward. She gave a thought of regret to her own deficiencies, but hardly a sigh. They were matters of fact which she had long ago accepted. The coast fire had now faded into a line of red dots and a dull light above them; she knelt down and prayed, not without the sadness which a lonely young traveller might naturally feel on the broad dark lake.

But youth is strong; the tears shed by young eyes at night leave no trace in the morning, the vigil kept leaves no lines on young cheeks. Anne, at the narrow breakfast table, by the side of her gruff friend the captain, looked like one of Diana's own nymphs—one of the youngest, however, who does not know much of hunting, and has never heard of Endymion.

At the lower-lake port she was met by an old French priest, one of Père Michaux's friends, who took her to the railroad station in a carriage, bought her ticket, checked her trunk, gave her a few careful words of instruction as to the journey, and then, business matters over, sat down by her side and talked to her with enchanting politeness and ease until the moment of departure. Père Michaux had arranged this: although not of their faith, Anne was to travel all the way to New York in the care of the Roman Catholic Church, represented by its priests, handed from one to the next, and met at the entrance of the great city by another, who would cross the river for the purpose, in order that her young island eyes might not be confused by the crowd and turmoil. At first Dr. Gaston had talked of escorting Anne in person; but it was so long since he had travelled anywhere, and he was so absent-minded, that it was evident even to himself that Anne would in reality escort him. Miss Lois had the children, and of course could not leave them.

"I would go myself if there was any necessity for it," said Père Michaux, "but there is not. Let me arrange it, and I promise you that Anne shall reach her school in safety; I will have competent persons to meet her all along the route—unless, indeed, you have friends of your own upon whom you prefer to rely?"

This was one of the little winds which Père Michaux occasionally sent over the self-esteem of his two Protestant companions: he could not help it. Dr. Gaston frowned; he had not an acquaintance between New York and the island, and Père

Michaux knew it. But Miss Lois, undaunted, rushed into the fray.

"Oh, certainly, it would be quite easy for us to have her met by friends on the way," she began, making for the moment common and Protestant cause with Dr. Gaston; "it would require only a few letters. In New England I should have my own family connections to call upon—persons of the highest respectability, descendants, most of them, of the celebrated patriot Israel Putnam."

"Certainly," replied Père Michaux. "I understand. Then I will leave Anne to you."

"But unfortunately, as Anne is going to New York, not Boston (and a great city it is, too), my connections do not live along the route, exactly," continued Miss Lois, the adverb standing for a small matter of a thousand miles or so; "nor," she added, again admitting Dr. Gaston to a partnership, "can we make them."

"There remain, then, the pastors of your church," said the priest.

"Certainly—the pastors. It will be the simplest thing in the world for Dr. Gaston to write to them; they will be delighted to take charge of any friend of ours."

The chaplain pushed his wig back a little and murmured, "Church Almanac."

Miss Lois glanced at him angrily. "I am sure I do not know what Dr. Gaston means by mentioning 'Church Almanac' in that way," she said, sharply. "We know most of the prominent pastors, of course. Dr. Shepherd, for instance, and Dr. Dell."

Dr. Shepherd and Dr. Dell, who occasionally came up to the island during the summer for a few days of rest, lived in the lower-lake town where Anne's long railroad journey began. They were not pastors, but rectors, and the misuse of the terms grated on the chaplain's Anglican ear. But he was a patient man, and accustomed now to the heterogeneous phrasing of the Western border.

"And besides," added Miss Lois, triumphantly, "there is the bishop!"

Now the bishop lived five miles farther. It was not evident, therefore, to the ordinary mind what aid these reverend gentlemen could give to Anne, all living, as they did, at the western beginning of her railroad journey; but Miss Lois, who, like others of her sex, possessed the power (unattainable by man) of rising above mere logical sequence, felt that she had conquered.

"I have no bishops to offer," said Père Michaux, with mock humility; "only ordinary priests. I will therefore leave Anne to your care, Miss Lois—yours and Dr. Gaston's."

So the discussion ended, and Miss Lois came off with Protestant colors flying. None the less Père Michaux wrote his letters; and Dr. Gaston did not write his. For the two men understood each other. There was no need for the old chaplain to say, plainly, "I have lived out of the world so long that I have not a single clerical friend this side of New York upon whom I can call"; the priest comprehended it without words. And there was no need for Père Michaux to parade the close ties and net-work of communication which prevailed in the ancient Church to which he belonged; the chaplain knew them without the telling. Each understood the other; and being men, they could do without the small teasing comments, like the buzzing of flies, with which women enliven their days. Thus it happened that Anne Douglas travelled from the northern island across to the great city on the ocean border in the charge of the Roman Catholic Church.

She arrived in New York worn out and bewildered, and having lost her sense of comparison by the strangeness and fatigue of the long journey, she did not appreciate the city's size, the crowded streets, and roar of traffic, but regarded everything vaguely, like a tired child who has neither surprise nor attention to give.

At length the carriage stopped; she went up a broad flight of stone steps; she was entering an open door. Some one was speaking to her; she was in a room where there were chairs, and she sank down. The priest who had brought her from the other side of the river was exchanging a few words with a lady; he was going; he was gone. The lady was coming toward her.

"You are very tired, my child," she said. "Let me take you a moment to Tante, and then you can go to your room."

"To Tante?" said Anne.

"Yes, to Tante, or Madame Moreau, the principal of the school. She expects you."

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

ITS CONSTITUTION, PROGRESS, POLICY, AND PROSPECTS.

WE propose in this article to give some idea of the changes wrought in France since the fall of the Second Empire, of the distinguishing features of its present form of government, of the work it has done and is doing, and its difficulties, duties, and prospect of durability.

On the 4th of September, 1870, the Republic was proclaimed, and the Government of the National Defense was instituted. A decree of this government, issued January 29, 1871, provided for the election of Deputies to a National Assembly, which should meet at Bordeaux on the 12th of the following month.

This Assembly proceeded on the 17th of February to appoint M. Thiers "Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic," his functions to be exercised subject to the authority of said Assembly. On the 31st of August, 1871, the Assembly enacted that the Chief of the Executive Power should assume the title of "President of the French Republic," but should continue to exercise his functions as its delegate, and be responsible as such.

On the 24th of May, 1873 (M. Thiers having resigned), the Assembly elected Marshal McMahon President; and on the 20th November of the same year the executive power was conferred on him for seven years.

On the 24th and 25th of February, 1875, laws were passed providing for the organization of the Senate and other public powers. On the 16th of July, 1875, the relations of the different public powers were fixed by enactment. On the 2d of August of the same year an organic law regulated the election of Senators; and on the 30th of November a similar law was passed concerning the election of Deputies.

And finally, on the 30th of January, 1879, the National Assembly (consisting of both Houses) elected M. Grévy President, in place of Marshal McMahon, resigned.

We proceed to consider the mode of election of the President and members of the Legislature, and the functions of some of the other more important public bodies, calling attention, as we pass, to the changes which have been effected in the organization and powers of these latter.

The members of the Chamber of Deputies, now 532 in number, are elected by the people. Every administrative district (arrondissement) is entitled to elect a Deputy, and if its population exceed 100,000, it elects one Deputy for every additional 100,000 or fraction of 100,000 inhabitants. The Deputies hold their positions for four years.

The Senate is composed of 300 members, of whom 75 were originally elected by the National Assembly, and 225 by the departments and colonies. The department Senators are elected, however, not by a direct vote of the people, but by electoral colleges consisting of Deputies, Members of the Conseil Général of the department and of the Conseils d'Arrondissement, and delegates from the Municipal Councils. The Senators of the former category hold office for life, any vacancies occurring among them being filled by vote of the Senate itself. The Senators of the latter class are elected for nine years.

The President is elected for seven years, by a majority of votes of the Senators and Deputies convened in General Assembly.

Conseil d'État.—This body was formerly charged with the duty of preparing bills and administrative regulations, under the direction of the Emperor, and of supporting such bills before the Chambers, the councillors to whom this latter task was assigned being designated for the purpose by the Emperor. It doubtless helped greatly to prevent that kind of patchwork legislation from which we so often suffer in America. It was, therefore, and still is (as will presently appear), one of the most useful and honorable bodies in the state. All its officers were formerly appointed by the Emperor, who had also the power of removing them, such right of nomination and revocation being absolute and unrestricted.

* The authorities relied upon in the preparation of this article and the tables appended to it are as follows, viz., the French *Codes et Lois usuelles*, by Roger and Sorel, editions of 1866, 1875, and 1880; Glasson's *Éléments du Droit français;* the *Statistical Abstract presented to Parliament*, 1877; the *Bulletin de Statistiques et de Législation comparée*, published by the Ministère des Finances, 1879; the *Tables statistiques des Pays divers*, par G. Bagge, published by Hachette and Cº., 1877; and lastly, several volumes of very thorough and admirably arranged educational statistics (printed in 1878 and 1880), which were very politely furnished the writer by the Minister of Public Instruction.

The Government of the National Defense seems to have been jealous or distrustful of the Council existing at the fall of the Empire, for it immediately (by decree of September 15, 1870) suspended its members from their functions, and provided for a temporary commission to attend to certain of its more urgent business, the members of such commission to be appointed by the government upon the nomination of the Minister of Justice. The law of May 24, 1872, re-organized the Conseil d'État, and provided for twenty-two Ordinary Councillors, to be elected by the National Assembly; fifteen Councillors Extraordinary, to be nominated by the President; twenty-four Maîtres des Requêtes, to be similarly nominated; and thirty Auditors, of which those of the second class are appointed by the Conseil d'État after a competitive examination; and those of the first class are similarly chosen from out of the second class.

By the law of February 25, 1875, the President was empowered to appoint the Ordinary Councillors of State as vacancies might thereafter occur, the advice of the Council of Ministers being, however, required for their nomination or removal. The Conseil d'État thus constituted is still charged with various important duties. It acts as an advisory body in regard to such legislative measures as are proposed by the President or initiated by the Assembly, and which are submitted to it by one or the other, as the case may be. Presidential decrees regulating the public administrations can only be issued with the advice and consent of said Council. It gives its advice also upon all questions upon which the President or his ministers may see fit to consult it. It is likewise clothed with certain judicial functions in matters which concern the various public administrations, passing as a Court of Cassation upon their decisions when appealed from as being *ultra vires*, and upon conflicts arising between different administrative authorities; pronouncing as a Court of Appeals upon the decisions of the Ministers, the Préfets, and the Conseils de Préfecture; and as a court of first and last resort in certain other specified cases. It is also the highest tribunal in prize cases.

Haute Cour de Justice.—This court, which possessed exclusive jurisdiction in cases of high treason, and of crimes or misdemeanors charged against the princes of the imperial family, Senators, Councillors of State, etc., was abolished by decree of November 4, 1870.

Conseils Généraux.—Each department of France possesses its Conseil Général, charged, as a deliberative body, with the local interests of said department.

It exercises (under the law of August 10, 1871) exclusive authority in certain matters, such as the allotment among the communes of their respective shares of the direct taxes; the laying out of departmental roads, and making provision for their being kept in order; the acquisition and alienation of property belonging to the department; the plans and contracts for the execution of all public works to be paid for by the department; the direction and mode of construction of railroads of local interest; the receipts and expenses of asylums for the insane, and the creation and management of institutions for the relief of the poor of such department, etc.

Its decisions in these cases do not, as formerly, require the approval of the executive power, represented by the Préfet, though they may be revoked for illegality by Presidential decree upon demand of the Préfet made within twenty days of the close of the session. Its decisions in various other cases, specified by law, become executory if not suspended by decree within three months after its session has terminated.

These Conseils Généraux are, therefore, at all times very important bodies, and they might in exceptional circumstances hold in their hands the destinies of France, the law of February 15, 1872, providing that in case the National Assembly should at any time be illegally dissolved or prevented from meeting, the Conseils Généraux are to appoint delegates, who shall be charged with the general administration of the country until the Assembly shall recover its liberty of action.

The members of these department councils were formerly elected by the people, as they now are, but whereas their respective officers, president, vice-president, and secretaries, were nominated for each session by the Emperor, they are now nominated by the councils themselves.

The sittings of these councils were, moreover, first opened to the public by the law of 1871. The Emperor could dissolve the Conseils Généraux, and nothing in the law prevented his exercising this power arbitrarily, and dissolving any number of them at the same time. Now,

however, if the President dissolves any one of them, he must give an account of his action at once to the National Assembly, if in session; and in any event such dissolution can only be pronounced for reasons specially applicable to said conseil, and enumerated in the decree.

Préfets.—The Préfet of each department is still, as formerly, appointed by the chief of the state, and is his political and administrative agent or representative.

Maires et Adjoints.—The mayors and their deputies were nominated directly by the Emperor for all communes having a population of more than three thousand, and by the Préfet, in the Emperor's name, for those having a less population; and they might in all cases be chosen from outside of the Municipal Council.

These officers are now all elected by the Municipal Councils themselves, from among their own members respectively.

Conseil Supérieur de l'Instruction Publique.—Under the decree of March 9, 1852, the Emperor appointed all the members of this council, then thirty-two in number, consisting of three members of the Senate, three of the Council of State, five bishops or archbishops, three members of the non-Catholic religious bodies, three of the Cour de Cassation, five of the Institute, eight Inspectors-General, and two members of the free scholastic bodies.

Under the law of March 19, 1873, this council is composed of the Minister of Public Instruction; three members of the Council of State (as before), elected by the Council; an army officer, named by the Minister of War, with the advice of the Superior Council of War; a navy officer, named by the Minister of Marine, with the advice of the Admiralty Council; four (instead of five) bishops or archbishops, elected by their colleagues; a delegate of the Reformed Church, and one of the Church of the Confession of Augsburg, elected by their respective consistories; a member of the Central Israelitish Consistory, elected by his fellow-members; two (instead of three) members of the Court of Cassation, elected by their associates; five members of the Institute, elected by its General Assembly; a member of the College of France, elected by his colleagues; a member of each of the faculties of Law, Medicine, Letters, and Science, elected by the professors of said faculties respectively; a member of the Academy of Medicine; a member of each of the superior councils of Agriculture, of Commerce, and of Arts and Manufactures (all of them in like manner elected by their colleagues); seven members of the corps of public instruction, nominated by the President in the Council of Ministers; and lastly, four (instead of two) members of the body of free instruction, elected by the Council itself—making (exclusively of the cabinet minister who acts as its presiding officer) thirty-nine in all, of which only seven, it will be observed, are appointed by the President.

It will be noticed, too, that the army and navy, the College of France, the four faculties, the Academy of Medicine, and the boards of Agriculture, Commerce, and Arts are now represented in the Council of Public Instruction for the first time. It is therefore less exclusive and aristocratic, and more independent of the chief of the state, than formerly. Its members, moreover, hold office for six years, instead of for one only, as under the Empire.

We may add that the right of giving instruction in the highest branches (*enseignement supérieur*) is no longer confined to appointees of the civil authorities, having been made free for the first time by the law of July 12, 1875, only the right of giving primary and secondary instruction having been declared free by the law of March 15, 1850 (passed, it will be observed, under the First Republic), which also provided that the children of destitute parents should be entitled to elementary instruction free of expense.

We proceed to call attention to the provisions of law governing certain matters which are of the greatest interest to the citizens at large, such as those relating to military service, the right of assembly, and the liberty of the press.

The Army.—Under the Empire a man might escape military duty by furnishing a substitute, or by the payment of a certain sum annually fixed by decree of the Minister of War; but by the law of July 27, 1872, it is declared that every Frenchman owes personal military service, the right of substitution being abolished. He is liable to such service from the age of twenty to that of forty, and forms part of the *active* army for five years, of the reserve of such army for four years, of the *territorial* army for five years, and of the reserve thereof for six years, making twenty years in all.

Any Frenchman, moreover, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, who has not been already conscripted, who is of sufficient height, able-bodied, unmarried, or a widower without children, and provided with a certificate of good conduct, may volunteer for five years' service in the army or navy.

A soldier may also re-enlist, upon the completion of his five years of active service, for a further term of two, three, four, or five years, during which period he is entitled to extra pay at the extravagant rate of eight centimes, or, if he be a non-commissioned officer, of ten centimes (two cents) a day!

As a further inducement to remain in active service, it is provided by the law of July 24, 1873, that certain civil and military employments are reserved exclusively for those who have been in the active army for twelve years, and during four of these years with the grade of non-commissioned officer.

The total effective force of the army in time of peace is 450,000, and in time of war 2,000,000.

We may add, in passing, that by the terms of a law passed August 1, 1874, horses and mules are duly enrolled, and are liable to conscription for military purposes.

The Press.—The laws which regulate the press continue to be very stringent, though some modifications of a liberal character have been introduced since the fall of the Empire. Thus all attacks on the constituted authorities, or on the religion of the state, or on either of the religions whose establishment is recognized by law, as well as all attacks upon the sovereign or other head of a foreign state, all publication of false news, all writings which excite to the commission of crimes or misdemeanors, or incite one class of citizens to hatred of another class, and all defamation of individuals, are punishable by fine and imprisonment, while the publication of merely insulting or abusive articles, not specifying any matter of fact, to the detriment of private individuals—*i.e.*, a simple *injure*, as distinguished from *diffamation*—is punishable by fine only.

The accused is not permitted to justify a libel by proof of its truth, except when it refers to some action of a public officer in the discharge of his duties as such. And only in this latter case is the publication of the proceedings at the trial allowed, though, of course, the judgment may be published. This appears to us a very salutary provision of law, which might well be introduced in America.

The deposit of security (consisting of an actual payment in cash) in the hands of the government was abolished in October, 1870, but was re-established by the law of July 6, 1871, though the amount thereof is only about one-half of that fixed by the law of 1852, the sums now required being, for every periodical appearing more than three times a week, if published in the Department of the Seine, 24,000 francs, and in any other department 12,000 francs, if published in a city having more than fifty thousand inhabitants, and 6000 francs in other cases; and for all other periodicals (except non-political publications appearing not more frequently than once a week), 18,000 francs in the Department of the Seine, and in the other departments one-half of the amounts specified above. The sum so deposited as security is primarily applicable to the payment of all damages and costs awarded against the proprietor or manager of the paper which publishes a libellous article, or against the author of such article. The stamp duty upon newspapers, which existed under the Empire, was abolished by decree of September 5, 1870. Every publisher is still obliged to deposit two copies of every newspaper, or other periodical issued by him, in the hands of the public authorities. The law of December 29, 1875, provides that no administrative authority shall have the right to prohibit the sale on the public streets of any particular journal. But the most important change recently effected in favor of the press is that made by the law of April 15, 1871, removing press offenses from the jurisdiction of the Tribunaux Correctionnels, and submitting them to trial *by jury* before the courts of assize.

The Right of Public Meeting (*Droit de Réunion*).—This right is still subject to the restrictions imposed by the law of June 6, 1868, though we believe that a bill is now before the Legislature having for its object to remove or modify such restrictions. Under the present law a special authorization must be obtained for all public meetings of a political or religious character, but not for others. In every case, however, a declaration must be signed by seven persons, and lodged three days in advance with the proper authorities, set-

ting forth the object, place, and hour of the proposed assembly, and admission thereto must be allowed to the public functionary who may be delegated to attend it, and who is clothed with the right of dispersing the same if it become disorderly, or if its officers persist in permitting any subject to be discussed which is foreign to its avowed object.

POINTS OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

(1) It will appear from what we have already said that there are great constitutional differences between these two countries as regards the mode of election and terms of office of the President, Senators, and Deputies.

(2) A still more important difference exists as regards the French and the American judiciary, in that all of the judges in France, save those of the tribunals of commerce, receive their appointment from the President, and hold office for life, or until retired on pensions, except the justices of the peace, who are removable at will. The judges of the Tribunaux de Première Instance and those of the Cours d'Appel may, of course, be removed for misconduct, but only after trial and condemnation by the Cour de Cassation. The judges of this latter court are retired on pensions at the age of seventy-five, those of the lower courts at seventy. Any judge may also be retired at any time by reason of serious and permanent infirmity disqualifying him for the discharge of his duties.

(3) There is no body in the United States which corresponds to the Conseil d'État, while, on the other hand, there exists in France no Supreme Court having authority to declare a law unconstitutional and void.

(4) The government of the United States has no jurisdiction over the system of education, such as appertains to the government of France.

(5) There is no religion of the state in America, as in France.

(6) The army of France is an immense burden upon the country, while Americans have been led by an exaggerated jealousy of a standing army, and perhaps in unwitting furtherance of the unavowable designs of certain unscrupulous politicians, to reduce their military force to a ridiculously low standard, entirely out of keeping with the extent of their territory and the work required of it as a protection against hostile neighbors and Indians, to say nothing of domestic foes.

(7) There exists a large and well-organized police force in France, under the title of Gendarmerie Nationale, the counterpart of which is not to be found in America.

(8) All the subordinate officers of the civil service throughout France hold their positions without fear of losing them, except for misconduct or infirmity, and with, on the other hand, a certainty of promotion as opportunity may offer. Hence it is that administrations survive though dynasties may perish, and that, in spite of war or revolution, the public service goes quietly on.

French Finances, Commerce, etc., since 1869.—For a variety of statistical information on these subjects we beg to refer our readers to the annexed tables. It will be necessary for them to bear in mind that France lost two populous and wealthy provinces by the war of 1870.

It will be observed that the increase of public revenue and expenditure from 1869 to 1876 was about fifty per cent.; that the imports for home consumption have increased in a much larger ratio than the exports of domestic produce; that the revenue from telegraphs has more than doubled; that the length of railways in operation has been greatly augmented; that the business of the Post-office, especially in the transportation of printed matter, is much larger than formerly; and that the ratio of deaths to births was greater and that of marriages smaller in 1876 than in the preceding years, which last fact is naturally one to cause serious inquietude, as tending to reduce the population and relative importance of France. We are unable to furnish the figures showing the expenditures of the Ministry of Public Works since 1876, and must content ourselves with referring to the declaration made by the Prime Minister, M. De Freycinet, at the opening of the Conseil Général of the Tarn-et-Garonne, on the 18th of August, namely, that the government had expended 100,000,000 francs for internal improvements in 1878, and 200,000,000 in 1879, and was to spend for the same object 300,000,000 in 1880, 400,000,000 in 1881, and 500,000,000 annually thereafter until 1890, when it was estimated that the whole system of public works now in progress would be completed.

FINANCIAL STATISTICS.

REVENUES.

	1869.	1872.	1874.	1876.	1878.
Direct taxes, state or general.	332,439,520	334,715,118	378,372,368	387,839,491	688,448,700
Direct taxes, local	243,794,356	269,795,974	268,217,279	290,358,030	
Registration and stamp duties	456,983,648	571,212,107	582,556,000	624,548,000	646,251,000
Customs duties	144,612,874	181,571,727	222,384,000	287,446,000	309,769,000
Excise duties on alcoholic liquors, salt, and sugar, sale of tobacco, powder, etc.	627,379,876	771,599,737	947,659,000	1,074,586,000	1,068,750,000
*Post-office	94,628,616	108,595,637	112,891,000	114,179,000	104,857,000
Miscellaneous	165,840,989	281,477,187	237,172,592	260,776,259	....
Total ordinary revenue.	2,087,246,578	2,582,526,419	2,803,037,509	3,096,127,770	....

EXPENDITURES.

	1869.	1872.	1874.	1876.
Public debt and dotations, less Sinking Fund	534,012,422	1,132,833,601	1,205,417,012	1,178,365,000
†Ministry of War	420,899,097	463,787,062	462,203,640	535,214,000
Ministry of Marine	181,991,505	143,848,252	151,973,396	170,878,000
Ministry of Public Instruction and Worship	93,072,152	105,146,266	108,631,186	105,169,000
Ministry of Interior	255,753,523	302,213,536	292,102,746	307,625,000
Ministry of Public Works, Agriculture, and Commerce‡	97,827,332	107,646,133	116,731,325	102,530,000
Total ordinary expenditure	2,054,257,875	2,894,323,627	2,808,631,848	2,911,406,000

IMPORTS—MERCHANDISE.

	1869.	1872.	1874.	1876.	1878.
General	4,008,700,000	4,501,600,000	4,422,500,000	4,908,800,000	....
Special (*i. e.*, for home consumption)	3,153,100,000	3,570,300,000	3,507,700,000	3,988,400,000	4,400,974,000

EXPORTS—MERCHANDISE.

	1869.	1872.	1874.	1876.	1878.
General	3,993,600,000	4,756,600,000	4,702,100,000	4,547,500,000	3,369,807,000
Special (*i. e.*, those of domestic produce)	3,074,900,000	3,761,600,000	3,701,100,000	3,575,600,000	

REVENUE FROM TELEGRAPHS.

	1869.	1872.	1874.	1876.	1878.
Home	5,785,627	6,796,488	7,977,135	9,396,495	21,120,000
International	4,581,458	5,385,910	6,495,850	8,051,273	

N.B.—All the above figures represent francs.

In the Budget of 1880 the total receipts are estimated at 2,749,716,800 francs, and the expenses at 2,749,485,756 francs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	1869.	1872.	1874.	1876.	1878.
Length of railways in operation (kilometers)	16,973	17,776	19,081	20,316	23,163
Sailing ships (tonnage)	931,714	911,613	842,726	792,836	....
Steam-ships (tonnage)	142,942	177,462	194,546	218,449	....
Births	948,526	966,000	954,652	966,682	....
§Marriages	303,482	352,754	303,113	291,366	....
Deaths	864,320	793,064	781,709	834,074	....

Population .....in 1866, 38,067,094..in 1876, 36,905,788
Number of letters sent through Post-office.....in 1869, 364,746,650..in 1877, 393,843,000
Number of printed papers .....in 1869, 367,186,800..in 1877, 468,898,000

The official returns for the first *eight months* of 1880 show that the imports amounted to 3,252,173,000 francs, of which articles for consumption as food equalled 1,346,628,000 francs (which is double the figure for ordinary years), while the exports for the same period aggre-

* The Post-office rates were reduced May 1, 1878.
† The expenses of this department amounted in 1870 to 1,275,620,555 francs, and in 1871 to 1,224,305,860 francs.
‡ The figures for the other departments show but little variation from year to year.
§ The number of marriages in 1870 was 223,705; in 1871, 262,476.

gated only 2,154,151,000 francs. As this year's harvest is a fair one, there will doubtless be a large reduction in imports the coming year, while the exports (to the United States, at all events) are likely to increase.

PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

Primary Instruction.—The salaries of the public-school teachers, both male and female, have been considerably increased within the last few years, and the government has pursued a wise and liberal policy in regard to education. The results are not yet all apparent, but an examination of the tables hereto appended will show that, on the whole, there has been a marked progress, which gives promise of better things to come.

Thus it will be seen that, though the number of communes was less in 1876 than in 1863, the total number of schools had increased by 2786 (the number of private schools having diminished by 3790, while that of the public schools increased by 6576); that of the total number of children from five to fifteen years of age the proportion entered on the school lists has steadily augmented; and that the number to whom instruction is given gratuitously has been rapidly growing, more particularly in the lay schools. It will be observed, too, that while the sums received by way of donations and legacies and from the pupils themselves have remained almost stationary, the amounts contributed by the communes, the departments, and the state (or, in other words, by the tax-payers at large) for the support of the public primary schools have increased from 19,637,027 francs in 1863 to 51,892,476 francs in 1877! And, as a natural consequence of the efforts thus made, the proportion of wholly illiterate men and women has been very considerably reduced.

Superior Instruction.—The salaries of the inspectors and professors engaged in the highest branches of education have also been recently augmented.

There have been created under the Republic two new faculties of law, one at Bordeaux, the other at Lyons; three new faculties of medicine, of which one is at Lyons, one at Bordeaux, and one at Lille; nineteen new professorships of science, physics, and natural history (such as of differential and integral calculus, astronomy, mechanics, chemistry, organic and applied, botany, and zoology); one of Greek poetry; three of geography; and four of archæology.

And lastly, the amount appropriated by the state for the different faculties and the higher schools of pharmacy increased from 3,895,521 francs in 1868 to 9,165,330 francs in 1878!

The facts and figures we have cited sufficiently show that the republican leaders fully realize the vast importance of the educational question.

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.

Number of communes	in 1863,	37,510..	in 1876–77,	36,056
Number of public schools	"	52,445..	"	59,021
Number of free schools (*écoles libres*)	"	16,316..	"	12,526
Total number of schools	"	68,761..	"	71,547
Number of schools for boys alone	"	22,683..	"	25,418
Number of schools for girls alone	"	27,267..	"	29,126
Number of mixed schools	"	17,811..	"	17,003

The public schools comprised:

Lay schools (*écoles laïques*) for boys	in 1863,	35,348..	in 1876–77,	36,399
Lay schools for girls	"	5,998..	"	9,417
Schools under direction of religious communities (*écoles congréganistes*) for boys	"	3,038..	"	3,365
Schools under direction of religious communities (*écoles congréganistes*) for girls	"	8,061..	"	9,840

The private schools comprised:

Lay schools for boys	in 1863,	2572..	in 1876–77,	1750
Lay schools for girls	"	7637..	"	4091
Religious community schools for boys	"	536..	"	907
Religious community schools for girls	"	5571..	"	5778

Number of children in France from 5 to 15 years of age in 1866–67, 6,529,271.
Number of children in France from 5 to 15 years of age in 1876–77, 6,409,087.

The proportion of children enrolled in schools of all kinds to the total number of children between the ages of 5 and 15 was:

In 1863, 66.6 per cent.; in 1867, 69.1 per cent.; in 1876–77, 73.6 per cent.

The proportion of non-paying pupils to the whole number attending the public schools was as follows:

In the lay schools.....in 1863, 29.0 per cent.; in 1867, 32.8 per cent.; in 1876–77, 53.0 per cent.
In the religious communities.in 1863, 57.9 per cent.; in 1867, 59.0 per cent.; in 1876–77, 66.3 per cent.

The ordinary resources of the public primary schools were as follows:

	1866.	1872.	1876.	1877.
Donations and legacies	339,170	940,868	949,516	997,837
Received from pupils	15,077,087	17,539,894	18,857,886	18,825,372
Contributed by communes	13,735,273	23,110,315	30,995,314	31,660,365
Contributed by departments	2,843,322	5,548,921	6,842,642	8,081,347
Contributed by general government	3,058,432	9,049,101	10,505,260	12,150,764
Total ordinary resources	35,053,284	56,189,099	68,148,618	71,715,685
Extraordinary contributions from departments	3,781,924	5,273,934	7,789,802	8,059,008
Extraordinary contributions from the state	2,815,181	6,298,171	7,389,315	9,884,995
Grand total	41,650,389	67,761,204	83,327,735	89,659,688

Proportion of men able to read out of those who were enrolled on the conscription lists, and whose educational condition was verified:

From 1866 to 1868, out of 895,168 enrolled, 704,014 (78.6 per cent.) could read.
" 1871 " 1875, " 1,423,323 " 1,167,909 (82.1 ") "
" 1876 " 1877, " 562,593 " 474,761 (84.4 ") "

Proportion of men and women who signed the marriage register, the rest declaring that they were unable to do so:

From 1866 to 1870, 75.0 per cent. of the men and 62.3 per cent. of the women signed.
" 1871 " 1875, 77.8 " " " 66.3 " " "
" 1876 " 1877, 81.2 " " " 70.6 " " "

POLICY AND PROSPECTS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

We will now venture to express some opinions, and offer some suggestions on this the remaining branch of our subject.

There is no longer any adverse party, or possible coalition of purely political parties, at all able to cope with the Republic. But it still has great difficulties to encounter in the radicalism of some of its adherents, in the natural opposition of the priests and the large property-holders, in the infidelity of some and the ignorance of others of its citizens.

The priests do not like a government which, impelled by a sense of patriotic duty as well as of political interest, curtails their power, resents their intermeddling in non-religious matters, and seeks to educate and enlighten the masses of the people. We do not mean to deny that the Roman Catholic Church may have exercised a salutary conservative influence in France during the turmoils of the past century, nor that many excellent men and good citizens are to be found within its pale. But we do assert that (speaking in general terms) its rulers and guides have not profited by their opportunities as they ought. We believe that by their greed of gain, and of political and social influence, they have disgusted many; and that by their opposition to the enlightenment of the masses, their proclamation of papal infallibility, and their encouragement of gross superstitions, they have disgusted more, and driven many thousands into practical infidelity. And it is, we fear, largely due to the absence of a pure and reasonable faith in the great God and Father of all, and a consequent want of confidence in one another, that French society has been so unstable, unreliable, and difficult to govern.

Men are, beyond all question, the better for such a faith, even though they may not live completely up to its requirements; while the utter want of it certainly takes away from man his highest incentive to good conduct, his greatest solace in affliction, and support in adversity. Its possession tends to make him more honest and truthful, and to increase his respect for himself and his fellow-men. Without it he becomes either indolent or self-seeking, with but little regard for the rights and interests of others; and assuming, as he does, that they are equally selfish, he naturally has no confidence in their professions of interest in his welfare, and in their apparent zeal for the public good.

Another source of embarrassment to the republic is to be found in the national characteristic of an unwillingness to assume responsibility, which may spring directly from a want of faith, and from the

spirit of selfishness and unwillingness to labor for others which such want of faith engenders, or from a want of self-reliance occasioned by the excess of government initiation and supervision which has so long existed in France. Whatever its cause, its influence may be observed in both small matters and great. Thus, a Frenchman sees a poor fellow hanging by the neck, and instead of cutting the cord, he goes off to inform the Commissary of Police. Millions of Frenchmen see their country invaded by the Prussians, or their capital seized by the Communards, and only a few hundreds, if any, volunteer for the liberation of either. Hence also it is that when an emergency arises, power passes readily into the hands of the exceptional man or men who have the audacity to grasp it.

But, on the other hand, there is a danger that many of the republican politicians will not realize the full measure of the responsibility which they have assumed. They must remember that it is their duty to build up, and not merely to destroy. They must endeavor to educate the people morally as well as intellectually, and not be content with mere material progress. The late Emperor was satisfied with the latter; and what was the result? The introduction of greater facilities for elementary education is a very important and necessary work, but it is not enough. Such education should, in our opinion, be made obligatory; and more instruction should be given in the higher schools concerning the geography, history, and resources of other countries. The ignorance of the French, as a people, upon these latter subjects is as surprising as their want of interest in everything occurring abroad; while their laws and jurisprudence, the comments of their press, and the action of their business men, often evince a very illiberal and stupid jealousy or distrust of foreigners. This should, if possible, be changed, and foreign ideas, inventions, enterprise, and capital be welcomed and protected. A few unenterprising people might suffer from foreign competition, but the nation at large would soon be immensely the gainer.

The bishops and priests of the Romish Church should be given to understand that they must confine themselves to their religious duties, and that they must exhibit the true spirit of religion in tolerance and charity; and further, that when they do this, they may count upon not merely the protection but the hearty good-will and co-operation of the state. The spread of Protestantism should be encouraged, as furnishing men with a rule of action calculated to make them good and enlightened citizens, and also as providing an additional power of resistance against any future aggression on the part of Rome.

Marriages should be facilitated; first by diminishing, as far as possible, the trouble and expense of the formalities attending their celebration, and secondly, by making those provisions of the code which require the consent of parents or grandparents inapplicable in all cases where the party has attained the age of twenty-one years, and by repealing the laws which require the consent of the military or naval authorities to the marriage of an officer of the regular army, the gendarmery, or the marine. This would lead to an increase in the number of marriages and of legitimate children.

Divorce should also be re-established for sufficient cause, and without any invidious distinction between husband and wife. This would prevent much of the scandal and domestic infelicity which now exist, and enable many suffering and innocent people to recommence life with a greater prospect of happiness for themselves and their children.

And of course every effort ought to be made to reduce the number of men called into active service in the army, as well as the period of such service. It is marvellous that France can stand such a drain upon it as is occasioned by the withdrawal of so many of its citizens, in the very flower of their youth, from their various avocations and from the influences of home, and by depriving them of the desire and opportunity of marrying. In fact, the number of non-producers within its borders is far too great. Its tendency to impoverish the country is, however, counteracted by the industry of the women, and the habits of economy and saving which generally prevail.

The Republic must be careful not to alienate the property-holders, and others who are conservative either by nature, from education, or from interest, and who have naturally been somewhat alarmed by some of its measures, and still more so by the doctrines proclaimed by certain of its adherents. In particular should every suggestion having for its object to abolish

the Senate, or to deprive it of its independence, as well as every proposition in favor of an elective judiciary, or of one appointed for short terms, or removable at will, be strenuously resisted, an independent Senate being absolutely essential as a conservative safeguard against the passions or precipitancy of a purely popular assembly, and it being also of the highest importance that every citizen should at all times feel assured that the laws will be faithfully administered by judges who are responsible only to their country, and not to President or party.

The Republic is now fully conscious of its strength; let it recognize it as its highest duty and unquestionable interest to use that strength with moderation. The country at large wants no very adventurous policy either at home or abroad. It requires all the ability of French statesmen to bring about a complete recovery from the effects of the Franco-German war and Communistic insurrection, and of the deficiency in the harvest and wine crop of the last few years.* The balance of trade has been largely against France for some time past, and the consequences of this must inevitably be felt.

Let the republican leaders recognize the importance of working rather than of talking, and of working in such a way as to re-assure the timid, and secure the co-operation of all the reasonable and patriotic men to be found among their former opponents; and let these latter remember that it is infinitely better for them to make their influence felt by such co-operation than to sit apart in sulky discontent, and leave it to the radicals and extremists to get the upper hand. There are undoubtedly to be found in the Chamber of Deputies, as in all other legislative bodies in free countries, many obstructive and many destructive members.

This is all the more reason why all who are interested in the steady progress of society and the safety of the state should unite and stand by the able and patriotic men upon whom the responsibility of government principally rests. The chiefs of the existing government of France certainly combine to a remarkable extent great dignity and integrity of character, a thorough knowledge of men and affairs, moral courage, largeness of view, and a desire for progress, energy, tact, and eloquence, while the ability displayed by the French ministers of finance since the close of the Franco-German war has been the wonder of the world. The success of the republican form of government was primarily due to the fact that it was the one which divided Frenchmen the least. The recent elections would seem to show that it is the one to unite them the most.

Let it be honestly accepted by all, without any vain repinings for an irrevocable past, and with a sincere desire to do it justice, and to assist it in its work of reconstruction and consolidation, and there need be no fears concerning the future tranquillity, welfare, and glory of France.

* The wine crop of 1879 amounted to only 25,700,000 hectoliters, being 23,000,000 less than that of 1878, and 30,000,000 less than the average of the past ten years.

HANDS OFF.

I.

I WAS in another stage of existence. I was free from the limits of Time, and in new relations to Space.

Such is the poverty of the English language that I am obliged to use past tenses in my descriptions. We might have a verb which should have many forms indifferent to time, but we have not.

It happened to me to watch, in this condition, the motions of several thousand solar systems all together.

It is fascinating to see all parts of all with equal distinctness—all the more when one has been bothered as much as I have been, in my day, with eye-pieces and object-glasses, with refraction, with prismatic colors, and achromatic contrivances. The luxury of having practically no distance, of dispensing with these cumbrous telescopes, and at the same time of having nothing too small for observation, and dispensing with microscopes, fussy if not cumbrous, can hardly be described in a language as physical or material as is ours.

At the moment I describe I had intentionally limited my observation to some twenty or thirty thousand solar systems, selecting those which had been nearest to me when I was in my schooling on earth. Nothing can be prettier than to see the movement, in perfectly harmonic relations, of planets round their centres, of satellites around planets, of suns, with their planets and satellites, around their centres, and of these in turn around theirs. And to persons who have loved

earth as much as I do, and who, while at school there, have studied other worlds and stars, then distant, as carefully as I have, nothing, as I say, can be more charming than to see at once all this play and interplay; to see comets passing from system to system, warming themselves now at one white sun, and then at a party-colored double; to see the people on them changing customs and costumes as they change their light, and to hear their quaint discussions as they justify the new and ridicule the old.

It cost me a little effort to adjust myself to the old points of view. But I had a Mentor so loving and so patient, whose range—oh! it is infinitely before mine; and he knew how well I loved earth, and if need had been, he would have spent and been spent till he had adjusted me to the dear old point of vision. No need of large effort, though. There it was, just as he told me. I was in the old plane of the old ecliptic. And again I saw my dear old Orion, and the Dipper, and the Pleiades, and Corona, and all the rest of them, just as if I had never seen other figures made from just the same stars when I had other points of view.

But what I am to tell you of is but one thing.

This Guardian of mine and I—not bothered by time—were watching the little systems as the dear little worlds flew round so regularly and so prettily. Well, it was as in old days I have taken a little water on the end of a needle, and have placed it in the field of my compound microscope. I suppose, as I said, that just then there were several thousand solar systems in my ken at once—only the words "then," "there," and "once" have but a modified meaning when one is in these relations. I had only to choose the "epoch" which I would see. And of one world and another I had vision equally distinct—nay, of the blush on a girl's cheek in the planet Neptune, when she sat alone in her bower, I had as distinct vision as of the rush of a comet which cut through a dozen systems, and loitered to flirt with a dozen suns.

II.

In the experience which I describe, I had my choice of epochs as of places. I think scholars or men of scholarly tastes will not wonder when I say that in looking at our dear old earth, after amusing myself for an instant with the history of Northern America for ten or twenty thousand of its years, I turned to that queer little land, that neck between Asia and Africa, and that mysterious corner of Syria which is north of it. Holy Land, men call it, and no wonder. And I think, also, that nobody will be surprised that I chose to take that instant of time when a great caravan of traders was crossing the isthmus—they were already well on the Egyptian side—who had with them a handsome young fellow whom they had bought just above, a day or two before, and were carrying down south to the slave-market at On, in Egypt.

This handsome youngster was Jussuf Ben Yacoub, or, as we say, Joseph, son of Jacob. He was handsome in the very noblest type of Hebrew beauty. He seemed eighteen or nineteen years old; I am not well enough read to know if he were. The time was early morning. I remember even the freshness of the morning atmosphere, and that exquisite pearliness of the sky. I saw every detail, and my heart was in my mouth as I looked on. It had been a hot night, and the sides of the tents were clewed up. The handsome fellow lay, his wrists tied together by a cord of camel's hair which bound him to the arm of a great Arab, who looked as I remember Black Hawk of the Sacs and Foxes. Joseph sat up, on the ground, with his hands so close to the other that the cord did not move with his motion. Then, with a queer trick, which I did not follow, and a wrench which must have been agony to him, he twisted and changed the form of the knot in the rope. Then, by a dextrous grip between his front teeth, he loosened the hold of the knot. He bit again, again, and again. Hurrah! It is loose, and the boy is free from that snoring hulk by his side. An instant more, and he is out from the tent; he threads his way daintily down the avenue between the tent ropes; he has come to the wady that stretches dry along the west flank of the encampment: five hundred yards more will take him to the other side of the Cheril-el-bar (the wall of rock which runs down toward the west from the mountains), and he will be free. At this moment two nasty little dogs from the outlying tent of the caravan—what is known among the Arabs as the tent of the warden of the route—sprang after him, snarling and yelling.

The brave boy turned, and, as if he had David's own blood in his veins, and with the precision of David's eye, he threw a heavy stone back on the headmost cur so skillfully that it struck his spine, and silenced him forever, as a bullet might have done. The other cur, frightened, stood still and barked worse than ever.

I could not bear it. I had only to crush that yelping cur, and the boy Joseph would be free, and in eight-and-forty hours would be in his father's arms. His brothers would be saved from remorse, and the world—

And the world—?

III.

I stretched out my finger unseen over the dog, when my Guardian, who watched all this as carefully as I did, said: "No. They are all conscious and all free. They are His children, just as we are. You and I must not interfere unless we know what we are doing. Come here, and I can show you."

He turned me quite round into the region which the astronomers called the starless region, and there showed me another series—oh! an immense and utterly uncountable series—of systems, which at the moment seemed just like what we had been watching.

"But they are not the same," said my Guardian, hastily. "You will see they are not the same. Indeed, I do not know myself what these are for," he said, "unless— I think sometimes they are for you and me to learn from. He is so kind. And I never asked. I do not know."

All this time he was looking round among the systems for something, and at last he found it. He pointed out, and I saw, a system just like our dear old system, and a world just like our dear old world. The same ear-shaped South America, the same leg-of-mutton-shaped Africa, the same fiddle-shaped Mediterranean Sea, the same boot for Italy, and the same foot-ball for Sicily. They were all there. "Now," he said, "here you may try experiments. This is quite a fresh one; no one has touched it. Only these here are not His children—these are only creatures, you know. These are not conscious, though they seem so. You will not hurt them, whatever you do: nay, they are not free. Try your dead dog here, and see what will happen."

Sure enough, there was the gray of the beautiful morning; there was the old hulk of an Arab snoring in his tent; there was the handsome boy in the dry valley, or wady; there was the dead dog—all just as it happened—and there was the other dog snarling and yelping. I just brushed him down, as I have often wiped a green louse off a rose-bush; all was silent again, and the boy Joseph turned and ran. The old hulk of an Arab never waked. The master of the caravan did not so much as turn in his bed. The boy passed the corner of the Cheril-el-bar carefully, just looked behind to be sure he was not followed, and then, with the speed of an antelope, ran, and ran, and ran. He need not have run. It was two hours before any one moved in the Midianite camp. Then there was a little alarm. The dead dogs were found, and there was a general ejaculation, which showed that the Midianites of those days were as great fatalists as the Arabs of this. But nobody thought of stopping a minute for one slave more or less. The lazy snorer who had let him go was well lashed for his laziness. And the caravan moved on.

And Joseph? After an hour's running, he came to water, and bathed. Now he dared open his bag and eat a bit of black bread. He kept his eyes all round him; he ran no more, but walked, with that firm, assured step of a frontiersman or skillful hunter. That night he slept between two rocks under a terebinth-tree, where even a hawk would not have seen him. The next day he threaded the paths along the hill-side, as if he had the eyes of a lynx and the feet of a goat. Toward night he approached a camp, evidently of a sheik of distinction. None of the squalidness here of those trading wanderers, the Midianite children of the desert! Everything here showed Eastern luxury, even, and a certain permanency. But one could hear lamentation, and on drawing near one could see whence it came. A long procession of women were beating their arms, striking the most mournful chords, and singing—or, if you please, screaming—in strains of the most heart-rending agony. Leah and Bilhah and Zilpah led the train three times around old Jacob's tent. There, as before, the curtains were drawn aside, and I could see the old man crouched upon the ground, and the splendid cloak or shawl, where even great black stains of blood did not hide the gorgeous-

ness of the party-colored knitting, hung before him on the tent-pole, as if he could not bear to have it put away.

Joseph sprang lightly into the tent. "My father, I am here!"

Oh, what a scream of delight! what ejaculations! what praise to God! what questions and what answers! The weird procession of women heard the cry, and Leah, Zilpah, and Bilhah came rushing in to the greeting. A moment more, and Judah from his tent, and Reuben from his, headed the line of the false brethren. Joseph turned and clasped Judah's hand. I heard him whisper: "Not a word. The old man knows nothing. Nor need he."

The old man sent out and killed a fatted calf. They ate and drank, and were merry; and for once I felt as if I had not lived in vain.

IV.

And this feeling lasted—yes, for some years of their life. True, as I said, they were years which passed in no time. I looked on, and enjoyed them with just that luxury with which you linger over the charming last page of a novel, where everything is spring, and sunshine, and honey, and happiness. And there was the comfortable feeling that this was my work. How clever in me to have mashed that dog! And he was an ugly brute, too! Nobody could have loved him. Yes; though all this passed in no time, still, I had one good comfortable thrill of self-satisfaction; but then things began to darken, and one began to wonder.

Jacob was growing very old. I could see that, from the way he kept in the tents while the others went about their affairs. And then, summer after summer I saw the wheat blight, and a sort of blast come over the olives; there seemed to be a kind of murrain among the cattle, and no end of trouble among the sheep and goats. I could see the anxious looks of the twelve brothers, and their talk was gloomy enough, too. Great herds of camels dying down to one or two mangy good-for-nothing skeletons; shepherds coming back from the lake country driving three or four wretched sheep, and reporting that these were all that were left from three or four thousand! Things began to grow doubtful, even in the home camp. The women were crying, and the brothers at last held a great council of the head shepherds, and camel-drivers, and masters of horse, to know what should be done for forage for the beasts, and even for food at home.

I had succeeded so well with the dog that I was tempted to cry out, in my best Chaldee: "Egypt! why don't you go down to Egypt? There is plenty of corn there." But first I looked at Egypt, and found things were worse there than they were around Jacob's tents. The inundation had failed there for year after year. They had tried some wretched irrigation, but it was like feeding the hordes of Egypt on pepper-grass and radishes to rely on these little watered gardens. "But the granaries," I said—"where are the granaries?" Granaries? There were no granaries. That was but a dull set who were in the Egyptian government then. They had had good crops year in and year out, for a great many years, too. But they had run for luck, as I have known other nations to do. Why, I could see where they had fairly burned the corn of one year to make room for the fresher harvest of the next. There had been no Jussuf Ben Yacoub in the ministry to direct the storing of the harvest in those years of plenty. The man they had at the head was a dreamy dilettante, who was engaged in restoring some old carvings of two hundred and fifty years before. And, in short, the fellaheen and the people of higher caste in Egypt were all starving to death. That was, as I began to think, a little uncomfortably, what I had brought about when I put my finger on that ugly, howling yellow dog of the sleepy Midianite sentinel.

Well, it is a long story, and not a pleasant one; though, as I have said, as I and my companion watched it, it all went by in no time—I might even say in less than no time. All the glory and comfort of the encampments of Jacob's sons vanished. All became a mere hand-to-hand fight with famine. Instead of a set of cheerful, rich, prosperous chiefs of the pasture country, with thousands of retainers, and no end of camels, horses, cattle, and sheep, here were a few gaunt, half-starved wanderers, living on such game as they could kill in a lucky hunt, or sometimes reduced to locusts, or to the honey from the trees. What grieved me more was to see the good fellows snapped up, one after another, by the beastly garrisons of the Canaanite cities.

Heaven knows where these devils came from, or how they roughed it through the

famine. But here they were, in their fortresses, living, as I say, like devils, with the origins of customs so beastly that I will not stain this paper with them, and yet with a sort of craft such as we still call by the name of devilish, so that I do not wonder that they have been called Devil-worshippers in all the literature of which I know anything. Here they were, and here they got head. I remember how disgusted I was when I saw them go down in ships into the Nile country, and clean out, root and branch, the Egyptians who were left after the famine—just as I have seen a swarm of rose-bugs settle on a rose garden and clean it out in an hour or two. There was the end of Egypt. Then I watched, with an interest not cheerful now, Dido's colony as she sailed with an immense crew of these Moloch-worshipping Canaanites, and their beastly rites and customs, and planted Carthage. It was interesting to see poor Æneas dodging about on the Mediterranean, while Dido and her set were faring so well—or well they thought it—on the African shore.

I will own I was rather anxious now. Not but what there was something—and a great gaudy city it was—on the slopes of Mount Moriah and Zion. But it made me sick to see its worship, and I stopped my ears with my fingers rather than hear the songs. O God! the yells of those poor little children as they burned them to death in Hinnom, a hundred at a time, their own mothers dancing and howling by the fires! I can not speak of it to this day. I dared not look there long. But it was no better anywhere else. I tried Greece; but I could make nothing of Greece. When I looked for the arrival of Danaus with his Egyptian arts and learning—Toonh, I think they called him in Egypt—why, there was no Toonh and no Egyptian arts, because these Canaanite brutes had cleared out Egypt. The Pelasgians were in Greece, and in Greece they staid. They built great walls—I did not see for what—but they lived in cabins at which a respectable Apache would turn up his nose; and century after century they built the same huts, and lived in them. "As for manners, they had none, and their customs were very filthy." When it came time for Cadmus, there was no chance for Cadmus. Perhaps he came, perhaps he did not. All I know is that the Molochite invasion of Egypt had swept all alphabet and letters out of being, and that, if Cadmus came, he was rather more low-lived than the Pelasgians among whom he landed. Really all Greece was such a mess that I hated to follow along its crass stupidity, and the savage raids which the inhabitants of one valley made upon another. This was what I had done for them when I mashed that little yellow dog so easily.

Æneas and his set seemed to prosper better at first. I could see his ships, with the green leaves still growing on the topmasts, hurry out from the port of Dido. I saw poor Palinurus tumble over. I saw Ascanius and the others eat their tables or table-cloths. Queer enough it was to have the old half-forgotten lines of Dryden—whom I know a great deal better than Virgil, more shame to me—come back as poor Nisus plead for his friend, as poor Camilla bled to death, and as Turnus did his best for nothing. Yes, I watched Romulus and the rest of them, just as it was in Harry and Lucy's little inch-square history. I took great comfort in Brutus; I shut my eyes when the noble lady Lucretia stabbed herself; and the quick-moving stereoscope—for I really began to feel that it was one—became more and more fascinating, till we got to the Second Punic War.

Then it seemed to me as if that cursed yellow dog came to the front again. Not that I saw him, of course. Not him! His bones and skin had been gnawed by jackals a thousand years before. But the evil that dogs do lives after them; and when I saw the anxiety on Scipio's face—they did not call him Africanus—when I looked in on little private conferences of manly Roman gentlemen, and heard them count up their waning resources, and match them against the overwhelming force of Carthage, I tell you I felt badly. You see, Carthage was simply an outpost of all that Molochite crew of the East. In the history I am used to, the Levant of that time was divided between Egypt and Greece, and what there was left of Alexander's empire. But in this yellow-dog system, for which I was responsible, it was all one brutal race of Molochism, except that Pelasgian business I told you of in Greece, which was no more to be counted in the balance of power than the Digger Indians are counted in the balance to-day. This was what made poor Scipio and the rest of them so down-hearted.

And well it might. I, who saw the whole, as you may say, together, only, as I have explained, it did not mix itself up—I could see Hannibal with his following of all the Mediterranean powers except Italy, come down on the Romans and crush them as easily as I crushed the cur. No, not as easily as that, for they fought like fury. Men fought and women fought, boys and girls fought. They dashed into the harbor of Carthage once with fire-ships, and burned the fleet. They sent a squadron even into the port of Sidon, and burned half the city. But it was no good: army after army was beaten; fleet after fleet was sunk by the great Carthaginian triremes. Ah me! I remember one had the cordage of the admiral's ship made from the hair of the Roman matrons. But it was all one. If it had been Manila hemp or wire rope, the ship would not have stood when that brutal Sidonian admiral rammed at her with his hundred oarsmen. That battle was the end of Rome. The brutes burned it first. They tumbled down the very walls of the temples. What they could plough, they ploughed. The boys and girls who were not big enough to fight they dragged into slavery, and that was the end. All the rest were dead on the field of battle, or were sunk in the sea.

And so Molochism reigned century after century. Just that, one century after another century: two centuries in all. What a reign it was! Lust, brutality, terror, cruelty, carnage, famine, agony, horror. If I do not say death, it is because death was a blessing in contrast to such lives. For now that there was nobody to fight who had an idea above the earth and dead things, these swords that were so sharp had to turn against each other. No Israel to crush, no Egypt, no Iran, no Greece, no Rome, Moloch and Canaan turned on themselves, and fought Canaan and Moloch. Do not ask me to tell the story! Where beast meets beast, there is no story to tell worth your hearing or my telling. Brute rage gives you nothing to describe. They poisoned, they starved, they burned; they scourged and flayed and crucified; they invented forms of horror for which our imagination, thank God, has no picture, and our languages no name. And all this time lust, and every form of pestilence and disease which depends on lust, raged as fire rages when it has broken bounds. It was seldom and more seldom that children were born; nay, when they were born, they seemed only half alive. And those who grew to manhood and womanhood—only it is desecration to use those names—transmitted such untamed beastliness to those who came after!

One hundred years, as I said. Fewer and fewer of these wretches were left in the world. I could see fields grow up to jungles and to forests. A fire wasted Carthage, and another swept away On, and another finished Sidon, and there was neither heart nor art to rebuild them. Then another hundred years dragged by, with worse horrors, if it were possible, and more. The stream of the world's life began to run in drops, now big drops, with a noisy gurgle; black drops, too, or bloody red. Fewer men, and still fewer women, and all mad with beastly rage. Every man's hand was against his brother, as if this were a world of Cains. All this had come to them because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge.

No, I will not describe it. You do not ask me to. And if you asked, I would say, "No." Let me come to the end.

The two centuries had gone. There are but a handful of these furies left. Then the last generation came—and for thirty years more of murder and fight it ground along. At the last, how strange it seemed to me, all that there are left, in two unequal parties, each of which had its banner still for fight, and a sort of uniform as if they were armies; but only four on one side and nine on the other met, as if the world were not wide enough for both, and met in that very Syria where I had helped Joseph, son of Jacob, to fling his arms round his father's neck again.

Nor, indeed, was it very far from that spot. It was close to the wreck and ruin of the Jebusite city which had been one of the strongholds last destroyed of one of these clans. That city was burned, but I saw that the ruins were smoking. Just outside there was an open space. I wonder if it had a weird, deadly look, or whether the horror of the day made me think so? I remember a great rock like a man's skull that peered out from the gray dry ground. Around that rock these wretches fought, four to nine, hiding behind it, on one side or the other, on that April day, under that black sky.

One is down! Two of the other party

are kneeling on him, to take the last breath of life from him. With a yell of rage three or four of his party, dashing their shields on the heads of the two, spring upon them; and I can see one wave his battle-axe above his head, when—

Did the metal attract the spark? A crash! a blaze which dazzled my eyes, and when I opened them the last of these human brutes all lay stark dead on the one side and on the other of the grim rock of Calvary!

Not a man or a woman, not a boy or a girl, left in that world!

V.

"Do not be disturbed," said my Mentor. "You have done nothing."

"Nothing!" I groaned. "I have ruined a world in my rashness."

"Nothing," he repeated. "Remember what I told you: these are—what shall I say?—shadows, shadowy forms. They are not His children. They are only forms which act as if they were—that you and I may see and learn, perhaps begin to understand—only it passes knowledge."

As he spoke, I remember that I moaned and struggled with him like a crying child. I was all overwhelmed by the sight of the mischief I had done. I would not be comforted.

"Listen to me," he said again. "You have only done, or wanted to do, what we all try for at first. You wanted to save your poor Joseph. What wonder?"

"Of course I did," sobbed I. "Could I have thought? Should you have thought?"

"No," said he, with that royal smile of his—"no, I should not have thought, once—I could not have thought it once—till I too tried my experiments." And he paused.

Perhaps he was thinking what his experiments also were.

Then he began again, and the royal smile had hardly faded away: "Let me show you. Or let me try. You wanted to save your poor Joseph—all sole alone."

"Yes," I said. "Why should I not want to?"

"Because he was not alone; could not be alone. None of them were alone; none of them could be alone. Why, you know yourself that not a rain-drop in that shower yonder but balances against a dust-grain on the other side of creation. How could Joseph live or die alone? How could that brute he was chained to live or die alone? None of them are alone. None of us are alone. He is not alone. Even He is in us, and we are in Him. But the way with men—and it is not so long, dear friend, since you were a man—the way with men is to try what you tried. I never yet knew a man—and how many have I known, thank God!—I never yet knew a man but he wanted to single out some one Joseph to help—as if the rest were nothing, or as if our Father had no plans."

"I shall never try that again!" sobbed I, after a long pause.

"'Never,'" said he, "is a long word. You will learn not to say 'Never.' But I'll tell you what you will do. When you get a glimpse of the life in common, when you find out what is the drift—shall I say of the game, or shall I say of the law?—in which they all and we all, He in us and we in Him, are living, then, oh, it is such fun to strike in and live for all!"

He paused a minute, and then he went on, hesitating at first, as if he feared to pain me, but resolutely afterward, as if this must be said:

"Another thing I notice in most men, though not in all, is this: they do not seem at first to understand that the Idea is the whole. Abraham had left Ur rather than have any part with those smoke-and-dust men—Nature-worshippers, I think they call them. How was it that you did not see that Joseph was going down to Egypt with the Idea? He could take what they did not have there. And as you saw, in the other place, without it, why, your world died."

Then we turned round and left that horrid world of phantoms, to go back to our own dear real world. And this time I looked on to-day. How bright it seemed, and how comforting to me to think that I had never touched the yellow dog, and that he came to his death in his own way!

I saw some things I liked, and some I disliked. It happened that I was looking at Zululand, when poor Prince Lulu's foot slipped at the saddle-flap. I saw the assegai that stabbed him. Had I been a trooper at his side, by his side I would have died too. But no, I was not at his side. And I remembered Joseph, and I said, "From what I call evil, He educes good."

A TALK ON DRESS.

I.

THE object of dress may be said to be threefold—to cover, to warm, to beautify. It is from the point of beauty that we shall chiefly consider it. Beauty in dress, as in other things, is largely relative. To admit this is to admit that a dress which is beautiful upon one woman may be hideous worn by another. Each should understand her own style, accept it, and let the fashion of her dress be built upon it.

Because my dark slender friend looks well in a heavy velvet with a high ruff, her rival, who is short and stout and blonde, tries to outshine her in a heavier velvet with a higher ruff. It is reason enough that the last should look ill in the dress because the first looks well in it.

To begin with the matter of color, which (given the sense for it) is easier to attain than perfect form in dress, as it takes less skill and time, we may easily divide people into types or classes of color, and say what colors must be avoided or chosen for each class.

Until very lately the red-haired class has been in modern times only admired by artists, though in the olden days of Venice dark-haired ladies used to dye their hair red to imitate their more fortunate sisters who were born thus decorated. To-day in Venice one sees sometimes the red-haired Italian with green or gray eyes, but more often one finds them in still more northern parts of Italy, and they are always admired.

Red hair has been contrasted with blue in almost all cases, and this is the one color that should never be brought near it. Red hair with blue eyes requires a different "treatment" from red hair with gray or green or brown eyes. Very often the blue eyes, which are not so fortunate as other colors with red hair, may be neutralized by the color of the gown, but as soon as blue is introduced into the dress, the blue eyes count for twice their value, and form too strong a contrast.

To assure yourself of this fact in color, take a fabric upon which are red, blue, and green spots or figures; fasten upon it a blue ribbon, and you will at once see the blue spots more prominently than the red or green; fasten a green ribbon upon it, and your eye at once selects the green spots; with a red ribbon, the red spots tell.

Many blue eyes are of a transparent quality, easily reflecting other color. A green dress will immediately impart some of its own tone to the transparent blue eye, and thus it will, to all intents and purposes, cease to be blue. The green must be by no means light, for a pale green is a very unfortunate color with really red hair, while the deep reds and yellows are very harmonious with it. One might set down the possibilities and impossibilities for the red-haired type as follows:

To be chosen for red hair: white of a creamy tone; black; invisible green; rich bottle green; rich blue-green; olive green; gray-green; stone gray; claret-color; maroon; plum; amethyst; brownish-purple; pale yellow; gold-color; pale amber; dark amber; reds approaching amber; brown. To be avoided for red hair: blue of all shades; blue-white; pale green; bright reds; bright rose pink; blue-purple; lavender.

There is a color to be used with red hair that requires almost an artist to use it, and then it may be very effective. It should be in small quantities, and contrasted with other tones. It is a pale yellowish-pink. All pinks approaching a violet shade are painful with red hair; but, especially where the eyes are brown, and the complexion of that shell-like beauty that often belongs to this type, such a pink as we have spoken of, used as a lining to a dull dark amber, almost brown, such as one may find in velvet, or a red that is as dark as a dark red hollyhock, seems to repeat very effectively the fair bloom of the complexion.

The blue-eyed women of this type do well to wear chiefly the greens, stone gray, and yellows, the creamy white, and the black. This gives them sufficient range, and they can not improve upon it. For ornaments, amber, gold, and pearls, and yellowish lace. The gray and green eyed may venture further upon the browns and purples; but the fortunate brown-eyed may run the whole gamut here set down from white to brown, but will find nothing better than the dark reds and ambers.

There is a type very frequent among us which is usually called ineffective, and women belonging to this type of color are usually set down as plain, though among them often we find delicacy of form and fine eyes. They have dull light brown hair and no brilliancy of complexion; the

eyes are often gray or blue. We find them making one of two mistakes in the color of their dress in hopes of mitigating this ineffectiveness: one is to wear reds, which, however, fail to produce either harmony or contrast; the other is to dress in fawn-colors and grays, as if by contrast to make the hair appear darker. All this is futile. Fawns and grays require a complexion either brilliant or delicate. Browns are out of the question. Soft pinks or blues well contrasted with white of a creamy tone, or black, are the best choice. If the eyes are green, dark green may be used, but they are not so frequently in this type. White, by casting reflected lights, clears the complexion. We indicate for this the following type: To be chosen: black, especially black velvet; creamy white; pale pinks and blues, never of a chalky tone; lace and muslin. To be avoided: tan-colors; fawn-colors; blue-white; grays; frank blues, yellows, and reds; brown.

There is hardly any type that has not its advantage over others. The one we have just mentioned may have a peculiar elegance from its very quietness. It is easy for the more effective types to look overdressed and conspicuous; let this less effective type take advantage of its deficiency, and turn it into a quiet elegance.

Black lace and white lace have a universal becomingness. Black silk has this reputation, but to my mind unjustly. It appears to me to possess a certain hardening effect. For the dull complexion, it has too much glitter; for the bright complexion, sometimes too much contrast. The more its surface approaches a satin, or is broken by an interwoven figure, the more often it is becoming. Perhaps the golden-haired type with roseate skin and blue eyes can bear it better than most; but even with these, other fabrics are often more beautiful. The rosy, golden-haired blonde is one of the few types that may wear blue-white. It is so rare a privilege that we can scarcely imagine any one who *can*, not taking advantage of it. Yellows, also, with the golden blonde whose complexion is brilliant, produce perhaps the most beautiful harmonies. Reds should never be worn, and the frank tones, however pale, of blue, green, or pink, chosen rather than the evasive tones which are best for the golden blonde with a pale complexion.

Colors for golden blonde with roseate skin: blue-white; blue, from dark to light; rose pink; green, from dark to light; yellows, especially on gold tones; purples and lilacs; grays; black; brown, contrasted with pink. To be avoided: reds.

For golden blonde with pale skin: olive greens; mauve pinks; cream white; black; gray; amethyst; amber; stone gray; blue. To be avoided: reds; browns.

There are two other types that may wear the blue-white—the dark-brown-haired with roseate complexion and blue or green eyes, and the black-haired with pale complexion and blue or brown eyes. But in all cases it demands the brilliant rosy or the brilliant pale complexion, and the very dark brown, black, or golden hair.

Black velvet should be avoided where the contrasts are startling. With black hair and a high color, the effect is rarely in good taste, though often startlingly brilliant, while a dark green, or claret, or blue, would be more harmonious. Wherever there is red in the composition of the hair, green (*not* a pale green, which should be only worn by blondes) will be becoming, and the dark shades of red will bring out the red in the hair, and light blue may be very effectively worn with very dark hair that has red in its composition, especially when the complexion is pale or very delicate.

Colors that may be chosen for brown hair, eyes, and skin: reds; amber, and all yellows; brown; maroon; olive green; rose pink, with dark tones; very dark blue, especially in velvet; tan and cream colors. To be avoided: light blue or medium blue; light green; pale violets or violet-pinks; grays; purple; black; white.

Colors to be chosen for black hair, pale skin, and blue eyes: white, both cream and blue; black; blue, light to dark; reds, light to dark; pale pinks; blue-grays. With dark eyes, add yellows and amber. To be avoided: pale greens.

Colors to be chosen for chestnut hair, hazel eyes, and pale skin: olive greens; dark and light blues; purples; all evasive pale shades, pale yellows, old gold, and burnt creams; black; white of creamy tone. To be avoided: blue-white; red of any shade; brilliant yellows; medium blue.

Very often it is the quantity of a certain tone or color that makes it becoming or unbecoming. A bow or lining of any given color may be very effective, which, used in a large mass, might destroy the

balance and harmony. Sometimes a color that is inharmonious with the complexion in one material is perfectly in tone in another, on account of the different manner in which it takes the light. This matter of light and reflected lights has more to do with form than most people suspect, but we must speak of form in another chapter.

II.

We have said that one object of dress is to beautify; perhaps we should say, to emphasize beauty. A perfect proportion is the greatest beauty, but it is also the rarest. Usually the problem of dress is to bring into relief one or two fine points, and conceal the many deficiencies. That woman who acknowledges to herself her own deficiencies, and bases her dress upon her finest points, will make the most pleasing impression. Seeing that so many women devote a great deal of time to dress, it is a little remarkable that so few seem to meet the problem upon any radical principle. One woman has no beauty of figure, but a fine head and lovely eyes. She is sure to wear a tight-fitting gown that emphasizes the deficiency of her figure, and to come "with all her imperfections on her head" in the way of a massive coiffure, while the color of her whole costume is not chosen with any reference to the color of her eyes. If "capucin" be the fashionable tint, which can be effectively worn only by one person out of a hundred, and she be one of the ninety-and-nine, she doubtless has made that the prevailing tone of her dress, secure in her choice because it is "fashionable."

In result she is a plain woman. Many a famous beauty owes her reputation to the chance becomingness of the prevailing fashion, and many with equal charms hide them through ignorance of the first principles of dress.

Form is something less usually understood than color, and on the subject of proportion there is an alarming ignorance. Short women strive to give themselves height by building up their heads. It is not usually known that most people's heads are too large. They are often improved by the hair or some small ornament being worn on the top of the head; but it must not be so arranged as to seem to increase the *bulk* of the head, only to add a little in *height*. The size of the head in proportion to the entire height of the body should be one-eighth. Often women with faces too long try to shorten the face by wearing the hair very low on the forehead. Whether the hair be worn low or high should depend principally on two things—the setting of the eyes, and the quality of the face. The eyes of a woman should be in the middle of her face. That is, drawing an imaginary line across the top of the head and another below the chin, it is on an imaginary line exactly half way between these two that the woman's eyes should be set; if they are placed higher, the effect approaches masculinity; if lower, the effect is toward the infantile type.

Now if the eyes are set too near the top of the head, often the case where the face is too long, the bringing the hair low upon the brow only increases this defect. The other thing to be considered is the quality of the face. Sometimes a strong face is brutalized by bringing the hair low, and spiritualized by wearing it high, for often with a strong face the modelling of the forehead is an important and fine feature.

The throat is apparently shortened by any hair or ornament hanging from the head, and only where the throat is long should any such fashion be indulged. The throat is shortened by standing ruffles, and the shoulders heightened by a "square-cut" dress. Yet where the point to be emphasized is a handsome neck and a brilliant complexion, one may sometimes sacrifice a faulty figure to these beauties, and let the ruff of lace form a complementary background to the complexion of face and neck, this being then made the central point of interest, and the rest going for nothing.

An artistic friend once told me that he remembered, in the period of hoops, being struck in a ball-room, for the first time, with the value of the fashion. The beauty of face and shoulders seemed doubly emphasized—nothing but masses of tulle and flowers and silk lay beneath. The short and dumpy women who had often fine necks appeared quite on the level of their more perfectly proportioned sisters, even sometimes outshone them.

Women are much oftener too short than too tall, and they try to gain height by high heels. These do undoubtedly, as long as their wearers stand still, give dignity; but they are most graceless for walking, even in a room, and deform the feet. Thus they administer to a very short-lived vanity, and we can not recommend them.

American women have very often the feet too small, and this is no beauty. The better shaped a foot is, the smaller it will look; but that it should really be too small involves an awkward gait. Again, it should be remembered (though it is usually forgotten) that the foot of a large woman should be large—not large in proportion to her size—but it is no beauty that it should be as small as that of a small woman. A heavily built woman should have a larger foot than a slenderly built woman, and usually, to her unnecessary sorrow, she has. The foot should be as long as the *ulna*, or chief bone of the fore-arm; that is, from the small head of the bone to be seen at the wrist to the point of the elbow, should be the length of the foot. Where the fore-arm is too short, the foot will be found to be also too short; where this is too long, the foot will be too long. Most people are surprised that the foot should be as long as the fore-arm, and are inclined to dispute the fact till they prove it by experiment; but an experiment will easily show that a straight line drawn from one point to another will appear a great deal longer than the same space filled by a line divided into curves.

Large women pinch their feet in tight shoes because they are ashamed of having them in proportion to their bodies, thus in time they deform and swell them until they are out of proportion to their bodies, but in the direction that they did not intend. Small women pinch their feet because they are vain of their smallness, and would emphasize it. Now in many cases they are not so small in proportion as the feet of tall women; but the public eye, being not critical of proportion, will, without their going to the pain of pinching their feet, consider them small because they are abstractly so; therefore they seem to us to make a poor exchange for a graceful motion and a dignified carriage—two essentials to the greatest beauty. In fact, anything else had better be sacrificed to ease of motion, and yet this is what one sees most frequently disregarded.

Any woman is too tightly dressed who can not raise her arms straight up above her head and clasp her hands; who can not stoop to tie her shoe, or pick up a pin, without heightened color. Yet probably not a dozen of our acquaintance can do this. Stupid as is the mistake of the tight shoe, it is wisdom compared to tight lacing, which, less painful, is more unrelentingly indulged, and like a painless poison saps the beauty, the grace, the life, from its unfortunate victims.

The beautiful human body develops slowly toward its ripeness. Not until twenty-five is a woman entirely developed—that is, among our Northern nations. Indeed, there are slowly developing families that can not be said to reach the ripeness of their beauty before thirty, but five-and-twenty is the age set by the anatomists for the complete formation; and yet from the age of fifteen or sixteen the pliant, tender bones and muscles are compressed and flattened, till, instead of growing and making room for the wonderful system of organs which only in their full development can give us a worthy race, the beautiful skeleton is contracted and deformed, the young muscles weakened, the magnificent interior organs rendered incapable of conception, and the doctors' offices filled with nervous patients. Tight lacing is not only a stupidity, it is a crime—a crime that casts a heavy burden upon the next generation; but we have promised to write advice upon beauty in dress, not upon morals, and we must return to our theme.

We would like to convince every woman in the land that a small waist is unbeautiful. Look at the Greek statues. We have no more perfect standard for beauty. Imagine what they would be had they worn a tight corset. Why, we should turn away our eyes, shocked at the painful angular lines that would replace the graceful majesty of those flowing curves.

And this is not all that may be said against tight lacing as a destroyer of beauty. It ruins the digestion and the circulations, and consequently the complexion. Now we all know that a beautiful complexion is one of the greatest feminine charms. An ugly woman is made beautiful by it, and a handsome woman is often hid beneath an ugly complexion.

With educated people the modelling or finish of the race is often much finer than the type; with uneducated people, especially in handsome faces like the Irish, although among them very degraded types exist, we often find a very beautiful type both in face and figure; but never in the uneducated face is that final modelling, that subtle finish of little parts, that is the greatest charm of the educated face.

White muslin or lace about the neck casts reflected lights on the face, thus, if the complexion is not very dark, clearing the complexion, and lighting up the little modellings of the face. A face that is better in its delicate modelling than in its type or formation is apt to be better seen in full face than in profile, not only because the eyes are apt to be fine, but because the finish of the face is better shown. Where the type is finer than the modelling, a dress that eats up the light, like dark velvet, will be the most effective setting.

The geometric style of dress, that is, cut up into triangles and stiff forms, is trying for any kind of figure. Where the figure is handsome, the nearer to the simplicity of a bit of fabric draped about it in soft clinging lines the dress approaches, the more becoming.

It is not necessary to be conspicuously peculiar in order to avoid the slavery of fashion. We may so modify and select that a sort of "survival of the fittest" is what fashion attains in our hands.

Long lines from the shoulder to the foot give height; horizontal lines crossing the figure shorten the person. Short stout women should avoid basques, or any dress that makes a descriptive line about the hips; ruffles at the shoulders or hips that increase the bulk; or skirts of too great tightness, where looser draperies would give slenderness to the figure. Tall women who are too slender may use the horizontal lines with advantage, and increase the apparent size of arm or waist by a band that surrounds them. People appear more slender in black and dark colors, and stouter in light colors; slenderer in such stuffs as form masses of shadow with a few flashing lights, as velvet, for instance, and stouter in stuffs that reflect light and have fewer shadows, like cloth, satin, silk.

To break the masses in dress by very light lines of trimming, like a cord of light color introduced in the seams, has never a good effect; a lining designed to show may be as light as one pleases, and the effect never interferes in an unexplained way with the drawing or proportions.

A massing of color, and a gentle passing from one tone to another, are always more pleasing than violent contrast, which, if used, should be in one place, as in a bow judiciously placed, or a flower, or, as we have said, a lining.

The fashion that has prevailed within the past few years, of suits all of one material, is a move in the right direction—at least, it saves us from that bad effect of ill-chosen garment above garment, cutting the figure up into a sort of tile pattern, like a roof in two or three colors.

The matter of shoes is an important one —"bien gantée, bien chaussée, c'est bien habillée," runs the French saying ("well gloved and well shod is well dressed"). The glove, like the shoe, should be large enough. A small glove is as graceless, though by no means as harmful, as a small shoe. Alike, the shoes and the gloves should be harmonious with the dress. Across the room the gloves should not appear like spots upon the dress. They are frequently worn too light, and when too light for the dress, have not even the advantage of bare hands, which at once repeat the color of the face, and so fall into harmony. Where a colored shoe is worn, it must be very judiciously chosen. In the street, no shoe looks so well as a black. In the house, one the color of the dress is more elegant. Black shoes and stockings with a black dress; and with a light dress, unless the foot be very small, a shade darker than the dress, if exactly of the same tone, will seem to be more closely the color of the dress than a shoe of the same shade. Shoes of a distinctly different color are only admissible with a white dress, and then the contrast should not be too startling. A faint tone of color is usually best, unless the shoes be the one touch of color in the whole costume. It may be used in this way with a dress all of gray also. Where the foot is handsome, a sandal slipper with a very small button on each band is far more becoming than any slipper trimmed with bows, which may only be used advantageously when the instep is low and the foot shapeless.

One word, before we close, on what would artistically be called "composition." This is, perhaps, not as easy to explain as any of the points that we have already treated, yet it is one of the most important. The idea is the same in composition of line as in balance of color, which we explained in the first part of our first section. The lines of the dress, and especially those of the dressing of the hair, or of the bonnet, should be such as to bring into prominence the best lines of the face. Sometimes the lines are too cir-

cular, sometimes too angular. We sometimes see faces where the eyes are too round, the nose inclined to a snub, the mouth too small and round, the eyebrows arched. This is sometimes a piquant and pretty type, but not when exaggerated, as it easily may be by repeating the circular lines in the head-dress by curls where the hair should be worn smooth, or by a wreath of round flowers where a more angular bow should be placed. The line of the bonnet should not be circular; feathers are not favorable to this style. Feathers, on the contrary, make a softening setting to a face inclined to angularity; jet fringe, or any surrounding that forms straight lines, is unfavorable; the hair turned off the face, or worn in curls (so that they are *not pendent*), relieves the severity of the face.

Of course in treating the matter thus abstractly it is difficult to do more than generalize, but we may hope that we have not failed in suggesting some useful trains of thought, which may, where there is so much beauty as among our women, not be without their effect.

III.

Our young girls in America do not seem to have the sense of the beauty of simplicity in dress. No young girl looks as young or as lovely in heavy velvets and loaded trimmings as in simple muslins and soft, clinging materials. They detract from their own fresh charms by calling attention to their adornment. I should be inclined to say that no jewels, unless a single row of pearls about the throat, no lace but simple Valenciennes, should be worn by any girl younger than twenty-one. A dress perfectly fresh, light in color (where the complexion permits), beautifully cut, and almost entirely untrimmed, can not be improved upon for a young girl. It is the sweet rounded forms, the dewy bloom of the cheek, the clear young eyes, the soft tender lips, that we want to see. Where silks are worn, they should not be of heavy quality, but soft. Our young girls wear dresses like dowagers. It is a futile waste of money; no beauty is attained.

We would like to call attention to the fact that the style of dress influences the manners, the carriage, of the woman. The masculine style of dress has this objection. It is a little difficult to say what we could substitute for the Ulster that we have all adopted. It is surely a very convenient garment for our streets, and for rain and mud and snow; but there is a difference in the cut of Ulsters, and they should be as little like a very bad overcoat as possible. Where a young girl has side pockets, she is apt to put her hands in them, and where she adds a Derby hat, how often the swagger follows!

The Derby hat appears to me to have no excuse. It is unbecoming even to a man, and absolutely hideous upon a woman. It is surprising to see them adopted by well-bred ladies. They have had great countenance, to be sure, but we think that if we should hand over all the younger generation to an exclusive costume of the Derby hat, the Ulster, the Jersey, and the short skirt, it would not take more than one generation to make us lose all grace of manner.

The short skirt deserves to be commended for the street, but in the house it has neither beauty nor elegance. Even to shorten a long skirt in front for the better display of a pretty foot is a great mistake. It is neither becoming to the foot nor the figure. It gives an intentional look of display, which is unrefined; and surely the dress that leaves something to the imagination is more coquettish and more dignified.

The scarf for a married woman is a fashion that should never die. To wear it well is a proof of grace, and it imparts an elegance, especially to a tall woman, that is very desirable. In the old portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, by Stewart and Copley, the scarf has been very elegantly used—the long straight scarf drawn tightly across the small of the back, passed over the elbows, and dropping down in front as low as the knee, or lower. Nowadays one sees them occasionally worn by ladies who have relatives in the East, who send them scarfs of crape or camel's-hair; and occasionally the French approach the scarf in the style of their light outer wraps for spring or autumn. I think that it would only require half a dozen ladies, whose reputation for good dress is high, to persistently adopt the scarf, for others to recognize its grace and elegance.

The wearing of jewels is not often well understood. One does not see many handsome jewels worn in America, with the exception of diamonds. It is said that the value of the diamond fluctuates less

than that of any other precious stone, and that they therefore recommend themselves to the practical masculine mind as an investment, and that this is the real reason that our women wear diamonds so exclusively. This is to be regretted, as the diamond, from its excessive brilliancy and hardness of light, is not becoming to many women. To the blue-eyed, the sapphire, or even the inexpensive turquoise, is often far more harmonious and decorative. A little pale woman in flashing diamonds is absurd; the silent pearl, the dull, soft turquoise, the evasive, mysterious opal, even the little moon-stone, a green chalcedony, the topaz, an amethyst with a velvet surface for finish (what the French call *défacée*), even amber, or pale tea-colored coral—all these as ornaments are becoming to ninety-nine women, where the diamond is becoming to the one-hundredth. Let us emancipate ourselves from imagining a thing beautiful because it is costly, or beautiful as an ornament because it is beautiful in itself, or ornamental in the dress of one person because it is so in the dress of another.

We knew once a charming little lady who, being in very moderate circumstances, dressed in such simple materials as she could easily procure—in winter often in soft gray woollens, in summer in light-colored muslins, with a white scarf, a straw bonnet, with the plainest pale ribbon neatly tying it down. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and with her soft fair hair and blue eyes, her figure delicate even to the point of fragility, no dress could have been more coquettish and exquisitely appropriate. Later her husband came into a fortune. She eagerly adopted heavy velvets, beneath whose weight she seemed to totter, diamonds of great size and brilliancy. They made her at once a plain woman; and as her freshness began to fade, we wondered how we could ever have thought her exquisitely pretty; and it seemed to us that with soft lace and the tender dullness of pearls, with crapes of gray or white as material for her gowns, even faded she would have been charming.

We know a very plain woman, of much grace of manner, who knows how to make her plainness effective even in this country, where we are spoiled, and demand that every woman shall be pretty. She is small and delicate, but the bony structure of the face is bold, and it is most becoming to her to dress richly, or, rather, she is capable of wearing with elegance a rich dress and jewels. One can hardly say that they become *her*. She is in no wise more beautiful for them, but having no beauty, would appear insignificant without them. This seems to be, artistically considered, a case of good judgment; but that a woman with delicate personal charms should utterly extinguish them by the brilliancy of her dress, seems like the blind taste of a savage.

Some people who know how to choose the appropriate jewel or ornament, wear too much of it. There should be design in this as well as in the dress, and the least sense of overloading becomes at once savage; nor is any richness attained by a great number of inexpensive ornaments. For most women a single jewel, if it is handsome, which shall be the key-note of color of the dress, is more effective than necklace and bracelets and rings.

Fancy a tall slim woman, with black hair and blue eyes, and a pale, clear complexion, wearing a dress of white crape, about her throat a narrow black velvet ribbon fastened with a fine sapphire of some size, set clear, and with none of the diamond surroundings that we see them often ruined with. She may wear another smaller sapphire in a ring upon one hand, and no other ornament, unless a natural white rose. With the same ornaments—the sapphire clasp and the sapphire ring—she might wear a dress high in the throat, composed of various shades of the sapphire, from light to dark. Thus the jewel is the concentration of the whole.

We should like to say a word about the dress of children. No child is prettier for an elaborate design of dress. A single ruffle at the edge of the skirt does very well, but it is quite as well without it. And to cut up the tiny space of a child's dress with loopings and trimmings and ornament seems to us to make them look like monkeys. Not even the sash is beautiful for a child. A child is constructed first of all to eat that it may grow, to receive impressions that it may learn: therefore the head and the stomach are large in proportion to the rest of the body. When the little figure is nude, so that the soft fleshy forms can be well seen, all this is beautiful; but to emphasize in the draped form of the child the large stomach by a broad sash, is utterly against all rules of beauty.

The legs and arms are often beautiful, but to show the legs by cutting off the dress at the hips is immensely awkward, and seems chiefly to serve to display the drawers, which are not a beautiful garment, and should be entirely hidden. Besides this, in winter our climate is wholly inappropriate for any such exposure, and we shall best see the beauty of a healthy child in its easy, untrammelled motion as it moves about in a simple dress (of as handsome a material as you like, provided that it is untrimmed), which is long enough to be warm and loose enough to be comfortable. If you want your children to be graceful, let them be unconscious; if you want them to be healthy, let them be sufficiently warm. No woman can have a fine complexion who as a child has been habitually chilled, and we see in the winter many children who seem literally to have nothing on from the waist down. They could much better afford to put it the other way, and wear nothing from the waist up, the lungs and heart being at less expense to warm the upper portion of the body than the legs, which are further away from them.

A HELPMEET FOR HIM.

I.

HIS name was John Detmold. Judging by his name, he must have been of German descent, and he was merely a country boy, living a hard life upon a farm in what was then the wild interior of Ohio. For years he had grubbed and ploughed, had hoed and reaped, with eyes fastened upon a harvest beyond that of his corn and yellow pumpkins, more than that of his summer hunting and his mid-winter trapping. And now the long-looked-for Christmas had come at last, and he was on a visit to the town which was at that date the metropolis of all that region. He was nothing but a coarsely clad rustic, as thickset, sunburned, utterly uncouth and awkward, as could be found, and he had driven to town in a cart laden with the carefully dried skins of many a squirrel and rabbit, raccoon and deer. Ignorant as the lad was, he had, where money was concerned, a skill which amounted to science. His lumpy hand had a hunger for cash which was surpassed only by the grip with which it closed upon and kept whatever coins came within its grasp. Possibly he inherited this from parents who, in Germany, most likely, had to struggle for life, with the wolf of poverty forever upon the threshold. Certainly his farm experiences had deepened and hardened in him any such tendencies. Indulging now in none of the temptations of the town, he gave himself diligently to getting the highest price in the market for his wares, and persisted until he had sold the last skin, and buckled the last cent obtained therefor about his waist, and next his person, in a belt which he had himself made for the purpose.

But his long-anticipated object in coming to town was a something beyond even that. He had been born with, or had in some queer fashion developed within himself, an appetite which money was but a means toward appeasing. When he first came, he had put up at the cheapest tavern he could learn of, and the clerk thereof had been greatly amused at the frequency with which he had drank at the water faucet, drawing cup after cup thereof for himself. After that it seemed as if he would never be done washing his face and hands, filling and emptying the tin pan, and filling it again. Greatly refreshed, he went out to make his sales. Immediately upon his return to the tavern he again exhibited a strange fondness for water, considering how cold the weather was. Again he washed his hands and face at the sink in the little room adjoining the bar, turning on the water for the purpose from the brass faucet. He took a long time at it, letting the water off and on, off and on, as if he never would get through. When he had dried his face and hands upon the brown roller-towel, he found himself obliged to take yet another drink, holding the pewter mug under the faucet, and watching the rush and foam of the liquid as a toper might have done the pouring out of whiskey. "How far is it to whar it comes from?" he asked the office clerk. But that gentleman was too busy with his cigar to do more than reply, "Up street"; and John Detmold hastened in the direction indicated, until, having climbed the hill which overlooked the town, he found and lingered long upon the banks of the reservoir which supplied the fluid in which he seemed to find such pleasure.

As he came back at last he hardly looked in at the windows of the stores. There were signs along the street telling where, to judge from the delineations thereof

upon the boards, the thickest and brownest of gingerbread, the most foamy of beer, were to be had; but the lad regarded them not, save with eyes in which appetite was sternly repressed, and, arrived at his tavern, he refreshed himself with another wash. That over, and no one being in the little room to see, he held his hollowed palms side by side under the faucet, watching the force and froth of the water with eager eyes, stooping to drink occasionally from his overflowing hands with more zest than if it had been, instead, the choicest Champagne.

"No, I don't believe I'll take anything," he replied to the clerk, who acted also as purveyor of the manifold liquors which adorned the shelves of the bar. His thirst was only the stronger, in consequence of the water he had drank, for that which had brought him to town, and, asking his way along the streets as he went, he found himself in the end at that "Power House" of which he had heard, and with wonder, for many a year. The metropolis was the Rome of his imagination, but this low-roofed brick building upon the bank of the river was to him the St. Peter's of that Rome. John Detmold entered reverently, and stood gazing at last upon the divinity which had established here its shrine. The farmers returning from the town had brought wonderful stories of the water-works, a new thing in that region at that date, and the tidings had awakened beyond everything else a certain slumbering something within him. He could not remember when he had not pondered over the idea of force thus caught and caged, and made to lift a river into the air, as it were, and pour it in powerful currents through streets and houses, hurling it in cataracts upon burning buildings. Never had he seen machinery before. For the first time in his life he could gratify the craving of years. And now at last he stood, his mouth open, his eyes feeding themselves upon the steam-engine. It forced the water, as he knew, through under-ground pipes to the reservoir he had visited. That was the boiler, this was the cylinder and piston; here before him was the great fly-wheel, revolving slowly and without sound half above and half below the surface of the brick floor. It was Christmas afternoon; the snow lay upon the ground; the only person besides himself there was the oily and smutched engineer. It was little John Detmold cared for him, unless, indeed, as the high priest of this divinity, and he stood so long in ecstatic admiration of the machinery that the engineer was sure his visitor was "either a born fool or drunk; most likely the last, seeing it's Christmas," the grimy-faced custodian said to himself.

"Did ye never see an injin before?" he demanded, finally.

"No, sir;" and the vision was enough for the country lad, only he put into his reply something of the awe due to him who was allowed to tend upon it. "It don't go as fast as I thought," he added, after a long drinking in of the force displayed. There was no response. The lad drew nearer and nearer, as if sucked into the vortex of the whirling power.

"Stand back, you fool!" shouted the engineer. "Do you want to be killed?"

The other looked up, but, when he moved at all, it was to yield to the infatuation which seemed to charm him toward destruction, and yet nearer still.

"I could stop it," he said.

The engineer dropped a paper he had been reading, laid down his pipe, and eyed his visitor more closely.

"I'll bet you I could stop it!"

The engineer rose from his greasy stool, to be ready for an emergency. "It is some crazy chap," he was saying to himself.

"I've got lots of money in my belt, and I'll bet you ten dollars I can hold it," the lunatic remarked.

"Think so?" And the other stood by him, ready to seize him, a little afraid of him too.

"Who would have supposed he would try it?" the engineer often observed afterward. The ignorant lad had placed himself in the rear of the great wheel revolving steadily from him. His companion was not quick enough. An instant more and John Detmold had planted his big brogans firmly, had drawn in a deep breath, had clasped his arms about the turning tire, had been lifted, and dashed head-foremost through a window, and into a drift of snow thirty feet away.

"Except that his face was cut up with the glass, he wasn't hurt one bit," was the way the engineer told the story. "When I stopped her, and ran out to pick up the pieces, do you know what Jack Detmold was doing? That man was sitting up in the snow, and fumbling to get at his belt. He had got a good ten dollars' worth, he

said afterward. Anyhow, he paid his bet like a gentleman, if I hadn't taken him up. That was the way it began. You see, Jim was off on a drunk—Jim had been my fireman—on a Christmas drunk, Jim was. Well, Detmold, he talked me into it. I took him on only for a day or two, but it went on from that. He never left town after that day. One thing led to another. All he cared for was machinery. He never gave up until—oh, it was years and years afterward—he took my place. I got tired, and went down the river on a boat instead. Never knew a man so fond of an injin as he was. John loved it more than he did his wife when he married her, or rather when she managed to marry him. They were the queerest couple you ever saw."

But it was a mistake to suppose that it was merely the machinery John Detmold loved so well. Really he cared no more for it than he had done for the faucets through which the water rushed into his greedy hands when he came first to town. Nor was it the steam any more than it had been the water which so seized upon and perpetually fed, if it did not satisfy, his craving. Some boys are fond of good eating and of nothing else. Others are eager, as they grow older, after whiskey, fine horses, the dice-box, land, money. Many a man finds his pleasure in society, in dress, in reputation, in woman, in art, in books. This man cared nothing for any of these, and I am certain that I know why. By some twist in his nature, the one thing he cared for was —not machinery. No, that is not it; his ruling appetite was as natural to him as yours is to you, as mine is to me; it was no more a morbid appetite than is thirst or hunger, except that it was a craving desire to know, to handle, to control *Force*. For the mere machinery he cared as much, and as little, as one does about the trap which catches or the cage which holds a bird; or, I should rather say, the glass tank which at once confines and exhibits a boa-constrictor, for it was the subtle, snake-like mystery of Force which gives to it its chief charm. Not that John Detmold had any definite name for this secret omnipotence which lies coiled inside the heart of the universe, like, to change the figure, the mainspring of a watch, which drives every wheel therein, great and small. Concerning it he had no theory, no definite thought, even. To him it was a god, only it was a god which he wished to worship by handling. If metaphor may be heaped upon metaphor, this country lad had as his ruling instinct a certain feeling after motive power: only less blind this instinct of his than that of a root after moisture. To-day the same instinct in multitudes of more ingenious natures has shot up above the soil into a forest of scientific seeking after the same thing. But John Detmold was not to be without his successes also, by the wholly unlooked-for re-enforcement of effort within him, in virtue of the arrival of a species of Force of which he had never dreamed.

II.

As his predecessor at the engine remarked, John Detmold did not go back to his country life. The orphan of forgotten parents, there was no reason that he should do so. Henceforth his days were devoted to the Power House. The great fly-wheel exerted upon him a centripetal as well as centrifugal force, and drew him back to itself with an energy greater even than that with which it had hurled him away. From the beginning of their friendship the wheel itself did not confine its round of labor more exclusively within the walls of its abode than did John. For years he toiled as fireman, shovelling in coal beneath the boilers, and shovelling out ashes, oiling the machinery, never happier than when, under the orders at first of the engineer, monkey-wrench in hand, he was screwing iron nuts on or off. Very slowly, but surely, it came to pass that the entire charge of the works was intrusted to him.

During all these years he made his home with Peter Johnson, a provision dealer across the street, exercising a stern economy, having his own peculiar hours of eating and sleeping. And all along he remained the same thickset, shock-haired, square-headed, slow-spoken country fellow. Plodding, indifferent to the delights of the rum-shop or the perennial circus, occupied in and wholly satisfied with his work, he came at last to seem but a mere movable part of the machinery. Only it was little people imagined that his satisfaction lay in a certain vague but persistent grasping after that which came within the very palms of his hands merely to show him what it could do if he could hold it, and then in chief measure eluded his grip, and escaped from him. He said not a

word about it to a soul; but every cough of the escape-pipe was to him as derisive as that by which a hostile hearer seeks to silence a public speaker. Whenever John saw the volleys of steam leap, as he came back from dinner, from the lips of the pipe, it provoked him as if each said, as it curled in white clouds into the air, and floated away: "Why didn't you work me while you had me, old chap? But you didn't, because you don't know how. Find out if you can. And good-by!"

It is more than doubtful if the plodding engineer ever heard of Shakspeare; but there never was a Prospero who so clutched, in soul at least, after his departing Ariel—clutched in vain, so far, but with a slow eagerness to seize upon and hold it, which yet grew stronger every day.

But John Detmold would have desired in vain, if it had not been for an ally, which, all unconscious of its mission, was hastening as fast as it could to his help. That half the force of the steam eluded and escaped him he knew so well that, almost from his entrance into the engine-room—from the instant, rather, of his first hasty exit from it through the window—he had pondered and scratched his head, and toiled with pencil in his greasy fingers day and night to plan against it, contriving this and that, experimenting on the sly; but, alas! all in vain, until help came.

It came in the shape of one of the other sex. That of course, only it was in the person of one who was as much unlike her sex in general as the engineer was unlike his. She was the daughter of the man with whom he boarded across the way. On going there to dinner one day he had heard the feeblest of wails up stairs. A babe had been born, and a week or two thereafter the new arrival had been shown to him, and, being the kindest-hearted of men, he balanced the pitiful morsel of humanity upon his broad brown palms, considering it as he did so as about the frailest bit of machinery he had ever inspected. As such he took a singular interest in the particularly miserable mite of a thing as it struggled through its infancy into childhood. The engineer often demanded of his machinery, in his silent fashion, how *it* could stand it if it had to go through such convulsions of cramp, colic, measles, sore throat, ear-ache, and the manifold other ills, from some one of which the child seemed to be never free. And little Matilda, for so it was named, was such a thin-faced, frail-bodied scrap of a girl, with light blue eyes, pale cheeks, bony frame, that the curiosity of the machinist warmed into sincerest pity for her. She grew, but her growth merely exaggerated her feebleness. At eight years she was the flimsiest of mortals, her washed-out hair hanging about her colorless cheeks and down upon her projecting shoulder-blades in locks as destitute of curl as her spare frame was of curve or plumpness.

And thus it happened that the two became great friends. The poor child, hustled about in the swarming household of sturdy boys and robust girls, grew to look forward to John Detmold's regular returns from the Power House as her one consolation in life. Although the brightest, in her shallow fashion, of her family, she had nothing to say at any other time. For her friend she reserved everything. The instant he had done his dinner he took his seat at a window, from which he could keep his eyes upon the Power House. She was more than welcome to get into his lap then for the twenty minutes which he gave to his pipe, to his digestion, to watching lest the boilers, left in care of the fireman, should burst while he was away, and to her.

But night was to small Matilda the best time of all. Then she could sit upon his knee, and while he smoked and pondered over his experiments, pour out uninterrupted the accumulated talk of the whole day. There was less meaning in it than in the song of a canary; but John grew to like the shrill, incessant chatter for the mere sound's sake, since he could have told afterward as little as the child what she had been talking about. It stimulated his thinking, somehow. Tired as he was, he would let her exhaust herself with talk, and then take her in his arms up stairs to her bed. Small wonder was it that as long as she lived the peculiar fragrance which hovered about John as an aureole of tobacco smoke and lubricating oil was to her the sweetest perfume of all.

The trouble with the honest fellow was that unless small Matilda was perched chirping upon his knee, he would drop off to sleep almost as soon as he sat down. What with his hard work from early dawn, his hearty meal, his pipe, the tense and steady strain in his mind after some

way of trapping the fox-like force which stole uncaught through cylinder and valve, he could not keep awake unless Matilda was bothering him with questions, for which she waited for no answers, herself telling him a thousand nothings.

Really that was one reason he went with her to church whenever he did go. It was little, alas! of a religious nature that John got out of the services; but somehow the singing, praying, preaching, aroused and stimulated him in devising new traps for the defiant steam. Just as the benediction was pronounced, he seemed to be on the point of succeeding.

It was very rarely, however, that John could get away from his engine to go to church, but on Sundays he would shave and brush and wash and dress with special reference to not soiling her Sabbath calico when Matilda should sit in his lap and tell him, in her piping eagerness, of everything she could think of. People accepted the malaria which brooded over the part of the town in which they lived as they did the river which dragged its slow current so near them, but the engineer had no touch of the chills and fever which, as she grew up, so seized upon and shook the girl. It was matter of course that Matilda should become thinner as she became taller, that her face should waste in consequence of the ague which alternately fevered it to scarlet or chilled it to ashes. As long, however, as propriety permitted, she continued to perch herself in the lap of her one chief friend, and afterward to sit as near John as possible while she talked, talked, talked to him.

For while the sober, stolid, monotonously motioned man had nothing whatever to say, she had very much to chatter about. The truth is, the homely girl developed from her earliest days an amazing love for books and for music. Finding her way almost from infancy to the school-house, she skipped everything like hard study to read instead any and every story-book or volume of poems she could lay her hands upon. So of music, it was useless to try to confine Matilda to the severe study and practice thereof, even when her friend, to the astonishment of those who knew his parsimony, hired a piano for her. When she was not reading novels or poetry, she was thrumming out chance tunes, playing only by ear. A good-hearted, shallow-brained, feeble-bodied, sentimental girl, she set her heart in the end upon going off to a female institute in another State. Her surly father had put into strong and often repeated adjectives his ideas concerning his daughter; but the engineer had one day a private conversation with Peter Johnson, as the result of which Matilda departed according to her wish, and was gone for two years. To do her justice, she loved the grimy machinist with all her feeble nature, and wrote him many a long letter. John cherished the epistles as they came with all respect, but, to do him also stern justice, he rarely read and never answered them. The frequent letters looked so clean, the writing upon them was of so spidery a character, that he was embarrassed. His fingers were too oily just then; something had broken about the machinery, and it must be mended right away; when he came for his meals he was so hungry; at night he was so dead tired. Besides, the poor girl had fallen unresisting into the mysterious peculiarity of her sex, and under the working of its gloomy law she could not write except with a needle-pointed pen, in the palest of ink, the longest of letters, and with every page crossed and recrossed at that. Moreover, when John did open a letter under pressure of conscience, there was no particular date thereto, nor was it possible for him to tell upon which page the document began, any more than where it ended.

But, all along, the girl was, I am sure, as nothing to the engineer in comparison to the longed-for improvement in his engine. She was little more to him at last than a blue-jay would have been had it perched of a summer's day, chirping and preening its feathers, upon the rafter over the boiler. John would not have scolded the bird, nor driven it away by a jet of steam, but he would not have cared had it been killed there without his knowing it. So of his school-girl friend. He had never permitted her to show her sallow face at the door, even, of his Power House. If she had come into it, and been struck and slain by the great wheel, he would have grieved over it; but the wheel would have been in the right of it, and he would have said so. What show of force was there in the puny damsel to allow him to care for her as he did for his engine!

III.

Even before the return of Matilda from her institute it had become clear to her household, as it had to John Detmold, that there was nothing for him to do, having done everything else for the girl so far, but to marry her. In his matter-of-course way he in due time did that duty also, at the same sober gait with which he did everything; and they went to housekeeping in a modest house upon the bank of the river, and not so far from the Power House but that the husband could hear above the tongue of his wife every puff of the escaping and scoffing steam.

Marriage made merely this difference, that Matilda had more perfect possession of the engineer for purposes peculiar to her from infancy. If John had not read her letters, none the less had she written them, and that had developed fearfully what had always been within her a lurking disease. If her intellect was narrow and not too vigorous, at least she had not burdened it with learning too heavy. A frail spark at best, she had so heaped upon it the chaff of the lightest of literature, there had been so very much of such fuel also, that the flame, if she was not to suffocate, must find outlet. Not only must she sing, must she talk, it was essential to her that she should write also—write prose and verse in all their, in her hands, innumerable varieties. Nor had she sufficiently expressed herself unfil she had read to John what she had written. He was a muscular man, having faculty of unlimited endurance, and he adjusted himself to listening, as he had done to the duties of the Power House. As a woman she was simply a pale, thin, very fragile, exceedingly voluble, little girl drawn out, as one does a spy-glass, to her full length. She loved her husband sincerely. During his absence she hastened every day through her mending and housekeeping with nervous speed that she might have uninterrupted opportunity to write a little before he got back, at least to entertain him when he had done so.

Never lived there a man more thoroughly entertained than was he. It came hard upon him at first—thickset, vigorous veteran that he was. He would come to his dinner hungry; but what with the talk of his wife in addition thereto, the music and singing, the prose or poetry read to him, he would return to the engine with a bewildering sense of having partaken of abundant fare, and yet of being weaker upon his legs than he could have wished. So especially of his evenings. No wife could have done more to interest her husband, and, none the less, when he got to bed at last he was almost too tired to sleep.

Not because of the incessant clatter of his wife. Little she imagined it, poor thing, but her empty noise was merely as that of the mountain stream, the mill-wheel, the clattering stones, while the grist which was the result of it all was the invention going on in the mind of her husband whereby he could hold and harness that portion of the force which had escaped him for so many years. How many a model had he tinkered together in the privacy of his engine-room when his fireman had gone home, or lay sleeping sweetly with smutted face beside his heaps of fuel! But he was growing old, if not hopeless, and he could not keep awake if it were not for his wife and her music and poetry. While she played, sung, talked, read to him, his mind was stimulated thereby to work steadily along toward the invention, revising, correcting, experimenting, contriving. The force *could* be caught. Tons of dollars as well as coal were wasted over the world in creating steam, which at last barely touched the piston with the tips of its fingers as it shirked its way through the machinery, to sneak out of it at the end a gigantic yet disreputable loafer, a disgrace to its creators. Some man would catch and control "the darned thing," and make it pay back, to the last ounce of its strength, every cent it cost to generate and direct it. Millions would be made by the patentee; but it was not the money John looked at, any more than it was the fame. He cared no more for that than he did for the skin of the rabbit when, as a country lad, he went through the snow to look at his traps set overnight. What he wanted then was the rabbit itself; what he wanted, would have, was the force itself—the cunning force escaping otherwise like a wild thing into the clouds.

And so the eager wife would read some poem about wild banditti, forlorn damsels, towering castles lifting pinnacles in the thin air of her imagination, and her husband, smoking as steadily as his own tall chimney, his eyes fastened upon her, would listen intently to—his own inward

contrivings, stimulated thereto precisely up to the measure of the force put by her into her performance. There is not a soul of us but must confess with shame to something of the same kind in our own case. When listening decorously to powerful sermons we are building a ship or a sonnet, driving a bargain or a spirited horse, securing a verdict or managing a bank, the gifted preacher little supposing the directions in which his pathos, persuasion, logic, were really compelling us. So when listening to music, to conversation. Could our friend but know how and whither he or she was impelling us when we seemed to be hearkening so intently!

One day Mrs. Detmold was possessed of a new and brilliant idea when she arose in the morning. It was of a story in which the hero was to do deeds more daring than man ever conceived of before. As he was to be the handsomest of men, the heroine was to surpass all women in loveliness, devotion, desperate daring. After John had gone to the Power House, and she had hurried through her housekeeping, the beloved of the Muses seized her pen, took the blotted old atlas upon her lap, spread her paper thereon, and wrote with greater vehemence than ever before. Her ideas poured upon her; the words came fast—long words, strong words. When she had got hero and heroine through whirlwinds of tribulation, and married them at last, enormously rich, universally beloved by their happy peasantry, with strong likelihood of their ascending the throne of their own land, the gifted writer was all of a tremble; so much so that she was glad John had taken his dinner to the Power House with him that day; and lying down, she slept almost the afternoon through, rising in time to get supper, greatly refreshed.

Her husband had never been as hopeless of accomplishing his end as when he came home to supper. But he saw something in the thin face of his spare and scrawny wife which told him of what was coming. She gave him his slippers and pipe when supper was ended, cleared the things away, placed the old lamp on the mantel.

"Why don't you sit down to it, 'Tilda?" John asked, as she stood, manuscript in hand, beside the mantel-piece.

"Not to-night. You'll see why, John," she said, and began to read. As she began, her husband took up his latest scheme, and began to examine it over once more. She became more interested; so did he in his contrivance. Her tones grew deeper, more tragic, as she went on; valves, pivots, pistons, worked more readily, too, in John's mental manipulation. The story deepened in interest, became thrilling; John actually took his pipe from his lips, his eye brightened as it fastened itself apparently upon the pallid face of his inspired wife—really upon his new device. Mrs. Detmold, quivering with excitement, led her hero and heroine through their last, most terrible trial, brought them out, married them, hurried in the shouting peasantry. Conscious all along of the rapt attention of her husband, she let her hand fall, the manuscript in it, as she ended, exhausted.

"It is splendid," said John—"splendid! It is grand!" He had risen to his feet; his pipe was lying upon the floor; his eyes were sparkling.

"Oh, John!" and she threw herself weeping into his arms. "I am so glad you like it!"

Her husband drew his arms about her, kissed her. "It is the grandest sort of grand!" he said. "Why, 'Tilda, it is worth ten thousand dollars in cash!"

"Do you think so, dear?" she said. "Then we'll buy a house of our own."

It was not from gentlemanly delicacy her husband refrained from explaining that he had not heard a word of her poem, that it was of his perfected invention that he spoke.

Nor did he ever explain. The poem did not bring the amount mentioned, but the invention did, and a good deal more, only it took some time and a lawsuit or two before it was reached. But there was something of his triumphant valve in the lips of John Detmold also, for he never set his wife right upon the subject.

The new home was bought, but John clung to the Power House the more closely after he had applied his invention. There was steady satisfaction renewed with every gasp of the now thoroughly mastered and apparently overtaxed rascal of a Force. Nero himself never gloated over a fallen foe as the engineer did over his. The most malignant of the Philistines had no such feeling toward their grinding captive as John had in the Samson he had caught at last, although the Delilah in this case was the more unconscious, as well as innocent, of the two.

But the end came at last. One day John Detmold entered the Power House as he had now done for so many years. It was a Wednesday morning in December, and the snow was lying deep upon the ground. How it happened nobody ever knew, for the fireman had stepped over to the blacksmith's for a coal shovel he had left there the day before to be mended. Possibly unknown gases had been generated in the boilers, as is sometimes the case. Most likely the engine as well as the engineer was old and worn out by long service. However that may be, as the town clock struck ten there was an explosion in the Power House, and a sudden fog of white steam had enveloped the building. It did not take long before half the population was upon the spot. But no one seemed to care about the shattered building, any more than they did whose panes of glass were shivered in the houses all around. For, lying in the snow upon the very spot where he had been hurled when a lad, lay John Detmold. The long defiant Force had been captured, but it had not forgotten who had seized upon and subdued it, and now it was escaping in wild and noisy glee while the people gathered about the old engineer, for this time his Samson had slain him.

The neighbors agreed from the first as to what would follow in the case of the wife. From ever since she could remember anything she had depended upon John. If she had always been the frailest of vines, he had been the sturdiest of oaks, and she had continued to exist only because she had wound her feebleness about him, decking him out—it was all she could do—with her fragile and colorless flowers. Within a month after her husband's death, his grave was opened to receive her also. The two were not made to live apart. He had been a faithful husband to her; but she—had she not been, and in the way God made her to be, a helpmeet for him?

THE FAMILY LIFE OF THE TURKS.

THOSE who have visited Constantinople, and have passed along the Bosporus, have observed the houses of the Turkish grandees. These houses are huge buildings of wood, which seem to form an endless line, standing at the water's edge, and at the base of green and wooded hills. They are noticeable for many peculiarities of construction. A very striking feature in all of them is that the apartments of the women, marked by latticed windows, occupy much the largest part of the building.

There is a smaller section in each of the houses which is devoted to the men. Here the windows are not latticed, and the doors are always open. This abode of the masculine members of the family is called the "place of greeting." In this part of the house the master receives his guests, and transacts much of his business. But in it the rooms are comparatively bare of decoration, and contain nothing to suggest the rest and comfort of a home. That all lies beyond the single well-guarded door which leads from one of the upper rooms into the apartments of the women.

The place of the women, or the harem, of these Turkish houses, is entirely separated from the "place of greeting." It has a separate entrance, carefully screened to disappoint curious eyes. Commonly this entrance leads to the street through the garden. Whenever the means of the owner will permit, the garden of the harem is a wilderness of beauty, climbing the hill-sides on terraces connected by long winding paths among the trees. The garden is filled with exquisite flowers, and it is sure to have little boxes of pleasure-houses set down wherever some bit of sea view is particularly delicious to look upon. But it is always surrounded by high walls, and its walls are surmounted by high wooden screens wherever there is danger of investigation by Peeping Toms. In fact, Turkish architects display all the forethought and ingenuity of the military engineer who has to lay out traverses to cover a garrison. They anticipate and defeat all efforts of masculine curiosity to take observations from distant heights. The harem is thus completely secluded. We may, however, on this occasion, defy lattices and screening walls, and make a general survey of the place.

The house is always large and roomy beyond the needs of its occupants. Its rooms are grouped about a series of great halls, which are the coolest of sitting-rooms in hot weather. Passing through these halls, you may enter the large airy rooms. You will find gayly decorated walls; marble pavements, with cool fount-

ains plashing in the midst; bath-rooms of marble, with great furnaces underneath to heat the whole floor; and you will be astonished at the vast number of windows opening upon all conceivable vistas. The theory of Turkish builders seems to be to provide these encaged beauties of the harem with abundant facilities for observing the outside world. Hence they break the walls of their houses into many salient and re-entering angles, carry the upper floors on brackets three or four feet beyond the lower walls, and then open as many windows as the stability of the edifice will permit. Every room is thus made to command some view of the street on which it fronts.

Within the rooms, the floors are covered with Egyptian matting, and carpeted with heavily napped rugs. There are numerous wide divans, on which the ladies may lounge, or curl up their feet under them as they sit; there are curious octagonal stands inlaid with mother-of-pearl; there are carved wooden boxes, and French clocks endowed with odd tricks of producing singing birds, or dancing puppets, or moving landscapes; there are embroideries to turn one's head with their beauty, and heavy moresque hangings at the doors, and damask curtains at the windows. But you will not find a bedstead, nor a chair, nor a table, in the house.

The Turks cling to the customs of their nomad ancestors. As if emigration were always imminent, every man's bed is a roll which he may take with him upon his back.

The ladies of the harem have never heard of spring mattresses, and they sleep upon improvised bedding, produced at night from cavernous cupboards, and spread upon the floor. They have no tables, because they always sit on the floor to eat, and when they write, they hold the paper on the palms of their hands. They have no chairs, for it is torture to them to sit upright. It is true that in these modern degenerate times the harems do often possess tables of gilt, and gilded chairs upholstered in red velvet or yellow satin. But these are mere imitations of European furniture, stiffly arranged around the walls of the room, to be regarded with an awful admiration, but never touched lest they fall to pieces.

The Turkish woman is a curious compound of the ill-bred child and the shrewd woman of the world. In early years she has been oppressed by the boys among her associates, and petted by all the men she has met. She thus learns when to yield her will, and when it is safe to assert it. She therefore may be obstinate to the last degree. She has never been taught self-denial, and is selfish upon principle, believing that every one is an enemy who has not interested motives for friendship. Still, she may be an agreeable though garrulous acquaintance, and she is perfectly contented with herself and her position in society.

The Turkish woman is a fanatical conservative. The world in which she lives is unmoved by the practical facts of the nineteenth century which make life a burden to her husband. No Chinaman was ever more impervious to ideas of improvement. She is fiercely intolerant in matters of religious belief. The teachings of the Koran have reached her by word of mouth, and surrounded by a perfect Talmud of tradition, and these teachings shape her view of the outside world. In obedience to them, she commonly hates foreigners with passion. As she passes you on the street she will pray with audible fervor that your eyes may become blind, or that God may curse you.

She is superstitious in the extreme. In sickness she will use the saliva of an old woman who has never been divorced, or will inhale the fetid breath of an odoriferous and saintly dervish, in preference to the choicest prescriptions of an educated physician. She is assured that Satan in person teaches Americans their skill in mechanical arts. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which incloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil-eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, nor even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

These women can not rise above such ignorance by education, because they are refused education, on the ground that learning can only add to a woman's power of harm. They can not rise above it by the evolution of a higher type among themselves, for the race is constantly reverting to primitive types through the admixture of baser blood. The men choose their wives for beauty alone. The

children of the most intelligent families may thus be tainted with the blood of dissolute races like the Georgians, or of barbarian hordes like the Circassians, Tartars, and gypsies, or of ignorant peasants like the Turkish farmers of Asia Minor.

This introduction of low-born women into the highest circles makes Turkish women democratic in their relations to each other. A sort of freemasonry exists between Turkish women, which is heightened by their seclusion. No barriers prevent the poorest woman of the common people from visiting the harems of the richest among the nobility. This fact, together with the freedom which they enjoy in the matter of going into the streets, or to the bazars, or to the bath, may explain somewhat of the content of these women with their condition.

Property owned by a woman before her marriage is her own, but property acquired by her hands after marriage belongs to her husband. Hence wives are often valued for their capacity to work, as in the case of the many-wived men of Ushak, whose women weave the Turkish rugs so much prized in this country. The business is profitable, and the thrifty men of Ushak marry wife after wife as their means increase, regarding women in the light of weaving machines. I once heard a Turk remark that in his district the women never learn to sew.

"When so much as a button comes off," said he, "they send it to the tailor to be replaced."

"Why," asked an unsophisticated bystander, "if your women do not sew, what do they do?"

"Oh," replied the man, "they do woman's work. They go to the mountains and cut wood, and bring it home on their backs; they plough or hoe in the fields. Then they have the cattle to look after, and the dinner to cook. You see, they have no time to sew."

And now, if we turn to the men, we shall find that the Turk is not a terrible creature. You see this as soon as you have seen his tender ways with children, his love for flowers, his enjoyment of the beauty of nature. Taken at his best, the Turk is strongly religious, believing in God as the almighty benefactor of mankind, and as a ruler whose decrees are all good to those who trust in Him. He is often upright in business relations. As a friend he is faithful and trustworthy when his confidence has been thoroughly gained. But he is ignorant of all wisdom outside of the wisdom of his own people.

It will always be found that the life of the Turk has great superficiality. His easy-going nature often leads him to admire much that he sees in foreigners. He may even be led by proper means to imitate foreigners, because he admires them. But after he is seemingly polished and refined by foreign civilization, if he is subjected to analysis he will be found entirely unchanged, and still a Turk in feeling, to the very backbone. You have only to touch his ancient usages with a threatening hand, and you will instantly have him at his very worst—a blood-thirsty fanatic fiend, who is ready to take arms against the world.

It is not only when in contact with Europeans that the life of the Turk is strained and artificial. His own ancient customs fetter his conduct by iron rules which not only meet no response in his soul, but humiliate him at every step. In Turkey, etiquette is reduced to a science which fixes with vexatious precision the place and privileges of every man. Society is carefully graded, and its numerous lines of demarkation can only be passed, as in military life, by a regular brevet of promotion from the supreme power. Thus the master of a house always knows, as his guest is announced, the precise bearing which he must observe in receiving him. If the guest is an inferior, he must show him small ceremony. If he is an equal, he must avoid too great condescension. But if he is a superior, the host must hasten to receive him as he enters the house, he must cringe before him, must seat him in the highest place, and must humbly stand before him, speaking only when addressed, and daring to seat himself only by permission of his lordly visitor. Servile adulation of rank is the leading principle of all these rules of etiquette. If a man meets one of much higher rank on the street, he must back up against the wall, and humbly wait to be recognized. Some men are condemned all their lives long to forego the high privilege of wearing a full beard, because of their relation to some great man, etiquette forbidding inferiors to wear the beard if they are much in the presence of one to whom they look for favor. Etiquette in Turkey has precise and formal rules for every emergency of intercourse between man and man.

But a man is freed from these rules the moment he has entered his harem. Outside of the harem, even in the more public apartments of his own house, he may be made to feel his insignificance at every step. Within those sacred walls he is a man, and master of himself once more. This fact only tends to emphasize the comfortless character of all life outside of the apartments of the women, and to forestall any possible development of home feeling toward that part of his house which is so often the scene of the restraints and the humiliations of etiquette.

Outside of the harem, the Turk can somewhat throw off these restraints only in the public coffee-shop, where all men are equal. Popular descriptions of Turkish coffee-shops surround them with romantic interest, with their picturesque groups of long-robed men, their Persian water-pipes, their perfumed fountains, their fragrant Mocha, and the vivid romances of their professional story-tellers. But with experience there comes to the foreigner a dissolving of romance. The flowing robes of the picturesque groups are stained with the faithful service of years, the air of the room is thick with smoke, and the only perfume which mingles with the odor of cheap tobacco is the all-pervading perfume of garlic. The waiter blows the dust from your cup before he fills it, and when he sugars your coffee, he first wipes the spoon upon his trousers. As to the legends of the professional story-tellers, the less said about them the better, since the most of them would bring blushes to the cheek of a street rowdy. Such is the coffee-shop, the principal retreat of the Turk who would find rest outside of the hospitable shelter of his harem.

There is a Turkish saying, doubtless born in bitterness of soul of some henpecked wretch, that to be a bachelor is to be a king. But notwithstanding this cynical fling at the married state, there are many proofs of the fact that the harem is the only place on earth where a Turk may be his own master. Hence the man spends all his thoughts and all his spare money upon the work of beautifying his harem. When it is finished, it is like a kingdom to him. No other living man may enter its gates without his permission. Even officers of justice dare not enter it. The officer who should be guilty of such temerity would speedily flee before the screams of its fair inmates, for Turkish ladies perfectly know the moral effect of a series of well-directed shrieks. In case a criminal has taken refuge in his harem, the only course open to the law is to decoy him out by stratagem, or to lay regular siege to the place until the garrison has exhausted its supplies. With such privileges attaching to the abode of the women, the young man is led to set up his own establishment quite early in life.

Marriage with the Turks is a purely civil contract, which generally refers only to the amount of dowry to be paid the woman for her own separate enjoyment, and for her provision in case of misfortune or divorce. The public ceremony of marriage is not in itself regarded as of prime importance. In any case, the declaration of marriage is made by the bridegroom alone. This declaration is made an occasion for prayers and festivities; but neither prayer nor feast is a necessary part of the engagement. A man may take a woman to be his wife without any ceremony whatever, and the law will protect the interests and the honor of the woman. The ceremonies connected with marriage in Turkey must, therefore, be regarded as a general invocation of good luck rather than as a seal of a holy bond between the newly mated pair.

It should be noted just here that the Turks are not always polygamists. They all may, and many do, marry more than one wife. But in most cases the great cost of a large family, the risk of quarrels among the women, and the great increase of care which a man brings on himself with every new matrimonial venture, all act as strong arguments against polygamy. Men who travel much often have a wife in each of two or three cities, so that they are at home in either. In the cities, and among the rich, men use their privilege of a choice of wives, but in the purer air of the country, public opinion is, on the whole, against the practice.

Divorce can be effected at any time if the husband pronounces a certain formula of discharge. A man often uses this formula in the heat of a connubial discussion, but he must wait by law three months before the divorce becomes final. He generally makes up with his wife before this time has passed. In this case the separated couple begin life together again without further ceremony. If the man, however, makes use three times of

this summary form of divorce, he may not take his wife back until she has been married and divorced by another man. An irascible husband whose lack of self-control has brought him into this predicament may evade the law by asking some friend to go through the form of marrying the woman in order to divorce her the next day. Confidence sometimes proves misplaced in such a case, for the friend may conclude to keep the lady whom he has married for form. Then neither entreaty nor objurgation will bring redress to the unlucky victim.

Very few Turkish women reach old age without having been divorced once or twice. Women who are exceptions to this rule are supposed by the people to possess certain magnetic powers denied to ordinary mortals.

Mohammedan law feebly attempts to lessen the wrongs that are sure to spring up as the fruit of easy divorce. It obliges the husband to provide for the woman whom he has cast off. She has her dowry, and a reasonable sum besides. Yet the law favors the husband if the woman is childless, and rather considers the settlement of the question of support of such a wife after divorce as a matter to be arranged between the two families concerned. The law offers no other than a financial remedy, however, to wrongs sustained by the woman. A repudiated wife is doomed by usage to live in celibacy. She can not hope to find a second husband, unless she has the rank or the money needful to buy one.

Marriage is contracted in Turkey under these general conditions. But since the tie is loose, the form is often modified. A mother who has a son to settle in life will commonly make ready for the event by purchasing a girl of three or four years, and bringing her up in the family. If she has not done this, and still does not wish to see the wife of her son assume airs as mistress of the house, she buys a good-looking girl in the market, and hands her over to her son, telling him to take her and be happy.* The girl in such a case may be rated as a wife or not, as the young man prefers.

The harem does not of necessity consist of more than one woman, since a single wife is always spoken of as the harem of her husband. The vagueness here seen is doubtless aimed to defeat curiosity as to the number of participators in the comforts of the household. But all the women of a house are known as the harem of the master, whatever their relation to him. The word harem literally means that which is forbidden to men. The very place where the women live is forbidden to the thoughts and eyes of all men save one. So the women who live there are included in the name, and become technically known to the outsiders as the harem of the householder. The harem of a Turk is not, of necessity, the mere abode of dalliance that it seems to be. It would not have half of its present power if this were its only characteristic. It is as the family, the home, the centre of existence of the Turk, that the harem gains such a hold upon him as to control his action in every department of life.

This control is doubly assured by the influence which the mother of a Turk exercises over him throughout her life. The Koran commands obedience to parents, but aside from this, a man is pretty sure to find that his mother is his only disinterested adviser. The father of the present Sultan of Turkey one day explained to the English Ambassador the respect which he paid to his mother's wishes, by saying, with tears in his eyes, "I have multitudes of slaves, but the only friend I have in the world is my mother."

In the harem, a Turk is free from all interruptions, because no servant will venture to call him on the request of a visitor, however importunate. During the late war with Russia, the observance of this rule lost to Turkey a battle, an army, and perhaps a province. In January, 1878, the Russian armies were swarming along the northern slopes of the Balkan Mountains. These mountains formed the last defensive line of Turkey. The line was, however, so long, that if the Russians broke through it at any point, they could place the whole Turkish army in danger of destruction. The Russians did break the line of the Balkans, at Shipka Pass, and cut the Turkish army in two. Suleiman Pasha, the Turkish general in command of the left wing, heard rumors of the battle, and tel-

* In spite of laws against slavery, girls can always be bought in Constantinople. The trade can not be detected by those who would stop it, for it is carried on in the harems. Women buy small children on speculation, and after bringing them up as their own daughters, sell them when they reach maturity. All the officers of government are interested in this traffic, either as buyers or as sellers. Hence they will not enforce the laws against it.

egraphed to the commander-in-chief, who was also Minister of War, at Constantinople, asking if the rumor was true, and, if so, what he should do. Suleiman Pasha knew very well that the only safety for his troops lay in rapid retreat to Adrianople. If he could have begun to move within an hour, possibly he might have escaped. But no answer came to his telegram. All night he waited, and at noon the next day he took the responsibility of ordering the retreat. But he met the Russians upon the road, and was routed, and driven into Macedonia, losing a large part of his army and all of his artillery. This disaster left the Turks no chance. Adrianople was abandoned, and in one month the Russians were in possession of the fortifications of Constantinople, and dictated a peace with their camps in full view of the royal mosques.

Afterward, the inevitable court-martial was called to fix the responsibility for this catastrophe. It then appeared that the Minister of War was in his harem when Suleiman Pasha's telegram arrived, and his servants refused to disturb him.* He only heard of the message at noon the next day, and by that time the Cossacks had cut the telegraph wires. The ancient usage which permits a man to shut himself up in his harem was respected by the court. The Minister of War was not blamed, but his subordinate, the luckless Suleiman, was condemned to exile for having lost his army.

These particulars show that while the Turk finds his official or business life full of restraint, the harem must possess strong attractions for him, if solely from the fact that it offers him all that he is denied in the outer world. The character of the influence which the family exerts upon the man may now be fully appreciated.

By the Mohammedan system the man of the house is made the sole bond of connection between the women of his family and the rest of masculine humanity. Upon this man, therefore, that system concentrates, as a lens the rays of the sun, the whole persuasive power of these women. We have already seen that the characteristics of Turkish women must prevent their influence from being lofty, generous, or inspiring. It needs no interpreter to tell us that the man whose best hours are spent under the influence of these women is held back from development by all the witchery of grace and beauty. If the Turk wavers in religious devotion, the women of his harem bring him back to the observance of the strict letter of the Mohammedan law. If he is tempted to admire the habits of foreigners, they tax him with lack of respect for the memory of his ancestors. Whenever his sense of right rises to the point of leading him to a change of conduct, the women lay their personal interest against his conscience, and turn the scale. Reason can not outweigh the many appeals which these women can bring to bear upon the heart. For the women possess no overmastering intellectual powers; they simply appeal to the man's sense of his obligations to the devoted friends and faithful companions of his hours of relaxation.

Woman everywhere throws great enthusiasm into any cause which seems to make her a defender of the weak. In Turkish women, at least, this trait calls out great activity in managing affairs, and a real love for difficult negotiation. A single step from this point makes these women the arrant plotters that they are. They enter into every detail of the public life of their husbands, and are recognized by all classes as a power in political questions. Any one who has a private scheme to advance, a policy to develop, an office to gain or to keep, a boy to provide for, or an enemy to crush, sends his wife to the harem of a grandee. There she flatters, cajoles, or bribes the women, and having once gained a promise of their interest, she is sure of success; for the ladies of the great man's establishment will skillfully watch their chance. Then, in some unguarded moment, they will unmask all of their artillery upon the unfortunate who imagines himself to be their lord and master. The persistence which sometimes seems woman's chief endowment accomplishes the rest. The man is as wax in the hands of his harem.

By such means the women of Turkey accomplish the most astounding results. Incompetent men are appointed to office, the Treasury of the nation is depleted to support wild follies, and criminals are shielded from justice. It is notorious that Circassian robbers on the highways of Asia Minor often owe their impunity in crime to the fact that they have relatives in the harems of Constantinople.

* See official record of the trial of Suleiman Pasha, published at Constantinople, 1879.

A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIRST.—GEORGE SOMERSET.

CHAPTER IX.

PAULA looked from one to the other. "Which am I to take as guide?" she asked, simply. "Are Perpendicular capitals under-cut, as you call it, Mr. Havill, or no?"

"It depends upon circumstances," said Mr. Havill.

But Somerset had answered at the same time: "There is seldom or never any real under-cutting later than the middle of the fourteenth century."

Havill looked keenly at Somerset for a time; then he turned to Paula: "As regards that fine Saxon vaulting you did me the honor to consult me about the other day, I should advise taking out some of the old stones and re-instating new ones exactly like them."

"But the new ones won't be Saxon," said Paula. "And then in time to come, when I have passed away, and those stones have become stained like the rest, people will be deceived. I should prefer an honest patch to any such make-believe of Saxon relics."

As she concluded, she allowed her eyes to rest on Somerset for a moment, as if to ask him to side with her. Much as he liked talking to Paula, he would have preferred not to enter into this discussion with another professional man, even though that man were a spurious article; but he was led on to enthusiasm by a sudden pang of regret at finding that the masterly workmanship in this fine castle was likely to be tinkered and spoiled by such a man as Havill.

"You will deceive nobody into believing that anything is Saxon here," he said, warmly. "There is not a square inch of Saxon work, as it is called, in the whole castle."

Paula, in doubt, looked to Mr. Havill.

"Oh, yes, sir; you are quite mistaken," said that gentleman, slowly. "Every stone of those lower vaults was reared in Saxon times."

"I can assure you," said Somerset, deferentially, but firmly, "that there is not an arch or wall in this castle of a date anterior to the year 1100; no one whose attention has ever been given to the study of architectural details of that age can be of a different opinion."

"I have studied architecture, and I am of a different opinion. I have the best reason in the world for the difference, for I have history herself on my side. What will you say when I tell you that it is a recorded fact that King Edred, great-uncle of Edward the Confessor, gave this castle to a certain abbess, and that, in addition, the castle is mentioned in Domesday as a building of long standing?"

"I shall say that has nothing to do with it," replied the young man. "I don't deny that there may have been a castle here in the time of Edward; what I say is that none of the architecture we now see was standing at that date."

There was a silence of a minute, disturbed only by a murmured dialogue between Mrs. Goodman and the minister, during which Paula was looking thoughtfully on the table, as if framing a question. She raised her eyes, and said to Somerset:

"Can it be that such certainty has been reached in the study of architectural dates? Now," she inquired, smiling gently, "would you really risk anything on your belief? Would you agree to be shut up in the vaults and fed upon bread and water for a week, if I could prove you wrong?"

"Willingly," said Somerset. "The date of those groins is matter of absolute certainty. The details are notorious, as being what are called semi-Norman; their growth can be traced out of earlier forms; everything is known about them from repeated observations made all over England and the Continent. More than that, I have found an arch ornament here which is exactly copied from a similar one I sketched in the crypt of the Abbaye aux Dames at Caen last year. That it should have been built before the Conquest is as unlikely as, say, that the rustiest old gun with a percussion lock should be older than the date of Waterloo."

"How I wish I knew something precise of an art which makes one so independent of written history!"

Mr. Havill had lapsed into a mannerly silence that was only sullenness disguised.

Paula turned her conversation to Miss De Stancy, who had simply looked from one to the other during the discussion, never venturing to put in a word, though she might have been supposed to have a prescriptive right to a few remarks on the matter. A commonplace talk ensued, till Havill, who had not joined in it, privately began at Somerset again, with a mixed manner of cordiality, contempt, and fear.

"You have a practice, I suppose, sir?"

"I am not in practice just yet."

"Just beginning?"

"I am about to begin."

"In London, or near here?"

"In London probably."

"H'm.....I am practicing in Markton."

"Indeed! Have you been at it long?"

"No; I've just begun. I designed the chapel built by this lady's late father; it was my first undertaking—I owe my start, in fact, to Mr. Power. Ever built a chapel?"

"Never. I have sketched a good many churches."

"Ah! there we differ. I didn't do much sketching in my youth, nor have I time for it now. Sketching and building are two different things, to my mind. I was not brought up to the profession—got into it through sheer love of it. I began as a landscape gardener, then I became a builder, then I was a road contractor. Every architect might do worse than have some such experience. But nowadays 'tis the men who can draw pretty pictures who get recommended, not the practical man. Young prigs win Institute medals for a pretty design or two, which, if anybody tried to build them, would fall down like a house of cards; then they get travelling studentships and what not, and then they start as architects of some new school or other, and think they are the masters of us experienced ones."

While Somerset was reflecting on this statement, he heard the voice of Paula inquiring, "Who can he be?"

Her eyes were bent on the window. Looking out, Somerset saw, in the mead beyond the dry ditch, Dare, with his photographic apparatus.

"He is the young gentleman who called about taking views of the castle," said Charlotte.

"Oh yes, I remember; it is quite right. He met me in the village, and asked me to suggest him some views. I thought him a respectable young fellow."

"I think he is an Australian," said Somerset.

"No," said Paula; "he is an East Indian—at least he implied that he was so to me."

"There is French blood in him," said Charlotte, brightly. "For he spoke to me with a French accent. But I can't think whether he is a boy or a man."

"It is to be earnestly hoped that the gentleman does not prevaricate," said the minister, for the first time attracted by the subject. "I accidentally met him in the lane, and he said something to me about having lived in Malta—I think it was Malta or Gibraltar—even if he did not say that he was born there."

"His manners are no credit to his nationality," observed Mrs. Goodman, also speaking publicly for the first time. "He asked me this morning to send him out a pail of water for his process, and before I had turned away he began whistling. I don't like whistlers."

"Then it appears," said Somerset, "that he is a being of no age, no nationality, and no behavior."

"A complete negative," added Havill, brightening into a civil sneer. "That is, he would be, if he were not a maker of negatives well known in Markton."

"Not well known, Mr. Havill," answered Mrs. Goodman, firmly. "For I lived in Markton for thirty years ending three months ago, and he was never heard of in my time."

"He is something like you, Charlotte," said Paula, smiling playfully on her companion.

All the men looked at Charlotte, on whose face a delicate nervous blush thereupon made its appearance.

"'Pon my word there is a likeness, now I think of it," said Havill.

Paula bent down to Charlotte, and whispered: "Forgive my rudeness, dear. He is not a nice enough person to be like you. He is really more like one or other of the old pictures about the house. I forget which, and really it does not matter."

"People's features fall naturally into groups and classes," remarked Somerset. "To an observant person they often repeat themselves, though to a careless eye they seem infinite in their differences."

The conversation flagged, and they idly observed the figure of the cosmopolite Dare as he walked round his instrument in the mead, and busied himself with an arrangement of curtains and lenses, occasionally withdrawing a few steps, and looking contemplatively at the towers and walls.

CHAPTER X.

Somerset returned to the top of the great tower with a vague consciousness that he was going to do something up there—perhaps sketch a general plan of the structure, with a view to measuring it in detail. But he began to discern that this Stancy Castle episode in his studies of Gothic architecture might be less useful than ornamental to him as a professional man, though it was too agreeable to be abandoned. Finding after a while that his drawing progressed but slowly, by reason of infinite joyful thoughts more allied to his nature than to his art, he relinquished rule and compass, and entered one of the two turrets opening on the roof. It was not the staircase by which he had ascended, and he proceeded to explore its lower part. Entering from the blaze of light without, and imagining the stairs to descend as usual, he became aware after a few steps that there was suddenly nothing to tread on, and found himself precipitated downward to a distance of several feet.

Arrived at the bottom, he was conscious of the happy fact that he had not seriously hurt himself, though his leg was twisted awkwardly. Next he perceived that the stone steps had been removed from the turret, so that he had dropped into it as into a dry well; that, owing to its being walled up below, there was no door of exit on either side of him; that he was, in short, a prisoner.

Placing himself in a more comfortable position, he calmly considered the best means of getting out, or of making his condition known. For a moment he tried to drag himself up by his arms, but it was a hopeless attempt, the height to the first step being far too great.

He next looked round at a lower level. Not far from his left elbow, in the concave of the outer wall, was a slit for the admission of light, and he perceived at once that through this slit alone lay his chance of communicating with the outer world. At first it seemed as if it were to be done by shouting, but when he learned what little effect was produced by his voice in the midst of such a mass of masonry, his heart failed him for a moment. Yet, as either Paula or Miss De Stancy would probably guess his visit to the top of the tower, there was no cause for terror, if some for alarm.

He put his handkerchief through the window slit, so that its length fluttered outside, and, fixing it in its place by a large stone drawn from the loose ones around him, awaited succor as best he could. To begin this course of procedure was easy, but to abide in patience till it should produce fruit was an irksome task. As nearly as he could guess—for his watch had been stopped by the fall—it was now about four o'clock, and it would be scarcely possible for evening to approach without some eye or other noticing the white signal. So Somerset waited, his eyes lingering on the little world of objects around him, till they all became quite familiar. Spiders' webs in plenty were there, and one in particular just before him was in full use as a snare, stretching across the arch of the window, with radiating threads as its ribs. Somerset had plenty of time, and he counted their number—fifteen. He remained so silent that the owner of this elaborate structure soon forgot the disturbance which had resulted in the breaking of his diagonal ties, and crept out from the corner to mend them. In watching the process, Somerset noticed that on the stone-work behind the web sundry names and initials had been cut by explorers in years gone by. Among these antique inscriptions he observed two bright and clean ones, consisting of the words "De Stancy" and "W. Dare," crossing each other at right angles. From the state of the stone, they could not have been cut more than a month before this date, and musing on the circumstance, Somerset passed the time until the sun reached the slit in that side of the tower, where, beginning by throwing in a streak of fire as narrow as a corn stalk, it enlarged its width till the dusty nook was flooded with cheerful light. It disclosed something lying in the corner, which on examination proved to be a dry bone. Whether it was human, or had come from the castle larder in by-gone times, he could not

tell. One bone was not a whole skeleton, but it made him think of Ginevra of Modena, the heroine of the "Mistletoe Bough," and other cribbed and confined wretches, who had fallen into such traps, and been discovered after a cycle of years.

The sun's rays had travelled some way round the interior when Somerset's waiting ears were at last attracted by footsteps above, each tread being brought down by the hollow turret with great fidelity. He hoped that with these sounds would arise that of a soft voice he had begun to like well. Indeed, during the solitary hour or two of his waiting there, he had pictured Paula straying alone on the terrace of the castle, looking up, noting his signal, and ascending to deliver him from his painful position by her own exertions. It seemed that at length his dream had been verified. The footsteps approached the opening of the turret; and, attracted by the call which Somerset now raised, began to descend toward him. In a moment, not Paula's face, but that of a dreary footman of her household, looked over the edge of the lowest stair.

Somerset mastered his disappointment, and the man speedily fetched a ladder, by which means the prisoner of two hours ascended to the roof in safety. During the process he ventured to ask for the ladies of the house, and learned that they had gone out for a drive together.

Before he left the castle, however, they had returned—a circumstance unexpectedly made known to him by his receiving a message, through a servant, from Miss Power, to the effect that she would be glad to see him at his convenience. Wondering what it could possibly mean, he followed the messenger to her room—a small modern library in the Elizabethan wing of the house, adjoining that in which the telegraph stood, and arranged for her temporary use till things were more in order.

She was alone, sitting behind a table littered with letters and sketches, and looking fresh from her drive. Perhaps it was because he had been shut up in that dismal dungeon all the afternoon that he felt a quiet power in her presence, which at the same time charmed and refreshed him. She seemed to have been so trained and taught that art and nature were one in her.

She signified that he was to sit down, with a glance which would have been called one of indifference, if her eyes had not been so tenderly constructed that one could never positively say they looked otherwise than warmly. Finding that he was going to place himself on a straight-backed chair some distance off, she said, "Will you sit nearer to me?" and then, as if rather oppressed by her own dignity, she left her chair of business and flung herself on an ottoman which was among the diversified furniture of the apartment.

"I want to consult you professionally," she said, smiling. "I have been much impressed by your great knowledge of castellated architecture. Will you sit in that leather chair at the table, as you may have to take notes?"

The young man assented, expressed his gratification, and went to the chair she designated.

"But, Mr. Somerset," she continued, from the ottoman—the width of the table only dividing them—"I first should just like to know, and I trust you will excuse my inquiry, if you are an architect in practice, or only as yet studying for the profession?"

"I am just going to practice. I open my office on the 1st of January next," he answered.

"You would not mind having me as a client—your first client?" She was reclining, and looked curiously from her sideway face across the table, as she said this.

"Can you ask it!" said Somerset, warmly. "What are you going to build?"

"I am going to restore the castle."

"What, all of it?" said Somerset, astonished at the audacity of such an undertaking.

"Not the parts that are absolutely ruinous: the walls battered by the Parliament artillery had better remain as they are, I suppose. But we have begun wrong: it is I who should ask you, not you me.... I fear," she went on, in that low note which was somewhat difficult to catch at a distance, but which he did not wish her to raise to a louder tone—"I fear what the antiquarians will say if I am not very careful. They come here a great deal in summer, and if I were to do the work wrong, they would put my name in the papers as a dreadful person, willfully destroying what is by rights the property of all. But I must live here, as I have no other house, except the one in London, and hence I must make the place habita-

ble, which it hardly is at present. I do hope I can trust to your judgment?"

"I hope so," he said, with diffidence, for, far from having much professional confidence, he often mistrusted himself. "I am a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a Member of the Institute of British Architects—not a Fellow of that body yet, though I soon shall be."

"Then I am sure you must be trustworthy," she said, with some enthusiasm. "Well, what am I to do? How do we begin?"

Somerset began to feel more professional, what with the business chair, and the table, and the writing-paper, notwithstanding that these articles, and the room they were in, were hers instead of his; and an evenness of manner, which he had momentarily lost, returned to him. "The very first step," he said, "is to decide upon the outlay. What is it to cost?"

He faltered a little, for it seemed to disturb the softness of their relationship to talk thus of hard cash. By some nameless sympathy with his feeling she too colored; but at length said, "The expenditure shall be what you advise."

"What a heavenly client!" he thought. "But you must just give some idea," he said, gently. "For the fact is, any sum, almost, may be spent on such a building: five thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand."

"I want it done well; so suppose we say a hundred thousand? My father's solicitor—my solicitor now—says I may go to a hundred thousand without extravagance, if the expenditure is scattered over two or three years."

Somerset looked round for a pen. With her habitual quickness of insight, she knew what he wanted, and signified where one could be found. He wrote down £100,000.

It was more than he had expected, and for a young man just beginning practice, and wishing to make his name known, the opportunity of playing with another person's money to that extent would afford an exceptionally handsome opening, not so much from the commission it represented as from the attention that would be bestowed by the art world on such an undertaking.

Paula had sunk into a reverie. "I was intending to intrust the work to Mr. Havill, a local architect," she said. "But I gathered from his conversation with you to-day that his ignorance of styles might compromise me very seriously. In short, though my father employed him in one or two little matters, it would not be right—even a morally culpable thing—to place such an artistically valuable building in his hands."

"Has Mr. Havill ever been led to expect the commission?" he asked, dubiously.

"He may have guessed as much. I have spoken of my intention to him."

Somerset thought over his conversation with Havill. Well, he did not like Havill personally; and he had strong reasons for suspecting that in the matter of architecture Havill was a quack. But was it quite generous to step in thus, and take away what would be a golden opportunity to such a man of making both ends meet comfortably for some years to come, without giving him at least one chance? He reflected a little longer, and then spoke out his feeling.

"I venture to propose a slightly modified arrangement," he said. "Instead of committing the whole undertaking to my hands without better proof of my ability to carry it out than you have at present, let there be a competition between Mr. Havill and myself; let our rival plans for the restoration and enlargement be submitted to a committee of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and let the choice rest with them, subject, of course, to your approval."

"It is indeed generous of you to suggest it." She looked thoughtfully at him; he appeared to strike her in a new light. "You really recommend it?" she asked, as if the fairness which had prompted his words inclined her still more than before to resign herself entirely to him in the matter.

"I do," said Somerset, deliberately.

"I will think of it, since you wish it," she replied. "And now, what general idea have you of the plan to adopt? I do not positively agree to your suggestion as yet," she added, laughing; "so I may perhaps ask that question."

Somerset, being by this time familiar with the general plan of the castle, took out his pencil and made a rough sketch. While he was doing it she rose, and coming slowly to the back of his chair, bent over him in silence.

"Ah, I begin to see your conception," she murmured; and the breath of her

words fanned his ear. He finished the sketch, and held it up to her, saying,

"I would suggest that you walk over the building with Mr. Havill and myself, and detail your ideas to us on each portion."

"Is it necessary?"

"Clients mostly do it."

"I will, then. But it is too late for me this evening. Please meet me to-morrow at ten."

CHAPTER XI.

At ten o'clock they met in the same room, Paula appearing in a straw hat having a bent-up brim lined with pleated silk, so that it surrounded her forehead like a nimbus; and Somerset armed with sketch-book, measuring rod, ivory rule, and other apparatus of his craft.

"And Mr. Havill?" said the young man.

"I have not decided to employ him: if I do, he shall go round with me independently of you."

Somerset was by no means sorry to hear this. His duty to Havill was done.

"And now," she said, as they walked on together through the passages, "I must tell you that I am not a mediævalist myself; and perhaps that's a pity."

"What are you?"

"I am Greek; that's why I don't wish to influence your design."

Somerset, as they proceeded, pointed out where roofs had been, and should be again, where gables had been pulled down, and where floors had vanished, showing her how to reconstruct their details from marks in the walls, much as a comparative anatomist reconstructs an antediluvian from fragmentary bones and teeth. She appeared to be interested, listened attentively, but said little in reply. They were ultimately in a long narrow passage, indifferently lighted, when Somerset, treading on a loose stone, felt a twinge of weakness in one knee, and knew in a moment that it was the result of the twist given by his yesterday's fall. He paused, leaning against the wall.

"What is it?" said Paula, quickly, and with a sudden timidity in her voice.

"I slipped down yesterday," he said. "It will be right in a moment."

"I—can I help you?" said Paula. But she did not come near him; indeed, she modestly withdrew a little. She looked up the passage, and down the passage, and became conscious that it was long and gloomy, and that nobody was near. A curious coy uneasiness seemed to take possession of her. Whether she thought, for the first time, that she had made a mistake, that to wander about the castle alone with him was compromising, or whether it was the mere shy instinct of young maidenhood, nobody knows; but she said, suddenly, "I will get something for you, and return in a few minutes."

"Pray don't; it has quite passed," he said, stepping out again.

But Paula had vanished. When she came back, it was in the rear of Charlotte De Stancy. Miss De Stancy had a tumbler in one hand, half full of wine, which she offered him, Paula remaining in the background.

He took the glass, and, to satisfy his companions, drank a mouthful or two, though there was really nothing whatever the matter with him beyond the slight ache above mentioned. Charlotte was going to retire, but Paula said, quite anxiously: "You will stay with me, Charlotte, won't you? Surely you are interested in what I am doing?"

"What is it?" said Miss De Stancy.

"Planning how to mend and enlarge the castle. Tell Mr. Somerset what I want done in the quadrangle—you know quite well—and I will walk on."

She walked on; but instead of talking on the subject as directed, Charlotte and Somerset followed chatting on indifferent matters. They came to an inner court not unlike a cloister-garth, and found Paula standing there.

She met Miss De Stancy with a smile. "Did you explain?" she asked.

"I have not explained yet." Paula seated herself on a stone bench, and Charlotte went on: "Miss Power thought of making a Greek court of this. But she will not tell you so herself, because it seems such dreadful anachronism."

"I said I would not tell any architect myself," interposed Paula, correctingly. "I did not then know that he would be Mr. Somerset."

"It is rather startling," said Somerset.

"A Greek colonnade all round, you said, Paula," continued her less reticent companion. "A peristyle, you called it—you saw it in a book, don't you remember?—and then you were going to have a

fountain in the middle, and statues like those in the British Museum."

"I did say so," remarked Paula, pulling the leaves from a young sycamore-tree that had sprung up between the joints of the paving.

From the spot where they sat they could see over the roofs the upper part of the great tower wherein Somerset had met with his misadventure. The tower stood boldly up in the sun, and from one of the slits in the corner something white waved in the breeze.

"What can that be?" said Charlotte. "Is it the fluff of owls, or a handkerchief?"

"It is my handkerchief," Somerset answered, carelessly. "I fixed it there with a stone to attract attention, and forgot to take it away."

All three looked up at the handkerchief with interest. "Why did you want to attract attention?" asked Paula, in a low voice.

"Oh, I fell into the turret; but I got out very easily."

"Oh, Paula!" said Charlotte, turning to her friend. "That must be the place where the man fell in, years ago, and was starved to death!"

"Starved to death?" said Paula.

"They say so. Oh, Mr. Somerset, what an escape!" And Charlotte De Stancy walked away to a point from which she could get a better view of the treacherous turret.

"Whom did you think to attract?" asked Paula, after a pause.

"I thought you might see it."

"Me personally?" And she allowed her clear eyes to rest upon him.

"I hoped for anybody. I thought of you," said Somerset.

She did not continue. In a moment she arose and went across to Miss De Stancy. "Don't *you* go falling down and becoming a skeleton," she said—Somerset overheard the words, though Paula was unaware of it—after which she clasped her fingers behind Charlotte's neck, and smiled tenderly in her face.

It seemed to be quite unconsciously done, and Somerset thought it a very beautiful action. Presently Paula returned to him and said, "Mr. Somerset, I think we have had enough architecture for to-day."

The two women then wished him good-morning, and went away. Somerset, feeling that he had now every reason for prowling about the castle, remained near the spot, endeavoring to evolve some plan of procedure for the project entertained by the beautiful owner of those weather-scathed walls. But for a long time the mental perspective of his new position so excited the emotional side of his nature that he could not concentrate on feet and inches. As Paula's architect (supposing Havill not to be admitted as a competitor), he must of necessity be in constant communication with her for a space of two or three years to come; and particularly during the next few months. She, doubtless, cherished far too ambitious views of her career to feel any personal interest in this enforced relationship with him; but he would be at liberty to feel what he chose: and to be the victim of an unrequited passion, while afforded such splendid opportunities of communion with the one beloved, deprived that passion of its most deplorable features. Accessibility is a great point in matters of love, and perhaps of the two there is less misery in loving without return a goddess who is to be seen and spoken to every day, than in having an affection tenderly reciprocated by one always hopelessly removed.

With this view of having to spend a considerable time in the neighborhood, Somerset shifted his quarters that afternoon from the little inn at Sleeping Green to the King's Arms Hotel at Markton. He required more rooms in which to carry out Paula's instructions than the former place afforded, and a more easily accessible position. Having reached and dined at the King's Arms, he found the evening tedious, and again strolled out in the direction of the castle.

When he reached it, the light was declining, and a solemn stillness overspread the pile. The great tower was in full view. That spot of white which looked like a pigeon fluttering from the loop-hole was his handkerchief, still hanging in the place where he had left it. His eyes yet lingered on the walls, when he noticed, with surprise, that the handkerchief suddenly vanished.

Believing that the breeze, though weak below, may have been strong enough at that height to blow it into the turret, and in no hurry to get off the premises, he leisurely climbed up to find it, ascending by the second staircase, crossing the roof, and going to the top of the treacherous

turret. The ladder by which he had escaped still stood within it, and beside the ladder he beheld the dim outline of a woman, in a meditative attitude, holding his handkerchief in her hand.

Somerset felt himself an intruder, and softly withdrew. When he had reached the ground, he looked up. A girlish form was standing at the top of the tower looking over the parapet upon him—possibly not seeing him, for it was dark on the lawn.

It was either Miss De Stancy or Paula: one of them had gone there alone for his handkerchief, and had remained awhile, pondering on his escape. But which? "If I were not a faint-heart, I should run all risk and wave my hat or kiss my hand to her, whoever she is," he thought. But he was faint-hearted in the circumstances, and did not do either, feeling that, if it were Paula, her acquaintance was too precious a thing to be trifled with, even by an act which would easily have borne the interpretation of playful gallantry.

So he lingered about silently in the shades, and then thought of strolling to his rooms at Markton. Just at leaving, as he passed under the inhabited wing, whence one or two lights now blinked, he heard a piano, and a voice singing "The Mistletoe Bough." The song had probably been suggested to the romantic fancy of the singer by her visit to the scene of his captivity.

CHAPTER XII.

THE identity of the lady whom he had seen on the tower, and afterward heard singing, was established the next day.

"I have been thinking," said Paula, on meeting him, "that you may require a studio on the premises. If so, the one I showed you yesterday as suitable for such a purpose is at your service. If I employ Mr. Havill to compete with you, I will offer him a similar one."

Somerset did not decline; and when they had discussed further arrangements, she added, "In the same room you will find the handkerchief that was left on the tower."

"Ah, I saw that it was gone. Somebody brought it down?"

"I did," she quietly remarked, looking up for a second from under her shady hat brim.

"I am much obliged to you."

"Oh no—that's not necessary. I went up last night to see where the accident happened, and there I found it. When you came up, were you in search of it, or did you want me?"

"Then she saw me," he thought. "I went for the handkerchief only; I was not aware that you were there," he answered, simply. It could hardly be doubted that she was quite unconscious of any sentimental meaning which might have been attached to her words, "Did you want me?" and he involuntarily sighed.

It was very soft, but she might have heard him, for there was great interest in her voice as she continued, "And then you saw me and went back?"

"I did not know it was you; I saw that some lady was there, and I would not disturb her. I wondered all the evening if it were you."

Paula blushed to a mild degree, and hastened to explain. "We understood that you would stay to dinner, and as you did not come in, we wondered where you were. That made me think of your accident, and after dinner I went up to the place where it happened."

Somerset almost wished she had not explained so lucidly; he would have preferred to muse on her motive in going there as on some sweet mystery.

And now followed the exciting days to which his position as her architect, or, at worst, as one of her two architects, naturally led. His anticipations were for once surpassed by the reality. Perhaps Somerset's inherent unfitness for a professional life under ordinary circumstances was only proved by his great zest for it now. Had he been in regular practice, with numerous other clients, instead of having made a start with this one, he merely would have totally neglected their business in his exclusive attention to Paula's.

The idea of a competition between Somerset and Havill had been highly approved by Paula's solicitor, but she would not assent to it as yet, seeming quite vexed that Somerset should not have taken the good the gods provided, without questioning her justice to Havill. The room she had offered him was prepared as a studio. Drawing-boards and Whatman's paper were sent for, and in a few days Somerset began serious labor. His first requirement was a clerk or two, to do the drudg-

ery of measuring and figuring; but for the present he preferred to sketch alone. Sometimes, in measuring the outworks of the castle, he ran against Havill strolling about with no apparent object, who bestowed on him an envious nod, and passed by.

"I hope you will not roughly make your sketches," she said, looking in upon him one day, with serio-playfulness, as he sat in the room which had been lent him, "and then go away to your studio in London, and think of your other buildings and forget mine. I am in haste to begin, and wish you not to neglect me."

"I have no other building to think of," said Somerset, rising and placing a chair for her. "I had not begun practice, as you may know. I have nothing else in hand but your castle."

"I suppose I ought not to say I am glad of it; but it is an advantage to have an architect all to one's self. The architect whom I at first thought of told me, before I knew you, that if I placed the castle in his hands, he would undertake no other commission till its completion."

"I agree to the same," said Somerset.

"I don't wish to bind you," she returned. "But I hinder you now—do pray go on without reference to me. When will there be some drawing for me to see?"

"I will take care that it shall be soon."

He had a metallic tape in his hand, and went out of the room to take some dimension in the corridor. As the assistant for whom he had advertised had not arrived, he attempted to fix the end of the tape by sticking his penknife through the ring into the wall. Paula looked on at a distance.

"I will hold it," she said, after watching in silence for some time, and seeing his difficulty.

She went to the required corner, and held the end in its place. She had taken it the wrong way, and Somerset went over and placed it properly in her fingers, carefully avoiding to touch them. He did this without speaking; he had instinctively discovered as one of her peculiarities that she did not care to be spoken to on these occasions. She obediently raised her hand to the corner again, and stood till he had finished, when she absently murmured, "Is that all?"

"That is all," said Somerset. "Thank you."

Without further speech, she looked at his sketch-book, while he marked down the lines just acquired.

"You said, the other day," she observed, "that early Gothic-work might be known by the under-cutting, or something to that effect. I have looked in Rickman and the Oxford Glossary, but I can not quite understand what you meant."

It was only too evident to her lover, from the way in which she turned to him, that she *had* looked in Rickman and the Glossary, and was thinking of nothing in the world but of the subject of her inquiry.

"I can show you, by actual example, if you will come to the chapel," he returned, hesitatingly.

"Don't go on purpose to show me. When you are there on your own account, I will come in."

"I shall be there in half an hour."

"Very well," said Paula. She looked out of a window, and, seeing Miss De Stancy on the terrace, left him.

Somerset stood thinking of what he had said. He had no occasion whatever to go into the chapel of the castle that day. He had been tempted by her words to say he would be there, and "half an hour" had come to his lips almost without his knowledge. This flirtation—if it were not anything more serious—was growing tender. What had passed between them amounted to an appointment; they were going to meet in the most solitary chamber of the whole solitary pile. Could it be that Paula had well considered this in replying with her passive "Very well"? Probably not. She might think of it between now and then, and might not come.

Somerset proceeded to the chapel, and waited. With the progress of the seconds toward the half-hour, he began to discover that a wild and breathless adoration of this girl had risen within him. Yet so imaginative was his passion that he hardly knew a single feature of her countenance well enough to remember it in her absence. The meditative judgment of things and men which had been his habit up to the moment of seeing her in the Baptist chapel seemed to have left him—nothing remained but a distracting wish to be always near her, and it was quite with dismay that he recognized what immense importance he was attaching to the question whether she would keep the trifling engagement or not.

The chapel of Stancy Castle was a silent place, heaped up in corners with a lumber of old panels, frame-work, and broken colored glass. Here no clock could be heard beating out the hours of the day; here no voice of priest or deacon had for generations uttered the daily service denoting how the year rolls on. The stagnation of the spot was sufficient to draw Somerset's thoughts for a moment from the subject which absorbed them, and he said to himself, "So, too, will time triumph over all this fervor within me."

The sombre mood quite vanished when, lifting his eyes from the floor, on which his foot had been tapping nervously, he saw Paula standing at the other end. It was not so pleasant when he also saw that Mrs. Goodman accompanied her. The latter lady, however, obligingly remained where she was resting, while Paula came forward, and, as usual, paused on a half-smile without speaking.

"It is in this little arcade that the example occurs," said Somerset.

"Oh yes," she answered, turning to look at it.

"Early piers, capitals, and mouldings generally alternate with deep hollows, so as to form strong shadows. Now look under the abacus of this capital; you will find the stone hollowed out wonderfully; and also in this arch-mould. It is often difficult to understand how it could be done without cracking off the stone. The difference between this and late work can be felt by the hand even better than it can be seen." He suited the action to the word, and placed his hand in the hollow.

She listened attentively, then stretched up her own hand to test the cutting as he had done; she was not quite tall enough; she would step upon this piece of wood. Having done so, she tried again, and succeeded in putting her finger on the spot. No; she could not understand it through her glove even now. She pulled off her glove, and then, when her hand rested in the stone channel, her eyes became abstracted in an intent effort at realization, the ideas derived through her hand passing into her face.

"No, I am not sure now," she complained.

Somerset placed his own hand in the cavity. Now their two hands were close together again. They had been close together half an hour earlier, and he had sedulously avoided touching hers. He dared not let such an accident happen now. And yet—surely she saw the situation! Was the inscrutable seriousness with which she applied herself to his lesson a mockery? There was such a bottomless depth in her seductive eyes that it was absolutely impossible to guess truly. Let it be that destiny alone had ruled that their hands should be together a second time.

All rumination was cut short by an impulse. He gently seized her forefinger between his own finger and thumb, and drew it along the hollow, saying, "That is the curve I mean."

Somerset's hand was hot and trembling; Paula's, on the contrary, was cool and soft as an infant's.

"Now the arch-mould," continued he. "There—the depth of that cavity is tremendous, and it is not geometrical, as in later work." He drew her unresisting fingers from the capital to the arch, and laid them in the little trench as before.

She allowed them to rest quietly there till he relinquished them. "Thank you," she then said, softly, withdrawing her hand, brushing the dust from her fingertips, and putting on her glove, to do which she turned a little aside, her glance falling to the ground.

Her imperception of his feeling was the very sublimity of maiden innocence, if it were real; if not, well, the coquetry was no great sin. But he would not think of it as pretense or flirtation; the divine calmness of her beauty, in the young man's eye, was stained by such commonplace suppositions.

"Mr. Somerset, will you allow me to have the Greek court I mentioned?" she asked, tentatively, after a long break in their discourse, as she scanned the green stones along the base of the arcade, with a conjectural countenance as to his reply.

"Will your own feeling for the genius of the place allow you?"

"I am not a mediævalist: I am an eclectic."

"You don't dislike your own house on that account?"

"I did at first—I don't so much now. ....I should love it, and adore every stone, and think feudalism the only true romance of life, if—"

"What?"

"If I were a De Stancy, and the castle the long home of my forefathers."

Somerset was a little surprised at the

avowal: the minister's words on the effects of her new environment recurred to his mind. "Miss De Stancy doesn't think so," he said. "She cares nothing about those things."

Paula now turned to him: hitherto her remarks had been sparingly spoken, her eyes being directed elsewhere. "Yes, that is very strange, is it not?" she said. "But it is owing to the joyous freshness of her nature, which precludes her from dwelling on the past—indeed, the past is no more to her than it is to a sparrow or robin. She is scarcely an instance of the wearing out of old families, for a younger mental constitution than hers I never knew."

"Unless that very simplicity represents the second childhood of her line, rather than her own exclusive character."

Paula shook her head. "In spite of the Greek court, she is more Greek than I."

"You represent science rather than art, perhaps."

"How?" she asked, quickly, glancing from under her hat, without moving her head quite far enough for direct vision.

"I mean," he answered, quietly—for though he loved Paula, he was not so much in awe of her as to shirk honest statements—"I mean that you represent the march of mind—the steam-ship, and the railway, and the thoughts that shake mankind."

She weighed his words, and said, slowly: "Ah, yes: you allude to my father. My father was a great man; but I am more and more forgetting his greatness: that kind of greatness is what a woman can never truly enter into. I am less and less his daughter every day that goes by."

She walked away a few steps to rejoin the excellent Mrs. Goodman, who, as Somerset still perceived, was waiting for Paula at the discreetest of distances in the shadows at the further end of the building. Surely Paula's voice had faltered, and she had turned to hide a tear: were he sure of that, the ambiguous manner, which he could not unriddle, would have no sinister mocking meaning in it, but would be the spontaneous peculiarity of her nature.

She came back again. "Did you know that my father made half the railways in Europe, including that one over there?" she said, waving her little gloved hand in the direction whence low rumbles were occasionally heard during the day.

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"Miss De Stancy told me a little; and I then found his name and doings were quite familiar to me."

Curiously enough, or perhaps naturally, since it was a main line of railway, with his words there came through the broken windows the murmur of a train in the distance, sounding clearer and more clear. It was nothing to listen to, yet they both listened, till the increasing noise suddenly broke off into dead silence.

"It has gone into the tunnel," said Paula. "Have you seen the tunnel my father made? The curves are said to be a triumph of science. There is nothing else like it in this part of England."

"There is not: I have heard so. But I have not seen it."

"Do you think it a thing more to be proud of that one's father should have made a great tunnel and railway like that, than that one's remote ancestor should have built a great castle like this?"

What could Somerset say? It would have required a casuist to decide whether his answer should depend upon his conviction, or upon the family ties of such a questioner. His own family had been rather of the high old-fashioned sort; he himself was rather an artist than a man of science; and had his interrogator been a De Stancy, there is not much doubt about the answer that would have risen spontaneously to his lips. "From a modern point of view, railways are, no doubt, things more to be proud of than castles," he said, "though perhaps I myself, from mere association, should decide in favor of the ancestor who built the castle." The serious anxiety that Somerset threw into his observation, as if nothing but honest truth were available, was more than the circumstance required. But she herself was in such a thoughtful mood that mere politeness without conviction would, after all, hardly have met the case. "To design great engineering works," he added, musingly, and without the least eye to the disparagement of her parent, "requires no doubt a leading mind. But to execute them requires, of course, only a following mind."

His reply troubled her; and there was a distinct reproach conveyed by her slight movement toward Mrs. Goodman. He saw it, and was grieved that he should have uttered it. "I am going to walk

over and inspect that famous tunnel of your father's," he added, gently. "It will be a pleasant study for this afternoon."

She went away. "I am no man of the world," he thought. "I am a fool. I shall not win her respect; much less her love!"

CHAPTER XIII.

SOMERSET did not forget what he had planned, and when lunch was over, he walked away through the trees. The tunnel was more difficult of discovery than he had anticipated, and it was only after considerable winding among green lanes, whose deep ruts were like cañons of Colorado in miniature, that he reached the slope in the distant upland where the tunnel began. A road stretched over its crest, and thence along one side of the railway cutting.

He there unexpectedly saw standing Miss Power's carriage; and on drawing nearer he found it to contain Paula herself, Miss De Stancy, and Mrs. Goodman.

"How singular!" exclaimed Miss De Stancy, gayly.

"It is most natural," said Paula, quietly. "In the morning two people discuss a feature in the landscape, and in the afternoon each has a desire to see it from what the other has said of it. Therefore they meet."

Now Paula had distinctly heard Somerset declare that he was going to walk there; how, then, could she say this so coolly? It was with a pang at his heart that he returned to his old thought of her being possibly a finished coquette and dissembler. Whatever she might be, she was not a creature starched very stiffly by Puritanism.

Somerset looked down on the mouth of the tunnel. The absurdity of the popular commonplace that science, steam, and travel must always be unromantic and hideous, was proved on the spot. On either slope of the deep cutting, green with long grass, grew drooping young trees of ash, beech, and other flexible varieties, their foliage almost concealing the actual railway which ran along the bottom, its thin steel rails gleaming like silver threads in the depths. The vertical front of the tunnel, faced with brick that had once been red, was now weather-stained, lichened, and mossed over in harmonious hues of rusty browns, pearly grays, and neutral greens, at the very base appearing a little blue-black spot like a mouse-hole—the tunnel's mouth.

The carriage was drawn up quite close to the wood railing, and Paula was looking down at the same time with him; but she was so reserved and undecipherable that he made no remark to her.

Mrs. Goodman broke the silence by saying, "If it were not a railway, we should call it a lovely dell."

Somerset agreed with her, adding that it was so charming that he felt inclined to go down.

"If you do, perhaps Miss Power will order you up again, as a trespasser," said Charlotte De Stancy. "You are one of the largest share-holders in the railway, are you not, Paula?"

Miss Power did not reply.

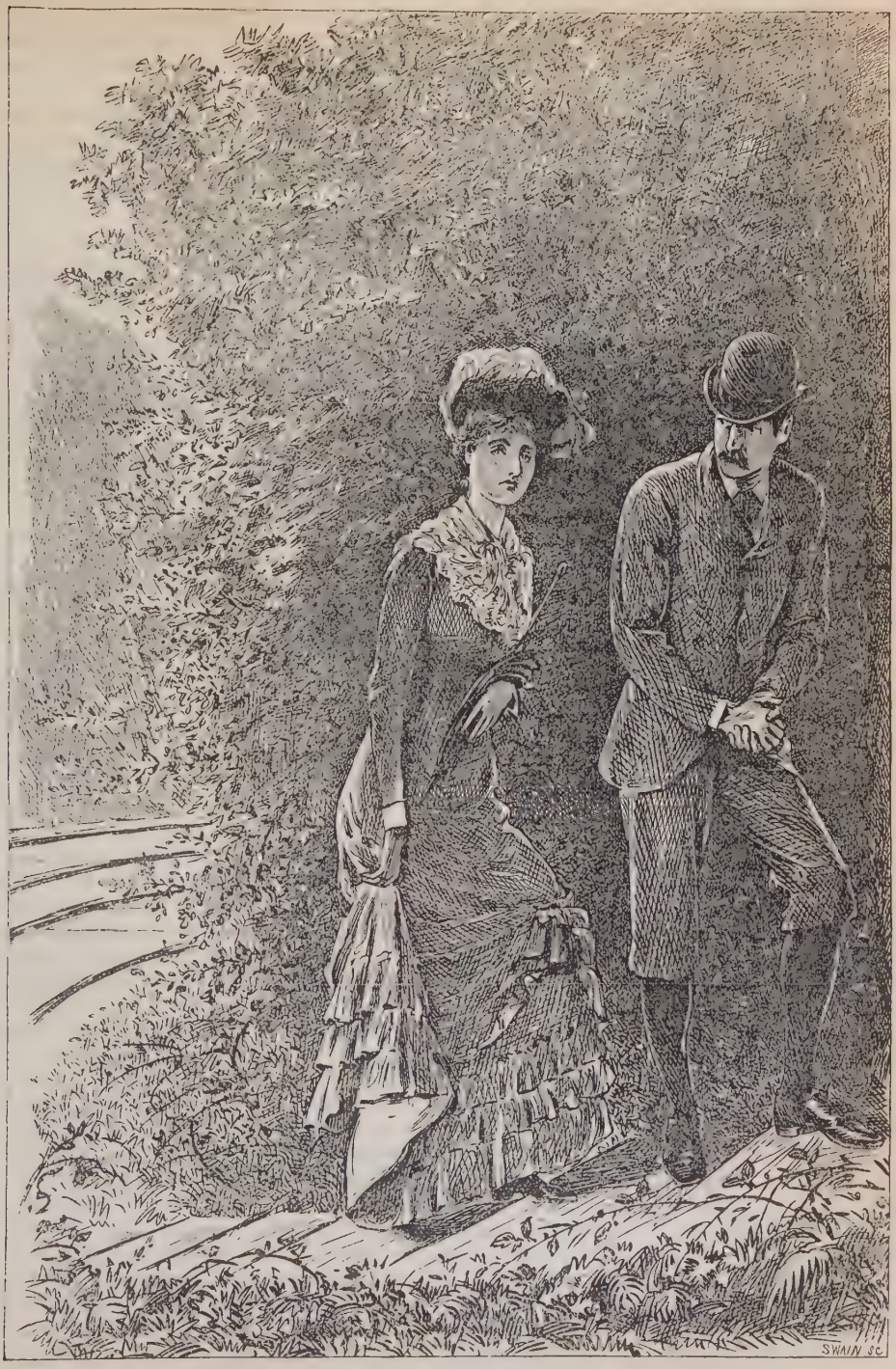
"I suppose, as the road is partly yours, you might walk all the way to London along the rails, if you wished, might you not, dear?" Charlotte continued.

Paula smiled, and said, "No, of course not."

Somerset, feeling himself superfluous, raised his hat to his companions as if he meant not to see them again for a while, and began to descend by some steps cut in the earth, when Miss De Stancy asked Mrs. Goodman to accompany her to a barrow over the top of the tunnel; and they left the carriage, Paula remaining alone.

Down Somerset plunged through the long grass, bushes, late summer flowers, moths, and caterpillars, vexed with himself that he had come there, since Paula was so inscrutable, and humming the notes of some song he did not know. The tunnel that had seemed so small from the surface was a vast archway when he reached its mouth, which emitted, as a contrast to the sultry heat on the slopes of the cutting, a cool breeze, that had travelled a mile underground from the other end. Far away in the darkness of this silent subterranean corridor he could see that other end as a mere speck of light.

When he had conscientiously admired the construction of the massive archivault, and the majesty of its nude ungarnished walls, he looked up the slope at the carriage; it was so small to the eye that it might have been made for a performance by canaries, Paula's face being still smaller, as she leaned back in her



"'WHAT AN ESCAPE!' HE SAID."

seat, idly looking down at him. There seemed something supercilious in her attitude of criticism, and to be no longer the subject of her contemplation, he entered the tunnel out of her sight.

In the middle of the speck of light before him appeared a speck of black; and then a shrill whistle, dulled by millions of tons of earth, reached his ears from thence. It was what he had been on his guard against all the time—a passing train; and instead of taking the trouble to come out of the tunnel, he stepped into a recess till the train had rattled past, and vanished onward round a curve.

Somerset still remained where he had placed himself, mentally balancing science against art, the grandeur of this fine piece of construction against that of the castle, and thinking whether Paula's father had not, after all, the best of it, when all at once he saw Paula's form confronting him at the entrance to the tunnel. He instantly went forward into the light where she was: to his surprise, she was as pale as a lily.

"Oh, Mr. Somerset!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "You ought not to frighten me so—indeed you ought not. The train came out almost as soon as you had gone in, and as you did not return, an accident was possible."

Somerset at once perceived that he had been to blame in not thinking of this.

"Please do forgive my thoughtlessness in not reflecting how it would strike you," he pleaded. "I—I see I have alarmed you."

Her alarm was, indeed, much greater than he had at first thought: she trembled so much that she was obliged to sit down, at which he went up to her, full of solicitousness.

"You ought not to have done it!" she said, petulantly, keeping her face turned away, and trying to calm her agitation. "I naturally thought—any person would—"

Somerset, perhaps wisely, said nothing at this outburst; the cause of her vexation was, plainly enough, his perception of her discomposure. He stood looking in another direction, till in a few moments she had risen to her feet again, quite calm.

"It would have been dreadful," she said, with faint gayety, as the color returned to her face, "if I had lost my architect, and been obliged to engage Mr. Havill without an alternative."

It rather spoiled what had gone before; but perhaps she intended to spoil it.

"I was really in no danger; but of course I ought to have considered," he said.

"I knew there was no *great* danger to a person exercising ordinary discretion," she returned, coolly. "I am now going up again. What do you think of the tunnel?"

They were crossing the railway to ascend by the opposite path, Somerset keeping his eye on the interior of the tunnel for safety, when suddenly there arose a noise and shriek from the contrary direction behind the trees. Both knew in a moment what it meant, and each seized the other as they rushed off the permanent way. The ideas of both had been so centred on the tunnel as the source of danger, that the probability of a train from the opposite quarter had been forgotten. It rushed past them, causing Paula's dress, hair, and ribbons to flutter violently, and blowing up the fallen leaves in a shower over their shoulders.

Neither spoke, and they went up several steps, holding each other tightly by the hand, till, becoming conscious of the act, she withdrew hers; whereupon Somerset stopped and looked her in the face; but her eyes were averted toward the tunnel wall.

"What an escape!" he said.

"We were not so very near, I think," she answered, quickly, still gliding upward.

They reached the top at last, and the new level and open air seemed to give her a new mind. "I don't see the carriage anywhere," she said, in the common tones of civilization.

He thought it had gone over the crest of the hill; he would accompany her till they reached it.

"No—please—I would rather not; I can find it very well." Before he could say more, she had inclined her head and smiled, and was on her way alone.

The tunnel cutting appeared a dreary gulf enough now to the young man, as he stood leaning over the rails above it, beating the herbage with his stick. For some minutes he could not criticise or weigh her conduct; the warmth of her presence still encircled him. He recalled her face as it had looked out at him from under the white silk puffing of her black hat, and the speaking power of her eyes

at the moment of danger. The breadth of that clear-complexioned forehead—almost concealed by the masses of brown hair bundled up around it—signified that if her disposition were oblique and insincere enough for trifling, coquetting, or in any way making a fool of him, she had the intellect to do it cruelly well.

But it was ungenerous to ruminate too curiously. A girl not an actress by profession could hardly turn pale artificially as she had done, though perhaps mere fright meant nothing, and would have arisen in her just as readily had he been one of the laborers on her estate. Upon the whole, it was a perplexity.

The reflection that such feeling as she had exhibited could have no tender meaning returned upon him with masterful force when he thought of her wealth and the social position into which she had drifted. Somerset, being of a solitary and studious nature, was not quite competent to estimate precisely the disqualifying effect, if any, of her Nonconformity, her newness of blood, and other things, among the old county families established round her; but the toughest prejudices, he thought, were not likely to be long invulnerable to such sweetness of manner, beauty, and brightness of intellect as Paula's. When she emerged, as she was plainly about to do, from the comparative seclusion in which she had been living since her father's death, she would inevitably win her way among her neighbors. She would become the local topic. Fortune-hunters would learn of her existence, and draw near in shoals. What chance would there then be for him?

The points in his favor were indeed few, but they were just enough to keep a tantalizing hope alive. Modestly leaving out of count his personal and intellectual qualifications, he thought of his family. It was an old stock enough, though not a rich one. His great-uncle had been the well-known Vice-Admiral Sir Armstrong Somerset, who served his country well in the Baltic, the Indies, China, and the Caribbean Sea. His grandfather had been a notable metaphysician. His father, the Royal Academician, was popular, though he had unhappily allowed his fortune to drop in the rear of his reputation by reason of his idle and easy nature, so that men with one-fifth his talent easily made ten times his income. But perhaps this was not the sort of reasoning likely to occupy the mind of a young woman: the personal aspect of the situation was in such circumstances of far more import. He had come as a wandering stranger—that possibly lent some interest to him in her eyes. He was installed in an office which would necessitate free communion with her for some time to come; that was another advantage, and would be a still greater one if she showed, as Paula seemed disposed to do, such artistic sympathy with his work as to follow up with interest the details of its progress.

The carriage did not re-appear, and he went on toward Markton, disinclined to return again that day to the studio which had been prepared for him at the castle. He heard feet brushing the grass behind him, and looking round, saw the Baptist minister.

"I have just come from the village," said Mr. Woodwell, who looked worn and weary, his boots being covered with dust, "and I have learned that which confirms my fears for her."

"For Miss Power?"

"Most assuredly."

"What danger is there?" said Somerset, with forced backwardness.

"The temptations of her position have become too much for her! She is going out of mourning next week, and will give a large dinner party on the occasion; for though the invitations are partly in the name of her relative Mrs. Goodman, they must come from her. The guests are to include people of old Cavalier families who would have treated her grandfather, sir, and even her father, with scorn for their religion and connections; also the parson and curate—yes, actually people who believe in the Apostolic Succession; and, what's more, they're coming. My opinion is that it has all arisen from her friendship with Miss De Stancy."

"Well," cried Somerset, warmly, "this only shows liberality of feeling on both sides. I suppose she has invited you as well?"

"She has not invited me.... Mr. Somerset, notwithstanding your erroneous opinions on important matters, I speak to you as a friend, and I tell you that she has never in her secret heart forgiven that sermon of mine in which I likened her to the church at Laodicea. I admit the words were harsh, but I was doing my duty, and if the case arose to-morrow, I would do it again. Her displeasure is a

deep grief to me, but I serve One greater than she.... You, of course, are invited to this dinner?"

"I have heard nothing of it," murmured the young man.

Their paths diverged; and when Somerset reached the King's Arms Hotel, he was informed that somebody was waiting to see him.

"Man or woman?" he asked.

The landlady, who always liked to reply in person to Somerset's inquiries, apparently thinking him, by virtue of his drawing implements and liberality of payment, a possible lord of Burleigh, came forward, and said it was certainly not a woman, but whether man or boy she could not say. "His name is Mr. Dare," she added.

"Oh—that man," he said.

Somerset went up stairs, along the passage, down two steps, round the angle, and so on to the rooms reserved for him in this rambling edifice of stage-coach memories, where he found Dare waiting. Dare came forward, pulling out the cutting of an advertisement.

"Mr. Somerset, this is yours, I believe, from the *Architectural World*."

Somerset said that he had inserted it.

"I think I should suit your purpose as assistant very well."

"Are you an architect's draughtsman?"

"Not specially. I have some knowledge of the same, and want to increase it."

"I thought you were a photographer."

"Also of photography," said Dare, with a bow. "Though but an amateur in that art, I can challenge comparison with Regent Street or Broadway."

Somerset looked upon his table. Two letters only, addressed in initials, were lying there as answers to his advertisement. He asked Dare to wait, and looked them over. Neither was satisfactory. On this account, he overcame his slight feeling against Mr. Dare, and put a question to test that gentleman's capacities. "How would you measure the front of a building, including windows, doors, mouldings, and every other feature, for a ground plan, so as to combine the greatest accuracy with the greatest dispatch?"

"In running dimensions," said Dare.

As this was the particular kind of work he wanted done, Somerset thought the answer promising. Coming to terms with Dare, he requested the would-be student of architecture to wait at the castle the next day, and dismissed him.

A quarter of an hour later, when Dare was taking a walk in the country, he drew from his pocket eight other letters addressed to Somerset in initials, which, to judge by their style and stationery, were from men far superior to those two whose communications alone Somerset had seen. Dare looked them over for a few seconds as he strolled on, then tore them into minute fragments, and, burying them under the leaves in the ditch, whistled, and went on his way again.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, in his *History of Our Own Times*, speaks very freely of England and the British government, criticising it without mercy for its conduct in China, and for its want of intelligence of the American situation during our civil war. Indeed, he writes as frankly, and finds fault with John Bull as cordially, as a Yankee; but, so far as we have observed, John Bull takes it in perfectly good part, and apparently accepts it all as probably true. That Mr. McCarthy is an Irishman has not induced a single sneerer to say, "Of course"; but the acquiescence is obviously due to the consciousness that the historian has no malign purpose, and that the critic is plainly correct. John Bull bears sharp strictures with great equanimity. He has a kind of good-natured, thick-skinned feeling toward other nations, as if they were amusing or insignificant. The typical John Bull is like Sir Robert Peel in *Punch's* caricature of the Minister as the King of Brobdingnag holding the droll little Lilliputian Disraeli upon the palm of his hand, and regarding him with fat-witted curiosity.

But Cousin Jonathan is of a more sensitive temperament. The London *Spectator* said the other day that America was very powerful and very prosperous and very peaceful, but that we had done nothing to help other nations when suffering or struggling; in fact, that we had plenty of lodging room, and plenty to eat and drink, and cared little for the spiritual or material starvation of the world beyond. The *Spectator* has received a great many American slaps in consequence. Nobody shall say an ill word of us without a reply. So, also, Mr. Richard Grant White recently raised the question about the city of New York, whether growing bigger is growing better—whether, except in

size, we have made such immense progress. Indeed, as *laudator temporis acti*, Mr. White made a very pretty plea for the days that are no more. But he has been "picked up" on all sides, and the neat Latin phrase for laureate of departed days has been sententiously translated "grumbler." The year 1881 has no intention whatever of acknowledging that any earlier year had any advantage, and the critic who whispers that if Gerster and Bernhardt are very well, yet that Malibran and Rachel were not ill, is evidently regarded as a mummy, a fossil, an antediluvian, a prehistoric fly in amber.

But why should we turn our backs so severely upon the past? Mr. White suggests, for instance, that the City Hall is as pretty a piece of architecture as the Post-office. But he is not a Goth for holding that opinion. He says that those who heard Sontag and Jenny Lind (hear! hear!) heard quite as charming singing as any that the New-Yorker in the present year of grace hears. If any preux chevalier wishes to break a lance upon that point, the Easy Chair will gladly enter the lists, wearing the colors of the *diva* Lind. He also asserts that the Philharmonic orchestra is mainly composed of Germans, and that, in fact, very much of our music is a foreign migration, and, as it were, a foreign camp upon our soil. Is his assertion incorrect? We might prefer to call it seed rather than camp, and seed cast upon the kindliest soil; but how many of our chief musicians are not, as he says, Germans or other countrymen?

We do not complain. We gladly own it. We are exceedingly obliged to Mein Herr for coming over the sea, and bringing Bach and Handel and Haydn and Beethoven and all the tuneful masters with him. We are very glad that their welcome has been such as to prove that we appreciate the great works as well as the hearers of the Berlin Sing-Akademie, or the Paris Conservatoire, or the Leipzig Gewandhaus. The immense trooping hitherward of the artists of every degree is a noble tribute to the land and to the city. But the fact, nevertheless, remains as Mr. White points out. It is Mein Herr who conducts and plays, and it is Jonathan who listens and pays. The other evening, during the holidays, the Easy Chair heard a delightful performance of the *Messiah*. A great many evenings ago, in the holidays of other years, it heard the same oratorio in Boston, sung by the Handel and Haydn Society of that musical city. If the numbers of the more recent chorus were greater, if the "attack" was somewhat more vigorous, and the shading more delicate, and if in Mr. Henschel there was a master of that style of music, it is still true that the earlier performance was wholly domestic. It was virtually a Boston work. In the more recent performance, the chorus was doubtless largely native, but the orchestra and the conductor and the chief solo singers were not. The performance was, perhaps, finer; but again, as our critic remarks, it was not our own domestic production. It was an exotic. Most of the music that we hear, except at the minstrels', is an exotic. Malibran was an exotic, and Braham, and Grisi, and Jenny Lind, and Knoop, and Caradori Allan. The critic does not deny it. We understand him to ask us only why we take airs upon our currant bushes because we tie roses to them.

Doubtless the Germans, bringing gifts of music, have taught us what and how to admire. They found a kindly soil, we say, and they have cultivated it well. But it was a cultivable soil, and it has brought forth fruit, some fifty, some an hundred fold. As we recall the evenings at the Handel and Haydn, we do not remember a single score in the hand of any listener. Yet, sitting where we could overlook the great mass of the great audience at the late performance, we saw that there were scores of scores, if not hundreds of them, in the hands of ingenuous youth; and even Hortensia, who sleeps severely and reprovingly at the frivolous Italian opera, held a large book and her eyes solemnly open, during the whole evening at the Oratorio. The immense advances of a generation in our musical taste and cultivation are due mainly to the German raiders. We do not suppose that Mr. White means to question that there is a general or a very extensive musical atmosphere which was unknown in the days when the Hermann brothers sang, and when there were orchestral concerts at the old City Hotel, and when the Shirreff gave operas at the old National at the corner of Church and Leonard streets, and when Malibran, and, later, Manvers and the Giubileis, sang at the old Park, and Cinti Damoreau at Washington Hall. This musical atmosphere is due, undoubtedly, in great part, to the large mingling of the European element in our society. It helps to make the audience as well as the performers, and therefore, when we pride ourselves upon our progress, we must at least scrutinize the word "our"—says Mr. White.

But then all this migration "has come to stay." This audience of various nationalities is constantly merging and coalescing into one nationality. The camp is blending with the nation, and the exotic of yesterday will be acclimated to-morrow. The New York of Mr. White's reminiscence was an American New York. The New York of to-day is the largest Irish city in the world, and it is a very large German town. It is not less a New England community. "The Yankees and other interlopers," says the St. Nicholas orator, ruefully, "have divided us up, and we seem to live by sufferance upon our own estate." Our Rome is no longer a village upon the Tiber; she is becoming mistress of the world, and gathers her miscellaneous children with all-embracing arm. But such glimpses of her homogeneous youth as those of Mr. White are very alluring.

They restore the tranquil days, the almost pastoral days, when Kalm saw the town thickly shaded with trees. The Easy Chair raises its eyes, and looks from the huge building in which this Magazine is printed. It hums and throbs with various and immense industry; and across the elevated railroad, with its thronged incessant trains darting along over the more slowly hurrying crowd below, the Easy Chair sees an old, shabby, neglected tenement-house or sailor's boarding-house, set in the midst of blocks of buildings stretching every way above the roaring street. That old house was once the finest mansion of the shaded town. Over the high walls at its side leaned the lustrous foliage of its secluded garden, that stretched with gentle lawns and box-edged paths to the river. Birds sang in that garden in the bright May morning. Famous guests passed in at the door, and lovely damsels looked out at the windows. It was a pleasant house in a pleasant little town. *Eheu Posthume!* This little town has become Babylon, and a delightful Babylon it is. But because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Because there are delights in Babylon, will you deny that there were pleasures in the little tree-shaded town of which Babylon has no knowledge?

QUESTIONS of etiquette are sometimes very troublesome in Washington, and all the more because very many of the denizens of that city, who come from distant and rural homes, know and care nothing about etiquette. How little the honorable gentleman from Symmes's Hole suspects, as he is asked to take Mrs. Senator Red Velvet to dinner, that the chair in which he shall sit and the lady whom he shall hand out have been subjects of long and anxious deliberation. It is easy to call on Wormley, or Welcker, or Pinard, or some other *chef*, and order a dinner for twenty. But who shall sit where, and who shall hand whom?—these are the questions which cause vexation and anguish. A distinguished official gentleman in Washington gave a noble repast in honor of a noted guest. It was ordered of the proper purveyor. "Now," said the host, when he had bade no expense to be spared, "I don't know anything about the business of seating people correctly. You must attend to that too." The purveyor went straight to another distinguished man, who had not been invited to the dinner because it would not be agreeable to some other distinguished man who was invited, and distinguished man number one was immensely amused that he was called upon to seat the guests at a dinner to which he was not himself invited.

It is all the more perplexing because, although Washington is always full of official persons who are really indifferent to etiquette, and who greet it with a hearty democratic laugh, yet because of its official population there has been from the first especial attention paid by experts to the subject. Washington took grave counsel upon it, and Hamilton gave him some canons of behavior in writing, and there is alleged to be a more rigid system of social etiquette among official persons in Washington than is to be found in any circle elsewhere in the country. There are asserted to be due rules for the "first calling" of Senators' wives, and the wives of members of the cabinet and of Justices of the Supreme Court. Precedence at table is also a knotty point, involving great trouble of soul. Some years ago a Senator gave a dinner to which the Secretary of State was invited. When dinner was announced, the host turned to the senior Senator, the dean of the Senatorial Chamber, and asked him to take the lady of the house to table. The senior Senator hesitated, saying to his colleague that the Secretary of State was in the room. "Pshaw! we Senators make Secretaries of State," was the answer; and the host insisted that in his house nobody should precede the dean of his own body.

Mr. Lossing, in a recent pleasant article upon this subject, recalls the famous "Merry" affair in Jefferson's time, which was fortunately less serious in its results than the Mrs. Eaton difficulty which broke up General Jackson's cabinet. Mr. Merry was the English Minister at Washington in 1809, and he was invited, with Mrs. Merry, to dine with President Jefferson. Whether the dinner was designed especially to honor them we do not know, but when it was announced, Mr. Jefferson, who was talking at the moment with Mrs. Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, offered his arm to her, and handed her to the table. The wrath of the English Minister and of Mrs. Merry, that any other lady should have been selected for this distinction, was great. Tom Moore was a guest at their house, and he wrote home that the President had treated them with "pointed incivility," and he added, with the excellent gravity of a man who "felt at home the moment his foot touched a carpet," that "it is only the precarious situation of England which could induce it to overlook such indecent, though at the same time petty, hostility."

The matter took air. Mr. Merry doubtless appealed to his diplomatic colleagues to remember that, like Majesty itself, they were but ceremonies, and if the Democratic potentate proposed to treat ceremonies with contempt, what would become of their Excellencies? The Federalists took it up. The President, they said, had needlessly insulted Great Britain and disgraced his own country. Secretary Madison wrote to Mr. Monroe, then Minister to England. Mr. Monroe had heard of the matter from a friendly Under-Secretary, who darkly hinted that he might hear of it officially. But Mr. Monroe silenced him by humorously saying that his government would put in a rejoinder because his informant's wife had been accorded similar precedence to the wife of the American Minister. The ridiculous

tea-pot tempest bubbled and boiled and hissed. The English Minister coldly went to the White House only on official business. The indignant Mrs. Merry declined to darken its insulting doors. Jefferson at last intimated that they should be invited to dinner. Mr. Merry graciously acquiesced, and the invitations were sent. But madame sternly held out, like a Joan of Arc, or a Maid of Saragossa, or a Molly Pitcher. The honor of her country and its crown was at stake. The rock should fly from its firm base as soon as she. She carried the day. The British Minister asked if he was invited in a private or public capacity: if officially, he must have the consent of his sovereign; if privately, he must be assured that he should be treated with dignity. Secretary Madison replied that the President directed him to say that Mr. and Mrs. Merry should do just as they pleased. And the tempest ended in a laugh.

Mr. Lossing also relates that when John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State under Monroe, some of the Senators thought that the Secretaries ought to call or send cards upon the arrival of Senators at the capital, and they complained that the Secretary of State had not done so, thus withholding from them a proper homage, even if not implying that they were to offer it to him. Whoever "assailed" John Quincy Adams in any way and at any point was generally worsted. He heard of this complaint, and he wrote one of his terrible letters to the Vice-President, the presiding officer of the Senate, which showed that, as usual, he knew very much more of the matter than his censors. He said that from the beginning of Mr. Jefferson's administration there had never been any fixed rules of official etiquette in social precedence, and that any such appearance was merely the unwritten law of common custom. He went into detail. He cited his own experience when a Senator, and stated that he had never heard of the rule said to have been agreed upon by Senators of the First Congress, that they would pay no first visits except to the President. Mr. Adams added: "I have invariably considered the government of the United States as a government for the transaction of business, and that no ceremonial for the mode of interchanging visits between the persons belonging to the respective departments in it had ever been established; that, as a member of the administration, I had no sort of claim to a first visit from any member of either House of Congress, but that neither had any member of Congress any claim to a first visit from me; that the interchange and order of visits was entirely optional on both sides, and that no rule of etiquette whatever existed which required that either party should pay the first visit, or indeed any visit, to the other."

The American eagle is an untamable bird. He wrecks, unconsciously, the most carefully woven silken nets, and brings to naught the most delicate devices of restraint. A distinguished foreigner says that no people have a profounder regard for rank. But he spoke only of the Americans he saw in Europe, and the genuine bird of the free West does not often fly so far.

An alumnus of any college always feels that he has a right to criticise his alma mater, and the old lady seldom has sharper critics than some of her own children. When we recently quoted the strictures of Dr. Tomes upon the collegiate asylum of his youth, it was with the knowledge that he threw down a glove which would be certainly taken up, and we are not surprised, therefore, by the receipt of a letter which arraigns the Doctor as a light-minded, if not recreant, son of Trinity. It asserts that even fifty years ago, or thereabouts, the college was not open to such gibing comments as the Doctor's; that Bishop Brownell—and no one will deny it—was rightfully called scholar and gentleman; and that a faculty which counted among its members Bishop Potter, Dr. Hawks, and William Wolcott Ellsworth was worthy of all esteem. The letter also insists that among the students at that time preparing for the ministry, and whose morning-gowns, or dressing-gowns, were so peculiarly offensive to Alumnus Tomes, there were some men now exceedingly eminent, and that their standing in the world should reprove the levity of their laureate. The writer of the letter concludes, with pungency, that among the graduates of the college, and presumably among the wearers of the distressing dressing-gowns, are found eight bishops, numerous doctors of divinity, Governors of States, learned judges, and members of Legislatures, upon many of whom even Columbia College has seen fit to confer degrees, from which we may conclude, says the writer, that Dr. Tomes's college "does not come under the designation of 'colleges which spring up in a day and disappear in a night.'"

We do not doubt that Dr. Tomes, smoking his meditative pipe upon the shores of the Rhine, and recalling his vanished academic days upon the banks of the Connecticut, would cheerfully agree—as, indeed, he plainly states in his book—that many of his fellow-students have become justly eminent. But the substance of his story, nevertheless, remains sound. There are too many poor colleges, and in every college there are wearers of dressing-gowns who are a distinctive class open to the kind of criticism made by Dr. Tomes. President Barnard, of Columbia, in a capital paper upon college degrees, shows that there are more than four hundred institutions which confer degrees, and degrees which, as such, have the same official value as those of the colleges of highest character. An institution may spring up in a night, without endowment, without resources, without scholarship, and may live long enough only to graduate a single class, whose degrees shall yet be lawful certificates of proficiency, to be

accepted at their "face value" by professional schools and other institutions throughout the country. President Barnard inclines to favor the concentration of local interest and capital upon State institutions, and his argument is lucid and forcible. Nothing is more evident than that a college dependent for its existence upon tuition fees will not make its entrance steps very high, and that its discipline will have an eye to the continuance of the college. This is found to be an obstruction to every project of college co-operation for the purpose of raising the standard of the curriculum as well as of the entering examination. The primary object of a poor college must be to obtain as many students as possible by "making things easy," without actually losing a reputation which is necessary to attract students.

Now a true university is concerned with studies, not with students. It provides ample opportunities for the pursuit of every kind of study—the ablest and most approved teachers; complete apparatus; full libraries—and these means are maintained for the advantage of professors who are constantly extending the area of investigation and of knowledge. Their work continues whether students come or stay away. The theory of the institution is that it is of the highest advantage to society to prosecute such studies, and that those who pursue them may be wisely supported either by the community or by individuals. If the support can be aided by those who wish to learn, the aid will not be refused; but it is not the condition or the dependence of the university. This, indeed, is but an amplification of the original principle of the common school. The support of the school was made obligatory upon the citizens, because elementary knowledge was held to be essential to the welfare of the state. The principle of the university is that the higher knowledge is also essential to the highest general welfare, and that it should be prosecuted, therefore, for its own sake.

Practically, while the minor colleges will be maintained throughout the country for the local convenience of those who desire a superior education to that of the common school and the academy, there will be a few which, by reason of great endowments, will be true universities. The University of Berlin made Rückert professor of the Persian and Arabic languages and of Oriental literature. If no scholars came, he was still professor, and still pursued his own studies. Dr. Tomes has lived for many years in Germany, and looking back from the shadow of Göttingen, of Halle, of Heidelberg, of Bonn, and of Berlin to the beginnings of his own scantily equipped but well-meaning alma mater, he may be allowed to smile at the shabby dressing-gowns and the lounging untidiness of some of his old chums, and by depicting them with a sly smile, to prod the serene conceit that all things American, including the small days of a small college, are better than all other mundane things. If any nation can afford to laugh good-naturedly at itself for some things, it is the universal Yankee nation.

It was the coldest day of the cold winter on which Dr. Chapin was buried, but there was never a great assembly of persons more deeply moved than that which filled the great church which his eloquence has made famous. "I have heard all kinds of men in all kinds of places speak of him admiringly," said Robert Collyer, "and I never heard one of them speak of him with a 'but.'" His own heartiness infused itself into the regard that was felt for him, and affection was naturally vigorous for a man so full of vigor. He was perfectly simple, sympathetic, generous, but also perfectly steady and well-balanced. No man was more attentive to new thoughts, and he had a wide intellectual curiosity. He was an omnivorous reader. He read almost greedily; and with books he was like a hungry boy with buns. He held them, as it were, under each arm, and stuffed them into his pockets, while his mouth was full. But when he preached or lectured, it was not a crude reproduction of reading that he poured out, but a smooth, clarified, musical stream of assimilated knowledge. He made his accumulations his own. His mind was a garden, not a cellar. What he put into it was transformed into beauty, like seed which is planted, and which grows and expands and flowers and ripens into blossom and fruit. This, which was obvious to all his friends, Mr. Beecher happily expressed by saying that his mind, like a net, gathered everything—bits of glass and of metal, old coin and beads, but, like a kaleidoscope, it transmuted them into exquisite colors and harmonious forms.

During the days of his lyceum lecturing, no man was more popular upon the platform; indeed, probably no one was so universally popular as he. Jones, who used to lecture in the same courses, said that he was proceeding one evening to fulfill an appointment, and as he sat, dismal and homesick, in the cold car, he heard two men, upon the seat before him, talking, as they approached the city, of the lectures and the lecturers.

"Have you ever heard Chapin?"

"No."

"Well, there's nothing like it; he's the king of them all."

"Who lectures to-night?"

"Jones."

"Oh, Jones. Ever heard Jones?"

"Yes."

"How is he?"

"Good speaker; but tedious, tedious."

Jones said that his head sank upon his bosom; but that when he afterward told the story to Chapin, the generous king of them all shook and shouted with glee, and cried, "Pshaw! he knew ye, Hal, he knew ye, and meant to have his joke."

Like Theodore Parker, Chapin undoubtedly

felt his vitality to be so immense that it could not be overtasked. Parker came of a long-lived race, but he died of overwork at fifty. Chapin seemed made for infinite endurance, but he was shaken at sixty, and he died at sixty-six. Some years ago, in the height of his prosperous lecturing career, the Easy Chair met him at the Albany railroad station in the early evening of a winter day. He was snatching "a bite" and a cup of coffee, and as the bell rang, they hurried to the train, Chapin carrying a lumbering bag and shawls, and laughing and joking as they climbed into the car. He had been out all the week, starting early on Monday morning, after preaching twice on Sunday. He had lectured every evening during the week, travelling hard all day. "Up before light," he said, gayly, "eating tons of tough steaks and bushels of cold apples, whizzing on in these stifling cars, and turning out just in time to swallow a cup of tea, and off to the lecture." It was tremendous work, as only the fully initiated know. But he made it all a joke, and his swift tongue flew humorously on from incident to incident, and presently began to discuss the new books and the new articles in the magazines, with sharp and just discrimination. Suddenly the train stopped, evidently not at a station. The night was cold and stormy. Presently the conductor passed, and Chapin asked to know the reason of the delay. The conductor replied that there was some derangement of the locomotive; and Chapin said, quietly, "This is bad business for a man who has to preach at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and whose sermon is not begun." His companion remonstrated; but Chapin's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Oh, you laymen know nothing about it. Burns sang the cotter's Saturday night, but the minister's Saturday night is yet unwritten. At least," he said, laughing, "this one is likely to be unwritten." It was past midnight when the train reached the city. "Good-night," cried the hearty voice. "Go home, and go to bed; I'm going to work." The next time the Easy Chair met the preacher, it asked about that sermon. "Oh, that was all right. I went home, and there was a bright fire in my study, and a brew of hot coffee, and I finished that sermon just as the sun rose." And the next morning probably he was off again for another week of the same kind.

It was at the same Albany station that, crossing in the bleak winter night over the frozen river, Theodore Parker was fatally chilled. He and Chapin were both stalwart men, with such ample and overflowing strength that it seemed to them to be exhaustless. But they worked bravely while it was yet day, and their works do follow them. Young and old, everywhere in the country, have been cheered and lifted up by their consoling and vivifying words. They strengthened others with their strength. Their upright lives, their boundless sympathy, their sweet humanity, their invincible faith, their free and generous spirit, have been emancipating influences. These were their most persuasive eloquence, their best sermons and books and speeches. "How can I mourn," said Mr. Beecher, "for this life well lived, for this battle nobly fought and won?" With men like Chapin, that battle does not end with their lives. In the inspiration and the power of excellent example, the contest goes on in the lives of those who have felt their energy. The old tradition of the battle of the Huns, of the warriors who, falling upon the field, renewed the fight, invisible, high in air, is constantly renewed. In our better endeavors, in our purer resolves, in our humaner and more generous purpose and achievement, though dead, they not only speak, but still gloriously strive.

THE photograph and the illustrated magazines and papers have made the faces of all famous contemporary persons familiar, except the face of George Eliot. Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Disraeli, Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and William Black are all well known to their readers and admirers by the counterfeit presentment; but George Eliot has been, to all but her personal friends, like Wordsworth's cuckoo,

> "an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery."

For some years, indeed, in London, her receptions have been an assembly of much that is most brilliant and renowned in the intellectual society of England, which recognized in her a true queen and leader, by whose side Beaconsfield's Zenobia is a red light and spangles Sadler's Wells imitation. There was a time, indeed, when George Eliot's receptions were attended mainly by gentlemen, while ladies held aloof. But more recently this distinction had disappeared, and English ladies have gladly paid homage to the woman more eminent than any woman in English history for mental superiority and power.

George Eliot is known as an English novelist of the first rank, a peer of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, leaving no one of the same kind of eminence behind her. She was a very popular author toward the close of her life, and her works commanded great prices. But it is plain that her earnest moral purpose transcended all pleasure of the mere play of intellectual power and of the creative faculty. There is always an intellectual tension and abstraction in the midst of the story, and little trace of that simple joy of story-telling which belongs to Homer and to Walter Scott. But the distinction of her works is characteristic of the group of writers of which she was not the least. The moral purpose is as evident in Dickens and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë and in the best works of Charles Reade as it is in George Eliot. Thackeray, indeed, gayly said of himself that he was always stopping in the most critical

moments of his stories to preach a little sermon. This common characteristic was the result of what is called the dual spirit of the age, its humanity and its introspection. But while in Dickens and Thackeray and Miss Brontë it is mainly the humanity which is paramount, in George Eliot it is the introspection. The tendency sometimes betrays her almost into philosophical essay writing and metaphysical speculation, and many a reader yawned and worried over *Daniel Deronda* as a pamphlet for the removal of the disabilities of the Jews. It is interesting to contrast this work with any of Disraeli's which have the same burden. There is an indefinable impression of gilt, tawdriness, insincerity, and shallow melodrama in Disraeli's Sidonias and Asian Mysteries, but in George Eliot's treatment of the same theme there is a forcible grasp and vigorous earnestness which make the matter real, and lodge the plea deep and permanently in intelligent thought and sympathy.

The author of *Adam Bede*, and *Silas Marner*, and *Romola*, and *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*, was a woman of extraordinary insight and reasoning power, with a mental training and comprehensive acquirement which, without her imaginative genius, would have made her famous not only among women, but among all contemporaries. There is some disposition, accordingly, and naturally, to underestimate her high and beautiful imagination. But if the lofty company of "Shakespeare's women," as Shelley called them, received no real addition until Scott's Jeanie Deans, has there been any such permanent and noble accession to their society since Jeanie Deans as Dinah and Romola? Dickens's women are amusing, Thackeray's Becky Sharp is an enduring figure of its kind, Jane Eyre is pathetic, and a lovely throng flutter through all the lesser novels; but for mingled dignity, intelligence, pathos, and supreme womanliness, the range of our imaginative literature shows no nobler forms than Dinah and Romola.

Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot are the chief Englishwomen among the novelists, and unquestionably the one of greatest power is she who lately died. The distinctions among them are absolutely marked. The first two conformed to Scott's assertion that the business of the story-teller is to amuse; the last two were inspired by the humane desire of great souls not only to amuse but to assist mankind. How far this desire is a constituent element of creative genius, and whether, if the moral purpose be excluded severely from art, the moral result is not more surely attained, we need not now consider. It is very possibly true. It is possible that Scott will outlive the distinctively humane school, and that he and Shakespeare and Homer are moral only as nature is moral, and therefore more deeply and effectively moral than any other literary influence can be. But none the less the great genius which was lately withdrawn from us, and which will be always known in literary history as George Eliot, will be always honored also as one of the greatest literary forces in our common language.

Editor's Literary Record.

NO one who has observed the zeal and temper with which philological and classical scholars conduct their debates, or who has a tolerably clear idea of the inexhaustible fertility of their controversial resources, or who has witnessed their scissors-if-I-die-for-it pertinacity in adhering to the theories and opinions they have once espoused, will expect them to adopt, with any approximation to unanimity, Dr. Schliemann's conclusions concerning the site of Troy and its identity with the Ilium of Homer, as he has step by step unfolded them in his latest and very remarkable work, *Ilios*.[1] The problems involved are too complex, and have too passionately and largely divided opinion in the literary and scientific world; the partisans on either side have been and remain too numerous, and have put their reputation too seriously at venture; and despite the overwhelming cumulative array by Dr. Schliemann of visible circumstantial evidence of the weightiest kind in support of his deductions, there are too many opportunities left for ingenious or hostile criticism to point out gaps and flaws, and possibly discrepancies and inconsistencies, in some of the details of his researches—to render it at all likely that the results assumed by him will be allowed to pass unchallenged, much less be accepted with general acquiescence by scholars. And yet his deductions are so natural and free from forced and violent constructions; his arguments are intrinsically so tenable and so amply corroborated by unimpeachable mute witnesses—whose testimony, as far as it goes, is too significant to be explained or sneered away by the hypothesis of even the strangest coincidence; and his principal conclusions from the evidence adduced are so reasonable, and require for their acceptance an effort of the judgment or imagination so much less violent than would be required for their rejection, that if the matter were referred to a tribunal of clear-headed, intelli-

[1] *Ilios:* The City and Country of the Trojans. The Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the Years 1871, '72, '73, '78, '79. Including an Autobiography of the Author. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. With a Preface, Appendixes, and Notes by Professors Rudolf Virchow, Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, J. P. Mahaffy, H. Brugsch-Bey, P. Ascherson, M. A. Portalacoas, M. E. Bournof, Mr. F. Calvert, and Mr. A. J. Duffield. With Maps, Plans, and about 1800 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, pp. 800. New York: Harper and Brothers.

gent, and dispassionate men, who had never been inoculated with the virus of classical disputatiousness, it is safe to say they would promptly decide that Dr. Schliemann has made out his case. And undoubtedly, until his critics and assailants use their spades as diligently and as much to the purpose as he has used his, and somewhere else on the Troad exhume a witness such as he has exhumed, however successful they may be in pointing out gaps and flaws in his claims, the common-sense of mankind will credit Dr. Schliemann with having discovered the site of the Troy of Homer's Iliad. Of the ornate volume in which Dr. Schliemann relates the history of his researches and discoveries it is impossible to speak, except in the most general terms, in the brief space to which we are restricted. His narrative of his five years' arduous work of excavation—his graphic and good-tempered record of the impediments encountered, the difficulties surmounted, the machinery and methods employed, and his enthusiastic relation of the rich discoveries made, of the rare treasures unburied from their tombs of more than thirty centuries, and of the interesting or exciting incidents that happened from day to day—is one of transcendent interest; and the grand central fact which it emphasizes is the nucleus around which is clustered in rich profusion a bewildering variety of learning bearing on the site and history of Troy, the identity of Homer, the paternity of his poems, and the Homeric times and literature. Sometimes this learning is in the form of a pregnant brief sentence or episode incorporated with and illustrating some fact or opinion; and sometimes it expands into separate exhaustive treatises by Schliemann or his learned friends on recondite topics that are of profound interest and importance in the realm of archæological, philological, historical, ethnographical, antiquarian, topographical, geographical, or critical inquiry and research. In an introductory chapter, whose brevity is its chief fault, Dr. Schliemann makes himself familiarly known to his readers, in an autobiographical sketch, in which he tells the story of his life with a garrulous unreserve and a frank and ingenuous simplicity that are exceedingly winning, leaving on us the impression that never before was there an enthusiast so practical, or a shrewd, astute, methodical man of business so devoured by enthusiasm, as he. Before he was seven years old it was the dream of his childhood that he would one day excavate Troy; and through the dreariest discouragements and poverty the dream remained ever present with him, and incited him to the acquisition of knowledge and wealth. And when at length fortune crowned his industry, he heaped up more riches solely that he might realize the dream of his childhood, that had become more and more the fixed purpose of his mature years. The steps of these successive periods of his life, and the growth and consummation of the purpose to which all his aims and labors were preparatory, are delightfully detailed. This felicitous autobiographical sketch is appropriately supplemented with a succint outline narrative of his first visits to Ithaca, the Peloponnesus, and Troy, in 1868 and 1870, and of his five years' work of excavation at Hissarlik, respectively in 1871, 1872, 1873, 1878, and 1879. After having thus gathered the general results of his researches, as it were, into a nutshell for the convenience of the unscientific reader, Dr. Schliemann proceeds more deliberately and fully to explain his work and its results in detail for the scientific scholar; and as preparatory to this he contributes four elaborate treatises, in each of which there are constant references to classical and historical authorities, and to his own discoveries supporting his hypothesis of the identity of ancient Troy and Hissarlik. These are severally on the country of the Trojans, or the Troad, on the ethnology of the Trojans and the topography of Troy, on the history of Troy, and on the true site of Troy, the last-mentioned being a valuable and exhaustive paper giving the various modern authors who have advanced more or less elaborate theories on the subject. Separate chapters are devoted to a description of each of the seven cities—five of them prehistoric, and two more recent—which, as his excavations reveal, have successively occupied the site of Troy (each upon the ruins of its predecessor), dwelling of course at much the greatest length, as being of the most curious interest, on the third from the bottom, the "Burnt City," or the Troy of the Iliad. Dr. Schliemann's book is enriched by a number of papers, essays, and contributions, by eminent scholars and specialists, which are of great value, either as confirming his general conclusions, or as illustrative of particular discussions growing out of or suggested by them. Several of these—among others the preface by Professor Virchow, giving a critical estimate of the importance of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and Professor Max Müller's dissertation on one of the emblems frequently met with in the remains of the Burnt City—are introduced in the body of the work. Others are collected in an appendix, and embrace a paper on Troy and Hissarlik—being a comparison of the Trojan country as it is with what the Iliad says of it—by Professor Virchow; an essay on the relation of Novum Ilium to the Ilios of Homer, by Professor Mahaffy; an essay on the inscriptions found at Hissarlik, by Professor Sayce; an account of medical practice in the Troad in 1869, by Professor Virchow; two essays, respectively on Hera Βόωπις and on the relations between Troy and Egypt, by Professor Brugsch-Bey; and other interesting contributions. The typography of the volume is superb, and it is further made complete by an excellent topical index, and a multitude of maps, plans, and illustrations of scenes and objects referred to in the text.

In his excellent sketch of the life of Wordsworth, elsewhere noticed, Mr. Myers remarks of the poet that seldom has there been a more impressive instance of the contrast between the apparent insignificance and the real importance of undistinguished youth than in his case; and also that his Northern nature was singularly late to flower. The remark is equally true of Livingstone—another of the great men who sprang up under the colder Northern skies of Great Britain, who matured late, and whose early years gave few indications of his future grand qualities. Both instances may be recorded for the encouragement of those who have not the precocity of a Pope, a Charles James Fox, or a Macaulay. Another sagacious observation of Mr. Myers, suggested by the influences that were potent in forming Wordsworth's moral and intellectual character, to the effect that the scenery and other characteristics of his native Northern air were singularly fitted to supply such elements of moral sustenance as nature's aspects can afford to man, is also as true of Livingstone as it was of Wordsworth. Of the two men, Livingstone's youth was the most undistinguished, its apparent insignificance was the most signal, and he was far the slowest to mature. And yet, as the reader of Dr. Blaikie's judicious memoir of *The Personal Life of David Livingstone*[2] will descry if he look beneath the surface, the germs of all Livingstone's greatness as a man are plainly discernible in a boyhood that seemed sterile of promise, whether we consider his lowly birth, the poverty of his early opportunities and attainments, or the unfriendly circumstances that chained him to an occupation that at the time seemed most unpropitious to his development, and from which there was no visible escape. For Livingstone's parents were very poor; and at the age of ten he was put at work in a factory, and he continued to work in this humble sphere, first as a piecer and afterward as a spinner, until his twentieth year. But amid all these years of monotonous toil—beside which Wordsworth's youth was a fortunate and balmy one—Livingstone was developing traits, habits, and sturdy virtues that bore golden fruit, and was patiently and persistently laying up just the store of practical experience and knowledge that was destined to be invaluable to him in the great missionary and geographical enterprises that afterward made him illustrious. Dutiful and loving to his parents, proud of his class, industrious, frugal, calm, self-reliant, self-denying, resolute; having an indomitable but not headstrong will; burning with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and pursuing it with an inflexible purpose; truthful, simply sincere, honest in word and action, and so genial that from an early day he was the universal favorite—these were the homely and serviceable virtues that later in life fitted him to penetrate undiscovered land with means the most incommensurate, and to win the love and confidence of the barbarous savage, as well as of the most cultivated and enlightened of our race. After a day of toil that extended from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening, with short intervals only for breakfast and dinner, he pursued his studies at night till twelve o'clock, or later if his good mother did not snatch his books out of his hands; and in this way he became familiar with most of the classical authors, and could read Virgil and Horace at sixteen. At this early age, another gift that was the secret of much of his power and success in after-life manifested itself and was put into training; namely, the faculty, so to speak, of doing two things at once, or, more correctly, of passing with the utmost rapidity and concentration of mind not only from one subject to another, but from one key or mood to another entirely different. In pursuing his reading of books and in preparing his studies while he was a humble factory lad, it was his wont to place the book on which he was engaged on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that as he passed at his work, for less than a minute at any one time, he could catch sentence after sentence—giving the most intense attention to what he read or studied in these brief snatches, without abating his conscientious and vigilant attention to his work. This many-sidedness of Livingstone's character also showed itself early in another way. On disengaged days at the factory he would scour the country in search of botanical, geological, and zoological specimens; and he thus laid the foundation of a knowledge of natural history, and an acquaintance with the practical life of a sportsman, which afterward enabled him to make invaluable contributions to natural science. Throughout his life this many-sidedness was a faculty that never deserted him, and not only equipped him for sudden and dangerous emergencies, but helped him to turn them to salutary account. Dr. Blaikie's sketch of Livingstone's family and early years, of the causes that inspired him to become a missionary, of his first missionary experiences in South Africa, and of the large plans that then dawned upon him in advance of all others for the opening of the "dark continent" to civilization and Christianity, of his various visits home at different stages of his rising renown, and of his several great exploring expeditions, is a fit record of the career of one of the most remarkable men of modern times, whose life was a beautiful exemplification of symmetrical manhood; of fortitude, energy, and perseverance, combined with gentleness, patience, and benevolence; of heroic endurance and unexampled enterprise; of invincible integrity and conscientiousness; of a trust in God that was as simple and confiding as that of a child

[2] *The Personal Life of David Livingstone.* Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in Possession of his Family. By William Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. With Portrait and Map. 8vo, pp. 504. New York: Harper and Brothers.

in its parent; and of a faith in Christ and a hope in His mercy that was life-long, unfaltering, and that inspired and ennobled his every act and plan.

Of the many sterling volumes that have appeared thus far in the "English Men of Letters Series," the sketch of *Wordsworth*[3] by Mr. F. W. H. Myers most fully satisfies all the requirements that we look for in the class of biographical studies to which it belongs. Thoroughly in sympathy with his illustrious subject, Mr. Myers's sketch of Wordsworth's life is a full, dignified, and rounded outline of his career as boy and man, poet, philosopher, and sage, and familiarly introduces us to him as he develops from the one stage to the other, giving us pleasing glimpses of him among his friends and companions, in his walks amid the inspiring haunts and solitudes of the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, in his visits to foreign lands, and in his self-communings with the nature that so entirely absorbed his being, and which he reproduced with such vivid but tranquil power in his poetry. The literary execution of the volume is admirable. Mr. Myers's style is natural, manly, vigorous, yet flexible and graceful, and exact without being artificial or measured; and his criticisms and reflections are eminently acute and sensible, totally free alike from the disparagements of their subject, and from the ingenious subtleties and refinements and the overstrained or far-fetched meanings, that recent biographical critics so much affect.

The most fervid admirers of Mr. Tennyson will find it difficult to discover anything in his new volume, *Ballads and Other Poems*,[4] that deserves to be classed among the inspirations of genius of the highest rank, or even with the best of his own productions. Several of the poems—conspicuously the noble and ringing ballads describing gallant Sir Richard Grenville's heroic sea-fight in his good ship the *Revenge* with the Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, and commemorating the memorable defense of Lucknow, and the exquisitely finished blank-verse idyl "The Sisters"—will bear comparison with the best of his foregone performances of the second rate. So, also, the soliloquies of Sir John Oldcastle, when wandering in Wales in the shadow of his approaching martyrdom, and of Columbus, moaning on his death-bed the ingratitude of Spain and Ferdinand, have some lofty and some tragical touches; but the dignity of these heroic and stately personages is marred and belittled by their whining querulousness, and the atmosphere of both the poems is cold and prosaic. Of the dialect and provincial ballads, which form a large part of the volume, it must be remarked that they rise little above mediocrity. Had they appeared in this country anonymously, and without Mr. Tennyson's imprimatur, they might without violence have been attributed to any one of the half a dozen clever writers who have acquired the knack of rendering a tender or moving simple story more tender and expressive by telling it in homely and familiar phrase. These latest productions of Mr. Tennyson do not so much evince a slackening of his intellectual vigor, or a diminution of his mastery of the technicalities of his art, as a falling off in his ideality. Never before has he been so exclusively and rigidly a realist; never before has his realism been so little picturesque and so little gilded with the "heavenly alchymy" of imagination.

Miss Coolidge has shown a fine critical discernment in her estimate of the quality and grade of her own poetry. It is seldom we meet self-criticism as just and discriminating as hers, alike free from the mock humility and spurious modesty that invite compliment, on the one hand, and from the arrogant self-complacency that regards all compliment as superfluous, on the other. In the graceful prelude to her collection of *Verses*,[5] she tells us that *poems* are heavenly things, which only souls with wings may reach, and pluck, and bear below to feed the nations with food all-glorious; but that *verses* such as hers are not of these, but bloom on the low-hung stem of earthly trees, where they may be gathered by those who can not fly to where the heavenly gardens are. And she describes her office to be that of one who, by devious ways, has pulled some easy sprays from the down-dropping bough which all may reach, and has knotted them, both bud and leaf, into a rhymed sheaf; or as one who has culled and brought to us a hedgerow offering of berry, flowers, and brake. Truly as this describes the general characteristics of Miss Coolidge's verses, it is easy to perceive in many of them the higher qualities of poesy—ideality, impassioned feeling, and pictorial suggestiveness. Few fairer pictures have been painted by more ambitious poets than are to be found here and there in her collection.

There is something indescribably delicate and pure and gentle in some of the brief poems of the youthful Goodale sisters, which have been collected in a volume entitled *All Round the Year*.[6] The poems are devoted, with few exceptions, to descriptions of some of nature's loveliest offspring and most beauteous phases.

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[3] *Wordsworth.* By F. W. H. Myers. "English Men of Letters Series." 12mo, pp. 182. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Ballads and Other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson. 16mo, pp. 112. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[5] *Verses.* By Susan Coolidge. 18mo, pp. 181. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[6] *All Round the Year.* Verses from Sky Farm. With which are included the Thirty Poems issued in Illustrated Form in the Volume entitled "In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers." By Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 204. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is evident that the hearts of these children lie very close to Nature's breast, and they interpret her as loving children interpret a beauteous and bounteous mother. The poems in the collection grouped under the heading "In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers" have been already noticed in the Record for January, 1880. The additional poems, grouped under "Early and Late" and "Harvest-Home," manifest gradual improvement—a style less frequently marred by, though not yet quite free from, trite, or commonplace, or conventional phrases and sentiments; a steadying of the mental vision; an increased glow and fervor of emotion, and generally a healthful ripening of the perceptive and imaginative powers. As yet there is no betrayal of any familiarity with the more sensuous and passionate side of human nature; and however it may delay their ripeness as poets, we trust, for their own innocence and happiness, that it may be long ere experience shall enable them to paint all the complexities or to comprehend all the throbbings of the human heart.

MR. WALLACE'S *Island Life*[7] is an interesting contribution to natural history, supplementary to his able work *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*. In the preliminary chapters, the author reproduces and summarizes many of the questions that were treated of in his former work; but the discussion of them is more popular and elementary, being less exclusively restricted to the consideration of *genera*, and more largely devoted to an investigation of the distribution of *species*. Without in the least undervaluing the importance of the study of the animal and floral productions of continents and other large divisions of the earth, in order to a solution of the complex and often anomalous problem of the phenomena, laws, and causes of the dispersal of organisms, and while fully recognizing the fact that the problem can only be satisfactorily solved by the combination of many distinct lines of biological and physical inquiry, Mr. Wallace is yet of opinion that islands offer the best, or at least the most convenient, subjects for an interpretation of the facts of distribution. "If," he says, "we take the organic productions of a small island or very limited tract of country, we have in their relations and affinities—in the fact that they are *there*, and others are *not* there—a problem which involves all the migrations of these species and their ancestral forms; all the vicissitudes of climate, and all the changes of sea and land, which have affected those migrations; the whole series of actions and reactions which have determined the preservation of some forms and the extinction of others—in fact, the whole history of the earth, organic and inorganic, throughout a large portion of geological time." Before proceeding to the discussion of the remarkable evidential phenomena presented by insular faunas and floras, and the complex causes that produced them, Mr. Wallace prepares the unscientific reader to accompany him intelligently by a series of preliminary studies, severally devoted to explanations of the mode of distribution, variation, modification, and dispersal of species and groups, illustrated by facts and examples; of the nature of geological change as affecting continents and islands; of changes of climate—their nature, causes, and effects; and of the duration of geological time and the rate of organic development. Having thus laid a foundation for a scientific interpretation of the phenomena of distribution, Mr. Wallace proceeds, in the Second Part of his work, to apply the numerous facts established and theories advanced in the First Part to the phenomena presented by the floras and faunas of the chief islands of the globe. In order to this, he classifies these islands, in accordance with their physical origin, in two principal groups or classes—"continental islands," or those which have been separated from, and are merely detached and not distant fragments of, continents; and "oceanic islands," or islands of volcanic or coralline formation, which have originated in the ocean, and have never formed a part of any continent, and are usually distant from continents, and separated from them by deep sea. The "continental islands" are again subdivided into "recent" and "ancient," the recent being those which are situated on submerged banks connecting them with a continent, from which they are separated by a shallow sea, seldom exceeding one hundred fathoms, and which they resemble in their geological structure and their animal and vegetable productions—plain indications that they were separated from the mainland at a recent geological period; and the ancient being those which are separated from the adjacent continent by a deeper sea, of one thousand fathoms or upward, whose mammalia and amphibia almost all form distinct species, and many of them distinct and peculiar genera and families, and whose faunas are fragmentary, many of the most characteristic continental orders or families being quite unrepresented among them, while some of their animals are allied, not to such forms as inhabit the adjacent continents, but to those which are found in remote parts of the world—all these circumstances indicating that they were separated from the adjacent continent at a very remote geological period. To the first-named class belong Great Britain, Borneo, Java, Japan, and Formosa, and to the last-named the Madagascar group, and the anomalous islands of Celebes and New Zealand. Mr. Wallace observes that the floras and faunas of all these islands uniformly exhibit certain well-defined biolo-

[7] *Island Life; or, The Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras.* Including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates. By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE. 8vo, pp. 522. New York: Harper and Brothers.

gical features, common to all organisms, which are an important element in ascertaining their origin, the course of their migration, and the motive power which has urged them on. These are: a constant tendency to increase in numbers and to occupy a wider area; a constant exercise of powers of dispersion and migration, through which, when unchecked, they are enabled to spread widely over the globe; and finally, a constant obedience to those laws of evolution and extinction which determine the manner in which groups of organisms arise and grow, reach their maximum, and then dwindle away, often breaking up into separate portions which long survive in very remote regions. Mr. Wallace's descriptions of the geological and zoological characteristics of these islands and groups are no less noteworthy for their picturesqueness and their freedom from technicality than for their scientific precision. His chaste and vigorous style, his faculty for lucid generalization, and the coincidence of their opinions, will remind the reader of Mr. Darwin; nor will his reasonings and speculations suffer by a comparison with those on kindred topics by that eminent philosopher. Especially able and interesting are his speculations and demonstrations with reference to the affinities and probable origin of insular flora and fauna, the powers of dispersal of animals and plants, the barriers that are in the way of those powers and the causes that favor them, the changes—geographical, geological, and climatic—which have influenced the dispersal of organisms, and the routes and agencies by which Northern plants have reached various Southern lands.

No one who read Miss Bird's capital book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, describing the incidents of her eight hundred miles of horseback travel through our wild far Western mountain and mining regions, will require to be prompted to read a similar book by her, entitled *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*,[8] being a spirited narrative of her travels on horseback for 1200 miles, altogether off the beaten track of travellers, through the interior portion of Japan lying north of Tôkiyô (Yedo), and including the adjacent and little-known island of Yezo. As was the case in her travels in our wild Western country, Miss Bird had the courage, in spite of the dissuasions of friends and her own fears, to venture on her several expeditions to these unfrequented, and in some instances half-savage, districts of Japan, without a guard or companion, and unarmed; and it is equally to the credit of her own tact and judgment, and of the natural politeness and chivalry of the rude and uncultured people among whom she ventured, that at the conclusion of her journeys she was able to say she had travelled the entire distance with perfect safety and absolute freedom from any rudeness or cause of alarm. Even among the aborigines of Yezo, the Ainos, a people who bear the same relations to the Japanese that our aborigines do to us, and although she was the first European woman they had ever seen, she was treated with a delicacy and consideration that would put our civilization to shame—their instinctive delicacy and politeness manifesting themselves by the repression of even a glance of curiosity while she was the recipient of their hospitality, and by spontaneously according to her an unsolicited privacy that was never observed among one another. Miss Bird's travels took her among a primitive people, in regions unaffected by contact with Europeans or Americans; and as her movements were leisurely, and she lived among them, she had the fullest opportunity to see their mode of living, and to become familiar with their customs, manners, costume, occupations, religion, superstitions, and conditions generally, and also with the resources of the country, its scenery, the nature of its soil, and its natural and artificial products—all of which she describes in a lively and sparkling way, half-methodical and half-desultory, that is very engaging. Particularly fresh and entertaining, and at the same time full of interesting and novel information, are her descriptions of the native shrines and temples, of the dwellings of the people, their domestic avocations, the relation of husbands and wives, parents and children, the people and their officials; and her account of Yezo and its aboriginal inhabitants has a peculiar interest as the first full and authentic one derived from personal observation. Although the chief portions of Miss Bird's two delightful volumes are devoted to the unbeaten parts of Japan, and to people with whom foreigners have had little or no intercourse, she does not pass over any part of the country with an unobservant eye. She also describes the cities and districts with which we are familiar from new points of view, and with remarkable vivacity. Her observations upon the administrative, social, and educational systems of Japan, and upon the missionary operations of the various Christian bodies, are full and suggestive.

Earl Hubert's Daughter[9] is a historical romance, for which we are indebted to the graceful scholarship and antiquarian zeal of Emily Sarah Holt. The period illustrated in this tale is that portion of the thirteenth century which covered the reign of Henry III. and the career of his famous Justiciar, Hubert de Burgh—a period that was remarkable for its rapid and terrible incidents, its tumultuous politics,

[8] *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.* An Account of Travels on Horseback in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé. By Isabella L. Bird. 2 vols., 8vo., pp. 407 and 372. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[9] *Earl Hubert's Daughter; or, The Polishing of the Pearl.* A Tale of the Thirteenth Century. By Emily Sarah Holt. 12mo, pp. 371. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

and its religious superstition and intolerance, slightly alleviated by the dawn of a purer and milder faith. The novel carries the reader to the courts of Henry and his contemporary Alexander of Scotland, and to the inner domestic life of the families of their great nobles, and it portrays with historical fidelity the religious and political events of the day, and its social, domestic, ecclesiastical, and industrial characteristics. Its connected pictures of the life of the people, more especially of such proscribed classes as Jews and heretics, of the turbulence and haughtiness of the nobles, of the position of woman, and of the reformed religious movement that was beginning to make itself felt, are vivid and authentic. This interesting tale is a successful revival of a momentous period in English history.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE'S *Love and Life*[10] is a story of the eighteenth century, treated in the literary style of the romance writers of the latter half of that period, albeit with some judicious modifications. The pervading sweetness and purity of its sentiment render it a safe and invigorating visitant of the domestic circle.—As respects its characters, materials, and general treatment, Mr. Trollope's novel, *Dr. Wortle's School*,[11] has little in common with his previous works of fiction, and none of the marks of his individuality as a writer. In it he moves in a new world, and among unfamiliar persons, and with a certain appearance of strangeness and want of ease. The character of Dr. Wortle is drawn with admirable skill and power.—The remaining novels, *Little Pansy*,[12] by Mrs. Randolph, *The Rebel of the Family*,[13] by Mrs. Linton, *Nestlenook*,[14] by Leonard Kip, and *Elsie Gordon*,[15] are quiet, wholesome, and readable tales.

[10] *Love and Life.* An Old Story in Eighteenth Century Costume. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, Author of the Heir of Redclyffe, etc. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 54. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Dr. Wortle's School.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 30. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Little Pansy.* A Novel. By Mrs. RANDOLPH. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 71. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *The Rebel of the Family.* A Novel. By E. LYNN LINTON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 80. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Nestlenook.* A Tale. By LEONARD KIP. Sq. 12mo, pp. 315. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[15] *Elsie Gordon; or, Through Thorny Paths.* By EMILY BRODIE. 12mo, pp. 211. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of January.—The following appropriation bills were passed in Congress during the month: The Army Bill, amounting to $26,190,800; House, January 5; and Senate, with amendments cutting off about $200,000, January 14. Consular and Diplomatic Bill, $1,195,435; Senate, January 7. Indian Bill, $4,531,866; House, January 11, with clause abolishing the Board of Indian Commissioners. Military Academy Bill, $322,135 37; Senate, January 14.

The House, January 17, directed an inquiry to be made into the expediency of establishing a telegraphic postal system by the government of the United States; and also as to the cost of reproducing facilities for transmitting telegraphic messages equal to those now possessed by existing corporations, and as to the expediency of operating the same.

General Nathan Goff, Jun., of West Virginia, was nominated and confirmed as Secretary of the Navy, January 6.

The following United States Senators have been elected: James G. Fair, Nevada; John F. Miller, California; Thomas F. Bayard, Delaware (re-elected); General Joseph R. Hawley, Connecticut; O. D. Conger, Michigan; H. L. Dawes, Massachusetts (re-elected); Eugene Hale, Maine; Thomas C. Platt, New York; Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; John Sherman, Ohio; F. M. Cockrell, Missouri.

The Maine Legislature, January 12, declared Harris M. Plaisted to have been elected Governor.

The Superintendent of the Census reports the total population of the United States and Territories to be 50,152,356.

The British Parliament was opened January 6. The Queen in her address referred at length to the troubles in Ireland, and recommended the further development of the principles of the Land Act of 1870 "in a manner conformable to the special wants of Ireland, both as regards the relation of landlord and tenant, and with a view to effective efforts for giving to a larger portion of the people by purchase a permanent proprietary interest in the soil. This legislation will require the removal for the purposes in view of all obstacles arising out of limitations on the ownership of property, with due provision for the security of the interests involved."—The Irish state trials were begun in Dublin December 28, before Lord Chief Justice May and Justices Fitzgerald and Barry.

The Porte has communicated to the ambassadors a fresh note, regretting the warlike preparations of Greece, which are bringing trouble and uncertainty upon the peace of Europe. In order to terminate such a state of affairs, which is disastrous to both Turkey and Greece, the powers are invited to send instructions to their ambassadors at Constantinople for a European conference.

In the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, Janu-

ary 16, the Minister of Colonies announced that the pacification of Cuba was complete.

The Crown Prince Frederick William, speaking at an institution for invalids, January 16, condemned strongly the anti-Jewish movement.

DISASTERS.

December 12.—British steamer *Garnet*, of London, wrecked in the North Sea. Seventeen persons lost.

December 13.—Japanese coasting steamer foundered in the inland sea. Sixty-four lives lost.

December 30.—Report reached London of loss of British steamer *Montgomeryshire*, from Cardiff for Singapore, off the coast of Portugal, with crew of thirty persons.

January 3.—Dispatch to Lloyd's from Lisbon stating that the English steamer *Harelda*, from Palermo bound to London, ran into the Spanish steamer *Leon*, from Liverpool for Manila, twelve miles from Cape Roca. Both vessels sank. Nine Englishmen and fourteen Spaniards were landed at Lisbon. Nothing is known of the fate of the rest.

January 4.—Ten women and children burned to death by a fire in the rear tenement-house 35 Madison Street, New York.

January 5.—News reached London of the loss of the British steamer *Farnley* off the Denmark coast. All hands supposed to have been lost.

January 7.—Thirteen persons burned to death in the Strafford County (New Hampshire) Poor-house.

January 15.—British ship *Leonore* run into and sunk off Hartlepool. Nine persons, including the captain, drowned.

January 16.—News of snow-slides in the Wahsatch Mountains, Utah. Eleven persons killed.

OBITUARY.

December 22.—In London, England, George Eliot (Mrs. Cross), the novelist, aged sixty years.

December 25.—In Berne, by his own hand, M. Anderwert, President-elect of the Swiss Confederation.

December 27.—In New York city, Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, aged sixty-six years.

December 30.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Epes Sargent, author, aged sixty-six years.

January 1.—In Paris, France, Louis Auguste Blanqui, the noted Communist, aged seventy-five years.

January 4.—In Wilmington, North Carolina, Right Rev. Thomas Atkinson, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of North Carolina, aged seventy-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

A GOOD story comes to us of the late General John C. Breckinridge, who, it is said, related it himself not long before his death. He was talking to some friends of his own career, and speaking of the many kindnesses he had received at the hands of his people, and the many compliments paid him by his admirers. He added that he had recently heard of a compliment paid him during the war by an old Kentucky farmer, which he believed he valued as much as any he ever received. It was the custom during the war, as indeed it has always been, for the country people to come into the county town on Saturday afternoon to hear and tell the news. At a meeting of this character, in some store in Richmond, Kentucky, just after the battle of Chickamauga, one of the gentlemen said that he had heard some news, and being bidden to tell it, said, "I did hear that thar has been a most powerful fight down in Tennessee, and they says that for a long time it went mighty agin our folks, but that then Mr. Brackinridge came forrard *and asked the privilege of the field for just fifteen minutes*, and they do say that he slew thirty thousand!"

Kentuckians are nothing, if not parliamentary.

A FRESH little anecdote of that most genial gentleman, Mr. William R. Travers, who had been speaking of the advantages of the Raquet Court Club, of which he is the honored president. In response to several inquiries on the subject of the running track, from a party thinking of having his name put up for membership, Mr. Travers replied, generally, that while on account of its shortness and sharp angles it was *not* a particularly fast track, still it was "fair," and added, in conclusion, "Well, I w-will t-tell you *how* f-f-fast it is: t-t-t'other day I ran a h-h-half-mile q-q-*quicker* than I can t-t-*tell* you about it."

ALICK THOMPSON, of Virginia, tells a story illustrative of the peculiar vernacular of the people among whom he was born, and of their special capacity for giving evidence in a court of justice in a compact, accurate, and picturesque style. Some time ago he chanced to be visiting at a county seat in Virginia, and was courteously invited by the Commonwealth's attorney to come into the court-room on the following morning, with the assurance that a witness would testify in a murder case then pending. He entered the court-room, and speedily after his arrival a witness was called, who advanced to the stand with such a jaunty air of self-assurance, and who kissed the book with such loud-sounding confidence, that he was sure this must be "his man." His judgment was not incorrect.

"Mr. Williamson," asked the Commonwealth's attorney, "do you know anything

of the killing which took place at Robertson's store last month?"

"*Know* anything!" was the response; "I were *thar*."

"Then tell the Court and jury," said the attorney, "what you know."

The witness planted himself more firmly on both feet, glanced around upon his auditors, and thus delivered himself: "Well, you see, Mr. Roberson were a-sittin' in the back part of his store a-playin' of his fiddle, not a-thinkin' of bein' stobbed, nor nuthin' of the kind, when in come Mr. Johnson, and then and thar stobbed him; *then he guthered a bung-starter, cleaned out the crowd, lipped the palin', and cl'ared heself.*"

WAIVING THE QUESTION.

"Does 'e kick?"

"Kick! Why, Jim, I'll jes tell you. I wouldn't part with him if I wasn't sick."

When Judge Woods, who has just been appointed a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was Speaker of the Ohio Legislature, twenty-one years ago, his ready wit and strong sense made him very popular. On one occasion a rural statesman entered the hall with his No. 12 brogans covered with the soil of his native hills, and taking his seat, placed his feet on his desk, one boot on the toe of the other. The Speaker's eye was at once attracted to the statesman, and he called out, "The gentleman from ——;" which partially awakened our friend, who peered out from behind his boots, and informed the Speaker that he had not addressed the Chair; to which Mr. Speaker replied: "I thought you did; I saw you were standing up." The house came down, as did the boots.

Judge Caldwell, of North Carolina, at one time was obliged to call upon an old darky to open his court. It was evidently the first time he had acted in the capacity of bailiff. He began: "Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! De hono'ble de Co't is now on de bench." Then, after hesitating a moment, as if not knowing what to say, he seemed to hit it, and ended by exclaiming, "An' may de Lawd have mercy on his soul!"

Caldwell retorted immediately, "That's right, my man; that's right: if there ever was a Court that needed the mercy of God, it's this one."

Poor Artemus Ward! In our day there has been no more delightful humorist. When he died, the press of England and America was filled with tributes to his memory. In New York a meeting of newspaper folk was held, at which it was resolved that his memory should really and truly be perpetuated. The manner in which this was done is amusingly told in the following, from a Boston friend:

"A few summers since I passed a week's vacation at Waterford, Maine, and during my visit went to the village grave-yard to view the final resting-place of Artemus Ward. With some trouble I found the grave, there being nothing about the plain white slab to distinguish it from many similar ones around. While thinking and wondering that no monument had ever been erected to the humorist, a countryman approached, to whom I said, 'My friend, can you tell me why it is that "Artemus" never has had a monument erected to his memory?' 'Well, stranger, I guess I kin,' was the reply. 'You see, arter Artemus died, three or four hundred printer fellers down in New York city got together and passed some beautiful reso-

lutions, saying that Artemus should have a monument, and they would pay for it then and there; and then they took up a collection, which amounted to twenty dollars and sixty cents, so I'm told; and since then this town hain't seen either the monument or the money; but, stranger, *we did get a copy of the resolutions.*'"

Not long ago a young lady of Philadelphia was spending her vacation in Norwich, New York, and during a conversation with her, which naturally turned upon the city of her adoption, the subject of the Quaker residents thereof was mentioned. "Soon after I went to Philadelphia to live," she said, "I became quite intimately acquainted with a nice old lady, a former Quakeress, who had changed her manner of worship. I was enthusiastically telling her one day how much I liked the Quakeresses; what a charming simplicity was theirs; how quiet they appeared; what a serene spirituality, so far removed from all earthly taint, shone in their faces. Looking at me with a kindly smile, the old lady replied, 'That is all very nice and sweet to think about, but when they look like that, they are just a-boiling inside!'" She knew. She had "been there."

It was very considerate of Judge Parker to do an act of courtesy to a young lady in Indiana, during a recent trial for divorce that came before him. The case seemed to be quite clear and simple, and he was about to order a decree, when he noticed the daughter of one of the parties, and requested her to come forward, take the stand, and be sworn. He asked her a few unimportant questions, and granted the divorce. At the dinner table one of the counsel asked if it was necessary that the young lady should testify. "Well, no," said the judge, smiling; "but I saw that she had a new bonnet, and was striving to show it, and I concluded to give her a better opportunity by putting her on the stand."

In Mr. Benson J. Lossing's *Story of the United States Navy, for Boys*, just published by Harper and Brothers, are many pleasant anecdotes growing out of our early naval history. Before the war of 1812, Captains Hull and Dacres were personal acquaintances, their ships happening to be together in the Delaware. The captains met at a party, and had some conversation in regard to the merits of their respective navies. Hull was lively and good-humored. When they spoke of what would happen if, in the event of war, they should come in collision, Hull said, "Take care of that ship of yours if I ever catch her, in the *Constitution*."

Dacres laughed, and offered a handsome bet that if they ever did meet as antagonists, his friend would find out his mistake. Hull refused a money wager, but ventured to stake on the issue—a hat. Years after this, the conjectured encounter did occur; and when, after a desperate fight, in which the English frigate became a wreck upon the water, Captain Dacres came on board the *Constitution* and offered his sword to Hull, who was waiting to shake hands with him, "No, no," said Hull, "I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it; but I will trouble you for *that hat*."

At the opening of his book, Mr. Lossing describes briefly the battle of Lexington in 1775, and the gathering, three days afterward, of a motley, undisciplined army of full twenty thousand men at Cambridge, with all sorts of arms, dressed in all sorts of clothing, forming a most grotesque appearance, and almost everybody assuming the right to be captain. This was the call to arms:

Come out, ye Continentallers!
We're going for to go
To fight the red-coat enemy,
Who're very cute, you know.

Now shoulder arms! Eyes right, and dress!
Front! (Dave, pull up your hose.)
Step! whoop! That's slick. Now carry arms!
(Mike Jones, turn out your toes.)

Charge bagnet! That's your sort, my boys!
Now quick time. March! That's right:
Just so we'd poke the enemy
If they were but in sight.

Bill Sneezer, keep your canteen down;
We're going for to travel.
Capting, I wants to halt a bit;
My shoe is full of gravel.

No wonder, having written "The Wonderful One-hoss Shay,"

That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,

that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, having a fondness for carriage-building, should be elected a member of the Carriage Builders' National Association, and that he should have addressed them at their annual meeting at Chicago the following more than one-hoss letter:

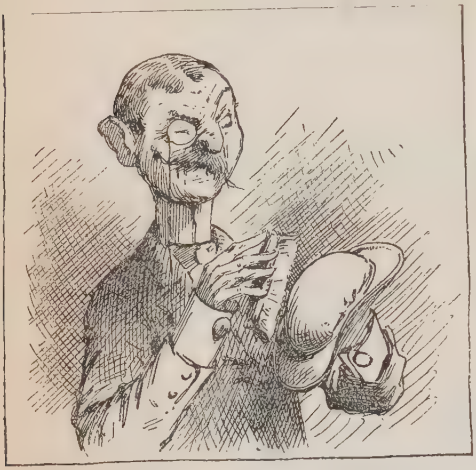
Gentlemen,—I am sorry that I can not slip over into the meeting at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago next Thursday evening; but the stride would be a long one, and the only vehicle I was ever concerned in building went to pieces one day very suddenly. Besides, I am just now working in harness as a lecturer, and if I should bolt or run away, I do not know what would become of the college vehicle to which I am attached. I must therefore content myself with wishing the company a good time, everybody happy, and not one sulky.

Yours, very truly, O. W. Holmes.

The Mormons are strict observers of the Sabbath. While I was living in a remote settlement, where it was difficult to procure labor, I had occasion for the services of the only carpenter in the place. He said that he was under an engagement to Brother H—— to work by the day, but that he would ask to be let off for an hour or two. So we called upon Brother H——, who was told by the carpenter that if he would not allow him the time, he

would be obliged to take the Lord's time for the job. Brother H—— considered the matter for a moment or two, and then replied:

"Well, Brother E——, I think, on the whole, you'd better take it out of the Lord's time, for I reckon He is a good deal the most forgiving of the two."



A BRUSH AT THE DERBY, BUT NOT EXCITING.

VETERANS OF THE STAGE.

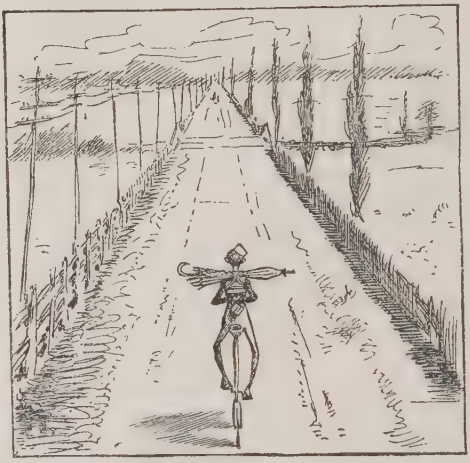
In a city of Central New York live a physician and his wife who are near threescore and ten. Recently a girl applied to the lady for a situation. The doctor was present during the interview. After some conversation, the applicant said that she especially desired a place where she could stay—that her chief object was to get *permanent* employment. The lady said that if the girl gave satisfaction, after trial, she would, of course, keep her.

"Well," said the applicant, rising to go, "I don't suppose it would be worth while to come, anyhow: you both seem pretty old."

"*You might stay till the funeral!*" shouted the doctor, as she retired.

A young lady from Boston went some time ago to be photographed. She was staying with a loving aunt, and being in rather delicate health, was the object of that relative's affectionate solicitude. At the appointed time the pictures had not come, and the young lady was low in her mind. She sat brooding for some time, and then cried out, "Oh, Aunt S——, would you grant me a *great* favor?"

The aunt threw her work down, and eagerly replied: "Certainly, my darling. What is it?"



IT'S A LONG LANE THAT TAKES PLENTY OF TURNING.

And then the young lady, in her sweetest tones, said, "I want that photograph man's *head in a charger*."

The city of Salem, Massachusetts, has the reputation of being a kind of moderate, leisurely place, the paradise of retired and respectable merchants and ship-masters, and a good deal behind the times. The neighboring city of Lynn has just the opposite reputation—a wide-awake, go-ahead, active city. There has been for many years some feeling of rivalry between the two cities, and this fact will give point to the circumstance that follows.

A Mr. S——, of Lynn, was ill of typhoid fever, during which he was delirious, his thoughts assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes and curious combinations. One day he astonished his attendants by breaking out in this way: "Isn't it a queer circumstance that the Christians in the earliest days of the Church always went to meeting in wheelbarrows?" And he at once added the remark: "But the queerest thing of all is that *Salem is the only place where that custom is still continued.*"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXI.—APRIL, 1881.—Vol. LXII.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS IN SUGAR-TIME.

TAPPING.

WHEN we think of Vermont, it is as we think of Labrador or Alaska—as something within the boundaries of the continent, but aloof from the attributes and intimacy of the commonwealth; and it is only by poring over a map and a guide that we are made to understand how near it is to the city, and that its population is not isolated from us by an arctic environment. Every reputable person with a proper respect for himself knows that the State has the same characteristics, the same homely virtues, and the same pervasive common-school intelligence as the rest of New England; but the unrevised, intuitive idea of it is that it is bleak and distant, that its surface is broken by many mountain ranges, and that maple sugar is an ameliorating staple.

A proposition to investigate it in March elicits some domestic opposition; but March is the time for the maples, and acquiescing in preparations which suggest a polar expedition, we leave the city in the

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warm and idealizing haze of a premature spring.

All the forenoon we reach northward by the banks of the Hudson, which are clear of snow even up to the heights of Cro'nest and the Storm King; the slopes are brown with the budding foliage, and the water traffic shows that the river men have finally dismissed the winter. But in the afternoon the scene changes; we have passed Troy, and still bearing northward, we look out of the car windows on a landscape with a communicative chilliness of color and feeling. The skies are overcast by heavy clouds, and the air has a moist penetrativeness; the dépôts are small and uncomfortable; the soil is scrubby and fallow; the homesteads are seriously unbeautiful; and we detect a dialect in the murmured conversation of the car which convinces us that we are in Vermont.

We come nearer to the hills that at first are distant, and wind through narrow valleys, where there are clumps of silvery birches, elders, and maples. We sometimes discover a rugged hut, from which a column of smoke is ascending amidst the maples, from each of which a pail is suspended. The hours are long, the frostless cold increases, and the dullness of the day ends in rain. We alight in a precise and well-conditioned town among the hills, where marble is so common that it is used for fences and for the door-steps of frame houses. The life is placid, and the business is invisible, though the blocks of stores indicate no small measure of prosperity and ambition. But the littleness of purpose and achievement, in contrast with the vigorous metropolis that we left in the morning, is soon dismissed in the glow and crackle of a birch-wood fire, which seems to lubricate the whole being. The outer weather is nothing to us until morning, and in the morning our discontent is revived in finding that all the hills have disappeared in what Emerson graphically describes as "the tumultuous privacy of the storm." The fast-flying flakes, whirled by a biting wind, muffle the distance, and when in moments of respite the nearer hills shape themselves again, it is as in a mirage—dubious and vanishing. What consolation there is comes to us in the intimation that it is a sugar snow, which with the relaxation of a thaw will leave the maples in a soft, yielding condition; and as it is to study the maples that we have ventured into this northern latitude, we take courage with the afternoon train for Shrewsbury, where the maple orchards are famous.

There are many groves on the way, bordered by sentinel evergreens, whose branches are overlaid by snow, and have the crisp whiteness of ostrich feathers. All down the slopes the maples have preponderance, and, like those we have already seen, are tapped, though beads of ice seal the incisions. In half an hour the train leaves us at one of the villages which Shrewsbury embraces, and we watch it disappear up the heavy grade in the confusion of the storm before we comprehend that we are standing alone on the platform of the dépôt, which is terraced in one mountain and confronted by another, with little more than a gully between. The snow is mystifying, and no tavern is visible among the cluster of houses in the hollow; but while we are debating as to our proper course, a young man opens the door of the station and invites us to come in. He is a small, wiry fellow, with sharp features; and over the Morse instrument, through which he has been exchanging civilities with the operator at Rutland, is a silver cornet.

"Do you play?" we inquire, as we linger before the stove, which is snapping with heat.

"Occasionally, at dances," he answers; and as he closes the door of the ticket office we notice that it is secured by a peculiar lock, which excites our interest.

"It's an invention of mine; I have a patent issued on it," he explains; and he then unfastens another door opening into a smaller apartment, strung before the window of which is a lot of watches, with various tools spread on the bench below for adjusting and repairing them. He applies himself to these with easy familiarity, and speaks of a fertilizer and Bible dictionary for which he is agent. At least six violins are hung against the wall; and as we pick at the strings of one of them he tells us, without any boastfulness, that this instrument also was made by him.

We do not wait to hear of his other occupations, as his versatility seems limitless, and we once more face the storm, following his directions down the hill to a little tavern in a street of less than a dozen houses, which, for all the life that can

GATHERING SAP IN A SNOW-STORM.

be seen, might be tenantless. Not a soul is afoot or discoverable through the windows, and our only greeting is from a half-bred bull-dog, whose growls give urgency to our raps at the tavern door, which, with some delay, is opened for us by a man who has been asleep, and is not yet fully awake.

"Boston or New York?" he inquires, after a superficial survey of us, which apparently convinces him that one of those two cities has cast us forth; and when we have answered him by registering, and have drawn chairs around the stove, he communicates the singular fact to us that he himself has been in the metropolis.

"I went daown with my daughter, and put up at a haouse somewhere near Madison Square—a new haouse of polished red brick. There's a heap of nonsense abaout them taverns o' yours. We sat daown at a table, and a fellow comes skipping up with a silver tray and a pencil and a piece of paper. That's all tomfoolery, that sort of thing is. What a man wants is good clean victuals with a flavor to 'em; but this fellow kept skipping araound with his silver tray, and when we got through I didn't kneow what we'd had to eat. I'd a sight liefer have a bit of boiled pork with milk gravy, or a cup of tea and a doughnut, than all the stuff they had on their bill of fare. And what do ye suppose they charged us?"

Supposing that he had blundered into Delmonico's, perhaps, we ironically suggested twenty-five cents.

"No, sir," he said, with emphasis, "though it wa'n't worth any more than that. They stuck us for two seventy-five; and they charged us two dollars for one room, and two fifty for the other!" He wabbled with laughter at the delicious absurdity of the reminiscence, but a minute after his view of the exorbitance struck him querulously. "Yes," he added, "that's all confounded nonsense!"

"I guess you'll find it pretty wild up here," he went on. "We're a wild country and a wild people—it 'll seem as strange for you to be up here as for us to be daown to New York." But we were not dismayed by the prospect; we were willing to sacrifice personal comfort to the picturesque, and if we could find human nature simple and unmodernized among the mountains, we should be more than satisfied.

Our host himself was a local celebrity, who, in addition to the business of the tavern, officiated as auctioneer at all sales in the neighborhood. He was loquacious, and sometimes grandiose in a blundering way. His vocabulary was florid and various, and he was fond of displaying it, though the effect was often Malapropian. "There is a throne," he said, "set with diamonds, sardonics, and amaranthes, with vacillating waters shining araound it, and palms waving their coruscating branches over it." What throne he referred to we do not know, but his description of it was amply pleasing and graphic to the villagers who happened to hear it. Once he had been the driver of a stage-coach, then a dealer in dry-goods, and then a peddler. "I surveyed all the professions," he said, modestly, "and concluded to be a Jack of all trades." While he was a peddler he had a popular article

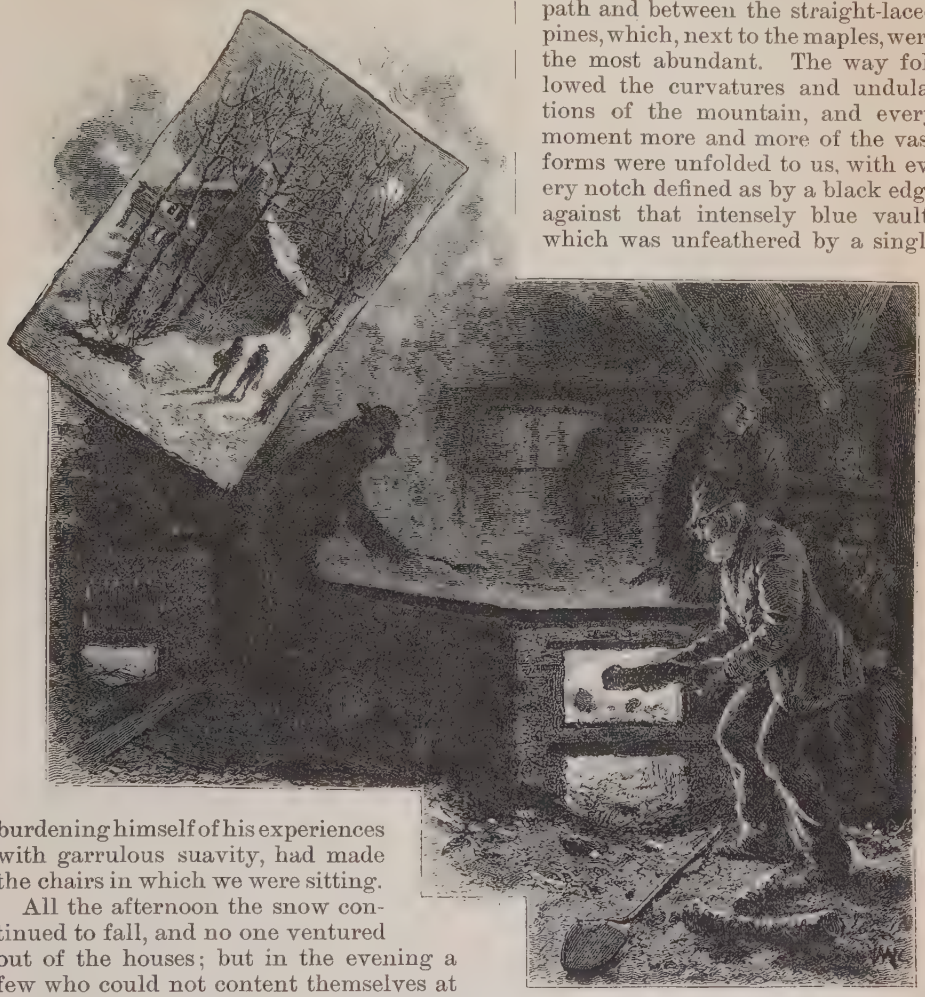
A SUGAR TOWN IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

of soap for sale, which was guaranteed to remove all blemishes from the skin and moral character of the person using it; it would curl the hair, and a poodle-dog's tail to which it was applied had become as curvilinear as a watch spring, and could not be unwound for several years. The demand for it was so great at Whitehall one day that an assistant salesman became necessary, and the peddler engaged a young man who had just graduated from some country college. "A *ne plus ultra* critter, who couldn't add up an account without 'plussing' this and 'plussing' that—a fellow with a good deal of Latin in him, and not a bit of sense." At the end of the day it was found that he had taken in a large amount of counterfeit coin and a spurious ten-dollar note.

"Look here, you should be careful; that's bad," said the disgusted peddler, showing him the note, which was a common wood-engraving. "Bad? why, bless me," responded the innocent, in amazement, "I didn't know that a bank would issue counterfeit money!"

Not all of his anecdotes are repeatable; but one more is worth telling for the light it throws upon his versatility. He wished to purchase a team of horses from one Deacon Woodbury at S——, and a friend who was with him introduced him as Elder Dawley, to which he was about to object, when his companion whispered to him, "Be quiet, you'll get the team for twenty dollars less as a parson than as a layman"; and, indeed, the deacon was so devoutly considerate of the church that the purchase was effected on very easy terms. At dinner, however, the elder was called upon for grace before meat, and though unfamiliar with devotions of any kind, he was unwilling to expose the fraud to which he had lent himself, and he returned thanks with an unction that put him high in the deacon's esteem. It became known that a minister was in the village, and he was invited to console a sick old man, which he did, as he says, to the entire satisfaction of all the relatives. On the following day, a lawyer having failed to appear for him, he conducted a case of his own in court, and in the afternoon wielded the hammer at an auction. Later in the evening the fiddler was missing from a dance, and he offered himself as a substitute. While he was poring over the music with great attentiveness, though he could not read a note, a child of yesterday's invalid happened to look in, and was struck aghast by the sight she saw. "Why, ma," she cried, as soon as she reached home, "would you believe it?—that old minister who was here yesterday is a-fiddling away like all possessed at the dance!"

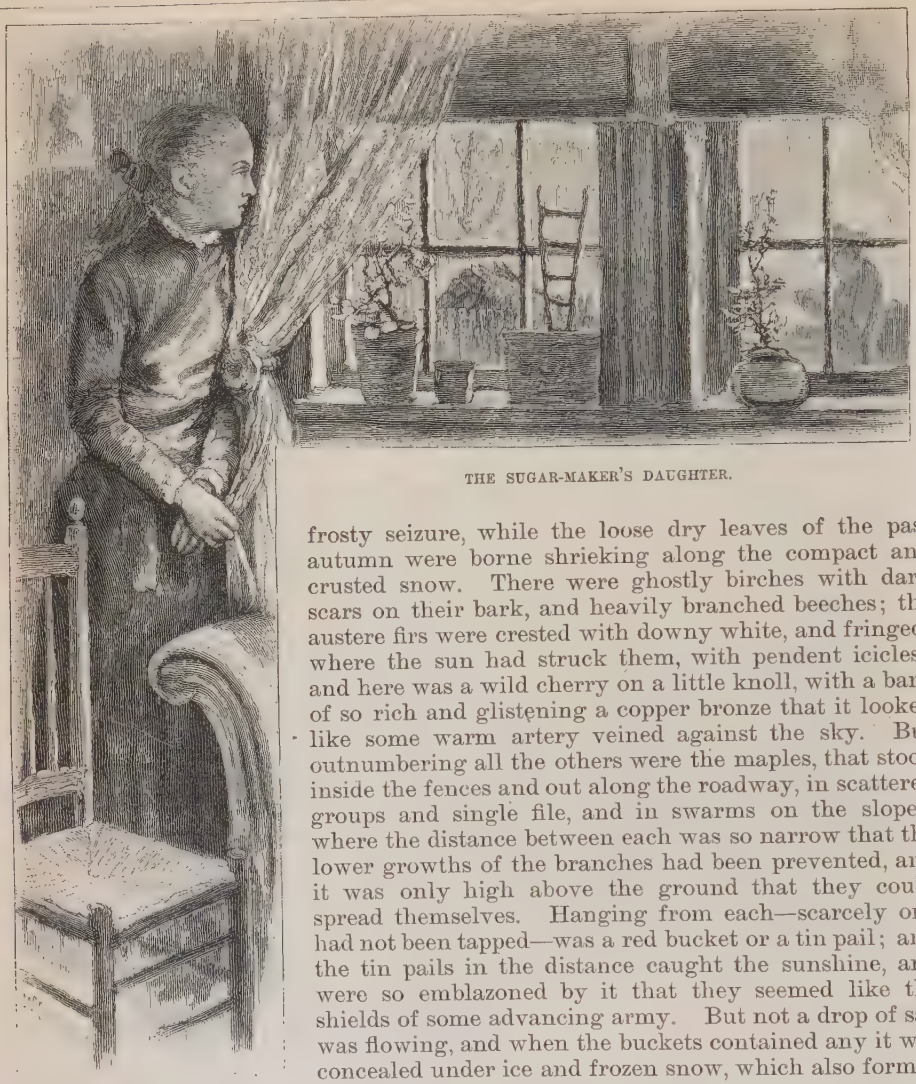
If Mr. Dawley was unscrupulous, it is to be said in his favor that he was obliging, and that he possessed plenty of that Yankee adaptativeness which we had already observed in the station-master, who, as we found out while our host was unburdening himself of his experiences with garrulous suavity, had made the chairs in which we were sitting.



A SUGAR SHANTY AT NIGHT.

All the afternoon the snow continued to fall, and no one ventured out of the houses; but in the evening a few who could not content themselves at home came into the tavern, and deposited themselves around the stove with the apparent object of cooling it by a phenomenal frequency of expectoration. The village store over the way had a similar circle, and the silence and vacuity sent us early to bed.

The brilliant light that forced itself through our shutters next morning told us that the skies were clear. They were such a blue as we had never seen before in sunlight: a deep, luminous, midnight blue, and the mercury in the thermometer on the porch had shrunk to zero. All yesterday's snow was crisp and glazed, and creaked beneath the feet, and the wind was full of stings. The sugar-makers reflected the hue of the sky. But we were not to be confined, and set out up the whited mountains along a zigzag path and between the straight-laced pines, which, next to the maples, were the most abundant. The way followed the curvatures and undulations of the mountain, and every moment more and more of the vast forms were unfolded to us, with every notch defined as by a black edge against that intensely blue vault, which was unfeathered by a single cloud. In contrast with its surroundings, the noisy brook that held to the road like a dear companion was utterly black as it broke through the clotted snow and ice, which imprisoned it for a reach, and then let it burst forth with a contentious and vehement murmur. A chickadee that made a poor breast against the wind was the only visitant of the bird world that had come out on this piercing morning; and every branch snapped against the



THE SUGAR-MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

frosty seizure, while the loose dry leaves of the past autumn were borne shrieking along the compact and crusted snow. There were ghostly birches with dark scars on their bark, and heavily branched beeches; the austere firs were crested with downy white, and fringed, where the sun had struck them, with pendent icicles; and here was a wild cherry on a little knoll, with a bark of so rich and glistening a copper bronze that it looked like some warm artery veined against the sky. But outnumbering all the others were the maples, that stood inside the fences and out along the roadway, in scattered groups and single file, and in swarms on the slopes, where the distance between each was so narrow that the lower growths of the branches had been prevented, and it was only high above the ground that they could spread themselves. Hanging from each—scarcely one had not been tapped—was a red bucket or a tin pail; and the tin pails in the distance caught the sunshine, and were so emblazoned by it that they seemed like the shields of some advancing army. But not a drop of sap was flowing, and when the buckets contained any it was concealed under ice and frozen snow, which also formed a solid bow from the mouth of the spout.

There is a human and poetic quality in maples, which is easily felt, and though the land would be worth more for its lumber than for its sugar, many farmers would no more part with their maple bush or orchard than with any precious heirloom. There are careless and avaricious growers who bore their trees in several places at once, or before the proper season, and then the trees, like overdriven creatures, fail and die of exhaustion. The gentle method succeeds best, by prolonging the life, and to this end those whom we first mentioned devote something like affectionate care.

At the top of the mountain we met one of the largest sugar producers of the neighborhood, a gentleman who has an orchard of two thousand trees, and who lives in a long, low, old-fashioned house, out of every window of which the beautiful hills are seen undulating in such close lines that there seems to be little or no space between them— hills so profusely wooded that we could understand how applicable their name might be in summer, though they were now white and leafless in the wintry inthrallment.

The glowing stove was an unspeakable blessing, for the wind had not abated nor lost its penetrativeness; and as we thawed ourselves the host placed a dish of apples

before us, with an invitation to eat, which is an almost invariable part of an introduction in Vermont. "Two days ago," he said, "I went to Rutland, and before leaving told the boys to tap as many trees as they could; but though the morning was soft and clear, I felt the approach of a storm in the afternoon, and as soon as I got home again I stopped the work—none too soon, either." A centre table was strewn with books, magazines, and newspapers, agricultural, religious, and secular. There were more books in the capacious window-seats, and though it seemed as far from the top of this hill to the city as from the top of a Sierra Nevada, the world and its immediate doings were scarcely less familiar up here than in Roxbury or Harlem.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY DANCE.

One can venture among these mountains into spots which the whistle of the locomotive has never pierced, and where the mail is left in very small quantities by a dilapidated coach, without finding much that is genuinely primitive. The unenlightened but shrewd settlers of earlier days, who knew more of nature than of cities, are in their last generation, and the children have lost the simplicity and individuality of their progenitors. It is said that elementary education is more general in Vermont than in any other State, and with the little learning the irreverent spirit of the age has crept in. Those whose fathers wore homespun and were vigorously distinct in character, ape the ways of town, and are drifting into vulgar and uninteresting "cockneyism."

As Mr. Dawley said, "the ideas of the country are 'advanced.'" One afternoon

A COUNTRY AUCTION IN VERMONT.

we approached a queer old house, which had been a tavern in coaching days, and which now stood back from the highway, in great need of a coat of paint. The earth was piled around its tottering frame to a height of three or four feet, and the refuse of the barn-yard was scattered before it with unpromising thriftlessness. There flashed upon us a picture of what we should find within—a slovenly woman and children, the children dirty and crying, and the woman scolding. We tapped at the door—perhaps we might find a bit of old furniture, or a "character," something picturesque, though neither clean nor comfortable. What we saw took our breath away. A young and pretty girl opened the door—a girl with all the unblemished purity and sweetness of maidenhood shining in her face; dressed neatly and in excellent taste, and wearing her hair plaited into a braid, from which not one vagrant hair escaped. Her father was away, but she ushered us into a small parlor, with a piano among its other furniture, wherein sat a smooth and dignified woman, her mother, who, when we blundered out some remark indicating our surprise at the comfort of the interior, said with some severity that city folks supposed the people living in the mountains to be wild, but that there was as much intelligence and culture among them as among others. She uttered "culture" with the sibillant Bostonian twang, and that she possessed some of it herself was more than a matter of surmise, from the well-worn copies of Tennyson, Pope, and other poets on a side table. The exterior dilapidation was accounted for by their intention to build a new house in the spring, and the earth was piled up around the old one for greater warmth. As there was no place of public entertainment within six or seven miles, and as the first train was not due until late at night, we were glad of the tea she prepared for us—served in a brilliant silver urn of recent design, with sugar bowl and milk jug to match—and we spent a very pleasant evening before a crackling fire of birch.

While waiting for the weather to moderate, we were not without diversions. One day we listened to the florid eloquence of Mr. Dawley at an auction in "the flats," where many curious characters were gathered; and another day was relieved by a country dance, which was attended by the young men and women from neighboring farms. The dance and the auction are almost the only dissipations the people know, and one yields

them about as much amusement as the other.

But at last the inimical wind fell, and what was left of it veered round toward the south. A radiant vapor now hung upon the hills; the creek fiercely repulsed the ice, and hurried it away to dissolution, and the woods were full of a moisture which softened every sound. Quick to feel the genial change, the maples relaxed, and in all the groves sleds were moving and smoke was rising from the sugar-houses, while the sap dripped abundantly into the buckets, and the sound of its fall mingled with the patter of the snow melting on the feathered evergreens.

Sugar-making now and sugar-making as it was are very different things, and what it has gained in facility it has lost in picturesqueness. The old camp with its primitive appliances is no more; the "kettle" has been superseded by the "pan," and the trough is become a mass of crumbling decay. The women and children are kept at home, and no longer know the old-time delights of "sugaring off," though in the Arcadia of the past their services were not despised, and the whole household set up its abode in the woods.

The sap was collected then in troughs, each about three feet long, hollowed out of sections of poplars, and was conveyed to the kettles in barrels, from which it was transferred by scoops. There were five or more kettles, from ten to thirty gallons in capacity, and each was filled with sap, which was kept boiling, the larger kettles being refilled from the smaller ones as evaporation reduced the quantity. When the contents were reduced to a desired consistency, the hot syrup was dipped out and passed through a flannel strainer into covered tubs, from which again it was poured into a large, thick-bottomed kettle for the process of "stirring off," some milk and the whites of several eggs being added to it. Thus prepared, it was placed over a slow fire, and kept just below boiling-point until the sediment and all foreign matters in it floated to the top and were removed, when it became deliciously translucent. It was now exposed to a greater heat and gently boiled, the evaporation continuing, and bringing it nearer to the point of granulation. Now the sugar-maker was all watchfulness, and it fared ill with those who distracted him, for if the golden liquid seething in

OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR CAMP.

the kettle boiled the least bit too much, it would become dry in quality, while if it boiled too little, it would become "soggy." He tested it constantly, plucking threads of it from his stirring stick, and trailing them round in cups of cold water. While the threads yielded waxily to the touch, the sugar was not yet done, but as soon as one broke crisp between his fingers, the moment had come to take the kettle off the fire. As the sugar began to cool, it crystallized round the sides, and gradually the whole mass, under a vigorous stirring, became granular.

In that way sugar was made years ago, and when the sap flowed profusely the operations were continued through the night, and the fires cast strange shadows in the woods. But instead of a hut of logs a permanent sugar-house is now built, and furnished with many elaborate devices to prevent waste and deterioration. Formerly, when the maples were tapped with an auger, an "elder quill" was inserted in the incision to conduct the sap into the trough below; that is, a small piece of elder wood about three inches long with the pith bored out of it, which formed a tube; but in most orchards to-day a galvanized iron spout is used, which has the advantage of not souring the sap nor choking many pores. Everything is "improved." The collections are made with the unvarying order of collections from letter-boxes, and if the grove is on a hill, and the sugar-house is in a hollow, the sap, as it is gathered, is emptied into a "flume," which quickly conducts it to a large reservoir within the building, wherein it is strained through cloth. A scoop or a ladle is as anachronistic as a javelin. From the reservoir the sap is conducted, as required, through tin pipes into a "heater," whence it passes through a series of iron tubes to be delivered, after straining, in a condition for "sugaring off."

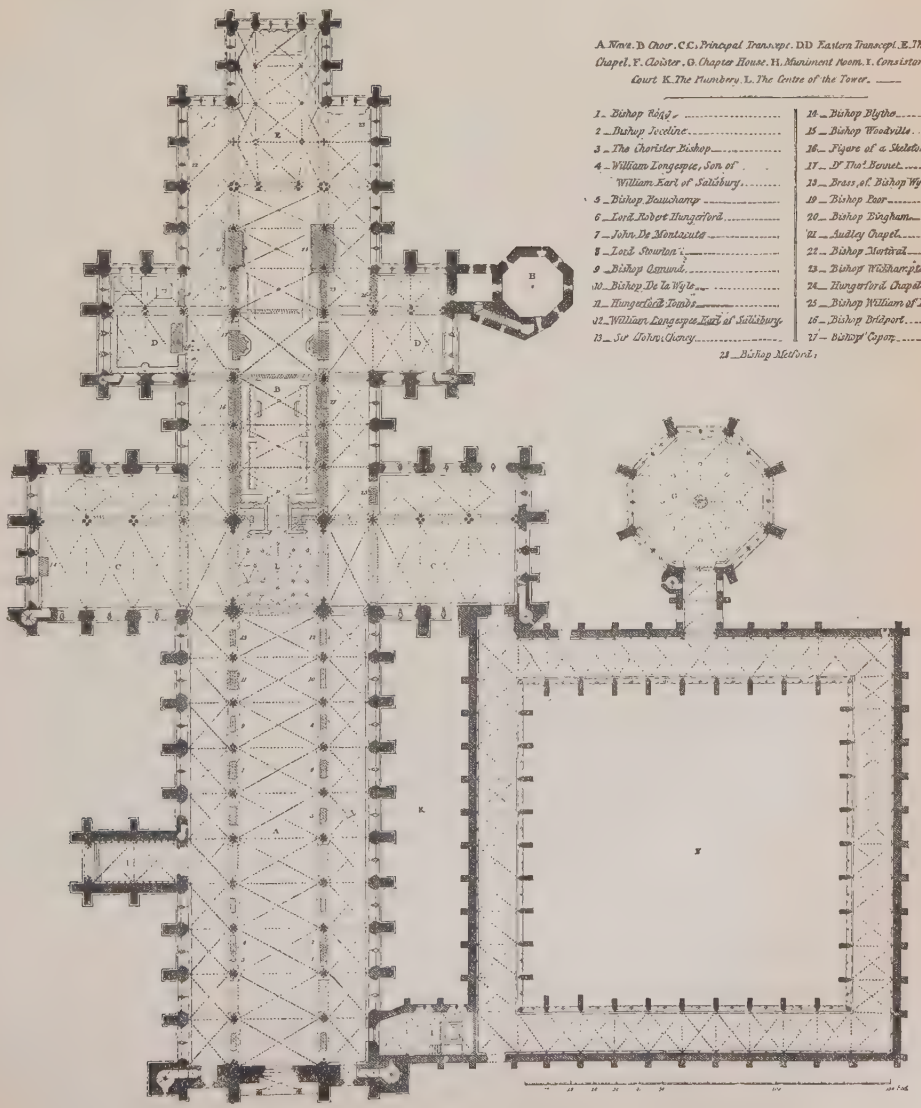
Maple sugar as it reaches the market is of a clearer color for all these improvements; but there are some who actually say that the flavor has fallen off, and that the new patent evaporators are a snare. One change has certainly not been for the better, and that is the abandonment of the social life of the old camps, which made sugar-time in the Green Mountains enduring memories with those who are now ebbing away.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.

EVERY cultivated mind has doubtless its own classic ground, and its own personal associations of interest, if not of affection. However differing in the origin or the motives of their enthusiasm, assuredly there will never be any lack of pilgrims to their favorite shrines throughout all the world. Yet it has always seemed to me that the soil and the monuments of old England must of necessity be to the American visitor the subjects of a warmer interest and a closer regard than any foreign localities can possibly be to the Englishman. The English traveller in Greece or Italy may, indeed, visit the scenes of noble deeds, and wander among the remains of classic civilization; he may climb the Acropolis to recall the poetry and the arts which gave an undying lustre to the age of Pericles, or linger in the Forum as he wonders at the grandeur of the Cæsars. Yet there must always be something very *foreign* to him in it all. To the American, on the other hand, almost every step on English soil is full of memories of his own kith and kin and blood, and all the literature and poetry of his life, from the nursery up to adult manhood, is brought vividly before him at almost every turn. He will see on many a time-worn finger-board in Oxfordshire the precise number of miles to Banbury Cross. In Nottinghamshire, on the borders of Lincoln, he may stroll under the noble oaks that still flourish as the remains of Sherwood Forest. He may angle for barbel in the silver Thames from the very banks of the little islet of Runnymede. He will find the golden wheat of Leicestershire waving thick over the slopes of Bosworth Field. He will turn to the spire of Stratford as a beacon among the green lanes of Warwick and Kenilworth. And driving through the shades of Twickenham and Sheen, he may tread the terraces of royal Windsor, and hear the curfew from Stoke Pogis church-yard pealing out over the rich woods that embosom that stately domain. Every look is full of cherished association, and every step seems to fall on hallowed yet familiar ground.

Beyond question, however, the most impressive legacies of our English forefathers are to be found in the ecclesiastical structures which are so profusely scattered throughout every part of the island. Parish churches, abbeys, priories, chapels, or cathedrals, they stand as monumental pillars in the stream of time, everywhere filling us with a sense of the mingled grandeur and beauty of conception on the part of their builders. To the last-named class of these wonderful structures —as the highest exponents of the art and skill of the Middle Ages—it is my present purpose to devote a few pages of loving recollection. We shall find in them at least a science and a taste to which our own times, with all their boasted superiority, can lay no rightful claim. Would that architectural knowledge might bid the world another such farewell as when she left her departing footsteps at Canterbury and Westminster, at York, Salisbury, and Lincoln!

The cathedral, then, is the head church, the central edifice, of the diocese, in which the chair or seat of the bishop is always placed. From this fact its name (from


A. Nave. B. Choir. C.C. Principal Transept. DD Eastern Transept. E. The Lady Chapel. F. Cloister. G. Chapter House. H. Muniment Room. I. Consistorial Court. K. The Nunnery. L. The Centre of the Tower.
1 Bishop Poore
2 Bishop Jocelin
3 The Chorister Bishop
4 William Longespie, Son of William Earl of Salisbury
5 Bishop Beauchamp
6 Lord Robert Hungerford
7 John De Montacute
8 Lord Stourton
9 Bishop Osmund
10 Bishop De la Wyle
11 Hungerford Tomb
12 William Longespie Earl of Salisbury
13 Sir John Cheney
14 Bishop Blythe
15 Bishop Woodville
16 Figure of a Skeleton
17 Of That Bonnet
18 Brass of Bishop Wyvil
19 Bishop Poor
20 Bishop Bingham
21 Audley Chapel
22 Bishop Mortival
23 Bishop Wickhampton
24 Hungerford Chapel
25 Bishop William of York
26 Bishop Bridport
27 Bishop Capon
28 Bishop Metford

PLAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

the Greek καθέδρα, a seat) is derived. Of these, twenty-nine are still maintained as full cathedral establishments in the two provinces of Canterbury and York. With very few, and generally accidental, exceptions, these beautiful structures are all built in the form of a cross on the ground plan, the principal entrance being invariably turned to the west. Thus the western elevation is always considered the principal front of the structure. It usually comprises a wide central door, with a large and highly ornate window above it, and a central gable rising still above this, all of which features are parts of the nave, or central portion of the structure. Two towers, which generally flank this centre on either side, contain the side doors and windows above them, and rise boldly above the roof line of the centre to a considerable height from the ground. These western towers are sometimes terminated by an open battlement with pinnacles at the angles, as at Gloucester and York. Sometimes, as at Lichfield, they shoot up into lofty and graceful spires. Proceeding eastward from this principal entrance front, the longer arm of the cross before mentioned lies between the western entrance and the intersection of the transverse arms, and forms the nave, or body of the church. The aisles are continued along the whole length of the nave on either side of it, and separated from it only by the columns and arches which support the clear-story walls above, while in width they correspond very nearly with the width of the western towers.

Arrived now at the centre of the structure, the transverse arms of the cross lie before us. As these extend always on the north and south sides of the building, they are called the north and south transepts respectively. They are carried to the same height as the walls of the nave, and generally have aisles attached to either side of them, with piers and open arches in the same way. The portion of the edifice lying east of the crux, or intersection, is the choir, or chancel, containing the altar at its extreme east end, over which is always the finest and most richly painted window in the building. The cloisters are a covered walk, the roofs of which are much lower than the walls of the church, generally placed on the south side of the nave. A chapel was frequently added to the eastward of the choir, dedicated in Roman Catholic times to the Virgin Mary, and thence called the lady-chapel to this day. The chapter-house, generally a beautiful octagonal structure, with one column in the centre, appears to have been placed indifferently on either side of the exterior of the choir, but connected always with the main building by a convenient passageway. In this apartment the dean and canons, who together constitute the staff of the cathedral clergy, are accustomed to meet on affairs generally of a purely secular nature, and for the purpose of discussing and settling matters connected with the business and revenues of the diocese.

To return to the interior of the church. On each side of the choir, or easternmost arm of the cross, are ranged the seats or stalls for the accommodation of the clergy who are present at the services of the cathedral. These stalls are almost invariably of ancient oak, having canopies overhead enriched with the most delicate and exquisite carvings. The prayers are intoned from the proper desk, and the lessons of Scripture are read from the eagle-stand, or lecturn, by one or more of the clergy, assisted in the responses, the psalms, the anthems, and the other musical parts of the service by a choir of boys and men, one half ranged on either side of the building.

Over the intersection of the four arms of the cross, before described, rises the lofty square central tower, supported within by massive piers and bold arches, and often surmounted by a rich and magnificent spire. Those of Lichfield, Norwich, Chichester, and Salisbury are among the most beautiful and celebrated structures of this kind in the kingdom. Nothing in the whole range of art can possibly be finer or more impressive than the effect of these noble spires, the well-defined conception of aspiring majesty—their foundations, indeed, laid deep and solid in the earth, but their summits soaring boldly away toward the heavens, and bearing aloft the cross, "the emblem," says Pugin, "of man's redemption, set on high between the anger of God and the sins of the city."

I have said that the west front is generally regarded as the principal front of the cathedral. But this results rather from the fact of its being the point most remote from the altar, which, with its surrounding sanctuary, was always placed, accord-

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN—SOUTHEAST VIEW.

ing to the custom of those early times, if not toward the exact east, at least in an easterly direction. This choice of location arose from the custom prevalent in the Middle Ages of keeping a "vigil" on the night previous to the festival of the particular saint in honor of whom the church was to be dedicated, and taking the point where the sun arose in the morning as the place toward which the altar of the new structure was to be turned. This is known as the principle of orientation. But as the precise point where the sun first appears is found to vary very consid-

erably during the course of the year, it follows that the position of a church which is dedicated to any saint whose festival falls at midsummer—as that of St. Peter or St. John the Baptist—will show a considerable variation from that of another whose saint's day occurs at Advent or Christmas-tide. In either case, however, the great painted window over the altar was so placed that it might catch the first rays of the morning sun, and thence diffuse its returning light over the whole interior. And this great window was always rich with all the glow of pictured legend and saintly device—the culminating point of the series of "storied windows richly dight," which were continued round the walls of the church, and lent such a charm of warmth and color to the whole of its spacious interior.

I had already passed nearly three weeks in England without seeing a cathedral. But I had resolved that my first impressions of the full force of Gothic architecture should be taken from the great minster at Salisbury. Well did I remember an old colored print of it, with its surrounding grounds, which had come into my possession as a Christmas present in my school-boy days, and made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful imagination. It was not, however, without a lingering feeling of regret, accompanied by many a parting look behind, that I at length left Oxford by the railway train for Salisbury. It happened to be on a mild and pleasant, though occasionally showery, day in July—one of those days when the weeping skies of an English midsummer remind the traveller of all that he has read and admired of the pastoral quietude and beauty of that delightful season. As the gardens and groves, the towers, the domes, and the graceful spires, of the fine old seat of learning I had left behind me faded from the view and were lost in the blue distance, I felt most forcibly that the few days I had passed there had been far too short a period to convey any very distinct picture of their individual beauties to the mind. A momentary pang could not but steal across me as I bade them a premature farewell, despite even of the reflection that I had a still higher pleasure before me.

But the ride itself was soon sufficient to dispel any but the most pleasurable feelings. As we flew rapidly along the line of the railway, it would have been impossible not to admire the delicious cultivation of the landscape, which everywhere presented a succession of the loveliest pictures to the eye. The hedge-rows of hawthorn, holly, and privet, here and there interspersed with taller trees rising from among them, and thus breaking up what would otherwise become a tame uniformity of lines; the broad, smiling fields fresh with the glittering rain-drops, and occasionally dotted by the whitest possible sheep, or tenanted by placid-looking cows, so intent upon their grazing as rarely to lift their heads for a glance at the passing train; the groups of quiet horses gravely standing in circles, and literally putting their heads together under a tree; the delicate grass-green of the new-mown hay, relieved by the golden color of the ricks which had already been gathered up; the long, low, rambling farm-houses with their tiled or thatched roofs, occasionally gathered into hamlets around the humble gray tower or the more conspicuous spire of some ancient village church—all these, together with the distant windmills, rolling their white sails lazily round in the sunshine, combined to form a picture which is enchanting indeed, beyond any power of expression, to the stranger who comes to it fresh from the newer and more prosaic life of our Western world. The language of description may at least be owned inadequate to convey anything more than a faint outline of the constant variety of loveliness, and the almost inexhaustible combinations of beauty.

But as all things in this world, and journeys in particular, have a natural end, the train drew up at last at a modest station, which the guard announced in the usual curt fashion as "Salsb'ry stop." Without waiting to give much thought to my luggage for the moment, I rushed to the opposite door of the office, which I judged —and not incorrectly—might afford an uninterrupted view of the town. The scene which broke at once upon the eye it would not be easy to forget. There it stood, at a little distance only, before me—the grand gray old spire, as yet unharmed by the hand of time, shooting heavenward, from among rich masses of ancestral elms, to a height of more than four hundred feet, its fretted and lace-worked outline relieved against gorgeous banks of clouds in the reddening western sky. Beneath it stretched out the huge antique pile of nave, choir, and transepts, rising

high above the surrounding houses, with a broad, mellow light thrown across their walls, and their steep roofs and airy pinnacles beautifully grouped, yet each sharply defined in the clear warm light of the summer evening. So fresh, so sound, so perfect, after the lapse of six hundred years, that it seemed as if the common destroyer had been awed by their mysterious beauty, and while touching the majestic old pile here and there with those indescribable tints of silver gray and russet brown which his finger alone can produce, had forborne to displace one fragment from its buttresses, or to throw down one stone from its venerable towers.

After seeing my travelling equipments duly cared for at the famous White Hart Hotel, I repaired at once to the minster. Passing under an arched gateway, at no great distance from the inn, I found myself in the *close*, or cathedral precinct, immediately surrounding the church. The houses in this spacious inclosure wear that quiet and picturesque look peculiar to such haunts of learned ease and comfortable seclusion. In the centre of the whole, surrounded by lofty trees, velvet lawns, and nicely kept gravel-walks, stood the venerable and impressive pile, in all its solemn majesty, open on the east, north, and west sides, but hidden from public view on the south by the cloisters, the bishop's palace, and the private gardens. From the open grounds which thus surround the building its appearance is indeed unequalled by anything of the kind which I have since beheld. Erected in the boldest and purest period of the early Gothic, all its various parts are grouped together in the most masterly pyramidal outline, the long succession of buttresses and pinnacles, the sharp roofs and gables and lofty turrets, all leading the eye to the central point, the great spire, with a peculiar lightness and elegance, yet grandeur of effect, that can scarcely fail to call forth an involuntary exclamation of wonder and delight. The vertical line, so expressive, in its æsthetic significance, of the hopes and aspirations of Christianity, thus becomes the controlling feature of the composition, and the mind at once recognizes the idea that religious awe and profound solemnity of impression were the first and most earnest aims of its builders. It is a temple in which man feels it almost profanation to remain upright—a temple in which he is instinctively led to "worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord, our Maker."

The verger of the cathedral—a respectful and intelligent though somewhat corpulent official—who informed me that he had been the butler of the last bishop, and who, I suppose, had been promoted to his snug position in reward for his faithful services in that responsible capacity, received me with a grave bow at the door of the northwestern porch, and conducted me without delay over the whole interior of the building. In spite of a certain degree of coldness, arising from the destruction of the painted windows with which it was formerly adorned, the general effect is exceedingly striking, the entire uniformity of the architecture contributing not a little to its impressiveness and beauty. Without entering into any minute or technical description of its details, it is safe to say that the spectator can not fail to be charmed with the noble breadth and simplicity of the stately pile. The vaulting is plainly and boldly executed, rising to the height of about eighty feet from the pavement, and the nave arches are adorned with an effective series of deep mouldings, beneath which the slender columns look still more airy and elegant, from their division into many separate shafts of dark Purbeck marble. The roof is of the same materials as the walls of the church—a freestone, obtained from the Chilmark quarries, situated about twelve miles from Salisbury, toward the village of Hindon, and still worked to the present day. The nave is divided into ten bays or arches, with a peculiarly beautiful *triforium*, or open gallery, between them and the clear-story windows above. The windows in the nave aisles are double lancets, and in the clear-story and gables are mostly triplets, the whole forming such a variety and profusion as to give rise to the local rhyme:

"As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church you see;
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one here may view—
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true."

This beautiful interior has, however, suffered in past years more than usual from ignorant and tasteless intermeddling. The very injudicious "restorations" perpetrated by the barbarous Wyatt toward

CHOIR OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

the end of the last century have much disfigured its general appearance, and what the lapse of years had failed to effect has thus been in part accomplished by his causeless and unjustifiable alterations. The altar was removed by him from its proper position to the farther end of the lady-chapel, throwing down at the same time the screen which divided the latter from the choir, and many of the beautiful old tombs and other ornaments seem to have been re-arranged by him in the most arbitrary manner, and without the least regard to ancient principles of propriety, or the commonest dictates of sense and taste. How mischievous a destructive this conceited creature (without in the least intending it) contrived to become, may be learned from the following extract from a recent monograph on this interesting building: "The usual alterations took place in Salisbury Cathedral at the Reformation, when much of the painted glass is said to have been removed by Bishop Jewell. Although desolate and abandoned, it escaped material profanation during the great civil war; and workmen were even employed to keep it in repair, replying, says Dr. Pope (*Life of Bishop Ward*), when questioned by whom they were sent, 'Those who employ us will pay us; trouble not yourselves to inquire; who-

ever they are, they do not desire to have their names known.' The great work of destruction was reserved for a later period, and for more competent hands. Under Bishop Barrington (1782–1791) the architect Wyatt was unhappily let loose upon Salisbury; and his untiring use of axe and hammer will stand a very fair comparison with the labors of an iconoclast emperor, or with the burning zeal of an early Mohammedan caliph. He swept away screens, chapels, and porches, desecrated and destroyed the tombs of warriors and prelates, obliterated ancient paintings, flung stained glass by cart loads into the city ditch, and levelled with the ground the campanile—of the same date as the cathedral itself—which stood on the north side of the church-yard." These operations were, at the time, pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious!" And thus shorn of much of its former glory, the great church remained for years a mute though eloquent witness to the height of ancient excellence and the depth of modern degeneracy.

It is, however, most gratifying to know that a better and more reverent spirit is now abroad. The revival of the true principles of pointed architecture has reached every part of old England, and rendered such proceedings as those above described quite impossible in the future. In fact, since the period of my own visit, the late Sir Gilbert Scott—the most competent and skillful of restorers—has been much employed upon the fabric of Salisbury, as upon several others of the best cathedrals. I am not aware of the precise nature or extent of the improvements projected or carried out in the present case by this truly eminent architect. But, from the restorations which he executed at Ely, and which I subsequently studied with feelings of the highest pleasure, it was easy to see how fully the style of the best ages of Gothic is now understood, leaving us little to regret in the way of mediæval execution, or even of the long-neglected principles of pointed design.

The fading twilight of the interior, and the deepening shadows of the old tombs, at length reminded my guide that it was time for us to retire. As we recrossed the foot-worn threshold, the heavy oak door closed behind us with a solemn reverberation, and the profound stillness of six centuries seemed to resume its rightful sway over the vast structure. The verger went away, leaving me alone on the green. But with not a movement in the air, nor a living thing near, the spot had a charm for me which I was not willing to break. I felt that I was left alone there with the spirit of hoar antiquity, and face to face with the very ages of chivalry, and "the mighty faith of days unknown." I sat on a chain rail in the close till it was quite dark, watching the shadows gather in the recesses, and the last tints of light fade away on the spire, till the whole of the majestic pile assumed a sombre and gloomy indistinctness of outline, far more impressive to the mind than the sharpness and certainty of daylight. Its huge dimensions acquired a still more imposing grandeur, while its mystic quietude seemed to enshrine a haven of sweet security from the turmoil, the anxiety, and the busy fears of the outer world. And I thought, as I at length turned to leave the spot, that the mind which could not see the deepest poetry in every line of its lengthening vista would listen with cold indifference to the inspired harmonies of Beethoven, or turn with apathy from the golden pages of "Paradise Lost." For myself, I can truly say that I came away impressed

> "Not only with the sense
> Of present pleasure, but with the pleasing thought
> That in this moment there was life and food
> For future years."

The next morning found me early at the gate, and eager to ascend to the upper portions of the building. A bright-eyed, lively boy of thirteen presented himself as my guide, piloting me up a winding stone staircase, scooped out of one of the corner turrets, to the battlements at the top of the tower, two hundred and twelve feet from the ground. Standing here, behind and above me rose the great spire, profusely crocketed, and ornamented with sculptured bands of stone, to the fearful height of two hundred feet more. Access to the very top is practicable, but is not generally permitted to visitors; and as the view was already so extensive and beautiful, I felt no inclination to attempt any infringement of the usual rule. Beneath lay the cathedral close, its lofty elms looking, from this airy height, like bushes of foliage almost close to the ground; the cloisters, where had walked and prayed the studious monks of old, surrounding the quiet greensward of their secluded area; the episcopal palace, with its trim

gardens, neat walks, and fantastic clipped hedges; and beyond these the curious old city, looking like the toy-box towns which children delight to arrange—all spreading out like a gay map at the spectator's feet. Three miles away lay the noble domain of Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, standing in a richly wooded park, in whose broad paths and under whose quiet shade had walked and mused "the flower of chivalry," Sir Philip Sidney, and here wrote his *Arcadia* amid its secluded and congenial scenes. Here, too, was the home of the beautiful Countess of Pembroke, to whose memory was inscribed the famous epitaph by Ben Jonson, so familiar to every lover of old English quaintness:

> "Underneath this sable hearse
> Lyeth ye subject of all verse—
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
> Death! ere thou hast slain another
> Learn'd and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Still nearer, one might recognize the little hamlet of Bemerton, where lived and ministered to a simple village congregation George Herbert, the author of "The Temple," "one of those spirits scattered along the track of the ages," says Bishop Doane, "to show us how nearly the human may, by grace, attain to the angelic nature." The sunny slopes and fertile wheat fields of the Wiltshire hills hemmed in, at a distance, the exquisite panorama through which flowed the silver Avon on its way to the sea. Though an entirely different stream, it still bears, singularly enough, the same title with that of the placid river so consecrated through all the world by its association with the birth-place, the home, and the grave of the immortal Shakspeare.

It must not be supposed that my mercurial little guide left me entirely to the uninterrupted contemplation of the scene. As we were groping up the dark and narrow staircase together, he had confided to me that he combined this congenial branch of employment with the more responsible duty of tolling the great bell in the tower twice a day for service. In this double capacity, however, he appeared not unwilling to acknowledge that he acted only as subservient to the ex-butler, whose evident shortness of wind, he fancied I must have noticed, would prove an insuperable bar to indulgence in these or any similar exercises. But I can not say that the substitution was in all respects an agreeable one to myself, since the staid gravity of the elder functionary certainly formed no part of the character or behavior of his youthful deputy. Among other eccentricities, which in fairness, I suppose, must be put down only as the normal result of his age and sex, he had contracted an exciting though not particularly safe habit of lying horizontally across the parapet of the tower, with his body projecting considerably beyond the line of the old stonework, his feet braced merely against one of the foliaged crockets of the spire, and, while in this position, tilting with his cap, at arm's-length, at the swallows that were wheeling and darting in airy circles around the dizzy pinnacles above our heads. To my frequently expressed doubts as to the entire safety of these peculiar sports, I am sorry to say that he paid little attention, beyond the assurance: "Poh, sir, I ain't a bit afraid; I does it often. I darts out my cap at 'em, and they flies into it like bats. I've caught a many this way, sir." Wearied at last with the amateur labor of humanity which I had felt it my duty to carry on, in holding him as fast as I could by the waistband of his trousers—particularly as those garments were not in any such high state of repair as gave assurance of furnishing the firmest kind of hold upon his person in case of accident—I unequivocally offered him the bribe of a sixpence to desist. To my great relief, I found that the proposal was instantly accepted; and whether the fact of the verger crossing the green below at that particular moment, and giving a professional glance upward, had anything to do with it or not, I think it no more than justice to record that, while on my side of the steeple at least, the urchin acted up to the very letter of his bargain, though in the face of constant and, on the part of the swallows, most aggravating temptation.

In the afternoon I attended for the first time at the cathedral service. The music, led by the sweet-toned organ, was sung, as usual, by a choir of twelve surpliced boys and eight men, one-half ranged on either side of the choir. The solemnity, propriety, and beauty of the music, and the decorum of its performance, were, to me at least, highly impressive. I had heard much said, it is true, of the heartlessness and formality of this musical service, and indeed I believe that to speak of it

slightingly is the usual custom among our practical and utilitarian countrymen abroad. But I must say that my own impressions were of a widely different character. As the pealing organ swelled forth, with a majestic volume that seemed full of the very spirit of devotion, the soft, high notes of the boys' voices, shaped into decision by the rapid chant of the tenor, and supported everywhere by the rich and vigorous harmony of the bass, ran through the antiphonal responses with such a plaintive earnestness and beauty of tone that it seemed to me impossible to lift a higher and holier song to the ear of Heaven. Nor could I find any force in the objection which I have sometimes heard made to the smallness of the congregation, but rather, on the other hand, I thought that the solemnity of this high service was perhaps all the more striking from the comparative absence and indifference of the outward world. A divine presence hallowed the consecrated spot.

The anthem was over, and the congregation rose quietly to depart, while the last notes of the "Amen" faded away in the distant recesses of the building,

"Lingering and wandering on, as loath to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

INDIAN EDUCATION AT HAMPTON AND CARLISLE.

LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AT CARLISLE.

"YANKTON, DAKOTA TERRITORY, *April* 5, 1880.

"*General Armstrong:*

"MY FRIEND,—I never saw you, but I have a strong attachment for you. I already wrote you two letters, as you know, but to-day I have thought of you again.

"I had two boys big enough to help me to work, but you have them now. I wanted them to learn your language, and I want you to look after them as if they were your boys.

"This is all, my friend.

"FAT MANDAN
is my name, and I shake your hand."

THERE are many, no doubt, who will smile at the title of this article, much as if it had read, "Education for Buffaloes and Wild Turkeys." Such, however, will be likely to read it, as others will from a more sympathetic stand-point. For it is evident that, from one stand-point or another, public interest is excited upon the Indian question now as perhaps never before.

With the opening up of the country, and the disappearance of the game before the settler's axe and locomotive whistle—to say nothing of treaty "reconstruction" and Indian wars—the conditions of the Indian himself have radically altered, and perhaps not in all respects for the worse, since the shrewd Saponi sachem declined William and Mary's classical course for his young braves, because it would not improve them in deer-stalking or scalp-lifting, but, not to be outdone in graciousness, offered instead to bring up the Royal Commissioners' sons in his own wigwam, and "make men of them."

Fat Mandan, on the contrary, seems to think that to make men of them is just what Hampton will do for the boys he is so proud of, and he looks to them to help him to work, not to hunt. It is possible that red and white theories of education and manhood have healthily approximated in fifty or a hundred years.

To a young colonel of the Union army in the late war, as he stood on the wheel-house of a transport, with his black regiment camping down on the deck below

GROUP OF INDIAN YOUNG MEN BEFORE EDUCATION.

him, floating down the Gulf of Mexico through the double glory of sunset sky and wave, there came, like a vision shaped half from dreamy memories of his island home in the Pacific, and half from earnest thought for his country's future, a plan for a practical solution of one of her troubles, and the salvation of the race that was its innocent and long-suffering cause. Four years later the dream which had faded in the stern realities of war was called into life by the exigencies of the new era, and took tangible form as a normal and agricultural school for freedmen at Hampton, Virginia, twenty miles from the port where slaves first landed in America, and on the very shores where they were first made free as "contraband of war."

The growth of this institution under the charge of its originator was described seven years ago in this Magazine, since which time it has attracted the attention of leading thinkers upon education and race problems in this and other countries, and become widely known as an exponent of the value of manual-labor training in education of men and women—certainly as far as the black race is concerned. Twelve years have proved its mission in the South to be no "fool's errand."

As the Hampton school was founded on the theory that "the gospel of work and self-help" is essential to all human development, and therefore as good for negroes as for Sandwich-Islanders, why should it not try the same for the Indian?

Visitors to St. Augustine from '75 to '78 remember as one of the chief attractions of that ancient city the Indian prisoners at Fort Marion, held there by the United States government for their conspicuous part in a revolt of their tribes —Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes in Indian Territory. Many brought away from the old fort not only polished sea-beans, bows and arrows, and specimens of primitive painting, but a few new ideas on the Indian question, and a surprised sense of some strange transformation going on in savage natures under the forces of kindness and wisdom.

What this transformation was, and what were its subjects, no words can so well set forth as do two photographs which lie before me as I write; one taken of the prisoners on their arrival at Fort Marion in chains, ignorant of the fate before them, defiant, desperate, plotting mutiny and suicide; the other, a group of the same men, three years later, received into an

Eastern school to continue the education begun at St. Augustine.

It was fortunate not only for these poor prisoners, it may be, but for the whole Indian question, that the officer under whose charge they were put, and who had assisted in their capture, Captain R. H. Pratt, of the Tenth Cavalry, U.S.A., was a man with room in his nature for the united strength and humanity which are at the bottom of this work, whose results have placed him at the head of the most important single movement ever made in behalf of Indian education.

Delicate womanly hands of both North and South, enlisted by the captain's earnestness, freely joined to help his work when the dark minds were roused to some curiosity as to the mystery of the gay-colored alphabet he had hung on their prison wall. And when, at the end of three years, the United States decided to send the prisoners home, some would not let go their work. The War Department's permission was secured for as many of the prisoners to remain as were willing to go to school, and could be provided for by private benevolence. Twenty-two of the youngest thus staid, and of these seventeen were received at Hampton Institute, on request of Captain Pratt, for the sake of its industrial training.

GROUP OF INDIAN YOUNG MEN AFTER EDUCATION.

It was not, therefore, in utter dismay that the inmates of Hampton were roused from their slumbers one April night by a steamboat's war-whoop, heralding the midnight raid of sixty ex-warriors upon their peaceful shores, and hastened out to meet the invaders with hot coffee instead of rifle-balls, to welcome some of them as new students, and bid the rest godspeed to their homes in Indian Territory.

The bearing of the new effort upon the whole question of Indian management was early recognized at Washington. By special act of Congress authorizing the Secretary of War to detail an army officer for special duty with regard to Indian education, Captain Pratt's valuable assistance was secured in inaugurating the work at Hampton. The Indian Commissioner, the Secretaries of War and the Interior, and the President were among the most interested visitors to the Indian class-rooms and workshops, and have given the enterprise all the sympathy and

NEGRO AND INDIAN BOYS AT HAMPTON.

encouragement in their power. The result of their inspection was the decision of government to take an active part in the effort it had sanctioned.

Six months after the St. Augustines were received, there was therefore a second Indian raid on Hampton Institute, consisting of forty-nine young Dakotas, chiefly Sioux, with a few Mandans, Rees, and Gros Ventres, for each of whom the United States stood pledged to appropriate $167, reduced subsequently to $150, yearly, while it should keep them at the school. This appropriation is the extent of United States aid to Hampton, which is not, as some have supposed, a government school, but a private corporation, supported chiefly by Northern benevolence. The school agreed on its part to supply the deficiency of the government appropriation, amounting to from $60 to $70 a year, on an average, for each of the Indian students who are on its hands for the whole year round, and to put up the needed buildings, which it has done, at a cost thus far of $14,000. Nine of the sixty-dollar scholarships are given by the American Missionary Association of New York, and the rest have been made up by friends, of different sects and sections.

The school consented to undertake this large addition to the new mission which had come unsought to its hands, on condition that half of the fifty to be brought should be girls. Indian views of woman's sphere interfered with this condition for the time, however. As Captain Pratt says: "The girls, from six years of age up to marriage, are expected to help their mothers in the work. They are too valuable in the capacity of drudge during the years they should be at school to be spared to go. Another equally important obstacle is the fact that the girls constitute a part of the material wealth of the family, and bring, in open market, after arriving at marriageable age, a certain price in horses or other valuable property. The parents fully realize that education will elevate their girls away from this property consideration." The captain, who collected the party, was able, therefore, to bring only nine girls and forty boys, of ages ranging from nine to nineteen years, with one exception of a mother, who could not trust so far away the pretty little girl she wished to save from a life like her own.

The new arrival was a new departure in Hampton's Indian work. The wild-looking set in motley mixture of Indian and citizens' dress, apparently trying to hide away altogether under their blankets, or shawls, or streaming unkempt locks, made a contrast with the soldierly St. Augustines, evidently obvious enough to the latter, whose faces betrayed some civilized disgust, as well as tribal prejudice, as they looked on in the glory of their fresh school uniforms. It was not long, however, before they were exchanging greetings in the expressive sign-language that all could understand.

A Cheyenne, Sioux, and Ree—representatives of tribes which have often been at war with each other—made up a group for statuesque pose and significant contrasts fit subject for sculptor or poet, as Comes Flying and White Wolf stood wrapped in their blankets, watching, half compliant, half suspicious, the grave and speaking gestures with which Little Chief freely offered what he had so freely received.

"I tell them, Look at me; I will give you the road."

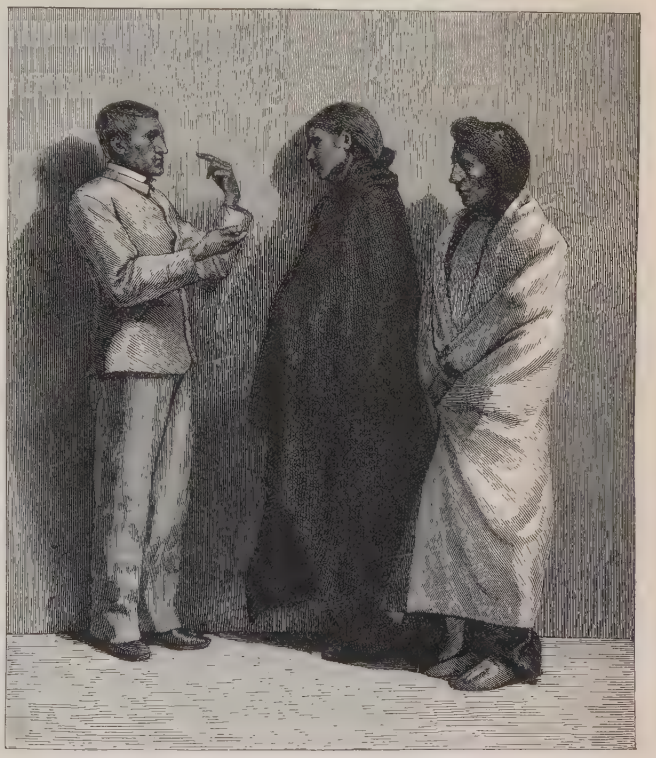
The St. Augustines generally did good service in showing the road to the new recruits. The hospitality of the colored students, somewhat overtaxed by the in-

road of nearly double the number of boys expected, before their new quarters were ready for them, revived with the changes wrought by soap and water, and won full victory when, on taking possession of their new "wigwam" a month later, the Dakotas made a spontaneous petition, through their interpreter, for colored room-mates to "help talk English." The volunteers who generously undertook the mission became quite fond of "their boys," and emulous of each other in bringing them forward in such minor arts of civilization as the proper use of beds and hair-brushes.

Thus helped by willing hands, red, white, and black, and joined from time to time by companions, from their own and other tribes, till they now number over seventy, the Indian students have been two years on the new road, and Hampton now has contrasts to show as convincing, if not as dramatic, as those of St. Augustine. It is difficult, indeed, to associate the gaunt young *gamins* that sat about in listless heaps two years ago with the bright, busy groups of boys and girls at study or play, or singing over their work.

The effort has been for a natural, all-round growth rather than a rapid one. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail, and object-teaching, pictures, and blackboards take their place, with every other device that ingenuity is equal to, often on the spur of the moment, to keep up the interest and attention of the undisciplined minds that, with the best intentions and strong desire to know English, have small patience for preliminary steps. A peripatetic class was thus devised to relieve the tedium of the school-room, and had, to speak literally and figuratively, quite a run. It usually began with leap-frog, and then went gayly on to find its "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," etc. Geography is taught with moulding sand and iron raised dissecting maps; arithmetic at first with blocks. The Indians are particularly fond of each, and the advanced class is quite expert in adding up columns of figures as long as a ledger page, and equal to practical problems of every-day trade and simple business accounts.

Nothing, however, can equal the charm of the printed page. It has the old mystery of "the paper that talks." "If I can not read when I go home," said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The gratitude of the St. Augustines over their first text-book in geography was touching. Reading, writing, and spelling are taught together by the word method and charts. Later, attractive little primaries have been very useful, and unbound numbers of children's magazines, such as are used in the Quincy schools. Most of the Dakotas can now read at sight as simple English as is found in these, and are beginning to take pleasure in reading or in listening to easy versions of our



"LOOK AT ME; I WILL GIVE YOU THE ROAD."

GROUP OF INDIAN GIRLS BEFORE EDUCATION.

childhood classics of Robinson Crusoe, and Christopher Columbus, and George Washington with his little hatchet. One of their teachers who tried the hatchet story on them in preparation for the 22d of February says: "Such attentive listeners I never saw before. They were perfectly enraptured. They understood everything, even to the moral. A few days after this I was annoyed by talking in the class. When I asked who did it, every one blamed his neighbor. I said, 'Now, boys, don't tell a lie. Who will be a George Washington?' Two boys at once stood up and said, 'We did it.'"

Another teacher was less successful with her moral, in trying to explain a hymn they had learned to recite :

"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win."

The next day one of the girls came to her, exclaiming, triumphantly, "I victory! I victory! Louisa Bullhead get mad with me. She big temptation. *I fight her.* I victory!"

One can but sympathize with another who was "victory" in a different sort of encounter. A party of excursionists landed on the Normal School grounds in the summer, and hunting up some of the Indian students, surrounded them, and with more regard for their own amusement than for wasting courtesy on "savages," plied them with such questions as, "What is your name? Are you wild? Can you speak English? Do you live in a house at home?" till even Indian patience was exhausted, and one girl turned upon her inquisitors. When they began, "Are you wild?" she replied, with a look that perhaps confirmed her words, "Yes, very wild; are *you* wild?" "Can you speak English?" "No, I can not speak a word of English."

They understand much of what is said before them, and are sensitive to allusions to their former condition. Three of the little girls at work in their flower garden, as a visitor passed, came running to their teacher with the indignant complaint, "That gentleman said, 'Poor little things!' We are not *very* poor little things, are we?"

Talking naturally comes slower than reading or understanding, but improves with the confidence gained in daily association with English-speaking companions and the drill of the class-room. They are beginning to think in English, for they speak it sometimes to each other, and the little girls are often heard talking English to their dollies, considering them white babies, perhaps, or having less fear of their criticism. Phonic exercises are found useful. One evening a week is given to English games, and one to singing, under the instruction of one of the former band of "Hampton Student" singers. He has succeeded in the difficult task of transcribing several of their own wild love songs, words and notes, and in teaching them to sing simple exercises by note in time and tune, though their first efforts were about as harmonious as a Chinese orchestra. They have picked up

many of the hymns and plantation melodies sung by their comrades, and are as fond of singing over their work. Monthly records of each one's standing in study, work, and conduct are sent home to their agencies, and on the back of each card a little English letter from each who is able to frame a few sentences of his own. These cards have had a great effect upon the parents, to whom they are shown by the interpreters, and are a strong incentive to the children.

"WE ARE NOT VERY POOR LITTLE THINGS, ARE WE?"

The mornings only are given to study, and the afternoons to industrial training and exercise, with Saturday as a holiday. The school farm of two hundred acres, and the "Shellbanks" farm of three hundred and thirty, the latter given chiefly in the Indians' interest by a lady friend in Boston, afford abundant opportunity for training both races in farming and the care of stock. Both have ample room also in the large brick workshops erected and fitted up by the generosity of Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York. A sixty-horse-power Corliss engine, given by Mr. G. H. Corliss, supplies the power to these shops, and to a saw-mill, where all the lumber used on the place is sawed. All the bricks used are also made on the place. Some of the Indians work in the saw-mill and engine-room. Besides the farmers, the division of labor for the boys thus far includes blacksmiths, carpenters, wheelwrights, tinsmiths, engineers, shoemakers, harness-makers, tailors, and printers. They are also employed as waiters and janitors. Special effort is made to have each of the agencies from which they come represented by as many different trades as possible. They like to work about as well as most boys, are slow, and

INDIAN COOKING CLASS, HAMPTON.

need watching, but show a special taste and aptness for mechanics. At present most of the shoes worn by the Indian boys are made entirely by Indian hands. Trunks, chairs, and tables, tin pails, cups, and dust-pans, are turned out by the dozens, and most of the repairing needed on the place is done in the various shops. The carpenters, under direction of a builder, have put up a two-story carriage-house twenty-four by fifty feet, weather-boarded and shingled. A Cheyenne (St. Augustine) and a Sioux are each proud of a fine blue farm cart made entirely by their own hands. All the shops report improvement. Their instructor in farming, a practical Northern farmer, says: "They don't like to turn out early in the morning, but otherwise do as well as any class of workmen, and seldom now have to be spoken to for any slackness. It is common to see five or six in a hoeing race, with the end of a beet or corn row for the goal."

A natural, and therefore valuable, stimulus to their energies, and doing much to make men of them, has been the payment of wages. Part of the government appropriation is given to them in this form instead of in clothing. They are expected to buy their own clothing out of it, except their school uniform. There is some waste, but more profit, in the lessons thus taught of the relation of labor to capital.

The military organization of the school, thus far under the charge of Captain Henry Romeyn, Fifth Infantry, U.S.A., has been an important aid in their discipline, and general setting up of body and spirit. Sergeant Bear's Heart and Corporal Yellow Bird are as proud of their command, and as careful to maintain the honor of their stripes, as any West-Pointer; and the fleet-footed little "markers" would doubtless fight for their colors, if they would not die for them. Yellow Bird is janitor of the wigwam, and the present teacher in charge reports, "A cleaner school building I never saw." Saturday is general cleaning day. Only the outside of the platter was civilized at first, but the effect of clean halls was soon apparent. They wanted a clean house all through, and the boys went voluntarily down on their knees and scrubbed their own rooms.

During the summer vacation, from the middle of June to the first of October, the boys who remain at the school alternate farm-work with camp life at "Shell-banks," sleeping in tents, living out-doors, cooking for themselves, fishing, hunting, and rowing. For two summers a selected number—this year seventeen boys and eight girls—have been scat-

tered among the farmers of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, working for their board, sharing the home life, and improving in health, English, and general tone. They have won a good report from the families which have taken them, even better this year than last, and have done much to increase public sympathy for their race.

The co-education of the sexes is regarded at Hampton as essential to the development of both these races in which woman has been so long degraded. The Indian girls' improvement has been as marked as the boys'. Their early inuring to labor has its compensation in a better physical condition apparently, and their uplifting may prove the most important factor in the salvation of their race. Besides the class instruction which they share with the boys, the girls are trained in the various household industries—washing, ironing, cooking, the care of their rooms, and to cut and make and mend their own clothes and the boys'. They all have flower gardens, and take great delight in them, and in decorating their rooms. The cooking class, under a teacher who has had charge of the "North End Mission" cooking school in Boston, is a very favorite "branch." Its daily successes are placed triumphantly upon the table of the class they belong to, and no doubt find the regular road to the hearts of the brave.

TWO INDIAN GIRLS AFTER A SUMMER VISIT TO BERKSHIRE.

A *love-letter* picked up on the floor of a school with Hampton's views on co-education need not inevitably shock even pedagogic sensibilities. Written in an unknown tongue, however, with only the names to betray it, a translation by the private interpreter seemed only a proper precaution. If I confide it to the gentle reader, the Indian lovers will be neither the worse nor the wiser, while some others may find in it valuable suggestions for similar correspondence.

"NORMAL SCHOOL, *February* 3, 1879.

"MISS —— ——: I said I like you, and I want to give you a letter. Whenever I give you letter, I want you answer to me soon. That's all I want, and I will answer to you soon after. When you give me letter, it raises me up. It makes me heart-glad, *sister-in-law*. When I talk, I am not saying anything foolish. Always my heart very glad. I want you let me know your thought. I always like you and love you. I am honest about what I say, I always keep in mind. I want always we smile at each other when meet. We live happy always. I think that's best way, and you think it is and let me know. And I want to say one thing—don't say anything to Henry. I don't think that's right. And I say again, when I give a letter, keep nicely and not show to any one. If they know it, it not good way. They

take us away, and that is the reason don't show it. Hear me, this all I am going to say. I like you, and I love you. I won't say any more. *My whole heart is shaking hands with you.* I kiss you. Your lover,

"____ ____."

At the last anniversary of Hampton, Secretary Schurz remarked in his speech: "One day, soon, a very interesting sight will be seen here and at Carlisle. It will be the first Indian School-visiting Board. Within a few days twenty-five or thirty Sioux chiefs, among them some warriors whose hands were lifted against the United States but a few days ago, Red Cloud and others, will go to Carlisle and come here to see their children in these schools."

Last May, accordingly, this "Indian School-visiting Board" reached Hampton. The meeting between them and their young relatives would have convinced the most skeptical that the heart of man answers to heart as face to face in water, whatever the skin it beats under.

As the Gros Ventre and Ree chiefs gathered the children of their own tribes around them for a special talk, Son of the Star beckoned one of the older girls to the front, and searching some mysterious depths of his blanket, drew forth a dirty little coil of string about two feet long, unwound it, straightened it carefully, and let it hang from one hand to the floor, with the other outlining some little form about it, bringing quick-flitting smiles to the face of the girl, while the whole ring looked on with evidently intelligent interest, though not a word was spoken. Handing the string over to the girl, he dived into his blanket once more, producing this time a little worn pair of baby shoes. But at this his watcher broke down entirely in a flood of tender tears; for the whole silent pantomime had been a letter from home describing the growth and beauty of the little sister she had left winking in its cradle basket two years before.

Son of the Star was a fine specimen of an old chief of powerful proportions. Poor Wolf, in full Indian costume, and glory of porcupine quills and eagle feathers, had put a finishing touch to his dignity by an incongruous and ludicrously solemn pair of huge gold-bowed spectacles, which made him look like a caricature of Confucius.

The Gros Ventres were particularly anxious to see Ara-hotch-kish, the only son of their second chief, Hard Horn, who had been prevented by some accident from accompanying the expedition. They found the little fellow in the workshop painting pails, and pressed around him in an admiring group. Ara's dignity was fully equal to the occasion. He worked away with an air of superb indifference, vouchsafing the old chiefs no notice whatever, except to elbow them aside, when his pail was done, to set it up and get down another, only a side glance now and then through his long lashes, and the shadow of a demure smile around his firm-set lips, betraying that he was taking in everything, and enjoying his honors.

All the chiefs were delighted spectators at the merry games of the evening "conversation hour." In an evil moment, however, the 15-14-13 puzzle was explained to Confucius by some of his young Gros Ventres, and he proved his common origin with white humanity by succumbing instantly to its spell. For the rest of the evening his gold-bound goggles bent over the maddening squares as if they were the problem of his race, set, according to its white brethren's favorite arrangement, with thirteen facts, fourteen experiments, and fifteen theories in hopeless reversion.

A visit from Bright Eyes, the eloquent young advocate of the Poncas, was a very powerful stimulus to the girls, as showing them what one of their own race and sex might become. After she left, one of the older girls said to me, with a pretty, timid hesitancy, "Miss Bright Eyes—I wish I like that." Her own soft bright eyes shone with a soul in them as she added: "When I came to here, I feel bad all time; I want go home; I no want stay at Hampton. Now I want stay here. I not want go home. I want learn more, then go home, teacher my people."

A few weeks after, on the visit of the chiefs from Dakota, this girl, at her own urgent request, stood up before the whole conclave and the school, and with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes told her people's rulers what the school was to her, and begged them to send all the children to learn the good road. Her speech, which, in order to reach all the chiefs, had to be translated by two interpreters, passing through English on the way, was listened to with respectful attention.

The most important result of Bright Eyes's visit to the school was to rouse in her own heart the desire to make use of her hold upon public sympathy for the

permanent benefit of her Indian sisters. With this desire she offered her services to speak at the East in behalf of a project of some Northern friends of the school to enlarge its work by erecting a building for Indian girls, to cost, complete and furnished, $15,000. A beautiful site adjoining the school premises, and now inclosed in them, was given as a generous send-off by a lady friend. It will give room for the training of at least fifty more Indian girls at Hampton, thus effecting the desired balance of the sexes. The Secretary of the Interior has signified his readiness to send them from the agencies with the same appropriation as for the boys, of $150 per year apiece. There is every assurance of their readiness now to come. It is for the friends of the Indians to decide whether Hampton's work for them shall be thus rounded and established, and the timid prayer be heard, "I wish I like that."

LITTLE INDIAN GIRL IN HER ROOM.

Carlisle, Pennsylvania, like Hampton, Virginia, is classic ground in American history. Under the shade of its unbroken forests Benjamin Franklin met the red men in council. A British military post in the Revolution, and falling into the hands of the Continentals, the Hessian-built guard-house is still shown as once the place of André's confinement, before his greater disaster.

The last and greatest change of fortune, which has filled the empty armories with ploughshares and pruning-hooks, and the soldiers' quarters with a government school for Indian children—as if the spirit of the earliest and sacredest of Indian treaties still lingered in the groves of Penn—was brought about through a bill introduced in the winter of 1879 in the House of Representatives, entitled "A bill to increase educational privileges and establish additional industrial training schools for the benefit of youth belonging to such nomadic Indian tribes as have educational treaty claims upon the United States." It provided for the utilization for such school purposes of certain vacant military posts and barracks as long as not required for military occupation, and authorized the detail of army officers by the Secretary of War for service in such schools, without extra pay, under direction of the Secretary of the Interior.

The House Committee on Indian Affairs, in favorably reporting upon this bill, urged that the government had made treaty stipulations specially providing for education with nomadic tribes, including about seventy-one thousand Indians, having over twelve thousand children of school age; that the treaties were made in 1868, and in ten years less than one thousand children had received schooling. It was further urged that "the effort in this direction recently undertaken and in successful progress at the Industrial and Normal Institute of Hampton, Virginia, furnishes a striking proof of the natural aptitude and capacity of the rudest savages of the plains for mechanical, scientific, and industrial education, when removed from parental and tribal surroundings and influences"; and that "the very considerable number of agents, teachers,

HARNESS-MAKING APPRENTICES, CARLISLE.

missionaries, and others engaged in educational work who have visited and witnessed the methods of Hampton, join in commending them as just what the Indian needs, while the intercourse between the youth at Hampton and their parents has produced extraordinary interest and demand for educational help from these tribes."

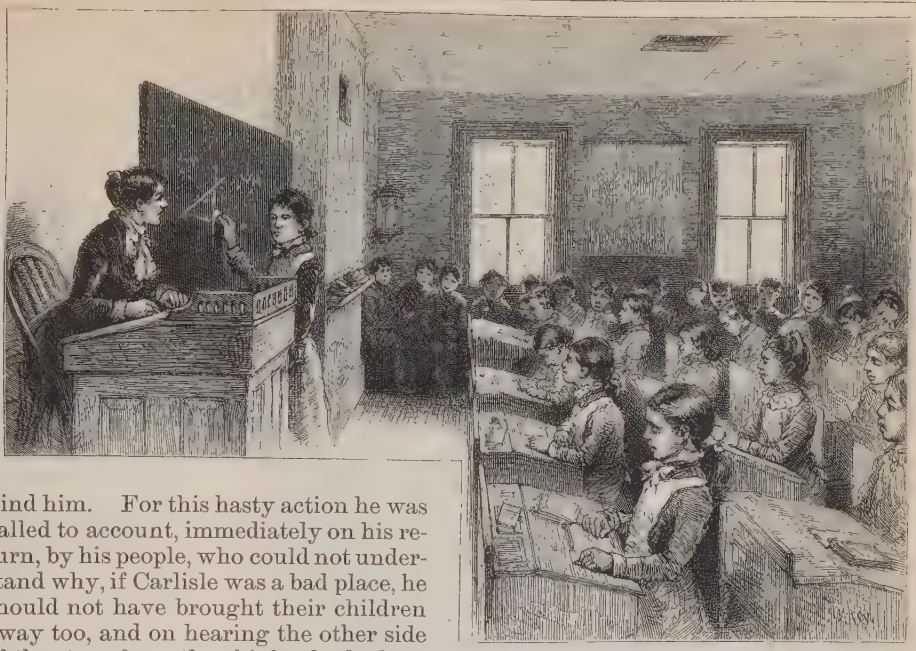
The importance of this measure was so recognized that even in anticipation of subsequent favorable action upon it by Congress, with a wise cutting of red tape, the War Department turned over Carlisle Barracks to the Interior, and Captain Pratt was detailed to bring children from the Northern agencies before the frosts came, which would have delayed it another year. The transfer of the post was effected on the centennial anniversary of the battle of White Plains, eliciting from Secretary McCreary a felicitous remark upon the coincidence which on such memorial day gave up to Indian education a post for eighty years used as a training school for cavalry officers to make war chiefly upon Indians.

Taking with him Hampton's godspeed, and two of his most advanced Dakota boys for interpreters and "specimens," the captain started for Dakota in September, 1879, returning in a few weeks with eighty-four.

All but two of the St. Augustines from Hampton also accompanied their captain to Carlisle, to form a starting-point of English speech and civilization. One of these young men, a Kiowa, with a companion who had been under instruction at the North, went on alone to Indian Territory in advance of Captain Pratt, and by their own influence they gathered forty-two children and youth from their own agency for Carlisle. These, with some more from other agencies in the Territory, were brought by the captain to the school, and it opened with one hundred and forty-seven children on the 1st of November, 1879.

The President's next Message and the report of the Secretary of the Interior again commended to public attention the importance of the work at Hampton, with the new efforts to which its "promising results" had led at Carlisle and at Forest Grove, Oregon, where arrangements were made for the similar training at a white boarding-school of a number of Indian boys and girls belonging to tribes on the Pacific coast, under charge of Captain Wilkinson, who is making it quite successful under many difficulties.

Additions and changes from time to time have brought the number at Carlisle up to one hundred and ninety-six at the present time, fifty-seven of whom are girls. Besides the Sioux and St. Augustines, there are in lesser numbers other Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and Kiowas; also Comanches, Wichitas, Seminoles, Pawnees, Keechis, Towaconies, Nez Percés, and Poncas, from Indian Territory; Menomonees from Wisconsin; Iowas, Sacs, and Foxes from Nebraska; Pueblos from New Mexico; Lipans from old Mexico; to which will probably be added fifty Utes from Colorado, the first of the tribe ever in a school. Many of the number are children of chiefs or head-men; among others, of White Eagle, head chief of the Poncas; Black Crow, American Horse, and White Thunder, noted chiefs of the Sioux. The famous old chief Spotted Tail had four boys there and a daughter, with two more distant relatives, but, on his visit to them, took umbrage at finding his half-breed son-in-law no longer needed as interpreter, and went off in a huff, with all his little Spotted Tails be-



A CLASS-ROOM.

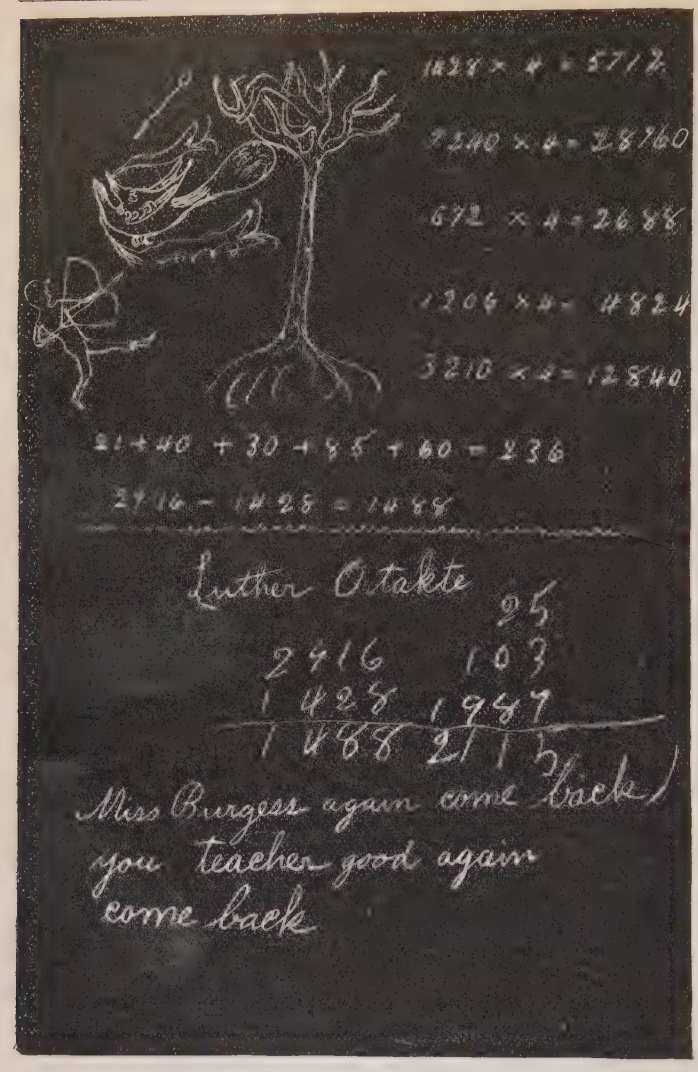
hind him. For this hasty action he was called to account, immediately on his return, by his people, who could not understand why, if Carlisle was a bad place, he should not have brought their children away too, and on hearing the other side of the story from the chiefs who had accompanied him, asked to have him deposed for "double talking." One of the indignant parents, with the mild name of Milk, in writing upon the subject to Captain Pratt, says, with some lactic acidity, "Spotted Tail has been to the Great Father's house so often that he has learned to tell lies and deceive people." It is pleasant to add that a judicious letting alone had the due effect, and he has requested the government's permission to send his children back to Carlisle.

Many visitors go to Carlisle to see the Indians. Some of them, it must be acknowledged, are disappointed. After alighting at the commandant's office, and being courteously received by Captain Pratt or one of his assistants, the spokesman of the party asks politely if they may "first look about by themselves a little." Cordial permission given, they set forth, but in the course of half an hour are back again with clouded brows, and the appeal, "We thought we might see some Indians round; can you show us some?" A smile and a circular wave of the hand emphasize the assurance that a score or two of noble red men are within easy eye-range at the moment. Following the gesture with a glance over the green where the boys and girls are passing, perhaps, to their school-rooms, the shade of unsatisfaction deepens, and they explain: "Oh, but I mean *real* Indians. Haven't you some real Indians—all in blankets, you know, and feathers, and long hair?"

A little allowance must be made for sentiment in human nature, and if these easily disappointed visitors stay long enough, they may be gratified with an occasional "real Indian" dance of a gentle type, or without much trouble the well-named maiden Pretty Day might be persuaded to attire herself, as becomes a high-born princess of the plains, in her cherished dress of finest dark blue blanket, embroidered deer-skin leggings, and curiously netted cape adorned with three hundred milk-white elk teeth, each pair of them the price of a pony.

Aboriginal picturesqueness is certainly sacrificed to a great extent in civilization. One who is willing to relinquish the idea, however, of a menagerie of wild creatures kept for exhibition, will not regret to find instead a school of neatly dressed boys and girls, with bright eyes and clean faces, as full of fun and frolic as if they were the descendants of the Puritans.

The barracks stand on a knoll half a mile from the town. From the upper piazza of the commandant's quarters the eye sweeps over a beautiful landscape. Spurs



SLATE OF LITTLE SIOUX BOY AFTER SEVEN MONTHS' TRAINING AT CARLISLE.

of the Blue Ridge circle it in front and rear, from five to eight miles away, the old town lies down in the hollow, green fields stretch between, and the little "Tort Creek" winds its very tortuous way round the post grounds and through a grove of old trees. Beyond the flag-staff in front of the house is the parade-ground, where the boys drill and the girls play. A pretty sight it is to see the merry little crowd enjoying a game of ball, or with heads up and toes trying to turn out, taking off the boys' "setting-up drill," with shouts of laughter, finishing all up properly with the difficult achievement of touching fingers to toes without bending the knees.

Long brick buildings, ranged in a hollow square with double sides, are variously occupied by schoolrooms and quarters for students and teachers, offices, dining-room, kitchen, hospital, etc. The large stables of the garrison have been, for the most part, converted into workshops and a gymnasium. A little wooden chapel has been put up for the school, simply a long room, well lighted and furnished with settees, but this has been all the building needed. So many substantial edifices, in tolerable order to start with, have been a great advantage. This is especially noticeable in the school building, two stories high like the rest, the upper half of which affords four school-rooms, each fifty feet by twenty-four, and two recitation-rooms of half the length. All are furnished with comfortable desks, blackboards, and all the conveniences of a well-ordered school. The lower story, containing the same room, allows for doubling the number of students, which is the captain's desire.

A walk through these pleasant class-rooms is of great interest. Each contains from thirty to forty pupils, under the constant care, for the most part, of one teacher, who, as may be imagined, has her hands full to keep all busy and quiet, but who does it, somehow, to a remarkable degree. As at Hampton, the great object is to teach English, and then the rudiments of an English education, and the methods employed are similar.

The results possible can not be more

fairly shown than by a slate not gotten up for the occasion, but filled with the day's work of one of the pupils—not the best offered, but chosen because it was the work of a little Sioux boy of twelve or thirteen, who, seven months and a half before, had never had any schooling in any language, and did not know a word of English, nor how to make a letter or a figure. He evidently did know how to make pictures, as most of his race do. The blackboards of an Indian recitation-room are usually rich in works of art illustrative of the day's doings, or memories of home life.

The industries, agricultural and mechanical, are under the charge of master-workmen; a skilled farmer, carpenter, wagon-maker, and blacksmith, harness-maker, tinner, shoemaker, baker, tailor, and printer. All the boys not learning trades are required to work in turn on the farm. Twelve acres of arable land belong to the post, and twelve more have been rented—two hundred could well be used. The articles manufactured in the shops are taken by government for the agencies. Under this wise encouragement they have already turned out wagons and farm implements, dozens of sets of harness, hundreds of dozens of tinware, and numbers of pairs of shoes, besides doing all the mending, and making all of the girls' clothing and most of the boys' underwear. The amount of students' work on these varies. No waste is allowed; the master-workmen do the cutting out and planning for the most part, but the apprentices are brought forward as fast as possible, and the masters say they are up to any apprentices. Indeed, the enthusiastic master-tinsmith put a challenge into a Carlisle paper, which was not taken up, offering to back Roman Nose, one of the St. Augustines, against any apprentice with no longer practice, for $100 a side. One of the young Sioux shoemakers took his father's measure when he visited the school, and sent him by mail, after he went home, a pair of boots made entirely by himself.

The two printer apprentices are practiced chiefly upon the monthly "organ" of the school, the *Eadle-Keatah-toh* (*Morning Star*), a very interesting little sheet. One of the boys, however, Samuel Townsend, a Pawnee from Indian Territory, prints a tiny paper, the *School News*, of which he is both editor and proprietor, writing his own editorials and correcting his own proof.

TINNER'S APPRENTICES, CARLISLE.

The girls' industrial room makes as good showing as the boys'. Many have learned to sew by hand, and some to run the sewing-machine. Virginia, daughter of the Kiowa chief Stumbling Bear, made a linen shirt, with bosom, entirely by herself, washed and ironed it herself, and sent it to her father. Two Sioux girls have made calico shirts for their fathers. Mending is very neatly done. At Carlisle, as at Hampton, the tender maidens sweeten industry with sentiment, and carefully rummage the darning basket for the stockings of the boys they like the best.

The young St. Augustine from Hampton who went to Indian Territory to col-

COOK AND HIS DAUGHTER GRACE.

lect pupils for Carlisle, took wise advantage of the opportunity to bring back a sweetheart for himself. His naïve account of the affair to the captain makes a good companion piece to the Hampton love-letter.

"Long time ago, in my home, Indian Territory, I hunt and I fight. I not think about the girls. Then you take us St. Augustine. By-and-by I learn to talk English. I try to do right. Everybody very good to me. I try do what you say. But I not think about the girls. Then I go Hampton. There many good girls. I study. I learn to work. But I not think about the girls. Then I come Carlisle. I work hard; try to help you. By-and-by you send me Indian Territory for Indian boys and Indian girls. I go get many — fifteen. I see all my people, my old friends. But I not think about the girls there. But Laura, she think. She tell me she be my wife. I bring her here, Carlisle. She know English before. She study and sew. Now Laura's father dead, since come here. Now I think all the time, I think, who take care of Laura? I think, by-and-by I find place to work near here; I work very hard. *I* take care of Laura."

Besides this frank damsel, who "thinks" to so much purpose, he brought with him a bright little sister of his own, and several brothers and sisters of the other St. Augustines, all of whom are among the most promising of the Carlisle pupils.

Carlisle, like Hampton, has met with much sympathy from its neighbors. It is illustrated, with other points, in an item which appeared in a Carlisle paper during the visit of the Sioux chiefs: "A few mornings since we noticed one of the young Indian men passing in the direction of the post-office, and at his side a comely Indian maiden. The day being warm, the young man carried a huge umbrella to shield them from the sun. Only a short distance in front of them several Indian chiefs were stalking along, wrapped in blankets, and bare-headed. The contrast was so striking that it attracted the attention of many persons on the street. And the conclusion was irresistibly forced

upon all who noticed the incident that the Indian school is proving a great success."

The visit of the Sioux chiefs to Carlisle was prolonged to eight or ten days, and, with the exception of Spotted Tail's uncomfortable episode, was pleasant and profitable to all.

Accompanying the party was one Indian named Cook, who, not being a chief, had not been invited to come at government expense, so he came at his own expense, all the way from Dakota, to see his little girl at the Carlisle school. He was greatly pleased with her surroundings and progress, and the day after he arrived went out into the town and bought her a white dress, a pair of slippers, and a gold chain and cross. Arrayed in these gifts, he took his precious "Porcelain Face" out with him to have their photographs taken to carry home.

Both Hampton and Carlisle afford excellent opportunity for study of race character. The chief conclusion will be that Indian children are, on the whole, very much like other children, some bright and some stupid, some good and some perverse, all exceedingly human. The untamed shyness, so much in the way of their progress, seems to be as marked in the half-breeds as in those of full blood, unless they have been brought up among white people. It wears off fastest in the younger ones, in constant meeting with strangers, and association with new companions. A certain self-consciousness and sensitive pride is left which is not a bad point in the character. A quick sense of humor is its correlative, perhaps, and both may result from the trained and inherited keenness of observation which appreciates both the fitting and the incongruous.

The pupils at Carlisle and Hampton are in constant receipt of letters from their parents and friends, written some in picture hieroglyphics, some in Sioux, and some, through their interpreters, in English, but all expressive of earnest desire for their progress in school. About a hundred of these letters were sent to the Indian Department by Captain Pratt, forty of which were referred to the Senate in answer to Senator Teller's resolution against compulsory education for the Cheyennes. Indian sentiments on education expressed by themselves, and the real effect upon Indian parents of sending their children to a white man's school, no one need question who reads the following specimens of these letters, translated from the Sioux:

"PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAKOTA, *April* 15, 1880.

"MY DEAR SON,—I send my picture with this. You see that I had my War Jacket on when taken, but I wear white man's clothes, and am trying to live and act like white men. Be a good boy. We are proud of you, and will be more so when you come back. All our people are building houses and opening up little farms all over the reservation. You may expect to see a big change when you get back. Your mother and all send love.

"Your affectionate father,

"CLOUD SHIELD."

"ROSEBUD AGENCY, *January* 4, 1880.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Ever since you left me I have worked hard, and put up a good house, and am trying to be civilized like the whites, so you will never hear anything bad from me. When Captain Pratt was here he came to my house, and asked me to let you go to school. I want you to be a good girl and study. I have dropped all the Indian ways, and am getting like a white man, and don't do anything but what the agent tells me. I listen to him. I have always loved you, and it makes me very happy to know that you are learning. I get my friend Big Star to write. If you could read and write, I should be very happy. Your father, BRAVE BULL.

"Why do you ask for moccasins? I sent you there to be like a white girl, and wear shoes."

A small Indian girl who wanted to exhibit her knowledge of a good big English word, announced that she had come East to be "cilyized." I hope I have shown sufficiently that it is the effort of Hampton and Carlisle not to *sillyize* the Indian. Let us not, on the other hand, sillyize ourselves. One great lesson of the missionary work of fifty years has been to work with nature and not against nature; the next must be to be content with natural results. We forget that we are ourselves but the saved remnant of a race. I can not do better on this point for both schools than to quote from an address of General Armstrong: "The question is most commonly asked, Can Indians be taught? That is not the question. Indian minds are quick; their bodies are greater care than their minds; their character is the chief concern of their teachers. Education should be first for the heart, then for the health, and last for the mind, reversing the custom of putting the mind before physique and character. This is the Hampton idea of education."

TRUANTS FROM SCHOOL.

ITALIAN LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THE fact that Italian immigration is constantly on the increase in New York makes it expedient to consider both the condition and status of these future citizens of the republic. The higher walks of American life, in art, science, commerce, literature, and society, have, as is well known, long included many talented and charming Italians; but an article under the above title must necessarily deal with the subject in its lower and more recent aspect. During the year 1879 seven thousand two hundred Italian immigrants were landed at this port, one-third of which number remained in the city, and there are now over twenty thousand Italians scattered among the population of New York. The more recently arrived herd together in colonies, such as those in Baxter and Mott streets, in Eleventh Street, in Yorkville, and in Hoboken. Many of the most important industries of the city are in the hands of Italians as employers and employed, such as the manufacture of macaroni, of objects of art, confectionery, artificial flowers; and Italian workmen may be found everywhere mingled with those of other nationalities. It is no uncommon thing to see at noon some swarthy Italian, engaged on a building in process of erection, resting and dining from his tin kettle, while his brown-skinned wife sits by his side, brave in her gold earrings and beads, with a red flower in her hair, all of which at home were kept for feast days. But here in America increased wages make every day a feast day in the matter of food and raiment; and why, indeed, should not the architectural principle of beauty supplementing necessity be applied even to the daily round of hod-carrying? Teresa from the Ligurian mountains is certainly a more picturesque object than Bridget from Cork, and quite as worthy of incorporation in our new civilization. She is a better wife and mother, and under equal circumstances far outstrips the latter in that improvement of her condition evoked by the activity of the New World. Her children attend the public schools, and develop very early an amount of energy and initiative which, added to the quick intuition of Italian blood, makes them valuable factors in the population. That the Italians are an idle and thriftless people is a superstition which time will remove from the American mind. A little kindly guidance and teaching can mould them into almost any form. But capital is the first necessity of the individual. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the poor untried souls that wander from their village or mountain homes, with no advice but that of the parish priest, no knowledge of the country to which they are going but the vague though dazzling remembrance that somebody's uncle or brother once went to Buenos Ayres and returned with a fortune, no pecuniary resource but that which results from the sale of their little farms or the wife's heritage of gold beads, and no intellectual capital but the primitive methods of farming handed down by their ancestors, should drift into listless and hopeless poverty? Their emigration is frequently in the hands of shrewd compatriots, who manage to land

them on our shores in a robbed and plundered condition.

On the other hand, the thrifty *bourgeois* who brings with him the knowledge of a trade, and some little capital to aid him in getting a footing, very soon begins to prosper, and lay by money with which to return and dazzle the eyes of his poorer neighbors, demoralizing his native town by filling its inhabitants with yearnings toward the El Dorado of "Nuova York." Such a man, confectioner, hairdresser, or grocer, purchases a villa, sets up his carriage, and to all appearance purposes spending his life in elegant leisure; but the greed of money-getting which he has brought back from the New World surges restlessly within him, and he breaks up his establishment, and returns to New York to live behind his shop in some damp, unwholesome den, that he may add a few more dollars to his store, and too often his avarice is rewarded by the contraction of a disease which presently gives his hard-earned American dollars into the hands of his relatives in Italy. There is an element of chance in the success of Italians which makes emigration with them a matter of more risk than with other nationalities of more prudence and foresight. The idyllic life of an Italian hill-side or of a dreaming mediæval town is but poor preparation for the hand-to-hand struggle for bread of an overcrowded city. Hence the papers of the peninsula teem with protests and warnings from the pens of intelligent Italians in America against the thoughtless abandonment of home and country on the uncertain prospect of success across the ocean.

The fruit trade is in the hands of Italians in all its branches, from the Broadway shop with its inclined plane of glowing color, to the stand at a street corner. Among the last the well-to-do fruit-merchant has a substantial wooden booth, which he locks up in dull times, removing his stock. In winter he also roasts chestnuts and pea-nuts, and in summer dispenses slices of water-melon and *aqua cedrata* to the *gamins* of the New York thoroughfares, just as he once did to the small lazzaroni of Naples or the fisher-boys of Venice. With the poorer members of the guild the little table which holds the stock in trade is the family hearth-stone, about which the children play all day, the women gossip over their lace pillows, and the men lounge in the lazy, happy ways of the peninsula. At night the flaring lamps make the dusky faces and the masses of fruit glow in a way that adds much to the picturesqueness of our streets. These fruit-merchants are from all parts of Italy, and always converse cheerfully with any one who

A STREET-LIFE SCENE.

can speak their language, with the exception of an occasional sulky youth who declines to tell where he came from, thereby inviting the suspicion that he has fled to escape the conscription. That they suffer much during our long cold winters is not to be doubted, but the patience of their characters and the deprivations to which they have always been accustomed make them philosophic and stolid. As soon as they begin to prosper, the fatalism of poverty gives place to the elastic independence of success, and their faces soon lose their characteristic mournfulness. I have seen young Italian peasants walking about the city, evidently just landed, and clad in their Sunday best—Giovanni in his broad hat, dark blue jacket, and leggings, and Lisa with her massive braids and gay shawl, open-eyed and wide-mouthed in the face of the wonderful civilization they are to belong to in the future. The elevated railroad especially seems to offer them much food for speculation—a kind of type of the headlong recklessness of Nuova York, so unlike the sleepy old ways of the market-town which has hitherto bounded their vision.

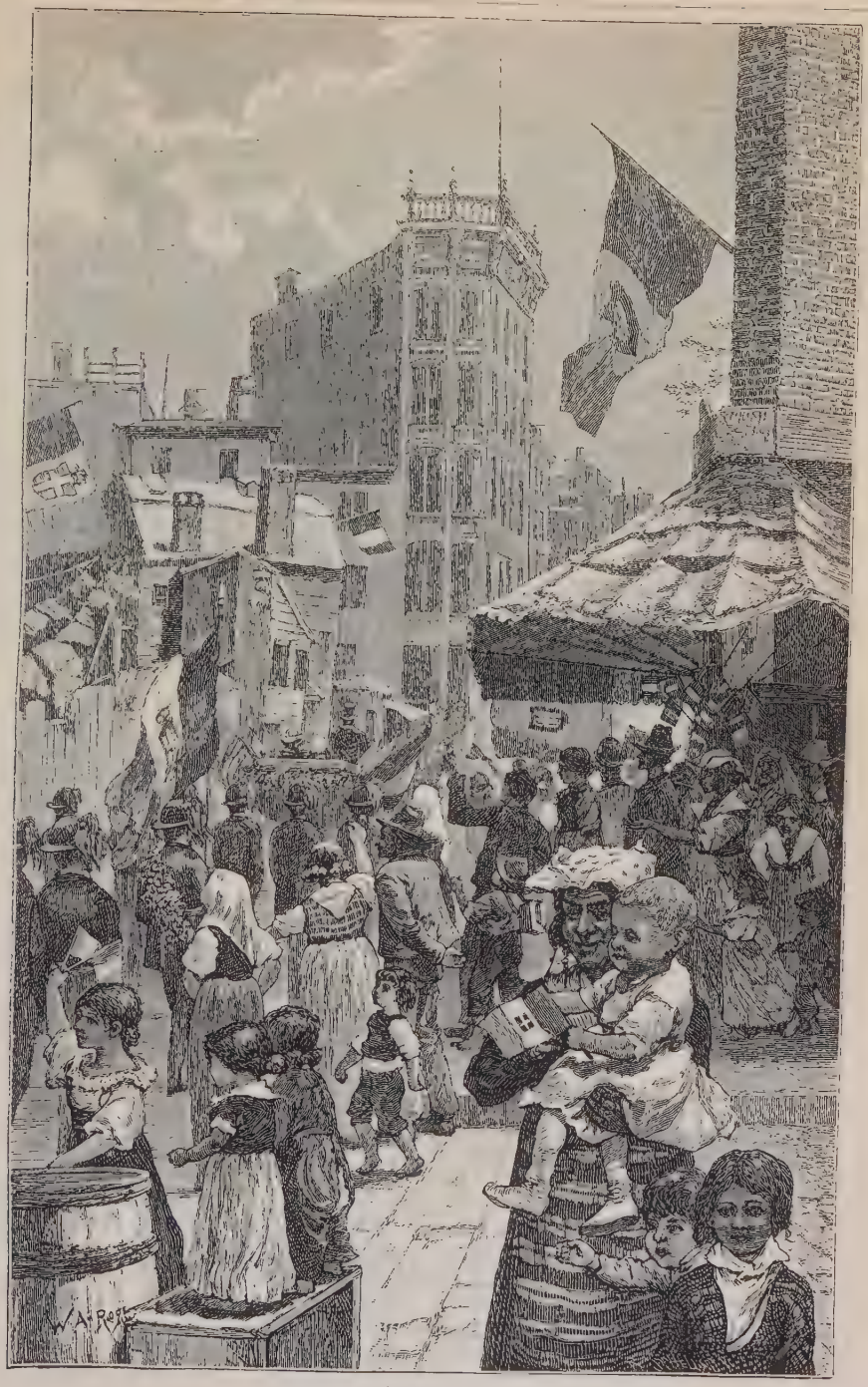
There are two Italian newspapers in New York—*L' Eco d' Italia* and *Il Repubblicano*. There are also three societies for mutual assistance—the "Fratellanza Italiana," the "Ticinese," and the "Bersaglieri." When a member of the Fratellanza dies, his wife receives a hundred dollars; when a wife dies, the husband receives fifty dollars; and a physician is provided for sick members of the society. It gives a ball every winter and a picnic in summer, which are made the occasion of patriotic demonstrations that serve to keep alive the love of Italy in the hearts of her expatriated children. Many of the heroes of '48 are to be found leading quiet, humble lives in New York. Many a one who was with Garibaldi and the Thousand in Sicily, or entered freed Venice with Victor Emanuel, now earns bread for wife and child in modest by-ways of life here in the great city. Now and then one of the king's soldiers, after serving all through the wars, drops down in his shop or work-room, and is buried by his former comrades, awaiting their turn to rejoin King Galantuomo.

There is something pathetically noble in this quiet heroism of work-day life after the glory and action of the past. I met the other day in a flower factory, stamping patterns for artificial flowers, an old Carbonaro who had left his country twenty-two years before—one of the old conspirators against the Austrians who followed in the footsteps of Silvio Pellico and the Ruffinis. He was gray-haired and gray-bearded, but his eyes flashed with the fire of youth when we talked of Italy, and grew humid and bright when he told me of his constant longing for his country, and his feeling that he should never see it again. It was a suggestive picture, this fine old Italian head, framed by the scarlet and yellow of the flowers about him, while the sunlight and the brilliant American air streamed over it from the open window, and two young Italians, dark-eyed and stalwart, paused in their work and came near to listen. It was the Italy of Europe twenty years back brought face to face with the Italy of America to-day. In another room, pretty, low-browed Italian girls were at work making leaves—girls from Genoa, Pavia, and other cities of the north, who replied shyly when addressed in their native tongue. Italians are especially fitted for this department of industry; indeed, their quick instinct for beauty shows itself in every form of delicate handiwork.

In the second generation many Italians easily pass for Americans, and prefer to do so, since a most unjust and unwarranted prejudice against Italians exists in many quarters, and interferes with their success in their trades and callings. It is much to be regretted that the sins of a few turbulent and quarrelsome Neapolitans and Calabrians should be visited upon the heads of their quiet, gentle, and hard-working compatriots. All Italians are proud and high-spirited, but yield easily to kindness, and are only defiant and revengeful when ill-treated.

There are two Italian Protestant churches in the city, various Sunday-schools, mission and industrial schools, into which the Italian element enters largely, established and carried on by Protestant Americans, chiefly under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. The most noteworthy of these, as being attended exclusively by Italians, adults and children, is the one in Leonard Street.

Some four hundred boys and girls are under instruction in the afternoon and night schools, most of them being engaged in home or industrial occupations during



AN ITALIAN FÊTE DAY IN NEW YORK.

the day. The building is large and airy, containing school-rooms, bath-rooms, a reading-room, and printing-offices, where work is furnished to Italians at the usual wages, and those seeking instruction are taught. There is a class of twenty-

THE DUET.

four girls who are taught plain sewing and ornamental needle-work, including lace-making. I visited this class, and found a number of little girls employed with lace cushions, and the manufacture of simple artificial flowers. With these last they were allowed to trim the new straw hats that had just been given them. They were plump, cleanly little creatures, much better off in the matter of food and raiment than their contemporaries of the peninsula. The lace class has been in existence but a short time, and the specimens are still somewhat coarse and irregular, but there is no reason why it should not become as important a branch of industry among the Italian women of America as among those of Europe. The only wonder is that instruction in a calling which exists by inheritance in Italy should be needed here, as these girls are mostly from the villages of Liguria, of which Genoa is the sea-port, and might fairly be supposed to know something of the craft which has made Rapallo and Santa Margherita famous. Shirts for outside orders are also made in the school, and the girls receive the same wages for their labor as are offered by the shops. The attendants upon the school are mostly Ligurians, and repudiate indignantly all kinship with the Neapolitans or Calabrians, whom they refuse to recognize as Italians, thereby showing how little the sectional sentiment of Italy has been affected by the union of its parts under one ruler.

Under the guidance of a lady connected with the school, I explored Baxter and contiguous streets, nominally in search of dilatory pupils. Here and there a small girl would be discovered sitting on the curb-stone or in a doorway, playing jackstones, with her hair in tight crimps, preparatory to participation in some church ceremony. An Italian feminine creature of whatever age, or in whatever clime, stakes her hopes of heaven on the dressing of her hair. Her excuse for remaining away from school was that she had to "mind the stand," or tend the baby, while her mother was occupied elsewhere, and her countenance fell when she was reminded that she could have brought the baby to school. It was noticeable that all these children, who had left Italy early or were born here, had clear red and white complexions, the result of the American climate. We passed through courts and alleys where swarthy Neapolitans were carting bales of rags, and up dark stairs where women and children were sorting

them. Some of their homes were low, dark rooms, neglected and squalid; others were clean and picturesque, with bright patchwork counterpanes on the beds, rows of gay plates on shelves against the walls, mantels and shelves fringed with colored paper, red and blue prints of the saints against the white plaster, and a big nosegay of lilacs on the dresser among the earthen pots. Dogs and children were ing his way from one watering-place to another, accompanied perhaps by his family, or at least a child or two. In answer to an inquiry concerning monkeys, we were directed to a large double house opposite, said to be inhabited entirely by Neapolitans, who were swarming about the windows in all their brown shapeliness. In the hallway, above the rickety outer stairs, lounged several men with

THE MONKEYS' TRAINING-SCHOOL.

tumbling together on the thresholds just as they do in the cool corridors of Italian towns. On the first floor of one of the houses I found an establishment for the repairing of hand-organs, where a youth was hammering at the barrel of one, and a swarthy black-bearded man, to whom it belonged, was lounging on a bench near by. Against the smoke-blackened wall an armful of lilacs stood in a corner, filling the room with sweetness, and leading naturally to the thought that with the spring and the flowers the organ-grinder prepares for a trip into the country, play- red shirts and unkempt heads and faces. One of them was the proprietor of the monkey establishment, and his *farouche* manner disappeared with our first words of interest in his pets. He led us into the little room adjoining, where some six or eight half-grown monkeys were peering through the bars of their cages, evidently pleading to be let out. The most creditably schooled monkey was released first, handed his cap, made to doff and don it, and shake hands, orders being issued both in Italian and English. Some of the others—small brown things with bright

eyes, and "not yet quite trained," said the Neapolitan—were allowed a moment's respite from captivity, at which they screamed with joy, and made for the dish of soaked bread, dipping their paws into it with great greediness, while the *padrone* laughed indulgently. A properly trained organ-monkey is worth from twenty to thirty dollars.

In the great house known to Baxter Street as the "Bee-hive," we found the handsome *padrona* whose husband rents organs and sells clocks, which latter articles appear to be essentials to Italian housekeeping, in default of the many bells of the old country. The *padrona* was at first by no means eager to give information, as she supposed, in good broad American (she was born in New York), that it "would be put in the papers, like it was before." It would appear that the advantages of communication with the outer world are not appreciated by the inhabitants of Baxter Street. The *padrona* finally informed me that the rent of an organ was four dollars a month, and that they had hard work getting it out of the people who hired them, "for they always told you they had been sick, or times were bad, or their children had been sick; and when the Italians came over they expected you to give them a room with a carpet and a clock, else they said you had no kindness." I saw in the cluster of eight houses that form the "Bee-hive" various humble homes, from the neat and graceful poverty adorned with bright colors, and sweet with the bunch of lilacs brought from the morning's marketing (the favorite flower of the neighborhood), to the dens of one room, in which three or four families live, and take boarders and lodgers into the bargain. They told me that the building contained a thousand souls, and that cases of malarial fever were frequent. It is true that the odors of Baxter Street are unhealthy and unpleasant, arguing defective drainage; but those of Venice are equally so, and exist for the prince no less than the beggar. As for overcrowding, no one who, for example, has spent a summer in Genoa, and has seen the stream of pallid, languid humanity pour out of the tall old houses of the Carignano district, can find food for sensationalism in the manner of life common to Baxter Street. It must be remembered that the standard of prosperity in America is not that of Italy, and that a man is not necessarily destitute nor a pauper because he prefers organ-grinding or rag-picking to shoemaking or hod-carrying, and likes macaroni cooked in oil better than bakers' bread and tough meat.

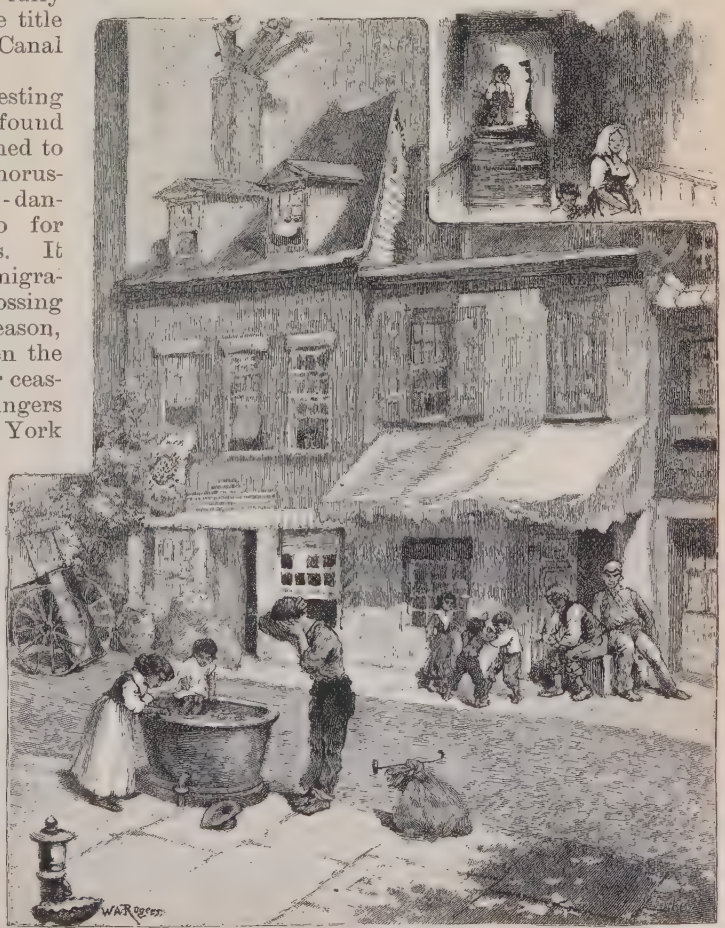
I fail to find that Italians here retain their national habits of enjoyment or their love of feast-day finery. True, I have seen *contadine* in gold beads and ear-rings sitting on their door-steps on Sunday afternoons, and I have watched a large family making merry over a handful of boiled corn, just as they did at home, and I have seen the Genoese matrons dress one another's hair of a Sunday morning in the old fashion. But the indifferentism and stolidity of the country react upon them. There seems to be little of the open-air cooking, the polenta and fish stalls, the soup and macaroni booths, that breed conviviality in the Italian streets. They apparently eat in their own homes, after the New World fashion.

Undoubtedly much of the recklessness with which Italians are charged in New York is the result of the sudden removal of religious influences from their lives. At home there is a church always open and at hand, and the bells constantly remind them of the near resting-place for soul and body. When their homes are noisy and uncomfortable, they can find peace and quiet in the cool dark churches; and when they are on the verge of quarrel or crime, and the hand involuntarily seeks the knife, the twilight angelus or the evening bell for the dead softens the angry heart and silences the quick tongue. Here the only escape from the crowded rooms is in the equally crowded yard, or the door-step, or the rum-shop. The only entirely Italian Catholic church in New York, I believe, is that of San Antonio di Padova, in Sullivan Street, attended by a superior class of Italians, all apparently prosperous and at peace with their surroundings.

In the days of political persecution and struggle in Italy, America was the republican ideal and Utopia toward which the longing eyes of all agitators and revolutionists turned. When self-banished or exiled by government, they were apt to seek their fortunes in America, often concealing their identity and possible rank, and taking their places among the workers of the republic. Among these was Garibaldi, who passed some time here in the suburbs of New York, earning his

living like many another honest toiler, and awaiting the right moment to strike the death-blow at tyranny. To study the Italian character in its finer *nuances*, the analyst should not limit his investigations to the broad generalizations of the Italian quarters, but should prosecute his researches in out-of-the-way down-town thoroughfares, where isolated shops with Italian names over their doors stimulate curiosity. In these dingy places, among dusty crimping-pins, pomatum-pots, and ghastly heads of human hair, half-worn clothing, the refuse of pawnbrokers' shops, you may meet characters that would not have been unworthy the attention of Balzac, and would eagerly have been numbered by Champfleury among his "Excentriques." I have one in my mind whose short round person, tall dilapidated hat, profuse jewelry, red face, keen gray eyes, and ready tongue fully qualify him for the title of the Figaro of Canal Street.

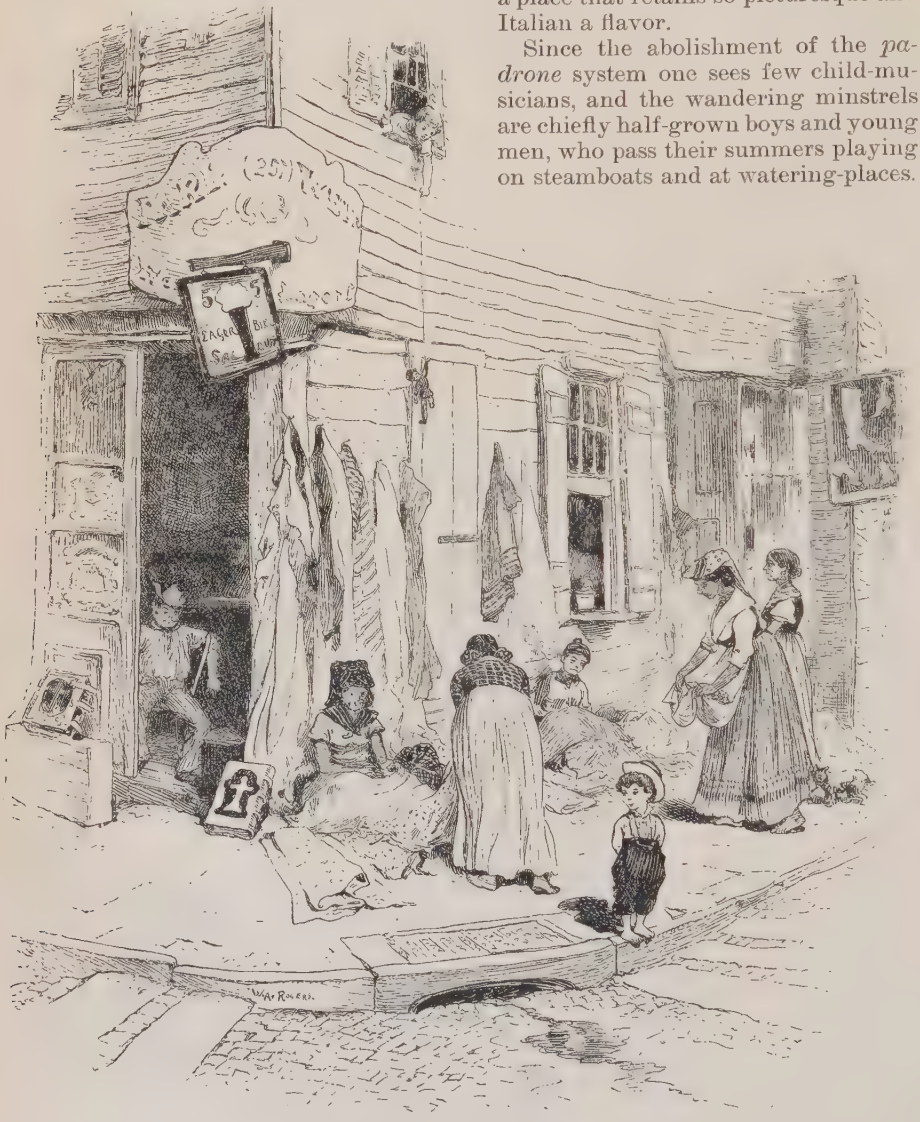
Another interesting class of Italians is found in the people attached to the opera — the chorus-singers and ballet-dancers, engaged also for spectacular dramas. It is in a measure a migratory population, crossing the ocean in the season, and recrossing when the demand for its labor ceases. Many chorus-singers who remain in New York follow different trades out of the opera season, and sing sometimes in the theatres when incidental music is required. By singers New York is regarded chiefly as a market in which they can dispose of their talents to greater pecuniary advantage than in Europe, and they endure the peculiar contingencies of American life simply in order to lay by capital with which to enjoy life in Italy. A season in America is always looked forward to as the means of accumulating a fortune, and not for any artistic value. I have heard of more than one Italian who, after a successful engagement in New York, has invited sundry compatriots to a supper at Moretti's, and announced his intention of shaking the dust of America from his shoes for evermore, being satisfied to retire on his gains, or to sing only for love of art and the applause of artists in the dingy opera-houses of Italy. The climate of America with its sudden changes kills the Italian bodies, and the moral atmosphere chills their souls — notably among artists. The "Caffè Moretti" has for years been the *foyer* of operatic artists, and no review of Italian life in New York would be complete without a mention of it. For many years they



OLD HOUSES IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

have dined, and supped, and drank their native wines in this dingy, smoke-blackened place, forgetting for the nonce that they were in America, and, coming away, have left their portraits behind them, large and small, fresh and new, or old and smoke-dried, hanging side by side on the wall to cheer the hearts of the brother artists who should follow after them to the New World, and find a moment's respite from homesickness over Signor Moretti's Lachryma Christi and macaroni cooked in the good Milanese fashion. In view of the general assimilation of Italians with their American surroundings, it is surprising and delightful to find a place that retains so picturesque and Italian a flavor.

Since the abolishment of the *padrone* system one sees few child-musicians, and the wandering minstrels are chiefly half-grown boys and young men, who pass their summers playing on steamboats and at watering-places. It is gratifying to feel that one of the disgraces of modern and enlightened Italy has been wiped from the national record by the strong hand of governmental authority.



OLD CLOTHES DEALERS.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

MY FARM IN SWITZERLAND.

JUNE 10.—Went out to the farm—a stiff walk of several miles.

Wondered all the way out why my American friends do not do as M—— does, why they do not stop trying to get rich, and why they do not study economy and contentment more.

I have read somewhere that America is twenty-eight hundred millions of dollars poorer than it was five short years ago, and that millions and millions of American capital is invested provisionally only. Why do not hundreds of these men, who have saved wrecks from their fortunes, or who have got a little money, by much risk and hard work, stop?

Why do not they do what M—— does? I presume most of them think they can not afford it—can not stop on twenty thousand dollars. M—— did, and lives well, and risks nothing.

I am going to note down, here and there, *how* he does it, only to convince myself that a man who has twenty thousand dollars has enough.

M—— was a sort of a city man—bought and sold silks; but markets cutting up all sorts of capers, he stopped silk, and bought a farm—scarcely a farm either—only ten acres; but that is two acres above the average-sized farm in the canton. Four acres of M——'s farm are in grapes, three acres in grass and fruit trees, and the rest in garden ground. The whole cost him fifteen thousand dollars, with a big stone house included. This was cheap, but the house, though very big, is a little out of style, and was thrown in, as it were. M—— made some changes, at small expense, and the house looks half as fine now as a castle. He rented the upper floors for a time, and that almost paid for the alterations.

He has, besides his farm and its equipments, five thousand dollars in bonds of the state. Interest is low, but the principal is secure. This difference in interest is usually, I believe, an insurance on security. As grape land here is valued at one thousand six hundred dollars an acre, and is reckoned to produce twenty per cent. on the investment, M——'s grapes alone will bring him, next October, one thousand two hundred dollars cash. In-

terest on bonds will add two hundred and fifty dollars to it.

I call M——'s farm *my farm* so often, I believe half my American friends who visit me in town really think I am in the business, and imagine they see the hay seeds in my hair.

June 15.—The first grass cutting is over. It is a moist climate here, and grass grows early. Some of the neighbors cut grass on May-day. There are four mowings a year. Now has commenced that awful nuisance about Swiss farming, the *fertilizing*. Such outrageous and constant smells crossing every field and garden, and penetrating every house, never were conceived outside of Switzerland. The manure is put on in liquid form, and everybody passing within a mile holds his nose and stops breathing. On this one subject the Swiss are crazy. On all others they pass. It is humiliating to see women compelled to carry the liquid manure to the fields in great wooden vessels on their backs.

The pear-trees are in full blossom, and the meadows are full of them. Growing the orchards in grass is not thought detrimental, and M—— does just as his neighbors do in almost everything. He is not much of a farmer himself, but he employs a man who *is*, pays fifteen dollars a month, with board, and hires additional help here and there as is needed. He must pay these additional hands fifty cents a day, and give them two bottles of wine each and a little bread for lunch every morning at nine and afternoon at four. They board at home. When he hires a woman, he pays her thirty cents a day and board.

M—— keeps two cows, and they work at the wagon enough to pay for keeping them, even if he had to buy the feed, which he now raises. It seems impossible that the milk and butter should be quite so good when the cows work, but the farmers all say, "*Es macht nichts.*"

The evening milk is skimmed and mixed with the unskimmed morning's milk, and is sold at four cents a litre. The evening cream is made into butter, and M—— sells about a hundred dollars' worth of milk and butter in the year. He feeds these cows on grass and yellow beets, which he grows himself, and a little bran.

Like his neighbors, he keeps his cows most of the time chained up in low, unventilated stone stalls, where the heat in summer is fearful. The only reason for this eternal roasting of the cows that I hear is that it saves food. It may be. It seems inhuman treatment, however.

Milk peddlers, with their dog-carts, call at the farm-houses every morning, and whenever M—— wishes to he can dispose of a part of his mixed skimmed and unskimmed milk.

June 20.—The blossoms are going, and the vineyards are full of men and women digging up the ground with great hoes with prongs like pitchforks. There could be no greater scandal here than weeds in a vineyard. There are no fences usually, and so there is no getting out of order of that kind. The stone walls encircling some of the little farms and vineyards last centuries without repair.

Some of the vineyards near my farm are eight hundred years old. It seems impossible. The great beam, made of a whole oak-tree, in M——'s wine-press bears the date of the sixteenth century. How many grapes that old beam has pressed into wine in its centuries!

The big house is as old as the wine-press. It has a vaulted cellar twenty-five feet high, and rows of wine-casks stand there thirty feet in circumference. The best rooms in the house are wainscoted in old oak. This was a monks' cloister once.

What merry old times they had in these oaken rooms, with the big wine-press in the barn!

The stone walls of the house are five feet thick. It would cost a fortune to build such a house now. My friend got it for a song, as it were.

June 30.—I have wondered if there are such awkward ways of doing things outside of Egypt as are practiced here. The farming implements would be laughable if they were not monstrous. Tubal-Cain certainly made better-formed scythes than are used here. The axes are simply long sharp wedges with a hole near the top, and a short, straight stick in the hole for a handle. Hay forks are big and awkward, and twice as heavy as our stable forks. Grain is oftener threshed with the old-fashioned flail than otherwise. I wonder they do not tramp it out with oxen. It would be a *slower* process, and how to be slow is made a special study here. The ploughs are the climax of agricultural monstrosities. They are great cumbersome things, made almost wholly of wood, with the beam mounted on two wooden wheels big enough for coal carts.

My friend used just such a plough yesterday on our farm. I half deny ownership now, when I think of it. It was pulled by six cows. Two men were driving the cows, and two men were holding the plough up. I followed and looked on. They were half a day ploughing half an acre.

I am glad the whole concern, ploughmen, cow-drivers, and all, were hired, and not a part proper of the farm.

and cultivation, such as is bestowed only on hot-houses in America, is common here to every farm. Not one foot of ground is left uncared for. It may take a good deal of time, with such slow hands, to do it, but it is done. Not a chip, not a straw, is

THE MILKMAN.

I sat on a stone wall for half an hour and reflected whether it were possible Americans could not make small special farming profitable, with their soil and complete implements for farming, in the face of the fact that these people not only make a living, but save money, on a poor soil, and with the old-fashioned tools of Egypt to work it.

I am certain the whole secret lies in economy; in the saving of a hundred little things that shall outbalance even the waste of these awkward implements and these slow methods. There will not a blade of grass be seen among the vines here, nor a weed on the farm. There will not be a twig of wood left to rot, or a potato undug. A gentleman's private garden could not be cleaner or better kept than is the whole farm in Switzerland, wasted. "We put this little thing and that little thing together," said my friend, "and at the end of the year it makes a good deal." One can not afford waste or bad farming on land at five or six or ten hundred dollars an acre and more.

1*st July*.—The weather is getting warm. We want to go out on the lake-side somewhere. M—— offers me a floor of his wainscoted rooms at forty dollars a month. Why should we not go? The furniture in the rooms is not the latest Paris pattern, but, like the house, it is old and strong. We will go out, and then the farm will seem mine more than ever.

What idyllic farming this is—setting the work aside; *that* the hands must do, if my friend does not. The ten acres are beautifully situated. Four acres of vines slope down toward a beautiful lake; be-

low this a strip of meadow washed by the blue water. Back of the house, and above it, more vines; and farther up, a dark forest of pines. To the right, in the distance, a white city; to the left, the snow-capped Glernisch Alps. The house is surrounded by beautiful shrubs, shade trees, and banks of flowers. In front is a long terrace with an awning of broad-armed castanea-trees, and to the left of this a white and narrow road, lined with evergreens, mountain-ash, and acacia-trees, curves up to the house.

Here it is that my friend lives, and farms, and has given up planning to be rich.

July 10.—We are snugly settled on "my farm." I am still anxious to see if M—— really does make more than a bare living on his farm. He tells me of some neighbors who have done well at it, and of hundreds of Frenchmen who wouldn't change that sort of life to be millionaires. I don't wonder. If my friend can just pay expenses, live well, and keep out of debt, he ought to be happy in a home like this. Just now there is not much coming in, and I notice my friend wishes his interest were sent to him to help pay the hands. He is thinking about the *phylloxera*, too. "If that monster were to come, it would play the deuce with all of us," he exclaims, occasionally. We will all pray it may never come. In fact, if it does not stop coming, it will make desert places of the fairest regions of the earth.

The bank had to be drawn on to meet the taxes. The farm is valued at fifteen thousand dollars, and the taxes amount to two hundred dollars. The worms ate up the cabbage—a thousand heads, worth from five to ten cents each; and one of the cows got crippled, and had to be killed. It will cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars to replace her. Many little items of income that my friend had counted on have already disappeared in fine dust. The season was wet, and many things failed. The big onion bed, however, has been sold, and will bring one hundred dollars, and the potatoes that my friend can spare are estimated at another hundred dollars. If apples and pears only turn out well—*but they will not.*

My friend works at pruning and other light farm duty about half the time, just enough for healthful exercise, and to enable him to keep track of things. His hired hands would do better were he to work more; but then he would be a common farm hand himself, and that he will not. He promises the gardener a cask of wine extra to push things a little, and they are pushed.

Farming out here is not so wonderfully different from living in town. We lack no conveniences. The little steamer passes our station a dozen times a day, and the donkey express, with the dwarf driver, every evening.

July 20.—There is one good thing about farming here. Everything grown can be sold within twenty-four hours, at high price, for cash. On the other hand, land is so dreadfully dear, the investment must be large to produce anything; and competition is lively here too. In a population of two hundred and fifty thousand in the canton, there are thirty-six thousand holders of little farms averaging eight acres apiece. As nearly all the grain used in the country is imported, these thousands of little farms are devoted almost exclusively to producing garden vegetables, wine, and fruit. After all, has the Swiss or the Frenchman much advantage over the American in this managing small places? Land here ranges from five hundred to sixteen hundred dollars an acre. What is land worth six to ten miles from towns under a hundred thousand population in the United States? What district of the same population in the United States as this contains as many people engaged in small farming? It is not a question of acres, but of cultivation, and of amounts produced—of pounds, and bushels, and hundredweights.

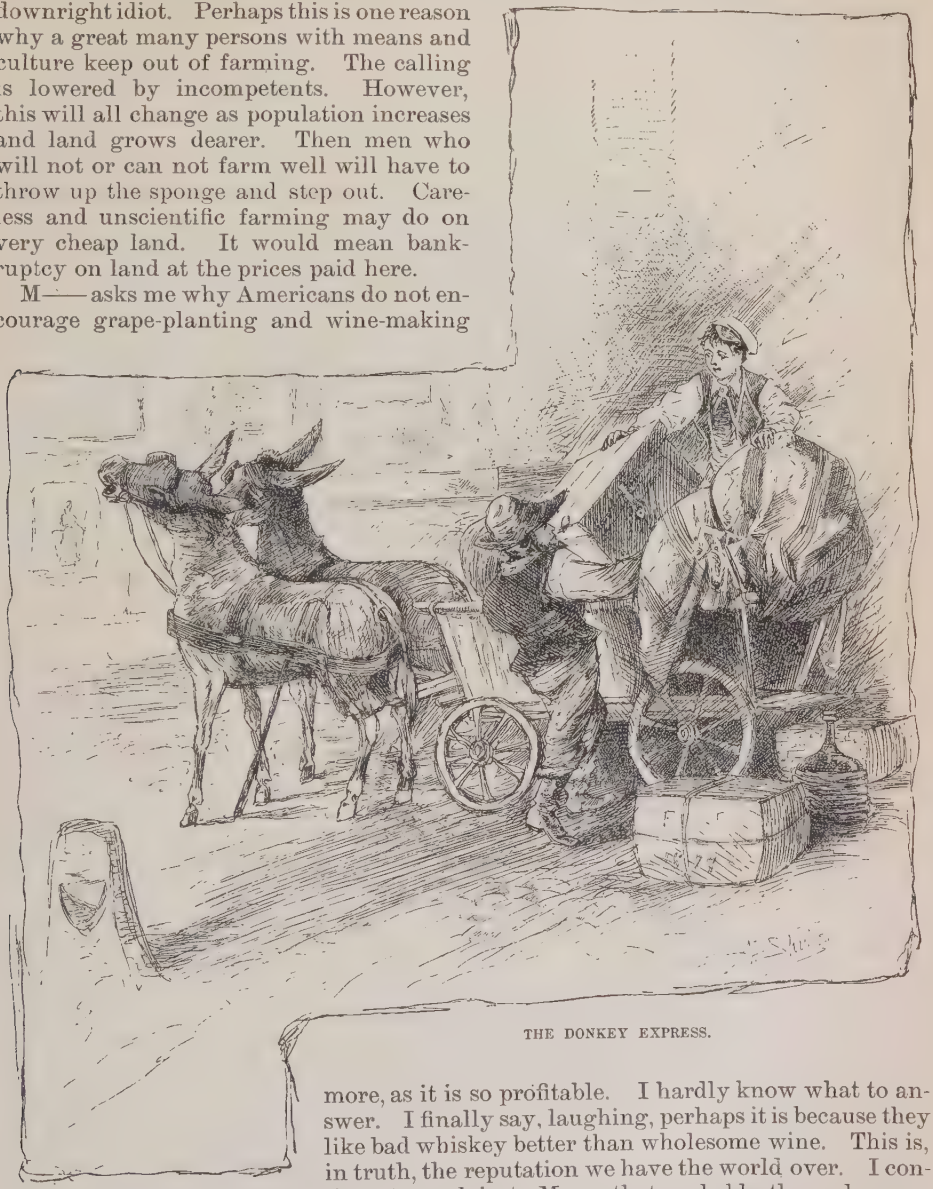
One question, anyway, is settled here, viz., it pays better to cultivate tiny little farms *well* than to *half-cultivate* hundreds of broad acres. Suppose that our American farmers were to *sell* one-half their land, and *cultivate* the rest?

I wonder why the American agricultural colleges are not better supported? Every American thinks himself capable of farming. "Don't need to know anything to farm in America." This sentiment lowers the calling with them. In Europe, farming is a science. Farmers know the chemistry of things, and the philosophy of some things too.

M—— tells me his greatest pleasure is to study farm books evenings; says he never read a book on drainage, bee-culture, apple-growing, crop rotation, ferti-

lizing, vine-culture, etc., that did not repay him its price a hundredfold. I find there are fewer of these books in Europe than in America. They are *studied* here, however. There, they are not: they are only *bought*. That is the difference. Scientific and practical farming are combined here. There, science is laughed at. Anybody may farm, provided he is not a downright idiot. Perhaps this is one reason why a great many persons with means and culture keep out of farming. The calling is lowered by incompetents. However, this will all change as population increases and land grows dearer. Then men who will not or can not farm well will have to throw up the sponge and step out. Careless and unscientific farming may do on very cheap land. It would mean bankruptcy on land at the prices paid here.

M—— asks me why Americans do not encourage grape-planting and wine-making more, as it is so profitable. I hardly know what to answer. I finally say, laughing, perhaps it is because they like bad whiskey better than wholesome wine. This is, in truth, the reputation we have the world over. I continue to explain to M—— that probably the real reason is to be found in the fact that drunkenness has alarmed Americans, and that the radical reformers and prohibitionists refuse to see any difference between pure wines in moderation and extravagant use of alcohol. They want to "go to the root," they say, and probably will by their zeal defeat their own wishes. M—— laughed very heartily when I told him that in some towns of the United States it was neither lawful nor respectable to drink beer on the Sabbath-day, or any other day. Maintaining this to be a sober fact, injured my character for veracity with my friend, I am afraid.



THE DONKEY EXPRESS.

M—— keeps one good horse, and a little closed carriage that contains seats for four, and can be opened out like a barouche for fair weather. It is very convenient. The whole family drove into town to the circus last night. M—— is in town just enough to enjoy hugely everything he sees there.

Mrs. M—— will go to the mountains next week to make a cure. There is nothing particularly wrong with her, but it is the fashion here to make a "cure" every summer. She will stay a month.

Her husband, though out-of-doors half his life, will also go and make a cure of a couple of weeks.

In the winter, too, they will go for a couple of weeks to Paris, but be back for Christmas. It would be an unpardonable sin not to be with one's family on Christmas. And then they must be at home to pay the bills on New-Year. All bills are presented during the last week of the year. M—— tells me he does not have half the anxieties now he had when he bought and sold silk, and yet does not work half as hard. He sleeps better, and has better health. Formerly a bad rumor on the Bourse kept him awake till midnight. Now he sleeps sweetly while his vines are growing. He has few risks. If the vines, and the bees, and the onions, and apples, and grass, *all* fail, he still has his *farm* safe. That can not fail, or burn up, or run away, or be stolen.

I find he works more than I thought he did. He is up with the swallows, and that is what makes his cheeks so red. Two half-days in the week, though, he spends among the reading-rooms and libraries in town, and then strangers would almost suppose him a gentleman of infinite leisure. M—— associates in town with bankers and merchants and solid men generally. He is considered a solid man himself. He is a director in the village schools, and is town president occasionally—not to be in public life, but that occupying such posts is a duty of the competent citizen here. They must not be sought.

M—— has a boy ten, and a girl eleven years old. They both attend the higher schools in town, and go in every morning on the steamer. The boy wants to be a teacher of chemistry, he says, and he may be it. The girl—her destiny is probably to get married. Both are bright, comfortably dressed little people. It costs M—— for their clothing and schooling about two hundred dollars per year.

Mrs. M—— keeps a stout maid-of-all-work at one dollar per week, and has a seamstress come to the house twice or thrice a year for a fortnight, paying her forty cents a day and board. Annely, the Waschfrau, comes monthly usually, and works three or four days, at forty cents a day. It is a custom here to wash but two or three times a year, but Mrs. M—— evades it so far as to do the thing monthly. The yards then do not look so much like an army hospital as do those of the neighbors, with their forty sheets and ninety shirts whitening the whole farm.

Annely is a character. She is a raging Methodist, in a land where Methodists are rare. She is fifty years old, not very pretty, works like a slave, and gives every single penny of her savings to the poor. For thirty years, good old Annely has been considered the saintliest, best person in the neighborhood. She can do more work, too, and do it better, than any two men or four women I know of. Honor to Annely. Many and many a year ago, when Annely was a young village belle, it may be, the tempter came. Annely's little baby is a big boy now, and may never ask who was his father. But of his mother—ah! it's enough only to say, "I am Annely's boy," and the good wishes of everybody follow him. Is it a wonder that good people sometimes slip extra francs into the amount of Annely's washing wages? The world is better than it seems.

August 10.—Everybody is at the haying, men and women, boys and girls—twice as many, too, as there is any use for. Even the cook is out, rake in hand, and Mrs. M—— and the children look on, and help just a little. About once an hour all hands stop and go under an apple-tree, drink cider or cheap wine for twenty minutes, and then slowly proceed with the windrows. I have seen more hay put in the barn by three men in an afternoon in America than all this dozen of picnickers will get in to-day. It's fun, nevertheless. The only wonder is, how it pays to devote so much time and cider and wine and coarse bread to the few small wagon-loads they will harvest. Hay is very dear, however.

Of wheat, there is almost none—only just patches enough of it to make the green fields picturesque. Switzerland

IN HAYING-TIME.

imports nearly all of her breadstuffs, and so there is no wheat harvest, except as the men and women cut the little patches mentioned with hand-sickles.

M—— was telling me to-day that, with all the slow way of doing things, grass-growing is very profitable, and that there can be more money made with grass, with dairies, with pear-growing, and even with vegetables, than with grapes. He prefers grapes, however, as he thinks it a "nicer" kind of farming. Besides, if he can not sell his wine this year, it is all the better and the dearer next. It bears better interest by keeping than his five per cent. bonds do.

Saw them bringing some hay over the lake in boats. It was a pretty scene, just in the twilight. Everything about farm life on the Continent seems picturesque. They seem to study novel ways of doing things, and almost every hut, or house, or barn, or bridge, seems built with an eye to pretty effect. In America this is usually left out of the undertaking entirely. A correspondent of a Berlin paper wrote once from Cincinnati: "When you have seen one town in America, you have seen all; one farm, all farms; one village, all villages. They are just alike. Only the people differ, and they very little."

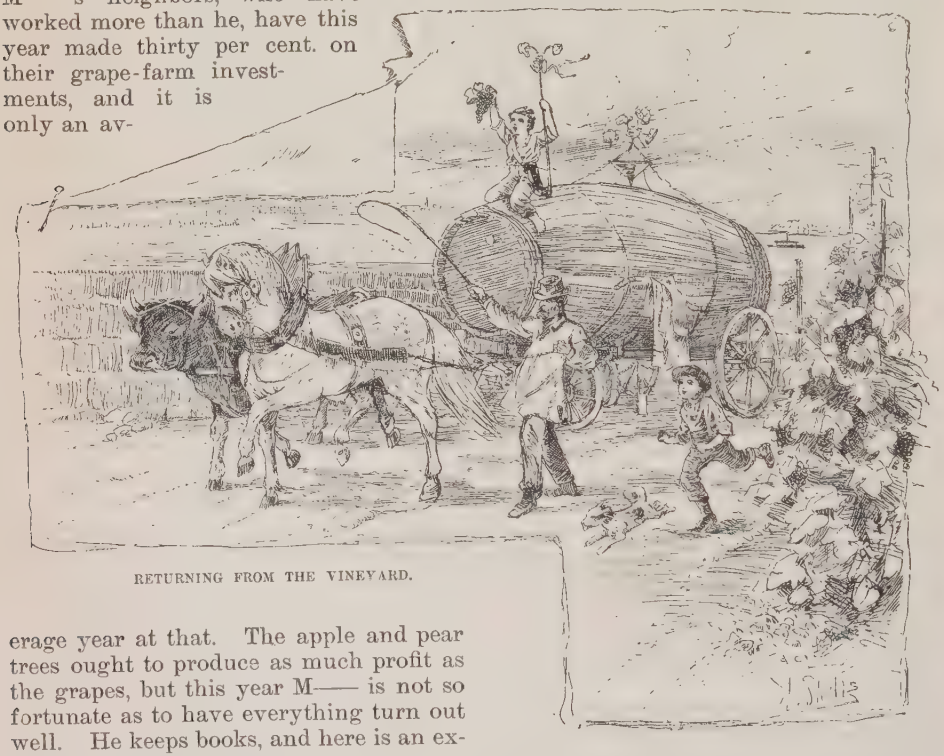
October 1.—The last grass is being mown, and the pears are being taken from the trees. It is the fourth mowing.

M—— has some seventy-five pear-trees crowded into his little farm, and a few apples. He will have about what apples the family can use, but none to sell. Both apples and pears have done poorly. Still, he will make the pears into cider, and will sell it before Christmas for about two hundred dollars. The grass under the trees is good, and he will have to buy little or no hay for his horse and two cows this winter.

October 10.—A half-dozen neighbors are on the farm, and the grape-cutting has commenced. There is any amount of sport on the occasion. As soon as the cutting is done, there will be a party and a dance in the barn. We are invited to take part, and shall certainly do so. Some of the peasants will come masked, and there will be no sleeping that night within a mile of "my farm." A few grapes have been cut by neighbors already, and the wagons go by with the queer long

casks on top filled with new wine. The bung-holes of the casks are filled with bouquets of roses—a gift to Bacchus. I saw one wine wagon with a nearly naked little boy astride the cask, a Bacchus himself, with coal-black eyes and laughing locks.

M—— now calculates on the profits of the year's farming. His four acres of grapes have produced twenty saum each of decent Swiss wine; value by spring will be fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents per saum, or about one thousand two hundred and twenty dollars, equalling twenty per cent. on the investment, counting the grape land to be worth one thousand six hundred dollars per acre. Some of M——'s neighbors, who have worked more than he, have this year made thirty per cent. on their grape-farm investments, and it is only an average year at that. The apple and pear trees ought to produce as much profit as the grapes, but this year M—— is not so fortunate as to have everything turn out well. He keeps books, and here is an extract from the last page:



RETURNING FROM THE VINEYARD.

INCOME.

Onions	$100
Pears	200
Grapes	1220
Milk sold	100
Honey	100
Potatoes	100
Interest on bonds—$5000—at 5 per cent.	250
Rent of rooms to me, $140, not estimated.	
Total income	$2070

EXPENSES.

Taxes	$200
Servant	60
Gardener	180
Extra help—washer-woman, seamstress, and extra hand occasionally	100
Schooling and clothing of the two children	200
Charity	50
Excursions	100
Clothing of two persons	200
Groceries	50
Meat and bread	200
Books, amusements, etc.	50
Total expenses	$1390
Total income	$2070
Total expenses	1390
Difference	$680

The clear profit on M——'s investment of $20,000, then, is $680 in cash, plus all the expenses of a family of four persons. These expenses were, deducting the items that came of working the farm (say $400), $990. Add this to the $680 clear gain, and the earnings of the $20,000 may be set down at $1670, or nearly thirteen per cent.

M—— says he never did much better than this when in business, when the risks and the anxieties were unspeakably

greater. As to the health, and pleasure, and all that, to be obtained in the two callings, I am sure nobody would ever think of comparing them.

I am glad I kept this diary. I have now convinced myself of what I had often been told, viz., that a man who has as nice a little sum of money as twenty thousand dollars saved can be happier and safer in the world, working a bit of land, than by remaining in the risky whirlpool of what is called "business."

ART-EMBROIDERY.

"This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While she assay'd with rage of holy war
To desolate their fields; but old the skill:
Long were the Phrygians' pict'ring looms renowned;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of art, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in the historic web."—DYER.

EMBROIDERY, though properly considered a comparatively unimportant sister art of painting, is, perhaps, the oldest of the fine arts. Its origin is various in various nations, and it is one of the few arts practiced, more or less imperfectly, by all savage tribes, from time immemorial, in one form or other, according to the materials available, and the religions and customs obtaining. At various periods of the world's history, and in many localities, embroidery has reached great perfection, and has been made "the vehicle of higher powers than its own" for all uses, from mere personal adornment to the expression of religious thought. Technically speaking, the palm must be awarded to the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoos, the Persians, and the Turks; and as far as Europe is concerned, the practice of embroidery is coeval with the first intercourse with these nations, especially the Persians and Turks, though it is difficult to determine how great an influence the Egyptians exercised in this respect over the Greeks and Romans, and also from what source the Egyptian embroideries were derived. However, the modern interest in embroidery is not archæological, and this glance at that phase of the subject is sufficient.

The present revival of interest in embroidery seems likely to be more permanent than any that has preceded it, because it is now something more than a passing fashion in dress, as was the case in England in 1846, when London alone employed two thousand pair of hands in decorating every conceivable article of dress worn by ladies of fashion. Now it is her own handiwork, the hours of patient stitching, the choice of materials and colors, and the realization of an artistic thought, that the lady of fashion is proud of, not, as formerly, the money that these cost. She has now a real appreciation of the beauty of her India shawl, with its seven hundred stitches to the square inch, and other features that make her treasures of old lace so valuable. The mere filling in of worsted-work is superseded by an occupation that requires thought, knowledge, taste, and skill; the promised slippers or sofa cushion are no longer so much to be dreaded, and even the afghan, chair back, and chauffe-pied are assuming artistic importance—things that can not only be tolerated for the sake of association, but which we can conscientiously admire, and be thankful for. Of course many things are embroidered which should be perfectly plain, if, indeed, as in the case of a valance for a mantel, they should exist at all; but this lack of discrimination is incident to all beginnings, and we may feel certain that the enthusiasm which has carried the mantel valance to completion will lead to a degree of acquirement that will acknowledge its incongruity, and by that time the heat and soot of the fire will have rendered it unsightly enough to be consigned to the attic, among the useless accumulations of the past.

If anything permanent and valuable is to result from the present enthusiasm for art-needlework, it will be the achievement of those who are obliged to find a market for their labors. These will soon discover that while a knowledge of the South Kensington crewel-work is essential, it is a small beginning, that all methods and all materials are available, and that if the effect aimed at can not be realized by known processes, invention must supply the means. The finest modern embroideries I have seen were executed by ladies who had received no special instruction, but who were endowed with the rare quality of mind which accepts the value of precedent as a basis for in-

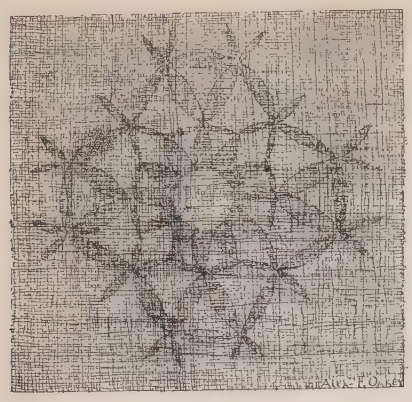


FIG. 1.

novation. It is not too much to say that in embroidery, as in other fine arts, no one can achieve great results without more or less aptitude for form and color, we may consider "low" embroidery of three general descriptions: 1st, that in which the material wrought upon governs the work, as in what is called passing, the thread of whatever material being merely run over and under, in the directions of the woven fabric, the various lengths of thread describing a design in parallel lines, the outline of which has been marked upon the stuff. Of course in an intricate design like Fig. 1, where the thread constantly disappears from the surface, it should continue underneath till it is brought through again, and when these threads on the back are too long, they should be caught here and there with a thread drawn from the material.

In the Levant, this passing is carried to the greatest perfection, the lightest gauze fabrics being wrought in gold and silver threads without the least fraying of the material, and though one would not desire to tempt ladies to destroy their eyesight with such work, it may be noted that diaphanous fabrics such as grenadine are the most effective materials for this work, and the coarser the fabric the simpler the task. Effective results

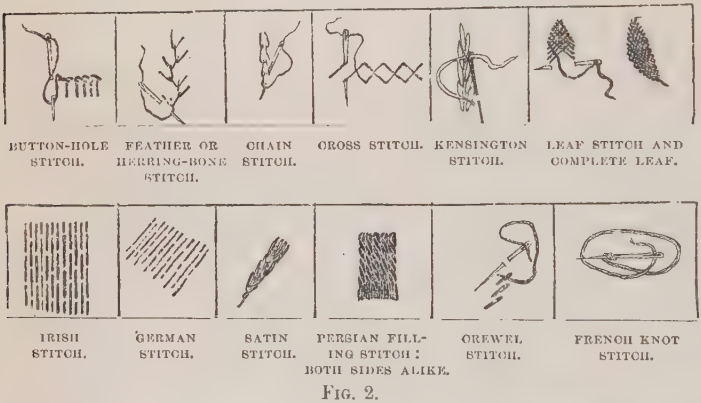


FIG. 2.

assiduously applied to a preconceived scheme to which all methods should be subservient. It is in this painstaking inventive genius that the beauty of the Eastern embroideries consists. In them we find every conceivable method of producing effects employed; and though there are always minor peculiarities that mark the distinction between the work of the several Eastern nations, they all use the three principal methods—*i. e.*, "low" or flat embroidery, "raised" or stuffed embroidery, and "laid" or appliqué embroidery. Under each of these heads there are many varieties, and room for still further invention. In the "low" or flat embroideries the variations can only consist in the nature of the material wrought upon, the nature of the thread used, and the manner of using it. Thus

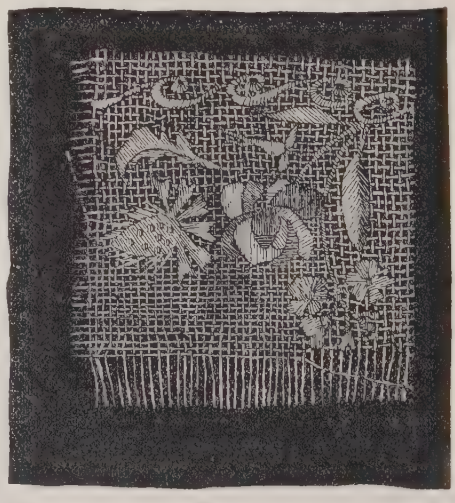


FIG. 3.

Fig. 4.

may be achieved by making some portions of the work in long stitches, and still further varieties by catching these down to the material in color or gold; in fact, the use of different colors and materials in the threads, as in all styles of embroidery, opens an inexhaustible field for inventive combination.

In embroideries upon velvet it is often simpler to baste over the whole surface to be worked a piece of canvas to act as a guide or scale for the stitches, and when the work is complete, this canvas is drawn, thread by thread, leaving the velvet perfectly clean, with the embroidery upon it (Fig. 3). In such work, the variety of stitches is necessarily limited, and no very ambitious artist would condescend to the expedient.

The various known stitches illustrated in Fig. 2 can all be effectively used in "low" embroidery, and with the assistance of "raised" and "laid" methods make the art capable of important expression. Fig. 4 is a specimen of Persian work in silk and gold thread on silk; in this, only two stitches are employed—the chain and a kind of tent stitch in which both sides

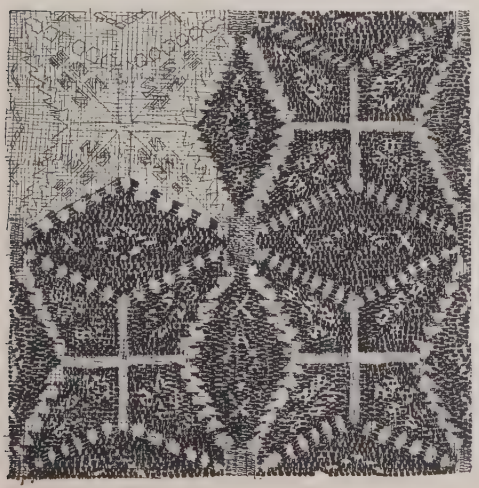


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

are alike. There are two shades of pink and one of blue in the flower and buds, the blue occurring again in the vase, but the outlines, most of the vase, the stems, and tendrils, are of gold, the leaves being filled in with black; the ground is a lustrous sea-green. The illustration is only one of thirty-six patterns forming the border of a plain centre, the whole being four feet long by twenty inches wide, one-third of which surface is covered by the border, that could not have been executed in less than two months' constant labor. The general tone and form of the patterns are similar, while no two are exactly alike in any respect. This variety in unity is one of the strongest characteristics of Eastern work.

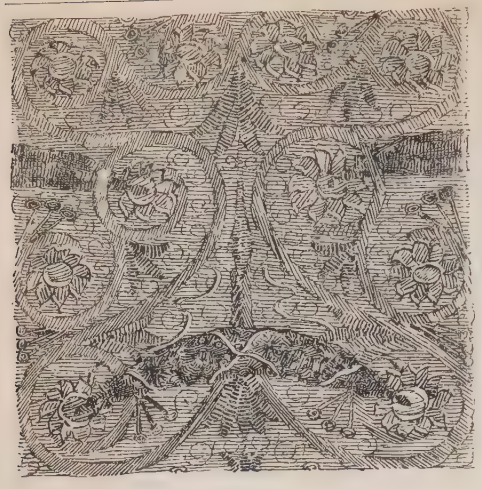


Fig. 7.

In Turkish embroideries we find occasionally half a leaf, or the centre of a figure, worked in a shade of silk that occurs nowhere else in the design, and often a pattern abruptly broken off where other parts of the work have led us to expect a particular termination. This disregard of uniformity is not a peculiarity of Chinese or of Hindoo work, but is confined to the Japanese, Persian, and Turkish embroideries, though occasionally we find it in Cretan work, which, however, must be considered Turkish. Fig. 5 is a specimen of Cretan embroidery on coarse linen, executed in a kind of Irish stitch, in various shades of crimson silk, with pale blue centres. It is impossible in black and white to suggest the arbitrary disposition of the different shades, a deep maroon being here and there worked in for a dozen stitches, as if other material had run short. One would conclude that this was the case were it not for the rich effect produced by such accidental treatment, which charmingly varies the monotony of the set geometric figure. Fig. 6 is the corner of a large linen spread of Turkish work executed in the same stitch in pale pink and green silk, but in this the treatment is uniform throughout, the only accidental effect being achieved by the direction of the stitches, which sometimes run in one direction of the fabric and sometimes in the other at right angles, causing an apparent change of depth or saturation in the colors as the direction of the light is changed. This is an effect that demands no great skill to attain, and only requires a little thought to determine which portions of the work should undergo the same changes, and place those stitches in the same direction. Instances of this effect are familiar to most ladies in damask and brocade dress goods, and in linen damask, where the pattern is only plainly visible when the light falls at an angle, and the difference in the texture becomes apparent.

Very beautiful embroideries have been made by working the woven pattern in a

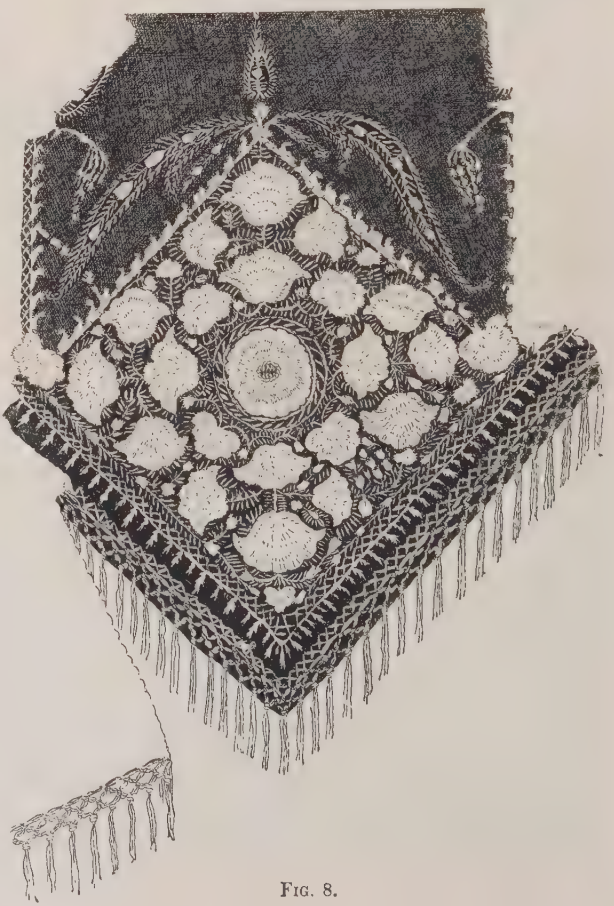


Fig. 8.

FIG. 9.

damask with colors in silk or crewels, crewels being more in keeping with linen damask, and silk with satins or brocades. Fig. 7 is an old piece of amber-colored brocade, upon which some Italian lady of the sixteenth century worked a very charming fancy in color. The pattern existed, but we feel certain, in examining the delicate shades of her floss, that she must have designed many patterns to exercise this subtle discrimination upon. In the accompanying sketch the black and white retains very little of the charm of her work.

There is another kind of Turkish "low" embroidery—almost all Turkish embroidery is of the "low" description—which is very beautiful, and whose difficulties consist mainly in procuring suitable designs, that is, forms that can be effectively displayed without great variety of outline. Some specimens of East Indian embroideries bear a strong resemblance to Turkish work. I refer to the floss embroideries on cloth, of which Fig. 8 is a specimen. This is not a very durable class of work, as the floss is used in heavy strands and long stitches, any sense of relief being gained by the strong contrast between the color of the cloth and the floss, the former being usually scarlet or blue, of a tone that the French would call *vif*, while the floss is usually of one color—white or of very pale tint—though I have seen table-covers of this work executed in as many as a dozen strong colors. In such cases, however, the cloth is of a pale tint, and is almost entirely covered with embroidery, the margin only acting as a sort of frame for a profusion of palm leaves, lotus, etc. Embroidery in crewels upon linen is now a revival of an old occupation of our grandmothers. About one hundred years ago a lady in Connecticut embroidered the valance shown in Fig. 9, in crewels upon linen

FIG. 10.

woven by the slaves on her husband's plantation, and we find, on examination, that she was an adept in South Kensington stitches, as in many more that are not taught nowadays. Where she procured her design it would be hard to say; it is neither so beautiful nor so ugly that she might not have conceived it in her primitive soul, but there is such a curious combination of Eastern symbolism and native products that her inspiration must have been derived in part from her family's connection with the East India trade, though no record exists of any such.

FIG. 11.

"Raised" embroidery is the term employed for all filled work of any kind, whether the filling is merely a few strands of yarn, as in the embroideries on the borders of white flannel garments, or whether bunches of cotton are used, as in Fig. 10, which is a specimen of "low," "raised," and "laid" work all together, worked by a lady in New York, and purchased by the Boston Art Museum, where it now hangs. The "low" work consists in all the stitching for the various purposes of fastening the leaves to the cloth ground, in making the veins on the leaves, and in making the finer tendrils and stems; for these purposes the button-hole, chain, and overcast stitches are used, and sometimes one over the other. The "raised" work consists in the stuffed seed-vessels and buds, and the "laid" work is, as the term implies, the leaves, the stems, and the covering of the seed-vessels; this last is most effectively managed by a prodigal use of silk laid in long heavy strands over the body of the seed-vessels, the ends of the strands being twisted into cords, laid in their natural positions, and caught here and there to the cloth by a stitch of the same color. The leaves are of maroon satin, the ground of maroon silk rep, whose corded surface has an especial value in contrast with the satin leaves, while the pale pink seed-vessels suggest more than one connecting link in the chain of reds with the shadows from their high relief.

Most effective results are obtained in "laid" work by merely laying strands of silk in parallel lines, shorter or longer, so that the differences of length shall describe the pattern previously marked on the material. These strands are caught down as often as desirable to insure their remaining in position. In this simple way every conceivable gradation of color may be indulged, and every effect can be tested before the worker is committed to a combination. Many varieties of this work may be easily invented, such as twisting the strands into cords, spreading them so that each individual thread must be caught, and in this way the necessary stitches may be made a feature in describing a subsidiary design. Fig. 11 is a piece of Turkish work of this description, except the line of stitching dividing the border from the main field. This line is done in what the South Kensington School would call feather stitch, if they were only a little closer, as a whole, and not in collections of three at intervals.

The Japanese have, on the whole, carried "raised" and "laid" work to the greatest perfection, though it is difficult to find good specimens where the result is not due as much to the combination of all three kinds of embroidery as to the skillful application of any one. The manner of embroidering a feather, for instance, in one piece of Japanese work is no criterion for that of another. Each undertaking seems to be governed by its own requirements, and if a certain realism is aimed at, their success is perfect. In Persian work, on the other hand, according to the kind of embroidery, we shall invariably find the same things done in the

FIG. 12.

same way. Fig. 12 is an embroidered Persian napkin, in which the stems of the flowers are "raised," and this effected in a way peculiar to Persia; the lines of the stems are laid with a few strands of thread, and this filling is overcast with a flat strip of gold about one-sixteenth of an inch wide, drawn through the stuff without regard to consequences, and leaving such openings in the fabric that the stems appear like brides in lace, attached to the work only at intervals. In "laid and raised" work, nothing can be more effective than the simple manner adopted in the Chinese and Japanese robes, where the background is composed of gold threads laid close together in waving lines following every variation of outline in the pattern, which is executed in "low and raised" work, but all in one simple long stitch, veins and tendrils of the leaves and flowers being used also to catch the long stitches. The lessons we may learn from the best examples of embroidery of all kinds are not so much the particular manner of executing this or that stitch for a particular purpose, as that the art is relative; that every material in fabric or thread has its special advantages; that while it is indispensable to acquire skill in the various processes, this alone can never atone for an ill-devised scheme in form or color.

The embroidery for a robe that is to hang in folds, or for a curtain, must be of such a design and of such color combinations that its use may enhance its value both as a matter of effect and durability. A screen has the advantage, on the other hand, of appearing as it should and is to be while stretched to work upon. In sofa cushions and the like, the convex form, when the work is made up, must affect the design, and even the colors, and this should be made a virtue of. We are gradually getting out of the habit of walking about in the house with a bunch of flowers, fearfully wrought, on each toe of our slippers, just as we are substituting Eastern rugs for our former extraordinary floral carpets. If our missionaries are half as successful in converting the heathen to Christianity as the heathen have been in converting us to a belief in and appreciation of real art, the millennium can not be long delayed.

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES.

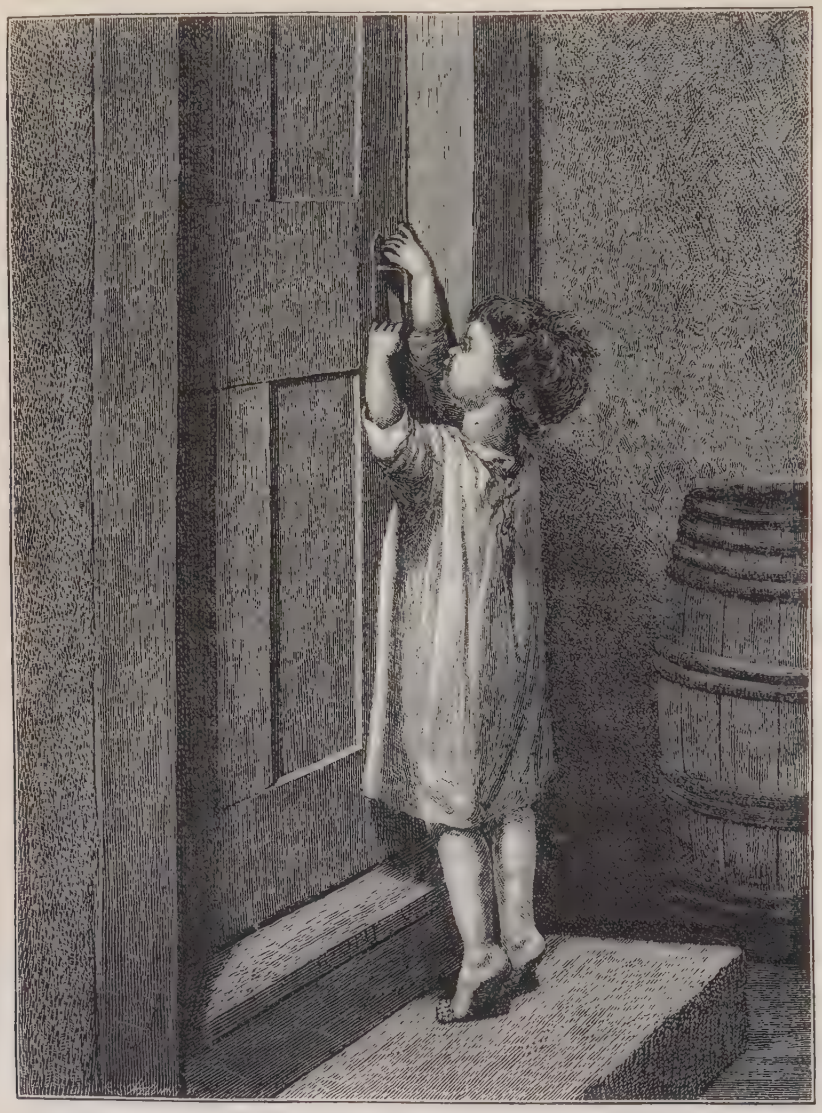
I.—GEORGE.

"WHERE'S George?" Many years ago, while travelling in a foreign land, I heard this interrogatory, under circumstances that sent a peculiar thrill through my nerves, and caused my memory, in a moment's time, to travel back over a space of nearly thirty years, when I, in the early dawn of life, had made that same inquiry in an agony of soul to which my young heart was hitherto a stranger.

I was seated in the corridor of the interior court of an old Swiss inn, in an out-of-the-way town amid the mountains, listening with surprise and interest to the singing of what I had only known as a negro melody, which came from the kitchen below. Astonished at the sound of those familiar notes so far away, and puzzled to account for their recurrence there, I had finally settled upon what was probably the true solution—that the air was *still at home:* originally Swiss, it had been stolen and adapted to the negro words—and had relapsed into that peculiar sense of loneliness and retrospection so often experienced by travellers in a strange country, when some sight or sound awakens memories of home and early days. I was not aware that any being speaking or understanding my mother-tongue was within miles of me, when the above question, in broad English, from the servants' quarters below, smote upon my ear. "Where's George?"

I was but a babe, and can just remember when my little playfellow George left my native village. The evening before the family were to leave, my mother told me that George was going away in the morning before I would be awake, and that I had better go over then and bid him good-by. An unutterable dread came over me, and I could not be persuaded then, but said I would go in the morning. In vain I was told it would be too late, that I would not be up until long after they were gone, etc. I could not believe or understand that my George would not be found as usual in his old home. How well I recall, but can not describe, the various feelings that made up the load of sorrow too great for my young heart, al-

though I have forgotten every actor in the little drama, or but vaguely remember them, save my mother and the strangers that came between me and my loved playmate. Even George himself I have holds its place in my memory as vividly through all these years of varied life as though but a moment passed, still silhouetted against a background of blank forgetfulness.



"I RAISED MYSELF UP BY IT WITH ONE HAND, AND LIFTED THE LATCH."

no distinct remembrance of, only the love I bore him, nor of his parents or family, unless in the family might be included a savage dog, chained in the yard, that terrified me whenever I thoughtlessly approached his kennel. And yet every object pertaining to that particular scene

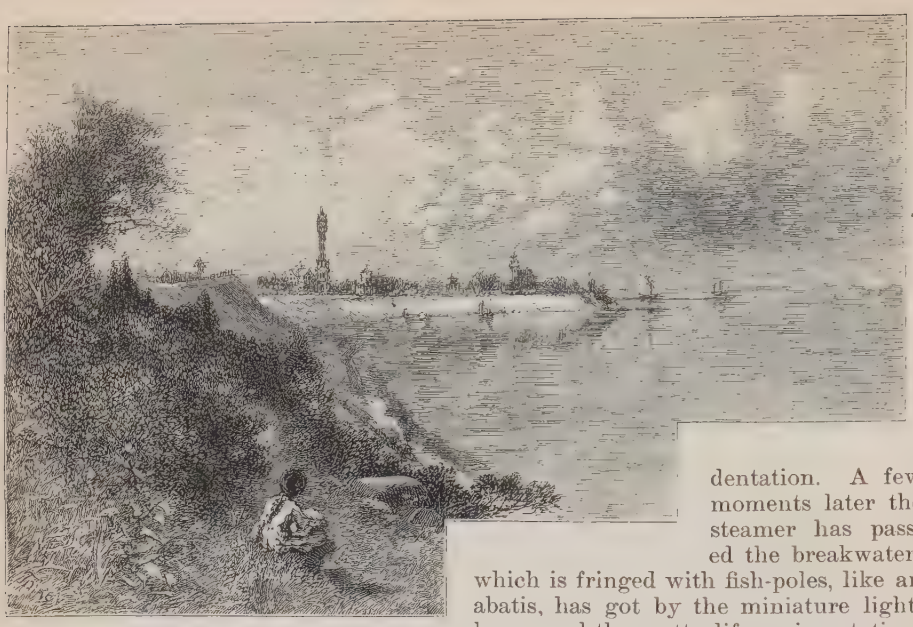
I believed, in a vague way, that George was going away. Accordingly, the moment my eyes were opened in the morning, I scrambled out of my trundle-bed, and as I was, in my night dress, with bare feet and bare head, unwashed, uncombed, I ran across the street to the house I had al-

ways known as George's, in the full expectation of seeing my friend. I went around to the back or kitchen door, the great iron handle of which, kept bright by constant use, still shines in my memory, and raised myself up by it with one hand, while lifting the latch with the other. The door opened upon a strange and unexpected scene. Nothing familiar met my eye; all was confusion. My heart filled to overflowing as I comprehended the truth —George and his family were really gone. In the place of those who had seemed as fixtures and part of the premises, a family of strangers were already installed, and at their early breakfast. It is strange how much of what would seem to be the knowledge of experience is understood by childhood. I felt at once a chilling consciousness of absence of all sympathy or interest. I can still see, as it were, the expression of cold inquiry upon the strange faces that turned to regard me; the table and its contents; the hearth and the few implements used in cooking the first meal in their new home. The spider, in my memory, still stands upon its bed of deadened coals, used to bake the checkered short-cake that smoked in the middle of the table; the gridiron that had served to broil the salt pork upon still leans against the chimney-corner; I can still see the little kettle where eggs were boiling, hanging by "pot-hooks" from the iron crane. A woman who arose to get eggs from the kettle, almost immediately after my entrance, asked, "Whose little boy is this?" I made no direct reply, but my full heart overflowed in a wail which took the form of the memorable question, "Where's George?" "George?—who is George?" One at the table said it was probably a little boy belonging to the family who had left that morning. Strangers indeed—didn't know George! I know no more of that family: who they were, how long they occupied that house, when or where they went, I have no subsequent knowledge. Each individual occupies precisely the same place in my memory as do the inanimate objects observed about the room—no more. I probably knew them afterward, and bore them no malice; but those strangers to George, usurping the place of his family, I left forever, as I ran, with violent lamentations, back to my home, hid my face in my mother's bosom, and poured out my sorrow to her sympathizing heart. She could only comfort her baby by telling him that Mr. W—— was to return the next summer, and would, perhaps, bring George. I accepted the solace with the confidence of hopeful childhood. I believe it was the father's intention to return the following season to attend to some unfinished business. He never came, however, and summer after summer came and went, and I had grown quite a lad before I fully gave up the hope of seeing George. Indeed, the wish that succeeded hope lasted almost to manhood.

The bearded man that developed from my baby playfellow (I have heard of him since) is to me but a stranger, but that infant affection will hold its place in my heart to the end of life's journey.

PATROLLING BARNEGAT.

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running;
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant under-tone muttering;
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing;
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing;
Out in the shadows there, milk-white combs careering;
On beachy slush and sand, spurts of snow fierce slanting—
Where, through the murk, the easterly death-wind breasting,
Through cutting swirl and spray, watchful and firm advancing
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?),
Slush and sand of the beach, tireless till daylight wending,
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,
Along the midnight edge, by those milk-white combs careering,
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,
That savage trinity warily watching.



NORTH POINT.

MILWAUKEE.

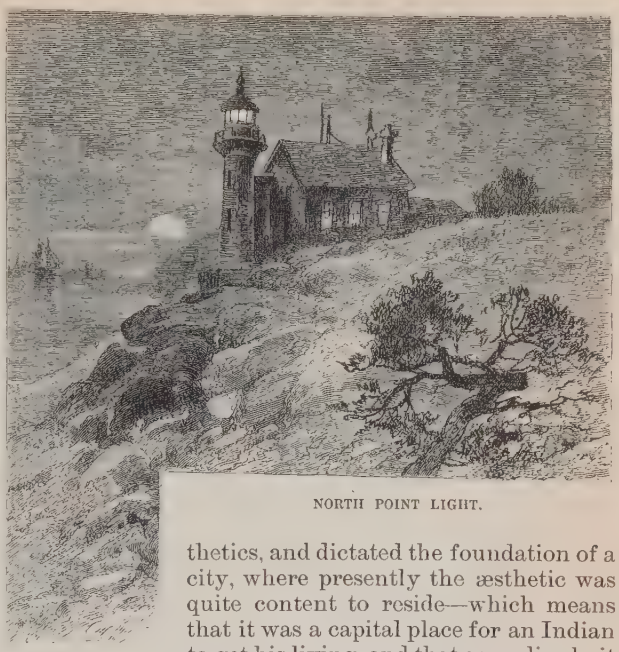
TO most persons first impressions of a new locality outweigh quantities of subsequent information. Therefore we who admire this charming city, and desire every one else to do so, recommend you to arrive by water. Milwaukee stands exactly in the centre of the globe: all the world is open to her easterly by lake and ocean; westerly, by land. Approaching on the steamboat from Chicago, or Grand Haven, or the North, one first descries at dawn the bluffs upon which the town is built, and advances toward it with the rising sun.

The water through which you press your way, leaving behind a foaming and rainbow-touched wake, is green in the morning light with that special tint held by crude petroleum, and it is penetrated with beams of slanting light that lend it a brightly fibrous appearance, entirely different from ocean water. Glancing ahead, the eye catches a blue and bluer reflection, until, far away, indigo is the only color. Nearing the coast, you speedily detect a sharp line, three or four miles from shore, where the blue water stops, and a pale verdigris-green tint begins. This shows a sudden shallow, and marks the real old coast-line, upon which the river-mouth has encroached in a deep indentation. A few moments later the steamer has passed the breakwater, which is fringed with fish-poles, like an abatis, has got by the miniature lighthouse and the pretty life-saving station, has turned the elbow into the river, and is poking its way along the narrow channel, between elevators, warehouses, and railway structures, through swinging bridges and a maze of shipping, up to its wharf in the centre of the city.

There is this disadvantage in this ingress, however, that you see too much of the river at first. It is a narrow, tortuous stream, hemmed in by the unsightly rear ends of street buildings and all sorts of waste places; it is a currentless and yellowish murky stream, with water like oil, and an odor combined of the effluvia of a hundred sewers. Nothing could better illustrate the contaminations of city life than the terrible change its waters undergo in a mile from their sparkling and rural cleanliness, up above, into this vile and noxious compound here among the wharves. Yet it is the very centre of the city's business, and to its presence Milwaukee owes its beginning, and a large part of its present existence. The nasty waters uphold a crowded and ever-busy fleet, and float grain steamers too long to turn around there.

We are informed that the very earliest civilized knowledge of the site of Milwaukee goes back to about the year 1674, and to that indefatigable missionary and keen adventurer, Father Marquette. That he took any special notice of the locality, does not appear. Later, other French mission-

aries and traders, journeying southward from Green Bay, which they called St. Francis Xavier, and which was the western outpost of the Jesuits during the early half of the last century, went ashore here at long intervals, and visited the Indians, who seem to have made the mouth of the river a permanent abiding-place; but for more than a hundred years after the Abbés Joly and Marquette were there, nobody thought well enough of the place to stay there.



NORTH POINT LIGHT.

I can fancy various features about the locality at that time not altogether inviting. The long line of bluffs which form the western shore of Lake Michigan was broken by a gap of half a dozen miles, where a shallow bay rounded in. The low inner shore of this bay amounted to little else than an immense swamp of wild rice, with a sand-bar and a hill or two to break the surf, and a distant view of forest-clad hills and oak openings beyond, and bluffs to the northward. Finding a devious way through this swamp came a river from the north, a smaller stream from the south, and a little rivulet from the west.

Such geography would scarcely prove attractive to a frontiersman, when so much better land was ready to his choice. But commerce stepped in ahead of æsthetics, and dictated the foundation of a city, where presently the æsthetic was quite content to reside—which means that it was a capital place for an Indian to get his living, and that accordingly it became the permanent camp or head-quarters of a community of them. The tribe found in possession by the first traders were the Mishimakinaks, whom the very first mention introduces to us as "those runagates .... a horrid set of refractory Indians." Just in what they proved "refractory," Colonel Peyster fails to tell us.

There is still greater doubt as to the meaning and correct orthography of the name. The first time it occurs is in Lieutenant James Gorrett's journal, September 1, 1761, where he states that a party of Indians came from *Milwacky*. Colonel Peyster writes it *Milwakie*. In 1820

A GLIMPSE FROM NORTH POINT.

Dr. Morse records that *Mil-wah-kie* was settled by the Sacs and Foxes, and that the name was derived from the word *manawakie*, meaning "good land," which recalls Peyster's assertion that the name of so well. It appears that one of Onaugesa's boon companions was an alleged poet named Pashano. In some *affaire de cœur* the trader offended the poet's sensitive soul, who retaliated by prejudicing the

AT THE FOOT OF GRAND AVENUE.

the river was *Mahn-a-waukie*. A Chippewa interpreter spelled it with fewer letters, but confirms the rendering, "good" or "beautiful" land. The French seem to have written it *Milouaqui* in their early dispatches home.

The Indians' town was at the very mouth of the river, and buried its dead on the hill which now forms the abrupt foot of Michigan Street. Their chief was Onaugesa, a Menomonee, whom Laframboise, the first trader from Mackinac, found to be "a good Indian." Laframboise retired after a while, and his brother succeeded him, but did not get along chief against him, the result of which was that the man of business soon abandoned his post. When Onaugesa realized that he had foolishly cut off his nose to spite his face—to wit, driven away the trader who had regularly supplied him with rum in exchange for his good-will—he reflected upon the source of his misfortunes, and in a day or two the meddlesome laureate went mysteriously to the happy hunting grounds. This began a vendetta that made the whole region too hot for traders for several years. Finally, however, a French half-breed named Vieau began coming down every spring from

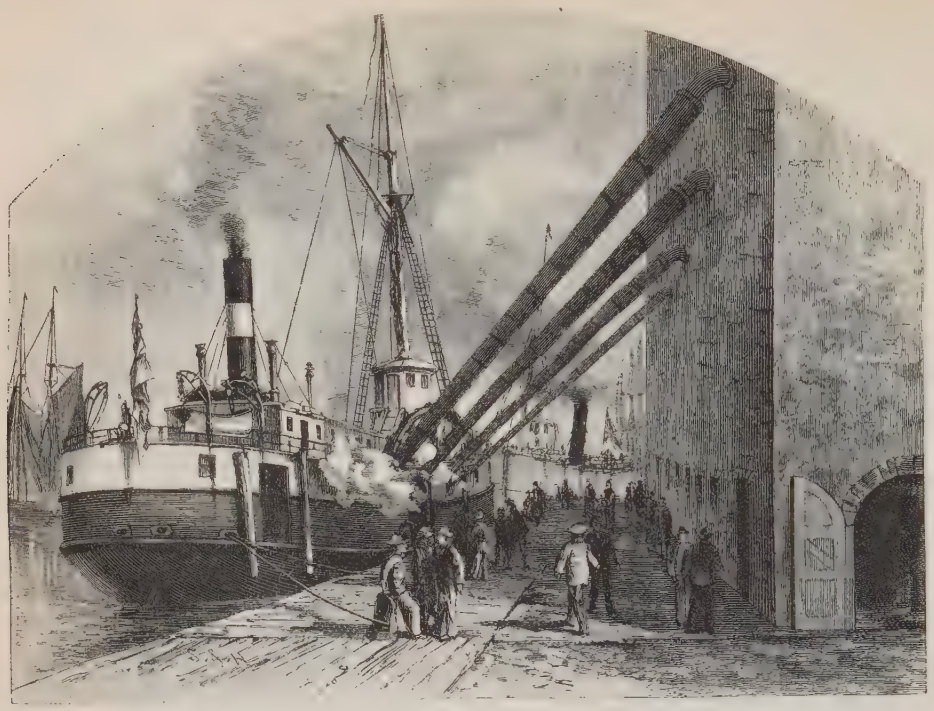
DOWN THE RIVER FROM GRAND AVENUE BRIDGE.

Green Bay, and going back in the fall. He did so well that after a few years another Frenchman, who had been his clerk, built himself warehouses, married Vieau's daughter, and becoming popular among the Indians, proposed to settle permanently here. This young man was Solomon Juneau, and his block-house stood where now is the intersection of East Water and Wisconsin streets.

This happened only about 1820, yet it reads like a romance of at least five hundred years ago. For several years Juneau was the sole white inhabitant of the region, only occasionally visited by a wandering trader, trapper, or missionary. The nearest post to him was "a miserable settlement called Eschikagon, at the mouth of Skunk River, some ninety miles across dense forests to the south." All supplies came by water from Mackinac, the head-quarters of the American Fur Company, and the settlers lived a far more isolated and truly frontier life than it is possible to do now anywhere in the United States except in Alaska.

Juneau was sharp, and in 1831 secured from the Indians a cession of all the region, claiming for himself a large tract on the east side of the river. Then he began to advertise the advantages of settlement there, and one by one got neighbors.

Among the earliest were two gentlemen whose names are household words in the city—Byron Kilbourn and George H. Walker. They had enterprise and knowledge and money. Kilbourn took up a tract on the west side, and Walker south of the Menomonee, and for many years after, these quarters of the city were known respectively as "Kilbourntown" and "Walker's Point." In 1834, Milwaukee County was set apart from Brown County, which has since been similarly subdivided a score of times, until its former ducal proportions are reduced to a mere hand-breadth at Green Bay. This act showed the enterprise of the pioneers, for there were then not white men enough in the region to fill the offices provided for by the county organization. More kept coming, however, from Detroit and Buffalo and New England, and the wheezy steamboats of that early day in lake navi-



LOADING A GRAIN STEAMER.

gation began to make the struggling village a stopping-place.

Juneau's log warehouse was the headquarters for gossip. "Here were wont to congregate," says the chronicler Wheeler, "pioneers and sailors to hear long-expected tidings which had floundered through mud and forests and over prairies for weeks before they reached the settlement; on the same spot the merchants and multitude generally now read from a bulletin the news of the world, which comes fresh and quivering over the wires from every point of the compass once a day."

Such was the irregular, muddy, prosaic beginning of this great and attractive lake port. One hears a pleasant or a comical incident now and then, of Indian threats which sound thrilling, till you find they never amounted to action, and of adventures that were almost perilous; but really there is little romance about it. A town grew up, partly on a sand-hill, and partly in a mud-hole (one being cut down to fill the other up), because men found they could accumulate wealth there.

Nearly all this money was to be made through commercial channels, and these channels led down the river and up the lakes—as channels are very likely to do. However, they were not deep and broad enough for the great vessels which in imagination (and finally in fact) were to enter the port. The first public effort, therefore, was directed toward harbor improvement, but it was several years before the general government would listen to the call for help. Congress was deaf in its Northwest ear, as Major Domo, a famous character, used to say. Finally it appropriated $30,000, and grandly wasted it in the wrong place. The river runs along parallel with the lake shore for more than a mile, only separated from it by a narrow strip of beach. Common-sense suggested the cutting through of this bar close up to the town, but the engineers preferred to construct a harbor a mile away, down at the mouth. The result was that Chicago scored a big point in its rivalry, and Milwaukee a few years later had to make her "straight-cut" through the beach where she should have done it at first. This gave her what some persons have called the best harbor on the upper lakes, albeit it is only a narrow river and two short breakwaters. Now it is proposed to run out into the bay for several hundreds of

yards an immense stone jetty, costing a million or two, and thus form the bay into a harbor of refuge; but this is not begun yet.

All these expensive harbor improvements would never have been undertaken, of course, had not the trading post grown with marvellous speed into a city and shipping port; and this, in turn, would never have come about had not there been a rich agricultural region behind it, and a large influx of farming population. When one remembers that fifty years ago Wisconsin was an utter wilderness, a howling, untutored, worthless stretch of forest and prairie; sees now the universal cultivation of all its southern half; marks how the pine woods are disappearing in the north, and how immigrants are scattering themselves singly and in colonies over all that region—he is amazed that so much could have been done in so short a time. But comprehending this fact, the concomitant—namely, that such populous centres should arise as Chicago, Milwaukee, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and the other large towns of the "Golden Northwest"—causes no wonder at all.

A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

With her harbor built, her ships accumulating, Milwaukee was quick to see that she must adopt the new invention of railways, and began to extend lines inland to bring the crops to her granaries. The railways built their tracks down on the flats, and helped to fill in large areas. They placed their stations, freight dépôts, and shops there, and attracted business, until now the old miles square of marsh has dwindled to a few well-curbed canals and deep slips where vessels lie to be loaded. Chiefly, however, the railways served the interests of Milwaukee in making it not only an easily accessible buying market for the rural districts, but the most available point at which to dispose of crops.

In order to handle these vast crops, which are poured into the city at harvest-time and later, several of those enormous buildings called elevators have been built by the railway companies and by private enterprise. All lake-port and sea-port citizens are very familiar with these structures and their use, which is for the storage and transhipment of grain, but they will perhaps pardon an explanation of them to the more benighted people who live off the "trunk lines."

In order to begin at the beginning—get to the bottom, as it were, of an elevator—one must climb to the very top. The building is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-five feet wide, and, like all of its class, it rises eighty feet or more to the eaves, above which a narrow top part, forty or fifty feet higher, is perched upon the ridge-pole. It is built of wood, sheathed with corrugated iron a lit-

PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

tle way up, and then slated the rest of the way.

Entering one end, where two railway tracks run into the building, we find a narrow wooden stairway, and begin our ascent. The flights are short ones, but eighteen are stepped over before we emerge into the topmost attic. Alongside of us, as we climbed, has been running the strong belt which carries the power from the great engine on the ground-floor to the gearing in the roof—a belt of rubber canvas four feet wide, and perhaps two hundred and fifty feet long.

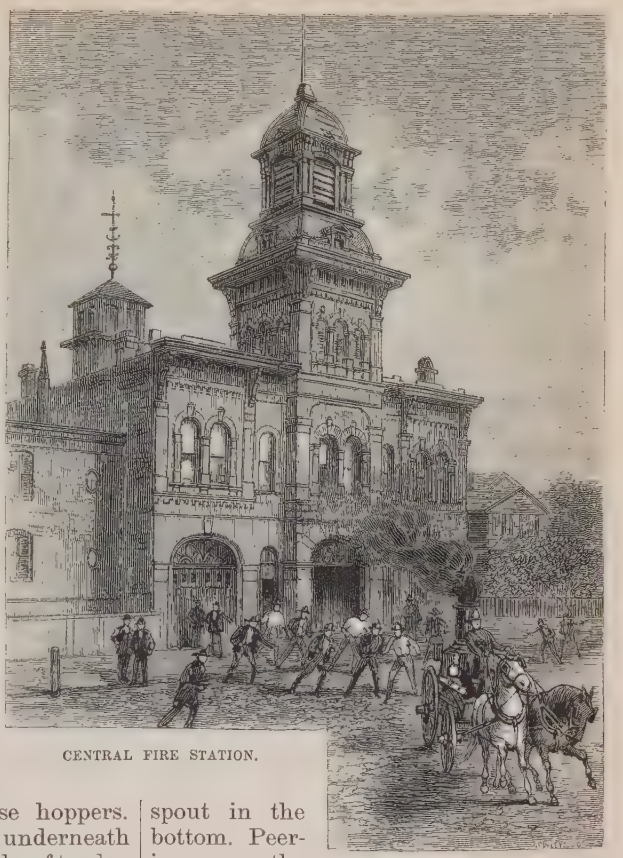
When grain is bought—perhaps a hundred car-loads from the vast fields of Dakota or the wide farms between here and St. Paul—the train is backed right into the elevator, and stands so that opposite each car door is a receiver, which is a kind of vat, or hopper, in the platform. By the help of steam-shovels, operating almost automatically, two men in each car will in ten minutes or less empty the whole train.

As fast as the grain is dumped, the receiver delivers it to iron buckets holding about a peck each, which are attached to endless belts, and travel up a sort of chimney, called a "leg," to this roof chamber. These buckets will hoist 6000 bushels an hour at their ordinary rate of speed. That is equal to one bucket going up 24,000 times, at the rate of 400 times a minute—tolerably lively work!

To-day up here in the topmost loft there is nothing doing, and we are saved strangulation. The light hardly penetrates through the cobwebbed windows, and the most pulverous of dust lies everywhere half an inch deep, showing the marks of a few boot soles, many foot-prints of rats, and the lace-like tracks of hundreds of spiders and bugs. You step over and under broad horizontal belts as you make your way gingerly from one end of the attic to the other. They run the fans that winnow the grain as it comes up in the buckets, after which it is dropped into

the hoppers, ten feet wide, and twice as deep, that open like hatchways every few feet in the centre of the floor. Now all is perfectly quiet; we are so high that even the clamor of the wharves does not reach us. But when the machinery starts in motion, then fearful roars, and clash of cogs, and whipping of slackened belts, assault the garret, until this whole upper region rocks like a ship in a gale, and chaff and dust cloud the eyes and stifle the throat.

Descending one story, we find another garret, with nothing in it but the square bodies of the hoppers. Going down a second flight shows us that the hoppers are suspended not upon pillars, but loosely on iron stirrups, so as to shake a little, and the iron gate which lets on or shuts off the fall of the grain through the tubular orifice at the bottom is operated by steam.

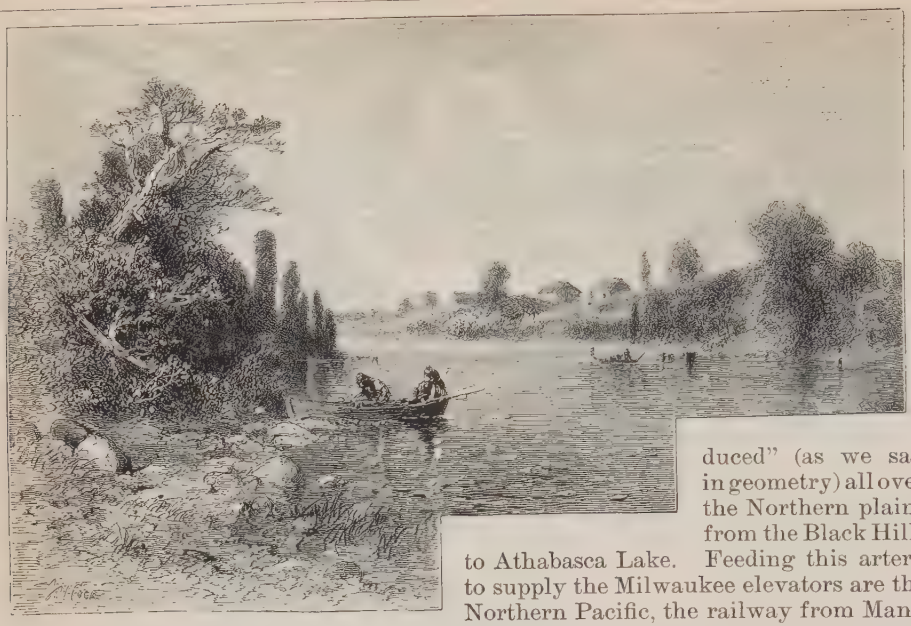


CENTRAL FIRE STATION.

There are twelve of these hoppers. Sticking up through the floor underneath each one gape the flaring mouths of twelve spouts or sluices, all of which point directly at the gate in the hopper, as though earnestly begging its bounty of grain. Every one of these 144 spouts leads into a bin, near or distant, and all are numbered, so that the superintendent knows which spout conducts to any one bin, and can distribute his cargoes accordingly, the result of his choice being recorded in cabalistic abbreviations upon a blackboard close by. A movable conductor is swung into place between the hopper and the spout, the gate pulled open, and down slides the wheat, with a musically rushing noise, into the grateful bin.

To see the bins we descend again, this time reaching the top of the wide part of the building. We walk very circumspectly, in the half-light, amid a maze of beams, stringers, and cross-pieces of wood and iron. The whole interior of the elevator below this level is now seen to consist of a series of rooms, between which there is no communication. They are ceilingless, and the only exit from them is through a spout in the bottom. Peering over the edges from the narrow foot-walks, we can only guess how far the person would fall who should lose his balance, for the eye can not reach the bottom: it is sixty-five feet below, and hidden in darkness. Of these deep bins there are 144, some twice the size of others. Sometimes they are all full at once, and hold eight or nine hundred thousand bushels, weighing fifty millions of pounds, and good for over two hundred thousand barrels of flour.

Yet it was not until the winter of 1840 that the first cargo of grain was ever shipped from this port, and it required the whole winter to accumulate 4000 bushels. Forty years have passed, and there are now in Milwaukee no less than nine elevators, which have a storage capacity varying from 200,000 to 1,000,000 bushels each, the total capacity being 5,330,000 bushels. They can ship over a million bushels a day, but can take in only about half as much, the grain requiring twice the time and trouble to go up as it does to come down. Every available foot of stor-



VIEW ON THE RIVER.

age space, I am told, was required last winter (1879–80) to accommodate the business here, and then there was not room enough.

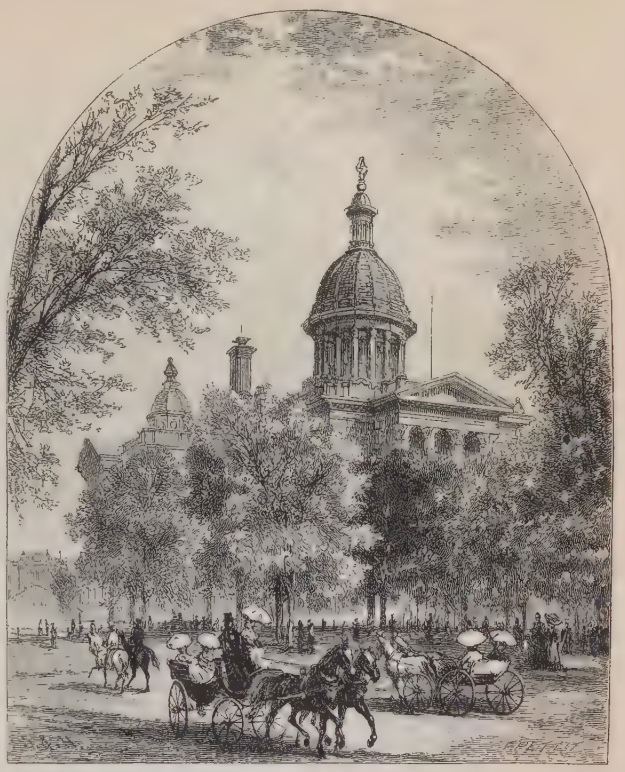
What is the reason for this large and steady growth against the powerful competition of a great neighbor? It is found in the fact that Milwaukee wheat has from the first been subjected to the most rigorous and honest inspection, and the grade No. 1, or No. 2, or any other grade marked as such, is known in Liverpool or Mark Lane to be precisely what it is stamped. So trustworthy is this brand and reputation that Milwaukee's wheat, derived from just the same fields as Chicago's or Duluth's, will fetch one or two cents more a bushel every time.

These elevators are almost all owned by railway companies, and constitute an important element in their power throughout the Northwest, while at the same time they are a source of great strength to the city in its race with competitors, since the railway lines strive to direct all the grain trade to Milwaukee, cutting out Chicago and other rivals.

The greatest of all these railways, whose existence is so vital to the city, is the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, which owns enough miles of track to make a road—side tracks and all—from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its lines ramify through the whole Northwest, and are to be "produced" (as we say in geometry) all over the Northern plains from the Black Hills to Athabasca Lake. Feeding this artery to supply the Milwaukee elevators are the Northern Pacific, the railway from Manitoba, the lines which enter St. Paul and Minneapolis from Dakota, Nebraska, and Northern Iowa, the various other railways coming eastward through Southern Wisconsin. In addition to this, the great Chicago and Northwestern company send a powerful branch here, and help to make Milwaukee a point intermediate between Eastern and Western traffic. Over the West Wisconsin road come the staples from the Chippewa, Eau Claire, and St. Croix regions. Three routes lead to Green Bay and the northern part of the State. The Wisconsin Central now extends a clear line from Milwaukee to Ashland, Lake Superior, running almost directly through the centre of the State, and opening up a country rich in prospects. At present it is chiefly useful as a lumber road, but settlement upon its abundant lands is proceeding rapidly, and when the proposed connecting link between it and the Northern Pacific at Duluth is made, it will become a second channel through which the wheat of the Upper Missouri prairies can flow into Milwaukee's granaries. Several shorter lines have lately been opened, contributing to the city's prosperity; and a route, no doubt some day to be built, is projected as an air-line road to St. Louis, which shall take in great coal-fields on its way. Such a road might be an important accession to the manufacturing interests, in reducing the cost of fuel, which is now brought from the

soft-coal fields of Iowa, and from the anthracite mines in more distant Pennsylvania.

These railways and the steam-ship lines, this export of wheat and lumber and farm produce, and import of rural supplies, have produced a city of solidity and magnificence, which you may go far and not find equalled. Its broad, Nicholson-paved business streets are bounded for block after block with warehouses and offices that would do credit to New York; and there is probably no finer building in the Northwest, devoted to a similar purpose, than the new hall of the Chamber of Commerce. Limestone from home quarries and gray Ohio sandstone are much used in construction, and ornamental iron fronts are common, but the customary building material is a brick which burns yellowish-white instead of red, the clay lacking the iron which by oxidation under heat gives the ferruginous tint. There are only one or two buildings in the lower part of the city constructed of red bricks, but their handsome effect is being copied somewhat by painting. Taking each building separately, one can not altogether admire the taste which seems to have dictated them (and the same may be said of the more ostentatious residences in many cases), yet the general effect is undeniably fine.



THE COURT-HOUSE.

As for public buildings, they are not many nor prominent. The County Court-house is a handsome, dome-crowned structure of Lake Superior brown stone ensconced in trees and shrubbery; the Post-office is a commodious building, which looks as if it was carved out of cheese, and makes you blink for its whiteness; churches are hidden away among foliage and houses until you can't see any one of them very distinctly, except the two vast towers of the Cathedral on the south side; and the beautiful tower of the water-works remains about the only really ornamental public edifice in a city where nothing is disgraceful except its market, and that is being rebuilt.

Milwaukee is certainly handsome, business-like, and healthy. It has about it an air of cleanliness, morally and physically, and an appearance of thrifty activity remarkable in contrast with the slatternly look of many large Eastern and Southern towns. All these things serve to make it a "Cream City," not in general tint alone, but *crème de la crème* among its prosperous sister towns in the Northwest. Yet it is difficult to pick out any one feature, and say of it, *that* is characteristic and peculiar, something whereby a person might know the city if he saw it in a vision, or was mysteriously landed in its midst, apart from all other towns. Boston has its round "swell fronts" and antique streets, Philadelphia its marble steps and solid shutters, and so on; but Milwaukee has little that is peculiar, unless it be the universality of yellowish-white bricks, which is shared by nearly all the towns between Lake Huron and the Upper Mississippi.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

saw-bucks on the comfortable side of the City Hall, and take long naps or spin yarns while waiting for a job. But even these old fossils are not different from the working classes all over the country; and the same is true of every grade of society. You continually see countenances familiar to you, feel an impulse to rush forward and claim an old acquaintance on every other corner. One house or shop front shows a tradition of Pennsylvania, another suggests some Broadway idea, a third adopts a peculiar bit of Bostonianism, while a fourth imitates a prominent sign-board in New Orleans. How is a chronicler to recognize anything as yet grown out of this composite, cosmopolitan growth, occurring similarly in a dozen cities, to characterize any one? Possibly in another century the evolution of circumstances will bring out some specialty in each whereby their divergence can be perceived.

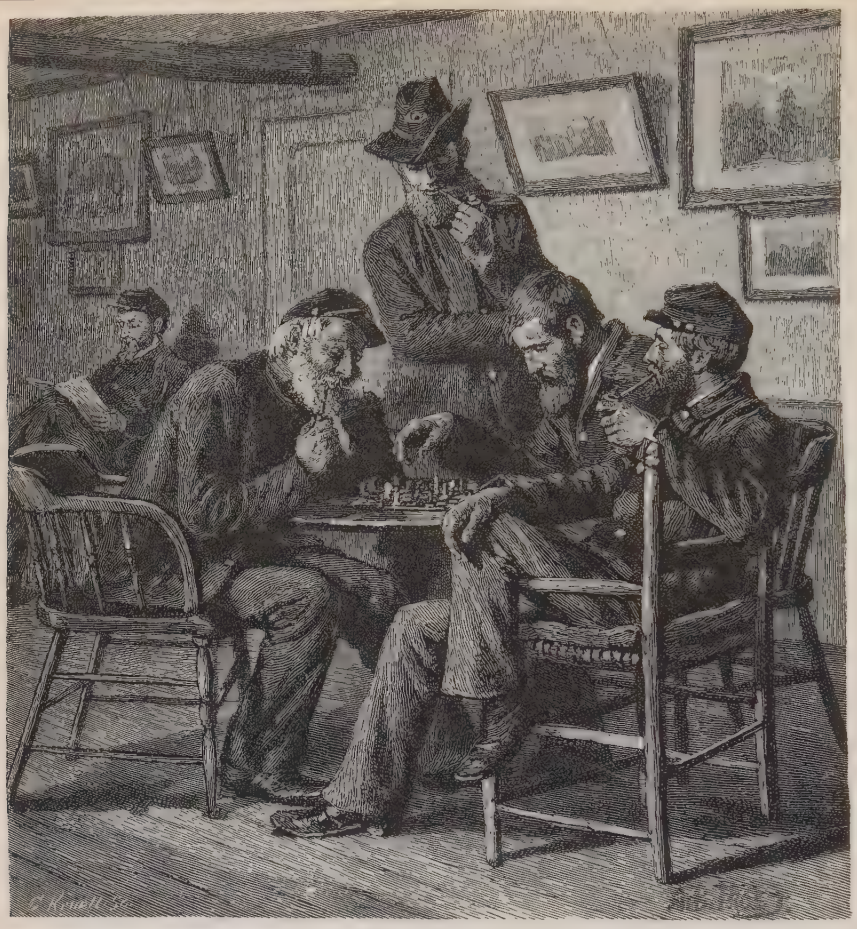
Nor is it strange that it should be difficult to find special peculiarities in so composite and so young a town. I have tried again and again in Chicago, Detroit, St. Paul, Burlington, and other Western cities to find a type of face or a style of carriage different from New York or New England, but found it impossible to do so. In a hundred years the case may be different. *Now*, these men and women are New York and New England transplanted; two-thirds of them were born in the East. They have brought with them the mingled customs of all the Atlantic centres of civilization, and have fitted them together to suit the new exigencies of the Northwest. Even the rural population are not as gawky and rustic as you will find in any back county of the East. They have travelled somewhat, and seen strangers. Their eyes are opened, and their attention alert. As for the long-haired plainsmen, and 'coon-skin-capped hunters, and other mythical characters of the "West," of course you see no more of them, nor as many, as you may find on a bright day in the Bowery. The only bit of "character" I can think of to be found anywhere in the city or surroundings are the few lazy old wood-sawyers who sit astride of their

Perhaps, nevertheless, in the case of Milwaukee, a distinguishing feature may be found in the large grounds that surround nearly all of the private residences in the finer parts of the city. For a town of so large a population this matter of space is accomplished in a way quite surprising to an Eastern man. Several of the residences, even in the heart of the town, occupy a whole block, or half a block, and horticulture finds many enthusiastic votaries. As a consequence, double houses and solid blocks of houses flush with the sidewalk are very few. This is partly because general sentiment is averse to it, but chiefly because a man who can afford to rent in such a block will prefer to find means to build for himself. Milwaukee is a city of *homes;* its people own the houses and lots where they live, to an extraordinary extent; and this is

true from highest to lowest—as well down below Wisconsin Street, and "over the Rhine," as up on the bluffs that overlook the azure lake. The architecture of the whole city, also, business and residence portions alike, is pleasantly varied. This gives the streets down town an animated look, and up town lends that village air to the well-shaded avenues which always seems doubly delightful when combined with such evidently urban advantages as good pavements and faucet water, gas and municipal protection. Just what styles of architecture prevail it would be difficult to say. The big Grecian house, with pillars in front from porch to cornice, the square-topped, fort-like brick, the pretentiously cheap Mansard-roof, are all absent, as is also the gambrel-roofed moss-grown home so quaintly attractive in the suburbs of most New England towns, and which, of course, no one would expect to see here.

A half-Dutch, half-English cottage style of house, with no end of peaks, gables, and surprising little points and angles, is the universal thing, and nine out of ten of these houses that succeed one another for miles and miles of prettiness are painted slate-color. But though the houses are not plain, the town owes its beauty not so much to ornamental architecture, which has generally too much of the "gingerbread" look about it to please a severe taste, as to the abundance of shade trees everywhere, and to the care which is taken of the grounds. In many of the streets, also, a wide space of sharply curbed and well-trimmed lawn separates the roadway from the sidewalk, and often you may go block after block without finding a fence between you and the slightly elevated or

FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.



A PACIFIC CONTEST AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

terraced door-yards, whose shaven greensward runs continuously past a dozen houses with no boundary wall to interrupt. Particularly is this true of Grand Avenue—a worthy rival of far-famed Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. This gives one the idea that he is making his way through a park rather than along a public street. Another pleasant custom is that of placing an ornamental gateway and rounding steps at the corner, where a house stands at the intersection of two streets, giving a far more imposing effect than one would imagine.

Until very lately a prejudice has existed—quite unfounded, I think—against living on the bluffs that overlook the northern half of the bay; the city consequently grew southward into the marshes, and westward up the slopes between the Menomonee and Milwaukee rivers, leaving its northern side open. Five years ago, Prospect Street was a grass-grown, muddy lane. Now it is one of the very finest avenues in town, and the backs of all the house lots on its eastern side run to the brow of the lofty bluff, at whose feet the restless lake is always beating. Down toward the foot of this handsome street another branched off at an acute angle, and the property owners about there bought and set apart the triangle inclosed as a little park, which is now very pretty. They constructed a fountain like a pile of rocks there, on condition that the city should always keep it running, wherein they made a good bargain. The peculiarity and excellence of this fountain is that there is plenty of water in it—rushing streams having force and weight dash out with a

noise and wetness thoroughly refreshing, whereas in the majority of fountains a few tender trickling drops only keep the iron-work glossy, and distress one with an idea that the affair is just on the point of drying up. This is much the case with that handsome structure, intended as a fountain, that ornaments the park of the Court-house.

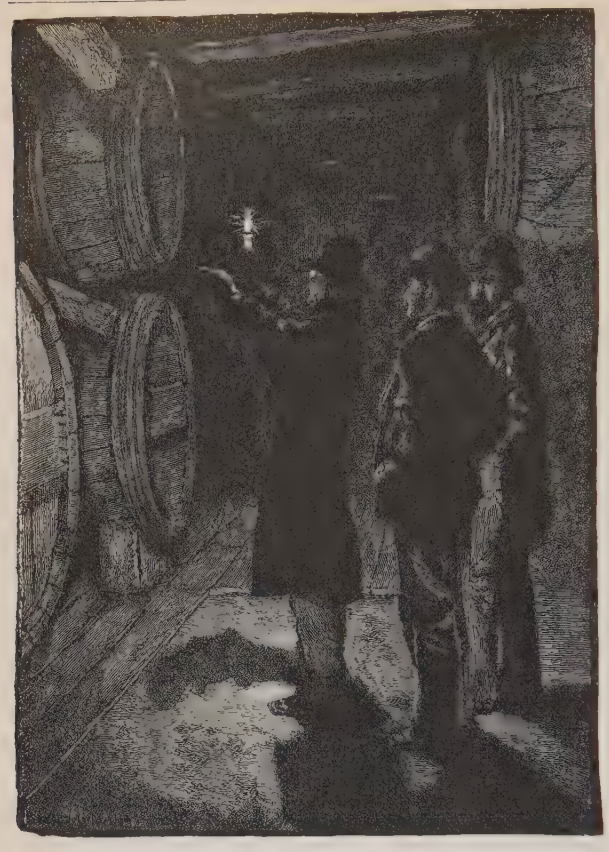
The pavement runs out Prospect Street for more than a mile, and continues into a favorite drive for five miles, with a side track kept in order for equestrians; and it was out this road that the Veteran Soldiers camped at their late reunion, and the beer gardens there did then—and yet do—a very thriving business. Five miles from the Post-office brings one to Whitefish Bay, and a magnificent view of Lake Michigan beating upon her cliffs just as the salt ocean worries the headlands of Montauk or Navesink.

This is out of town, though, and one need not go so far to watch the beauty or fury of the capricious lake. At the foot of Prospect Street the bluff has been terraced and sodded for a long distance, and so converted into a sort of boulevard or esplanade, where you may loiter and enjoy the fresh air. From this charming spot the bay is spread before you in a vast semicircle, sweeping from Minnewawa, the north point, to Nojoshing, its southern terminus, five miles distant, and leading the eye in front to a boundless horizon. No ocean picture can be broader or more majestic; it may give the beholder a more impressive feeling of terrible power, but never will it show the varying and delicate touches of beauty that the sparkling light waters and the brilliant sunshine combine to paint upon the surface of Lake Michigan. The swift and shifting changes the clouds work in the dissolving tints of blue and green; the sudden way in which silver and gold and the scarlet or rosy reflections of gaudy clouds are thrown down—all this is beyond pen or space to describe, higher than pencil or brush can truly depict. The lake, indeed, is the great fact which confronts you everywhere in Milwaukee. Its azure mass rises as a wall to confront the view whenever you turn your face to the eastward, filling with deep blue the arch under the trees at the end of every cross street.

Having this lake always before their eyes, and ever supplying pure and fresh breezes, and having streets so broad and well shaded, with such an abundance of pleasant gardens just across the low fence, wherein your eyes may feast to your heart's content, Milwaukee hardly needs a park. Nevertheless, just out of the city, to the westward, are the handsome grounds of the Soldiers' Home.

This institution is one of the four or five provided by the United States government as asylums for men in distress who have served creditably as volunteer soldiers in the Union army. They could not desire a more comfortable or pleasanter home. It is interesting to saunter through the commodious and orderly building; to see how every office of the household, from

A LAGER-BEER BREWERY.

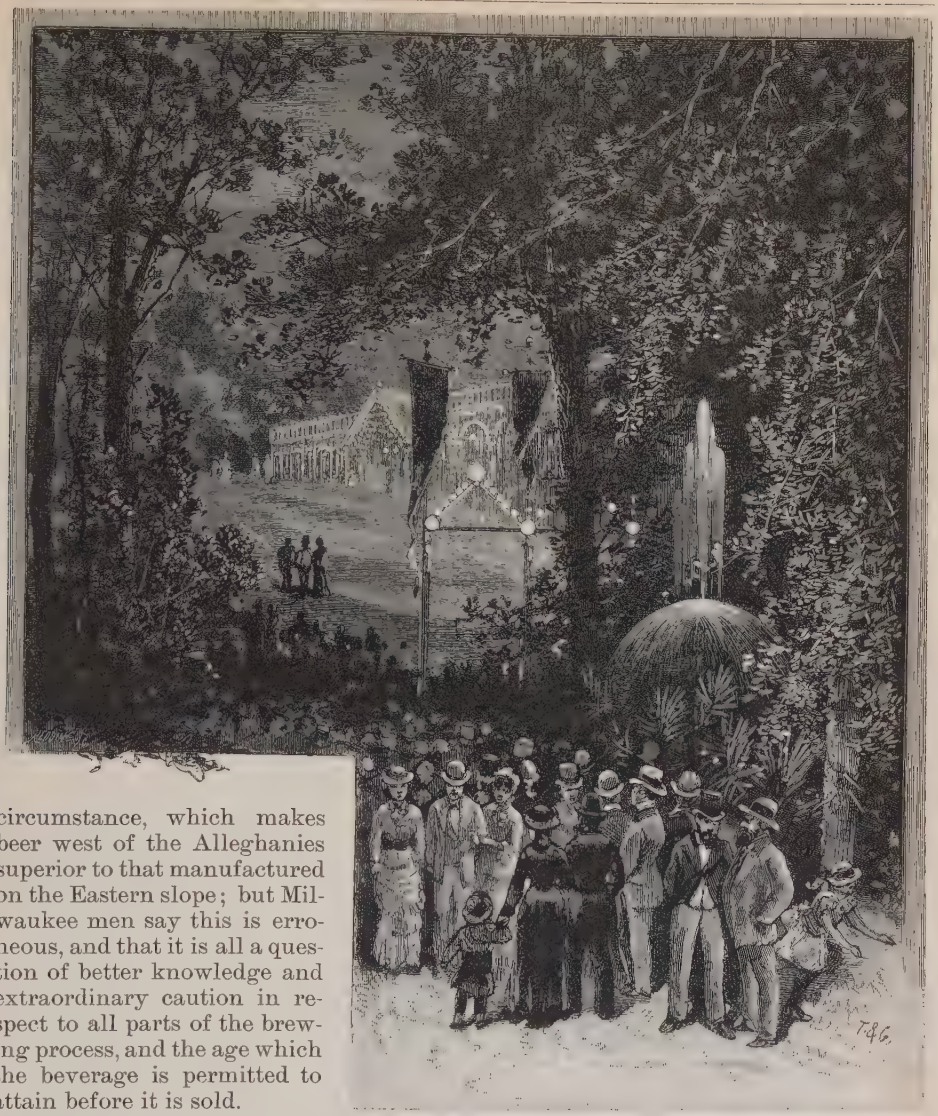


IN THE BEER VAULT.

that of night-watchman to that of scullion, is performed by men, and so well that a woman-hater would hug himself for joy. The inmates all wear the army blue, and spend their time wholly in a well-earned *dolce far niente*. It is enjoyable to watch the groups of grizzled veterans, with their pipes and cards, in the smoking-room, or listen to their stories of the old days as they lie at full length under the trees, and gaze across the hazy, purple city to the far sun-lit lake beyond, in delicious and dreamy contrast to their former activities and hardships. As the city extends itself, this charming domain will ultimately be its real park, no doubt, for the Soldiers' Home will find itself utterly without tenants before many more years. The deaths are very rapid now, and every year more and more of these aged and scarred veterans, who are now beginning to feel how the war shortened their lives by drawing too heavily on their youthful energies, strike their tents in this world, and go into that great campaign of the hereafter whither every man marches under sealed orders.

I have said that the lake was the "one great fact" about Milwaukee. The other great fact in Milwaukee is lager-beer. Probably the city is more widely known for this than for anything else. Her breweries ship their delectable product to all parts of the world, and have won compliments for its excellence even in the historic gardens of Bavaria. The beer business is a rapidly growing one, also, as the statistics of the Chamber of Commerce show, for it is less than thirty years since the first shipment was sent to tempt the willing appetites of New-Yorkers. In 1865 only about 65,000 barrels were manufactured in the whole city, and this was regarded as a large amount. Now there are a score of breweries, and for the year 1879 the records of the collector of internal revenue show a total of 548,770 barrels of beer sold by the brewers of Milwaukee, showing an increase within a year of 122,430 barrels. In making this amount of beer the brewers of Milwaukee used 1,234,632 bushels of barley, equivalent to 1,509,017 bushels of malt, and 1,097,540 pounds of hops, and realized for the product, at the wholesale price, the sum of $4,938,930. Still they find it necessary to continue enlarging their facilities, so widespread has become the demand for this favorite beverage. The barley is gathered from the entire Northwest, and even from California.

The beer is made from very carefully selected materials, and by men of the most approved experience in brewing. Extreme care is taken in every detail of the work from beginning to end, and finally, no beer is allowed to leave the cellars until it is at least five months old; whereas many brewers, particularly in the East, sell their product only three or four months after it is made. It has been asserted that there is a difference in the water, or the air, or some other natural



SUMMER NIGHT IN A MILWAUKEE BEER GARDEN.

circumstance, which makes beer west of the Alleghanies superior to that manufactured on the Eastern slope; but Milwaukee men say this is erroneous, and that it is all a question of better knowledge and extraordinary caution in respect to all parts of the brewing process, and the age which the beverage is permitted to attain before it is sold.

No doubt the success of Milwaukee lager is a result of the demand for very good beer which has arisen from the fact that this community contains so many Germans who are both judges and lovers of beer. Out of the 116,000 people in the city, over 60,000 are of that nationality. It is said that in the Second Ward, the northwestern corner of the town, there is not a single American, French, or Irish family. Whether this is so or not, it is certain one sees none but German faces, reads German signs, hears Teutonic speech, and catches all the flavor of the Father-land underneath an unmistakably American crust. Any one can understand what is meant by this last phrase if he goes to the railway station and marks the appearance of the crowds of immigrants that daily pour in there, fresh from the voyage. Then let him take a Walnut Street car, and ride through the west side. The faces are the same; the dress is only slightly different; but there is an entire change, hard to define, in the *sentiment* of all that the late immigrant says and does.

There being so many Germans and so much good beer, those out-door pleasure parks so dear to the German mind are in

great number and handsomely appointed. Milwaukee quite emulates Cincinnati in this respect. They are pretty places, being laid out with well-shaded walks, parterres of flowers, rustic colonnades, rock-work, fountains, and all the other accessories of landscape gardening on a miniature scale. There are also bowling-alleys and billiard saloons attached, and in the middle stands a concert hall, where a band discourses music to the crowd. Two of the largest of these gardens are on the high ground over in the Second Ward, but the majority of them are up the river, where a little steamer runs, and plenty of row-boats are handy for pleasuring. When there is a set programme, and good music may be expected, a very respectable crowd of both Germans and Americans will be found gathered at the gardens.

ANNE.

CHAPTER IX.

"Manners—not what, but *how*. Manners are happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. Manners require time; nothing is more vulgar than haste."—EMERSON.

MADAME MOREAU was a Frenchwoman, small and old, with a thin shrewd face and large features. She wore a plain black satin gown, the narrow skirt gathered in the old-fashioned style, and falling straight to the floor; the waist of the gown, fastened behind, was in front plaited into a long rounded point. Broad ruffles of fine lace shielded her throat and hands, and her cap, garnished with violet velvet, was trimmed with the same delicate fabric. She was never a handsome woman even in youth, and she was now seventy-five years of age; yet she was charming.

She rose, kissed the young girl lightly on each cheek, and said a few words of welcome. Her manner was affectionate, but impersonal. She never took fancies; but neither did she take dislikes. That her young ladies were all charming young persons was an axiom never allowed to be brought into question; that they were simply and gracefully feminine was with equal firmness established. Other schools of modern and American origin might make a feature of public examinations, with questions by bearded professors from boys' colleges; but the establishment of Madame Moreau knew nothing of such innovations. The Frenchwoman's idea was not a bad one; good or bad, it was inflexible. She was a woman of marked character, and may be said to have accomplished much good in a mannerless generation and land. Thoroughly French, she was respected and loved by all her American scholars; and it will be long ere her name and memory fade away.

Miss Vanhorn did not come to see her niece until a week had passed. Anne had been assigned to the lowest French class among the children, had taken her first singing lesson from one Italian, fat, rosy, and smiling, and her first Italian lesson from another, lean, old, and soiled, had learned to answer questions in the Moreau French, and to talk a little, as well as to comprehend the fact that her clothes were remarkable, and that she herself was considered an oddity, when one morning Tante sent word that she was to come down to the drawing-room to see a visitor.

The visitor was an old woman with black eyes, a black wig, shining false teeth, a Roman nose, and a high color (which was, however, natural), and she was talking to Tante, who, with her own soft gray hair, and teeth which if false did not appear so, looked charmingly real beside her. Miss Vanhorn was short and stout; she was muffled in an India shawl, and upon her hands were a pair of cream-colored kid gloves much too large for her, so that when she fumbled, as she did every few moments, in an embroidered bag for aromatic seeds coated with sugar, she had much difficulty in finding them, owing to the empty wrinkled ends of the glove fingers. She lifted a gold-rimmed eyeglass to her eyes as Anne entered, and coolly inspected her.

"Dear me! dear me!" she said. Then, in execrable French, "What can be done with such a young savage as this?"

"How do you do, aunt?" said Anne, using the conventional words with a slight tremor in her voice. This was the woman who had brought up her mother—her dear, unremembered mother.

"Grandaunt," said Miss Vanhorn, tartly. "Sit down; I can not bear to have people standing in front of me. How old are you?"

"I am seventeen, grandaunt."

Miss Vanhorn let her eyeglass drop, and groaned. "*Can* anything be done with her?" she asked, closing her eyes tightly, and turning toward Tante, while Anne flushed crimson, not so much from the criticism as the unkindness.

"Oh yes," said Tante, taking the opportunity given by the closed eyes to pat the itself as for grace of carriage," replied Tante. "Miss Douglas has a type of figure rare among American girls."

"I should say so, indeed!" groaned the other, shaking her head gloomily, still voluntarily blinded.

"But none the less beautiful in its way," continued Tante, unmoved. "It is the Greek type."

"DEAR ME! WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH SUCH A YOUNG SAVAGE?"

young girl's hand encouragingly. "Miss Douglas is very intelligent; and she has a fine mezzo-soprano voice. Signor Belzini is much pleased with it. It would be well, also, I think, if you would allow her to take a few dancing lessons."

"She will have no occasion for dancing," answered Miss Vanhorn, still with her eyes closed.

"It was not so much for the dancing

"I am not acquainted with any Greeks," replied Miss Vanhorn.

"You are still as devoted as ever to the beautiful and refined study of plant life, dear madame," pursued Tante, changing the current of conversation. "How delightful to have a young relative to assist you, with the fresh and ardent interest belonging to her age, when the flowers bloom again upon the rural slopes of

Haarderwyck!" As Tante said this, she looked off dreamily into space, as if she saw aunt and niece wandering together through groves of allegorical flowers.

"She is not likely to see Haarderwyck," answered Miss Vanhorn. Then, after a moment's pause—a pause which Tante did not break—she peered at Anne with half-open eyes, and asked, abruptly, "Do you, then, know anything of botany?"

Tante made a slight motion with her delicate withered old hand. But Anne did not comprehend her, and answered, honestly, "No, grandaunt, I do not."

"Bah!" said Miss Vanhorn; "I might have known without the asking. Make what you can of her, madame. I will pay your bill for one year: no longer. But no nonsense, no extras, mind that." Again she sought a caraway seed, pursuing it vindictively along the bottom of her bag, and losing it at the last, after all.

"As regards wardrobe, I would advise some few changes," said Tante, smoothly. "It is one of my axioms that pupils study to greater advantage when their thoughts are not disturbed by deficiencies in dress. Conformity to our simple standard is therefore desirable."

"It may be desirable; it is not always, on that account, attainable," answered Miss Vanhorn, conveying a finally caught seed to her mouth, dropping it at the last moment, and carefully and firmly biting the seam of the glove finger in its place.

"Purchases are made for the pupils with discretion by one of our most experienced teachers," continued Tante.

"Glad to hear it," said her visitor, releasing the glove finger, and pretending to chew the seed which was not there.

"But I do not need anything, Tante," interposed Anne, the deep color deepening in her cheeks.

"So much the better," said her grandaunt, dryly, "since you will have nothing."

She went away soon afterward somewhat placated, owing to skillful reminiscences of a favorite cousin, who, it seemed, had been one of Tante's "dearest pupils" in times past; "a true Vanhorn, worthy of her Knickerbocker blood." The word "Neeker-bo-ker," delicately comprehended, applied, and, what was more important still, limited, was one of Tante's most telling achievements—a shibboleth. She knew all the old Dutch names, and remembered their intermarriages; she was acquainted with the peculiar flavor of Huguenot descent; she comprehended the especial aristocracy of Tory families, whose original property had been confiscated by a raw republic under George Washington. Ah! skillful old Tante, what a general you would have made!

Anne Douglas, the new pupil, was now left to face the school with her island-made gowns, and what courage she could muster. Fortunately the gowns were black and severely plain. Tante, not at all disturbed by Miss Vanhorn's refusal, ordered a simple cloak and bonnet for her through an inexpensive French channel, so that in the street she passed unremarked; but, in the house, every-day life required more courage than scaling a wall. Girls are not brutal, like boys, but their light wit is pitiless. The Southern pupils, provided generously with money in the lavish old-time Southern way, the day scholars, dressed with the exquisite simplicity of Northern school-girls of good family, glanced with amusement at the attire of this girl from the Northwest. This girl, being young, felt their glances; as a refuge, she threw herself into her studies with double energy, and gaining confidence respecting what she had been afraid was her island patois, she advanced so rapidly in the French classes that she passed from the lowest to the highest, and was publicly congratulated by Tante herself. In Italian her progress was more slow. Her companion, in the class of two, was a beautiful dark-eyed Southern girl, who read musically, but seldom deigned to open her grammar. The forlorn, soiled old exile to whom, with unconscious irony, the bath-room had been assigned for recitations in the crowded house, regarded this pupil with mixed admiration and despair. Her remarks on Mary Stuart, represented by Alfieri, were nicely calculated to rouse him to patriotic fury, and then, when the old man burst forth in a torrent of excited words, she would raise her soft eyes in surprise, and inquire if he was ill. The two girls sat on the bath-tub, which was decorously covered over and cushioned; the exile had a chair for dignity's sake. Above, in a corresponding room, a screen was drawn around the tub, and a piano placed against it. Here, all day long, another exile, a German music-master, with little gold rings in his ears, gave piano lessons, and Anne was one of his pupils. To Signor Belzini, the

teacher of vocal music, the drawing-room itself was assigned. He was a prosperous and smiling Italian, who had a habit of bringing pieces of pink cream candy with him, and arranging them in a row on the piano for his own refreshment after each song. There was an atmosphere of perfume and mystery about Belzini. It was whispered that he knew the leading opera-singers, even taking supper with them sometimes after the opera. The pupils exhausted their imaginations in picturing to each other the probable poetry and romance of these occasions.

Belzini was a musical trick-master; but he was not ignorant. When Anne came to take her first lesson, he smiled effusively, as usual, took a piece of candy, and, while enjoying it, asked if she could read notes, and gave her the "Drinking Song" from *Lucrezia Borgia* as a trial. Anne sang it correctly without accompaniment, but slowly and solemnly as a dead march. It is probable that "Il Segreto" never heard itself so sung before or since. Belzini was walking up and down with his plump hands behind him.

"You have never heard it sung?" he said.

"No," replied Anne.

"Sing something else, then. Something you like yourself."

After a moment's hesitation, Anne sang an island ballad in the voyageur patois.

"May I ask who has taught you, mademoiselle?"

"My father," said the pupil, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"He must be a cultivated musician, although of the German school," said Belzini, seating himself at the piano and running his white fingers over the keys. "Try these scales."

It was soon understood that "the islander" could sing as well as study. Tolerance was therefore accorded to her. But not much more. It is only in "books for the young" that poorly clad girls are found leading whole schools by the mere power of intellectual or moral supremacy. The emotional type of boarding-school, also, is seldom seen in cities; its home is amid the dead lethargy of a winter-bound country village.

The great event in the opening of Anne's school life was her first opera. Tante, not at all blinded by the country garb and silence of the new pupil, had written her name with her own hand upon the opera list for the winter, without consulting Miss Vanhorn, who would, however, pay for it in the end, as she would also pay for the drawing and dancing lessons ordered by the same autocratic command. For it was one of Tante's rules to cultivate every talent of the purely agreeable and decorative order which her pupils possessed; she bathed them as the photographer bathes his shadowy plate, bringing out and "setting," as it were, as deeply as possible, their colors, whatever they happened to be. Tante always attended the opera in person. Preceded by the usher, the old Frenchwoman glided down the awkward central aisle of the Academy of Music, with her inimitable step, clad in her narrow satin gown and all her laces, well aware that tongues in every direction were saying: "There is Madame Moreau at the head of her school, as usual. What a wonderful old lady she is!" While the pupils were filing into their places, Tante remained in the aisle fanning herself majestically, and surveying them with a benignant smile. When all were seated, with a graceful little bend she glided into her place at the end, the motion of sitting down and the bend fused into one in a manner known only to herself.

Anne's strong idealism, shown in her vivid although mistaken conceptions of Shakspeare's women, was now turned into the channel of opera music. After hearing several operas, she threw herself into her Italian songs with so much fervor that Belzini sat aghast; this was not the manner in which demoiselles of private life should sing. Tante, passing one day (by the merest chance, of course) through the drawing-room while Anne was singing, paused a moment to listen. "Ma fille," she said, when the song was ended, tapping Anne's shoulder affably, "give no more expression to the Italian words you sing than to the syllables of your scales. Interpretations are not required." The old Frenchwoman always put down with iron hand what she called the predominant tendency toward too great freedom—sensationalism—in young girls. She spent her life in a constant struggle with the American "jeune fille."

During this time Rast wrote regularly; but his letters, not being authorized by Miss Vanhorn, Anne's guardian, passed first through the hands of one of the teachers, and the knowledge of this inspec-

tion naturally dulled the youth's pen. But Anne's letters to him passed the same ordeal without change in word or in spirit. Miss Lois and Dr. Gaston wrote once a week; Père Michaux contented himself with postscripts added to the long, badly spelled, but elaborately worded epistles with which Mademoiselle Tita favored her elder sister. It was evident to Anne that Miss Lois was having a severe winter.

The second event in Anne's school life was the gaining of a friend.

At first it was but a musical companion. Helen Lorrington lived not far from the school; she was one of Tante's old scholars, and this Napoleon of teachers especially liked this pupil, who was modelled after her own heart. Helen held what may be called a woman's most untrammelled position in life, namely, that of a young widow, protected but not controlled, rich, beautiful, and without children. She was also heir to the estate of an eccentric grandfather, who detested her, yet would not allow his money to go to any collateral branch. He detested her because her father was a Spaniard, whose dark eyes had so reprehensibly fascinated his little Dutch daughter that she had unexpectedly plucked up courage to marry in spite of the paternal prohibition, and not only that, but to be very happy also during the short portion of life allotted to her afterward. The young Spanish husband, with an unaccountable indifference to the wealth for which he was supposed to have plotted so perseveringly, was pusillanimous enough to die soon afterward, leaving only one little pale-faced child, a puny girl, to inherit the money. The baby Helen had never possessed the dimples and rose tints that make the beauty of childhood; the girl Helen had not the rounded curves and peach-like bloom that make the beauty of youth. At seventeen she was what she was now; therefore at seventeen she was old. At twenty-seven she was what she was then; therefore at twenty-seven she was young.

She was tall, and extremely, marvellously slender; yet her bones were so small that there were no angles visible in all her graceful length. She was a long woman; her arms were long, her throat was long, her eyes and face were long. Her form, slight enough for a spirit, was as natural as the swaying grasses on a hillside. She was as flexible as a ribbon. Her beauties were a regally poised little head, a delicately cut profile, and a remarkable length of hair; her peculiarities, the color of this hair, the color of her skin, and the narrowness of her eyes. The hue of her hair was called flaxen; but it was more than that. It was the color of bleached straw. There was not a trace of gold in it, nor did it ever shine, but hung, when unbound, a soft even mass straight down below the knee. It was very thick, but so fine that it was manageable; it was never rough, because there were no short locks. The complexion which accompanied this hair was white, with an undertint of ivory. There are skins with under-tints of pink, of blue, and of brown; but this was different in that it shaded off into cream, without any indication of these hues. This soft ivory-color gave a shade of fuller richness to the slender straw-haired woman—an effect increased by the hue of the eyes, when visible under the long light lashes. For Helen's eyes were of a bright dark unexpected brown. The eyes were so long and narrow, however, that generally only a line of bright brown looked at you when you met their gaze. Small features, narrow cheeks, delicate lips, and little milk-white teeth, like a child's, completed this face which never had a red tint, even the lips being but faintly colored. There were many men who, seeing Helen Lorrington for the first time, thought her exquisitely beautiful; there were others who, seeing her for the first time, thought her singularly ugly. The *second* time, there was never a question. Her grandfather called her an albino; but he was nearly blind, and could only see the color of her hair. He could not see the strong brown light of her eyes, or the soft ivory complexion, which never changed in the wind, the heat, or the cold.

Mrs. Lorrington was always dressed richly, but after a fashion of her own. Instead of disguising the slenderness of her form, she intensified it; instead of contrasting hues, she often wore amber tints like her hair. Amid all her silks, jewels, and laces, there was always supreme her own personality, which reduced her costumes to what, after all, costumes should be, merely the subordinate coverings of a beautiful woman.

Helen had a clear, flute-like voice, with few low notes, and a remarkably high range. She continued her lessons with Belzini whenever she was in the city,

more in order that he might transpose her songs for her than for any instruction he could now bestow. She was an old pupil of his, and the sentimental Italian adored her; this adoration, however, did not prevent him from being very comfortable at home with his portly wife. One morning Helen, coming in for a moment to leave a new song, found Anne at the piano taking her lesson. Belzini, always anxious to please his fair-haired divinity, motioned to her to stay and listen. Anne's rich voice pleased her ears; but she had heard rich voices before. What held her attention now was the girl herself. For although Helen was a marvel of self-belief, although she made her own peculiar beauty an object of worship, and was so saturated with knowledge of herself that she could not take an attitude which did not become her, she yet possessed a comprehension of other types of beauty, and had, if not an admiration for, at least a curiosity about, them. In Anne she recognized at once what Tante had also recognized—unfolding beauty of an unfamiliar type, the curves of a nobly shaped form hidden under an ugly gown, above the round white throat a beautiful head, and a singularly young face shadowed by a thoughtfulness which was very grave and impersonal when compared with the usual light, self-centred expressions of young girls' faces. At once Helen's artistic eye had Anne before her, robed in fit attire; in imagination she dressed her slowly from head to foot as the song went on, and was considering the question of jewels when the music ceased, and Belzini was turning toward her.

"I hope I may become better acquainted with this rich voice," she said, coming back gracefully to the present. "May I introduce myself? I should like to try a duet with you, if you will allow me, Miss—"

"Douglas," said Belzini; "and this, mademoiselle, is Mrs. Lorrington."

Such was the beginning.

In addition to Helen's fancy for Anne's fair grave face, the young girl's voice proved a firmer support for her high soprano than it had ever obtained. Her own circle in society and the music classes had been searched in vain more than once. For she needed a soprano, not a contralto. And as soprani are particularly human and jealous, there had never been any lasting co-operation. Anne, however, cheerfully sang whatever Belzini put before her, remained admiringly silent while Helen executed the rapid runs and trills with which she always decorated her part, and then, when the mezzo was needed again, gave her full voice willingly, supporting the other as the notes of an organ meet and support a flute after its solo.

Belzini was in ecstasies; he sat up all night to copy music for them. He said, anxiously, to Helen: "And the young girl? You like her, do you not? Such a voice for you!"

"But I can not exactly buy young girls, can I?" said Mrs. Lorrington, smiling.

More and more, however, each day she liked "the young girl" for herself alone. She was an original, of course; almost an aboriginal; for she told the truth exactly upon all occasions, appropriate or inappropriate, and she had convictions. She was not aware, apparently, of the old-fashioned and cumbrous appearance of these last-named articles of mental furniture. But the real secret of Helen's liking lay in the fact that Anne admired her, and was at the same time neither envious nor jealous, and from her youth she had been troubled by the sure development of these two feelings, sooner or later, in all her girl companions. In truth, Helen's lot *was* enviable; and also, whether consciously or unconsciously, she had a skill in provoking jealousy. She was the spoiled child of fortune. It was no wonder, therefore, that those of her own sex and age seldom enjoyed being with her: the contrast was too great. Helen was, besides, the very queen of Whim.

The queen of Whim! By nature; which means that she had a highly developed imagination. By the life she had led, having never, save for the six short months of her husband's adoring rule, been under the control, or even advice, of any man. For whim can be thoroughly developed only in feminine households: it is essentially feminine. And Helen had been brought up by a maiden aunt, who lived alone. A man, however mild, demands in a home at least a pretense of fixed hours and regularity; only a household of women is capable of no regularity at all, of changing the serious dinner hour capriciously, and even giving up dinner altogether. Only a household of women has sudden inspirations as to journeys and departures within

the hour; brings forth sudden ideas as to changes of route while actually on the way, and a going southward instead of westward, with a total indifference to supper. Helen's present whim was Anne.

"I want you to spend part of the holidays with me," she said, a few days before Christmas. "Come on Monday, and stay over New-Year's Day."

"Oh, I can not," said Anne, startled.

"Why not? Tante will consent if I ask her; she always does. Do you love this crowded house so much that you can not leave it?"

"It is not that. But—"

"But you are shy. But Miss Vanhorn might not like it. You do not know Aunt Margaretta. You have no silk gown. Now let *me* talk. I will write to Miss Vanhorn. Aunt Margaretta is as gentle as a dove. I am bold enough for two. And the silk dress shall come from me."

"I could not take that, Mrs. Lorrington."

"Because you are proud?"

"No; but because I would rather not. It would be too great an obligation."

"You repay me by your voice a thousandfold, Anne. I have never had the right voice for mine until now; and therefore the obligation is on my side. I do not speak of the pleasure your visit will give me, because I hope to make that mutual. But say no more. I intend to have my way."

And she had her way. "I have always detested Miss Vanhorn, with her caraway seeds, and her malice," she explained to Tante. "Much as I like Anne for herself alone, it will be delicious also to annoy the old dragon by bringing into notice this unknown niece whom she is hiding here so carefully. Now confess, Tante, that it will be delicious."

Tante shook her head reprovingly. But she herself was in her heart by no means fond of Miss Vanhorn; she had had more than one battle royal with that venerable Knickerbocker, which had tested even her celebrated suavity.

Helen's note was as follows:

"DEAR MISS VANHORN,—I very much wish to persuade your charming niece, Miss Douglas, to spend a portion of the holidays with me. Her voice is marvellously sweet, and Aunt Margaretta is most anxious to hear it; while *I* am desirous to have her in my own home, even if but for a few days, in order that I may learn more of her truly admirable qualities, which she inherits, no doubt, from your family.

"I trust you will add your consent to Tante's, already willingly bestowed, and make me thereby still more your obliged friend,

"HELEN ROOSBROECK LORRINGTON."

The obliged friend had the following answer:

"Miss Vanhorn presents her compliments to Mrs. Lorrington, with thanks for her note, which, however, was an unnecessary attention, Miss Vanhorn claiming no authority over the movements of Anne Douglas (whose relationship to her is remote), beyond a due respect for the rules of the institution where she has been placed. Miss Vanhorn is gratified to learn that Miss Douglas's voice is already of practical use to her, and has the honor of remaining Mrs. Lorrington's obliged and humble servant.

"MADISON SQUARE, *Tuesday.*"

Tears sprang to Anne's eyes when Helen showed her this note.

"Why do you care? She was always a dragon; forget her. Now, Anne, remember that it is all understood, and the carriage will come for you on Monday." Then, seeing the face before her still irresolute, she added: "If you are to have pupils, some of them may be like me. You ought, therefore, to learn how to manage *me*, you know."

"You are right," said Anne, seriously. "It is strange how little confidence I feel."

Helen, looking at her as she stood there in her island gown, coarse shoes, and old-fashioned collar, did not think it strange at all, but wondered, as she had wondered a hundred times before, why it was that this girl did not think of herself and her own appearance. "And you must let me have my way, too, about something for you to wear," she added.

"It shall be as you wish, Helen. It can not be otherwise, I suppose, if I go to you. But—I hope the time will come when I can do something for you."

"Never fear; it will. I feel it instinctively. You will either save my life or take it—one or the other; but I am not sure which."

Monday came; and after her lonely

Christmas, Anne was glad to step into Miss Teller's carriage, and be taken to the home on the Avenue. The cordial welcome she received there was delightful to her, the luxury novel. She enjoyed everything simply and sincerely, from the late breakfast in the small warm breakfast-room, from which the raw light of the winter morning was carefully excluded, to the chat with Helen over the dressing-room fire late at night, when all the house was still. Helen's aunt, Miss Teller, was a thin, light-eyed person of fifty-five years of age. Richly dressed, very tall, with a back as immovable and erect as though made of steel, a majestic Roman nose, and a tower of blonde lace on her head, she was a personage of imposing aspect, but in reality as mild as a sheep.

"Yes, my dear," she said, when Anne noticed the tinted light in the breakfast-room; "I take great care about light, which I consider an influence in our households too much neglected. The hideous white glare in most American breakfast-rooms on snowy winter mornings has often made me shudder when I have been visiting my friends; only the extremely vigorous can enjoy this sharp contact with the new day. Then the æsthetic effect: children are always homely when the teeth are changing and the shoulder-blades prominent; and who wishes to see, besides, each freckle and imperfection upon the countenances of those he loves? I have observed, too, that even morning prayer, as a family observance, fails to counteract the influence of this painful light. For if as you kneel you cover your face with your hands, the glare will be doubly unbearable when you remove them; and if you do *not* cover your brow, you will inevitably blink. Those who do not close their eyes at all are the most comfortable, but I trust we would all prefer to suffer rather than be guilty of such irreverence."

"Now that is Aunt Gretta exactly," said Helen, as Miss Teller left the room. "When you are once accustomed to her height and blonde caps, you will find her soft as a down coverlet."

Here Miss Teller returned. "My dear," she said, anxiously, addressing Anne, "as to soap for the hands—what kind do you prefer?"

"Anne's hands are beautiful, and she will have the white soap in the second box on the first shelf of the store-room—the rose; *not* the heliotrope, which is mine," said Helen, taking one of the young girl's hands, and spreading out the firm taper fingers. "See her wrists! Now my wrists are small too, but then there is nothing but wrist all the way up."

"My dear, your arms have been much admired," said Miss Margaretta, with a shade of bewilderment in her voice.

"Yes, because I choose they shall be. But when I spoke of Anne's hands, I spoke artistically, aunt."

"Do you expect Mr. Blum to-day?" said Miss Teller.

"Oh no," said Helen, smiling. "Mr. Blum, Anne, is a poor artist whom Aunt Gretta is cruel enough to dislike."

"Not on account of his poverty," said Miss Margaretta, "but on account of my having half-brothers, with large families, all with weak lungs, taking cold, I may say, at a breath—a mere breath; and Mr. Blum insists upon coming here without overshoes when there has been a thaw, and sitting all the evening in wet boots (which naturally makes me think of my brothers' weak families), to say nothing of the damp and wrinkled condition in which his hose *must* necessarily be."

"Well, Mr. Blum is not coming. But Mr. Heathcote is."

"Ah."

"And Mr. Dexter may."

"I am always glad to see Mr. Dexter," said Aunt Margaretta.

Mr. Heathcote did not come; Mr. Dexter did. But Anne was driving with Miss Teller, and missed the visit.

"A remarkable man," said the elder lady, as they sat at the dinner table in the soft radiance of wax lights.

"You mean Mr. Blum?" said Helen. "This straw-colored jelly exactly matches me, Anne."

"I mean Mr. Dexter," said Miss Teller, nodding her Roman head impressively. "Sent through college by the bounty of a relative (who died immediately afterward, in the most reprehensible way, leaving him absolutely nothing), Gregory Dexter, at thirty-eight, is to-day a man of modern and distinct importance. Handsome—you do not contradict me there, Helen?"

"No, aunt."

"Handsome," repeated Miss Teller, triumphantly, "successful, moral, kind-hearted, and rich—what would you have more? I ask you, Miss Douglas, what would you have more?"

"Nothing," said Helen. "Anne has

told me—nothing. Long live Gregory Dexter! And I feel sure, too, that he will outlive us all. I shall go first. You will see. I always wanted to be first in everything—even the grave."

"My dear!" said Miss Margaretta.

"Well, aunt, now would you like to be last? Think how lonely you would be. Besides, all the best places would be taken, too," said Helen, in business-like tones, taking a spray of heliotrope from the vase before her.

New-Year's Day was, in the eyes of Margaretta Teller, a solemn festival; thought was given to it in June, preparation for it began in September. Many a call was made at the house on that day which neither Miss Margaretta, nor her niece, Mrs. Lorrington, attracted, but rather the old-time dishes and the old-time punch on their dining-room table. Old men with gouty feet, amateur antiquarians of mild but obstinate aspect, to whom Helen was "a slip of a girl," and Miss Margaretta a half-way person of no interest, called regularly on the old Dutch holiday, and tasted this New-Year's punch. They cherished the idea that they were thus maintaining the "solid old customs," and they spoke to each other in moist, husky undertones when they met in the hall, as much as to say, "Ah, ah! you here? That's right—that's right. A barrier, sir—a barrier against modern innovation!"

Helen had several friends besides Anne to assist her in receiving, and the young island girl remained, therefore, more or less unnoticed, owing to her lack of the ready, graceful smiles and phrases which are the current coin of New-Year's Day. She passed rapidly through the different phases of timidity, bewilderment, and fatigue; and then, when more accustomed to the scene, she regained her composure, and even began to feel amused. She ceased hiding behind the others; she learned to repeat the same answers to the same questions without caring for their inanity; she gave up trying to distinguish names, and (like the others) massed all callers into a constantly arriving repetition of the same person, who was to be treated with a cordiality as impersonal as it was glittering. She tried to select Mr. Dexter, and at length decided that he was a certain person standing near Helen—a man with brown hair and eyes; but she was not sure, and Helen's manner betrayed nothing.

The fatiguing day was over at last, and then followed an hour or two of comparative quiet; the few familiar guests who remained were glad to sink down in easy-chairs, and enjoy connected sentences again. The faces of the ladies showed fine lines extending from the nostril to the chin; the muscles that had smiled so much were weary.

And now Anne discovered Gregory Dexter; and he was not the person she had selected. Mr. Dexter was a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty-eight years of age, with an appearance of persistent vigor in his bearing, and a look of determination in his strong, squarely cut jaw and chin. His face was rather short, with good features and clear gray eyes, which met the gazer calmly; and there was about him that air of self-reliance which does not irritate in a large strong man, any more than imperiousness in a beautiful woman.

The person with brown eyes proved to be Mr. Heathcote. He seemed indolent, and contributed but few words to the general treasury of conversation.

Mr. Blum was present also; but on this occasion he wore the peculiarly new, shining, patent-leather boots dear to the hearts of his countrymen on festal occasions, and Miss Teller's anxieties were quiescent. Helen liked artists; she said that their ways were a "proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalued all the mere utilities of the world."

"Are bad boots rays of beauty?" inquired Miss Margaretta.

"Yes. That is, a man whose soul is uplifted by art may not always remember his boots; to himself, no doubt, his feet seem winged."

"Very far from winged are Blum's feet," responded Miss Margaretta, shaking her head gravely. "Very, very far."

Late in the evening, when almost all the guests had departed, Helen seemed seized with a sudden determination to bring Anne into prominence. Mr. Dexter still lingered, and the artist. Also Ward Heathcote.

"Anne, will you sing now? First with me, then alone?" she said, going to the piano.

A bright flush rose in Anne's face; the prominent blue eyes of the German artist were fixed upon her; Gregory Dexter had turned toward her with his usual prompt attention. Even the indolent Heathcote

looked up as Helen spoke. But having once decided to do a thing, Anne knew no way save to do it; having accepted Helen's generous kindness, she must now do what Helen asked in return. She rose in silence, and crossed the brightly lighted room on her way to the piano. Few women walk well; by well, is meant naturally. Helen was graceful; she had the lithe shape and long step which give a peculiar swaying grace, like that of elm branches. Yet Helen's walk belonged to the drawing-room, or at best the city pavement; one could not imagine her on a country road. Anne's gait was different. As she crossed the room alone, it drew upon her for the first time the full attention of the three men who were present. Blum stared gravely. Dexter's eyes moved up to her face, as if he saw it now with new interest. Heathcote leaned back on the sofa with an amused expression, glancing from Anne to Helen, as if saying, "I understand."

Anne wore one of Helen's gifts, a soft silk of pale gray, in deference to her mourning garb; the dress was high over the shoulders, but cut down squarely in front and behind, according to a fashion of the day. The sleeves came to the elbow only; the long skirt was severely plain. They had taken off their gloves, and the girl's beautiful arms were conspicuous, as well as her round, full, white throat.

The American Venus is thin.

American girls are slight; they have visible collar-bones and elbows. When they pass into the fullness of womanhood (if they pass at all), it is suddenly, leaving no time for the beautiful pure virginal outlines which made Anne Douglas an exception to her kind. Anne's walk was entirely natural, her poise natural; yet so perfect were her proportions that even Tante, artificial and French as she was, refrained from the suggestions and directions as to step and bearing which encircled the other pupils like an atmosphere.

The young girl's hair had been arranged by Helen's maid, under Helen's own direction, in a plain Greek knot, leaving the shape of the head, and the small ear, exposed; and as she stood by the piano, waiting, she looked (as Helen had intended her to look) like some young creature from an earlier world, startled and shy, yet too proud to run away.

They sang together; and in singing Anne recovered her self-possession. Then Helen asked her to sing without accompaniment a little island ballad which was one of her favorites, and leading her to the centre of the room, left her there alone. Poor Anne! But, moved by the one desire of pleasing Helen, she clasped her hands in simple child-like fashion, and began to sing, her eyes raised slightly so as to look above the faces of her audience. It was an old-fashioned ballad or chanson, in the patois of the voyageurs, with a refrain in a minor key, and it told of the vanishing of a certain petite Marie, and the sorrowing of her mother—a commonplace theme long drawn out, the constantly recurring refrain, at first monotonous, becoming after a while sweet to the ear, like the wash of small waves on a smooth beach. But it was the ending upon which Helen relied for her effect. Suddenly the lament of the long-winded mother ended, the time changed, and a verse followed picturing the rapture of the lovers as they fled away in their sharp-bowed boat, wing and wing, over the blue lake. Anne sang this as though inspired; she forgot her audience, and sang as she had always sung it on the island for Rast and the children. Her voice floated through the house, she shaded her eyes with her hand, and leaned forward, gazing, as though she saw the boat across the water, and then she smiled, as, with a long soft note, the song ended.

But the instant it was over, her timidity came back with double force, and she hastily sought refuge beside Helen, her voice gone, in her eyes a dangerous nearness to tears.

There was now an outburst of compliments from Blum; but Helen kindly met and parried them. Mr. Dexter began a few well-chosen sentences of praise; but in the midst of his fluent adjectives, Anne glanced up so beseechingly that he caught the mist in her eyes, and instantly ceased. Nor was this all; he opened a discussion with Miss Teller, dragging in Heathcote also (against the latter's will), and thus secured for Anne the time to recover herself. She felt this quick kindness, and was grateful. She decided that she liked him; and she wondered whether Helen liked him also.

The next morning the fairy-time was over; she went back to school.

TWO STORMS.

I.

A GLORY of black hair had fallen over the arm of the sofa, where a pretty head lay, and spread itself out on the floor in wide shadows. Tangling it with pink fingers, and weaving pinker blossoms into its parted locks, sat a little girl, whose face was puckered into a quaint expression of earnestness. It was the afternoon of a spring day—one of those days of a Southern spring that seem to have straggled to earth from heaven. A breeze blew varyingly, cooling the air with its salt freshness. It scattered the flowers, and disturbed the little girl at her work as she caught at them with flushing face and little petulant cries.

"Now, mammie, if you won't wriggle, I'll make a fairy queen of you. But you must be perfeckly still, and don't move so much as your *littlest* finger. Be jus' as still as de butterfly you showed me in de garden, before it was a butterfly, you know—a—chrysostom it was."

The lady was of a distinguished and elegant beauty. She was small and dark, and from head to foot shaped as some woman must have been who unveiled her charms to Praxiteles for the marvel of the centuries. Her face had the downy rosiness of a child's at dawn. No feature attracted you conspicuously, for there was that absolute harmony which is the only perfect beauty.

If the lady had not been so magnetically pretty as to catch and fasten the eye, one might have observed the surroundings, which were in every way worthy of this rose of the world. Windows opened to the floor, leading to a wide veranda, shut in with striped awnings, and enticing with hammocks and easy-chairs. Straw matting covered the floor, its crude effect diminished by the Persian rugs that satisfied the eye with their dull richness. Many chairs, woven apparently of rattan and ribbons, gave an effect of coolness and simplicity. Tables of Florentine mosaic held vases of flowers; in the open fire-place wandering leaves drooped from their pots of porcelain.

Many rooms opened from this central chamber. Here you caught a glimpse of a poetical bed-chamber, all in white, save for a turbaned old black woman who sat by a marble table sewing a rent in a riding-habit. Beyond it was a bath-room, copied after one of Marie Antoinette's, with the ceilings and the walls all mirrors painted with flying Loves. Through another door you might see a vaulted apartment where there were musical instruments. Everywhere were curtains of a pale silver crape, falling sometimes to the floor, and again caught back with ribbons the color of the sun. Between the windows were marble statues.

As the hands of the Swiss clock pointed to five, the tinkle of a distant bell was heard, and a moment later a gentleman entered the room.

"What, Eugenia, not dressed! And the horses are at the door."

"Is it so late?" and the lady sprang from her languid pose.

"Maum Dulcie, is my habit ready?"

"Lor', yes, honey! Come along an' I'll dress you in a minute."

"See what a fright Dina has made of me," cried the dark-haired lady, laughing.

"A Flora, rather," returned the man, patting her round shoulder.

How lovely she looked as she stood there, her hair all tumbled and warm, and inviting kisses! Her husband at least seemed to think so, for he allowed no one but himself to disentangle the flowers from the shining waves, and he lingered lovingly over the task. Then the fair lady went into the next room to give herself into Maum Dulcie's hands, while her husband amused himself playing with their little girl.

How does he look, this middle-aged man with a young wife? He is neither short nor tall, dark nor light, fat nor lean; the sensible face of a man of business crowns his well-knit figure, and a power of abstraction might be judged from his thoughtful brow and introverted eyes.

But the whole face was changed and lighted by love as the hand of his wife pushed aside the portière, and she came in like a girl in a picture, holding up the folds of her habit in a gauntleted hand.

"Take me, mammie!" cried the little girl.

"No, no, Chicken; we are on horseback. Come, Allan—let us run, or she will scream."

Husband and wife ran laughing out of the room to where the horses stood at the mounting block. Such horses as awaited them! Kentucky stock, full-blooded, and fit for warriors. They are mates; fiery, and strong of bone, with quivering nos-

trils, and eyes that gleam as if fire were behind them. With a step into her husband's hand, the lady's light form is in the saddle. Off they go!

II.

The chicken, who was left behind, ruffled her feathers.

"I wanted to go," she cried, with a howl.

"Never mind, honey," said Maum Dulcie, with a soothing voice. "Now don't go fur ter be in a tantrum, my lamb."

"I *will* get into a tantrum," responded the gentle lamb, "and stamp my feet off, and make myself as hot as a tea-pot!"

"Lord love de chile! Whar do she git sech queer notions? Come, sit in ole Maum's lap, honey."

"Will you tell me a story?"

"Dat I will—purtiest one ever you listened to. Now fust lemme bathe your face a little."

She cools and powders the flushed face, smooths the tangled hair, and begins the exciting romance of

THE TAR BABY.

"Onst dar was a fox an' a b'ar an' a wolf an' a rabbit went partners togedder. An' dey dug a well o' sweet water. Well, de rabbit was a lazy, shif'less sort o' fellow; he didn't want ter do no work. So he come every night an' steal de water. Well, de fox an' de b'ar and de wolf dey suspecks tiefs aroun', but dey can't ketch nobody. Every night de water got lower in de well. Bime-by de fox got up a trap. He made a little ugly ridikilous baby out o' *tar*, an' stuck it agin de side ob de well. Oh! it was as funny a baby as ever you seed, Dolly! Dar was watermillion seed fur teef, and glow-worms fur eyes, an a' toad-stool fur a nose, an' de gray tree-moss fur hair; but when all was done he looked proper nateral, an' de rabbit come along an' seen de tar baby a-grinnin' at him.

"'Hello!' he says, 'who's dat?'

"Sho 'nuff, de tar baby he never made no answer.

"Den de ole rabbit wuz mad. He hops aroun', an' he says, 'Ef you don't speak ter me, you black Belzebub, I knocks yo' head off!'

"*Tar baby never said one word.*

"Den de rabbit ups wid his paw an' struck him smack on de jaw; an' sho's you live, dat little fo'-paw *stuck tight.*

"'Let go o' my han'!' yells Mars' Rabbit—'let go o' my han'!'

"Den he knocks tar baby wid de odder fo'-paw, an' *it* stuck. Tell you, at dat pass, he wuz as mad as forty thousan' wet hens. An' fust one hin'-paw hit out, an' den de odder one, all of 'em stickin' as tight as sin to a nigger.

"An', honey, when de fox and de b'ar an' de wolf got dar de nex' mornin', dar wuz dat little fool of a rabbit stickin' wid all his paws an' wid his head an' tail to de tar baby. An' pleased dey wuz ter see it—pleased as boys in 'simmon-time—especially de fox. Dey all took counsel togedder what ter do wid de tief. Den de rabbit—mighty meek all on a sudden—says he, wid tears in his eyes, 'I's been caught, an' I know dat I's got ter die. But I jes' axes one ting. Kill me if you will—drown, burn, hang me—but *don't frow me inter de brier patch.* Dem is my las' words—don't frow me inter de brier patch.'

"Now, you see, honey, dey all hated Captain Rabbit like pizen; an' jes' as soon as dey suspicioned dat he *didn't want* ter be frowed in de brier patch, dey made up deir vengeful ole minds ter do *dat very ting.* So de b'ar he clum a slim hickory saplin'—he was a *little* b'ar, you know, what could run up saplin's—an' he got a good grip o' de shakin' rabbit, an' flung him—jes' as fur as he could sen'—inter a brier patch!"

The little girl was white. She clutched Maum Dulcie's arm.

"And did it kill him?"

"Lor', honey!" cried the story-teller, with a delightful laugh, "de rabbit gin hisself one little shake, an' kicked out his hin'-paw, an' winked his eye, an' says he, 'Kiss my foot! Here's whar I wuz bred an' born!'"

The listener's breath was taken away.

"An'—he *wanted*—to be thrown—in de brier patch," she murmured, with little gasps.

"Lor', yes, honey! dat's whar he had lived all his life. Now you tell me one, my bird."

"I don't know any," said the bird, with dignity, "'cep' it's de story of George Washington."

"Well, let's have dat, my lamb."

The lamb slipped from Maum Dulcie's lap.

"Once on a time," she said, rapidly, "dere was a little boy named George

Washington, an' one day he was a-playin' in de garden, an' he cut down his papa's cherry-tree. Bime-by his papa came along, an' he said, 'Who's been a-cuttin' down my cherry-tree?'" (Here she looked fiercely from under her eyebrows, and her voice assumed a deep bass tone.) "An' George was just as scared as a bird in a trap. An' he said" (fine small voice), "'*Papa, I can not tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.*'

"'Come to me arms, me boy!'" (bass tones again), and the child jumped to Maum Dulcie's arms, and gave her a Southern kiss. "Now tell me another," she said.

"Why, honey, seems 's if I've told you mos' everything. Let me see. D'I ever tell you 'bout de weddin' 'twixt your ma an' pa? No? Well, den, ter begin: I wuz yo' mammy's nuss, jes' as I am yourn. Yo' gran'pa, a-livin' up in de Attakapas, was one o' dose men who is mighty rich, an' who tinks all de mortal universe belongs to 'em. But arter while he run through all his property, an' he mortgaged all dat wuz left ter a gentleman from Virginny. 'Well, Dulce,' said ole mars', 'I don't see but what de ole place will have ter go.' I begun ter cry, but he hushed me right up. 'It's a matter of honor,' says he. De nex' day I wuz ordered to make a room ready fur Mister Mabyn—dat wus de gentleman from Virginny. I jes' hated to lay out de fine things fur dat man; but fur de honor of de family I did my bes'; an' dat night he come, as proper-spoken an' respectful 's if he didn't own de place an' every han' on it. Lor', I remember it all 's if 'twas yesterday! Ole mars' wuz as high an' mighty as ever, and dar wuz a dinner dat nobody could beat. 'Honey,' says I ter my young miss—she dat is yo' ma now—'honey, put on yo' bes' dress, an' do de family proud.'

"So—fur she wuz always sweet an' ready—she dressed up in a sun-colored muslin, wid a knot of roses in her breast; an' I jes' tell you, Mr. Mabyn he never took his eyes off dat chile as she sot so sweet an' quiet at de table, an' he a-drinkin' her pa's ole wine. De nex' mornin' he had a long talk wid yo' gran'pa, and den it wuz pernounced over de plantation dat Mr. Mabyn wuz gwine ter stay a few weeks. He used ter go a-walkin' wid our young miss—Little Missy we called her—an' she jes' went along in dat purty idle way o' hers, never seemin' ter take no notice, an' he a-walkin' arter her like a great tame fox-houn'. We all knowed what he wanted; an' when he spoke to yo' gran'pa, pleased 'nuff ole mars' wuz. Fur, don't you see, yo' pa was in dat state of mind dat he didn't keer a snap about money—'sides he wuz rich as all out-doors—so he jes' handed back de title-deeds o' de plantation, an' den went to Little Missy—shakin' like a leaf, I heerd 'em say. Of co'se she took him. Why shouldn't she? To be sho, he wuz a good deal aged by de side o' her; but she had never had no odder sweethearts, an' her pa' wanted de match, an' I reckon she wuz moved in her soul by so much love. St. Joseph himself couldn't 'a showed more wonder an' worship fur our Blessed Lady, when she wuz chosen by de Lord, dan dat stiff Virginny gentleman did fur our Little Missy. So dar wuz a weddin', an' sich a roastin' an' a bilin' an' a freezin' o' cream—"

The loud bang of a door interrupted Maum Dulcie, and the windows rattled loudly.

"Sho's yo' born, honey, dar's a norther comin' up!" she cried, starting from her seat, almost letting the little girl fall.

Then a gust of wind swept over the house, shaking it as if it were a baby's cradle on rockers.

III.

While the child and Maum Dulcie were talking together, the two Kentucky horses were trotting along the beach. Eugénie Mabyn was never prettier than on horseback, and her husband watched her with grave tenderness. I think even she never knew how much he loved her.

Francis Mabyn was a man who had inherited nothing from his father except their fine and honorable name. He had early shown a talent for business affairs, and making his home in the island city of Texas, by the time he was forty years old he had made a large fortune. This money-getting, however, had absorbed his life. He had known none of the softer emotions until that day, at the Vallerie plantation, when he saw the shy bit of beauty whom her father called Eugénie, and the servants "Little Missy." She was sixteen years old, he nearly forty; but, for all that, in three months she was his wife. He had simply worshipped her. He strove to anticipate her desires; and it cost him a sharp pang when he found out, shortly after the

birth of her baby, that ever since her marriage she had wanted to go abroad, and from timidity had restrained the expression of her wish.

They went abroad, and to Paris. Here Eugénie found her mother's kindred, and the little American lady made a sensation in charming circles, for her beauty, her diamonds, and the open devotion of her grave husband. Mr. Mabyn enjoyed her enjoyment, but it can not be said that he was entirely happy during this interval. He was not exactly jealous, but he possessed in an extreme degree that sense of appropriation which made it a positive pain that the least smile from his wife's eyes should shine on another man. All men are more or less Turks at heart, and I really think Francis Mabyn would have liked to shut his wife away in a guarded palace. She was very docile; she was ready to leave the Paris gayeties at the least sign from him, secure in the consciousness of crossing the ocean again whenever it should please her little ladyship.

It had happened that a few weeks before, after a slight illness of Eugénie's, the family medical man had said something that, if possible, had intensified her husband's protecting tenderness.

"Your wife's constitution is good," he had said, with an alarming seriousness; "but there is some trouble with her heart. She must not be excited, and you must beware of sudden shocks. You must guard her carefully."

"Guard her!" he thought, passionately; "ay, as the royal diamond was never guarded. Father, mother, husband, I will be to my darling!"

It was the fairy time of the year. No beach in the country was so fine as this long shining sandy stretch running from east to west, level and hard as a race-track or rope-walk—and thirty miles of it. Wet with sea-foam, it glistened before them, fringed on one side with the curling waves, and on the other with scrubby grasses, prickly plants, and zigzag streaks of yellow flowers, inch high from the earth, and flaring wide as Æsop's nostrils to the breeze. The village lay behind, with all its streets sloping to the beach—a collection of low, scattered houses, hedged with oleanders and Cape jasmines, but scarcely shaded with the salt cedars and stunted live-oaks that were the only trees growing from the thin soil.

At this time always the beach was crowded with pleasure-seekers. Again and again Eugénie and Mr. Mabyn checked their horses to interchange greetings with their friends. Young men were bowing, ladies stopping their little pony-carriages, or halting under sun-shades, to chat with this gay little princess of a wife, who was so strong in the protection of her home, her wealth, and her husband's adoring love. People said of her afterward that there had never been such a glow to her beauty, nor such a sparkle twinkling through her gay talk. Her husband was unconscious that he observed her with any unusual tenderness, but afterward every word and look came to his memory as vividly as the impression of a photograph after the touch of the acids.

"Not many more rides," said Eugénie. "We shall soon be ready for our Northern tour."

"Of which the greatest pleasure will be the home-coming," returned her husband. "Tell me, darling, is not the home life the dearest life?"

"Why, of course, Frankie"—there was a pretty absurdity in the diminutive as applied to grave Mr. Mabyn—"but perhaps it would not be if I were tied to it. I can't bear to feel like a bird in a cage."

"Well, my lady, you are the only captain whose orders I obey. You've only to lift that small finger, and we start for China to-morrow, if you will it."

"Travelling is a bore, after all. One can not keep clean."

"I wish that I could get the magic carpet for you," said Mr. Mabyn, regretfully, and really with a slight feeling of indignation that this article was not in the market.

"Dear old fellow, how you would spoil me, if I could be spoiled!"

"Eugenia"—with a sort of solemnity—"you do not know how you are loved; how unworthy I feel of your beauty, your daintiness, fearing, as I grow older—for already my years are so far in advance of yours—that you will weary and cease to care for me."

"How could that be," she said, gently, "when you are so good? I shall love you till I die."

"Till I die!" The words struck coldly on his ears. The warning of the old physician was never quite out of his mind. At the thought of death in connection with

her, a cold horror crawled like a leech to his heart, sucking away its very life-blood. It has been said that possession is the death of love. To Francis Mabyn it seemed merely its birth. Each kiss that he spent on the lips of his wife seemed sweeter and more passionate than any he had given to sweetheart or bride. Far from being satiated, in all love's evidence there was not enough of variety or intensity to satisfy love. It was a fantastic sorrow of his married life, this longing for a deeper expression of the love that vitalized and sanctified body and soul.

As for his wife, her only sorrow was that her Virginia husband, with his English descent, would call her "Eugenia" instead of "Eugénie." She had her way, however, about the naming of their child, and the little Adine—or Dina—was called for her French grandmother.

They had ridden beyond the crowd, far out on the silver road, when Eugénie exclaimed, "Why, Frank, I believe a storm is coming up!"

A few clouds had gathered in the sky, pale and light as the pollen of a flower; but they were floating together in deepening tints. The sea's monotonous beats were broken as the waves whirled against each other. Color was gone from sea and sky, hidden under a gray veil that made the earth ugly as a dying face.

Mr. Mabyn seized the bridle of Eugénie's horse, and looked hurriedly around him. "A norther!" he cried; for the swift glance was a practiced one.

Eugénie turned her horse sharply, and in another second they were galloping homeward.

The skies grew darker, and the wind rose. The white sand was driven before the tumultuous zephyrs, until it seemed to fly like a herd of wild sheep. The waves dashed further and further inland, and the line of sluggish jelly-fish, that lay like moulded isinglass on the beach, was swept out to sea. The branches of the oleander-trees bent and twisted, and their pink and white blooms went crazily flying to the moon.

Mr. Mabyn looked anxiously at his wife. She was pale, and a little frightened; but she smiled as her eyes met his, and rode faster. They were riding in the face of the wind, and the horses showed signs of fatigue. The wind swept against them like waves, each colder than the last.

But at last they were at home, although by this time trees were falling, and the air was of an icy coldness.

"No wonder those poor drivers are frozen who are caught on the plains by a norther!" shivered Eugénie, as her husband lifted her from her horse and carried her in-doors.

The servants had known what to do; the windows were fastened, and fires were lighted all over the house, and Maum Dulcie was waiting with hot drinks, and blankets and shawls from the cedar chest.

No sleep was possible that night of awful storm. Wilder and fiercer it grew, with the wind blowing sixty miles an hour. Rain and hail-stones fell from the skies, striking like discharges of shot on the roof. The house swayed on its foundations as if it were a swinging garden in a gale. Mr. Mabyn tried in vain to persuade his wife to rest; but, excited and nervous, she walked up and down the floor, uttering prayers to the Virgin, and sharp ejaculations of terror. Her husband attempted in vain to hold her in his arms, and magnetize her to quiet. With a fear crouching beside him, he followed her, talking cheerily, even jesting. Maum Dulcie had persuaded her mistress to lay aside her heavy habit, and had robed her in a soft crimson dressing-gown, over which her hair streamed in dark profusion, unlighted by the pink blossoms of the morning. After that, Dulcie's courage seemed to desert her, and she sat with her apron over her head, moaning softly. She did not dare do more; for, after shrieking once that the end of the world had come, and increasing tenfold Eugénie's agitation, Mr. Mabyn silenced her with a vigor almost as frightful as the storm to poor Dulcie.

Morning broke on a wild scene. The wind was still blowing, though the rain had ceased to fall. On either side of the island the gulf and the bay had risen, and they leaped forward like hungry beasts longing to meet in an embrace of death. The day's light was dim, as though all the air were cloud. The sea had overflowed the land, and on its swift and turgid waters a queer débris floated out to the indifferent ocean—drowned chickens and pigs, uprooted rose and fig bushes, window-shutters, and the roofs from houses.

Eugénie's courage had revived with the morning. She stood in the piazza, her face pressed against the pane of a glass door. "It is like Venice," she cried, with

a laugh. "Frankie dear, can't you have a gondola rigged up?"

Seeing her smile, Mr. Mabyn felt that the sun had suddenly burst through the sky. "I hope we are provisioned for a siege," he said, gayly. "At any rate, we can lean out of the window and fish."

With his words, a wilder war of wind foamed the water at their doors, and diverted the current. Something was tossed from its bosom against the glass by which they stood. Her husband drew Eugénie away; but again, with an angry thud, the glass was struck with such violence that it shattered to fragments, and the prey of the waves was thrown at Eugénie's feet.

It was the dead body of a man.

One cry from poor Eugénie, as she looked with eyes distended with horror. Then, throwing her hands above her head, she fell, her hair mingling with the water that streamed in, her hands cut with the broken glass, her crimson robe covering the frightful corpse.

Her husband caught her up, after one frozen moment. "Go!" he shouted. "A doctor! Swim—kill a dozen horses if need be. Tell Dick to risk his life, but bring a doctor here."

Maum Dulcie disappeared to fulfill his commands, and re-appeared, treading softly.

"Let me see, marster, if de doctor can help her."

He had placed her on her lily bed. Gently, reverently, the broad black hand sought the beautiful bosom that never more should pillow love. But no heart-beat responded.

"Mars' Frank, 'tain't no use; she's gone."

"*You lie! Is there no God?*"

One restorative after another was tried, even until the sweet body had grown cold, and Maum Dulcie felt it sacrilege to touch it so profanely. Still Francis Mabyn refused to believe that she had been torn from his love; and when at last the doctor came, he found a madman holding death in his arms.

It was three days before the storm subsided over the desolated land. For those three days Francis kept his dead in his home. Wilder than the raging tempest was the storm in his brain; sadder than the ruin it left, that of his soul.

So sweet Eugénie was hidden from the sun in an unshared vault; and the man who loved her so well was left with his young child and broken heart to face a horrid and hated future. Poor little motherless Dina! he almost forgot her existence, as he shut himself into the terrible solitude of his grief.

IV.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

"Now, Maumie, you ought to be ashamed to have secrets from me!"

So cried a lithe young maiden of sixteen, sitting comfortably on the twisted limb of a fig bush, watching a turbaned old black woman gather the purple fruit, and drop it into a great basket on her arm.

"Now, honey, don' you worry yo'self 'bout Maumie's secrets; you's jes' a little chile."

"I am taller than you," cried the girl, aiming a fig at a redbird; "and I shall soon be as tall as papa."

"Yo' po' pappy! he's kind o' bent wid his troubles."

"But the secret! the secret!" cried Dina Mabyn. "Tell me; if you don't, I'll jump down and break my arm, or leg, or something, and it will be all your fault."

Maum Dulcie put her hand to her ear, and appeared to listen.

"Dar's somebody a-callin' me from de house. Honey, I reckon yo' pappy's come, an' wants his dinner. You know I don't trust nobody but myself to set de table."

And Maum Dulcie hurried off, followed by a peal of laughter from the young lady in the fig-tree. It was not the first time that her old nurse had been suddenly called away when Dina approached a forbidden subject.

"I'm very curious," she mused, throwing her head back and peeping at the bright sky. "I wish I could see as much as you, you old one-eyed sun! Think of all you take in at one big glance! It is the moon, however, that knows Maum Dulcie's secret; whatever it may be, it's an affair of the night."

When Dina was quite a child, she had observed that Maum Dulcie had some mystery in her life, and as she grew older, she had determined to find out all about it. As a rule, Dulcie had been contented to spend the evenings with her young mistress, telling over wild tales, or combing Dina's dark hair, or bathing her lazy little feet with perfumed water. But there were other nights in which Dina was hurried

to bed, without saying her prayers, perhaps, and Dulcie, crying "Good-night, honey," in a voice of curiously blended fright and exultation, would take herself off—the moon, but not Dina, knew where. In the days following, Dulcie would go about the house an image of worn-out woe, starting nervously if suddenly addressed, weeping without cause, and spending many hours in the little chapel built for Dina's mother, prostrate before the sad Virgin beside the altar.

Poor little Dina! her mind would not have dwelt so much on this matter if there had been other things for her to think about. But never had young girl led more lonely life.

In truth, Maum Dulcie's guardianship was all that Dina had—a very loving one it was, but it did not advance her in a young lady's education. Governesses had come and gone at the Mabyn house, but one after another found cause for brief reign. Either Dulcie, housekeeper and nurse, was jealous, or Dina's temper proved unbearable, or the isolation of the home life was not to be borne. Mr. Mabyn had no friends daring enough to suggest that he send Dina to boarding-school; so the little thing had been almost forgotten.

For Mr. Mabyn, after many desolate years, had come out from his seclusion. He had grown old in these years; his hair had whitened, and his face wrinkled. On what husks he had fed his heart, those who have loved may know; but at last he reappeared in the world, and became the victim of a cruel mistress. Many men had bowed before her, and to their cost. Perhaps of all who had wooed her, she treated worst the man who came to her broken-hearted, seeking her first as a distraction, but giving her his soul at last. She flouted, and deceived, but forever allured him. She was insatiate in her demands. Bank stock, wharf stock, and sugar plantations were sacrificed in her behalf; and not his wealth alone, but his time, must spend itself, his heart forswear all other interests. His daughter grew to womanhood, neglected and unnoticed. His State plunged into war, and it only affected him as affecting his idol. He studied her past history, that he might judge of her possibilities in the present, and foretell immense gifts from her in the future. And all of this may be understood by the fact that her name was—*Cotton.*

Cotton speculation did not mean in those days what it has since come to signify—the desperate gambling game in which no cotton is actually involved, fatiguing even to think on, filling the soul with visions as distorted, immense, and unreal as buzz in the brain of a man distracted with cinchona. There was no cable news, railways were few, and "spots," "futures," "longs," and "shorts" were unknown terms. Only men of substance dared to speculate; they bought the cotton, shipped it to Liverpool, drew long bills against it, and awaited results with admirable coolness. They made wagers with fate, but they dealt with realities, and heaped up bulky fortunes, or met beggary bravely.

In Mr. Mabyn's first venture he lost money. This piqued his interest; he saw just where he had taken a wrong step, and the next season bought with three times more boldness, convinced of being right in his calculations. The event proved him so indeed; and the excitement and triumph were so agreeable that he gave himself entirely to his new pursuit. He called himself a prudent man, and he studied his subject thoroughly. He could tell at any time the state of the cotton market all over the world, and prove logically that his conclusions were correctly drawn. But some impish angel of the odd was forever upsetting his plans. Year by year he was forced to some sacrifice of property, that he might meet his obligations. His ill luck grew to be proverbial. It became a common saying among cotton men that when Frank Mabyn said, "Buy," hold off; but get all you could if he said, "Wait for a decline." The capriciousness of fortune perplexed, irritated, and absorbed him in vain calculations.

Dina's earliest memory of her father was of seeing a gray-haired man with a slight stoop in his shoulders scribbling figures on a long strip of paper, then tearing it into little bits, which he would roll tightly, and throw on the floor. After this he would get up and wash his hands, Dina, sitting in one corner, watching him with big eyes, asking no question, offering no kiss, expecting no notice.

"I wish I were a little dog," she said once to Maum Dulcie; "then I could lick papa's hand, and perhaps he would pat my head."

"You po' little sweet rose-bud!" cried

the old woman; "ain't you got yo' ole nuss ter love you an' pet you?"

And in her compassionate tenderness, Maum Dulcie did her best to spoil her charge by too great indulgence.

So Eugénie's little girl grew up wild and sweet, like a flower—

> "A smile of the sun,
> A tear of the rain—"

and she unfolded into a delicate dark beauty, with a sparkling look of intelligence that would have forbidden one to laugh at her ignorance. She had a temper; indeed, she was a willful little spitfire; but she was not obstinate, and her sense of justice was keen. Wild, not bold; modest, not shy; frank, untutored, lonely, yet untroubled by dreams—she was not one for the gods who "use us for their sport" to forget or pass by.

V.

It was Sunday afternoon. Maum Dulcie had taken her little mistress to early mass that morning, walking behind her carrying her prayer-book as decorous as a duenna. After dinner she seated herself in the kitchen, rocking gently, and looking over a book of Bible pictures. Dina, not far away, was swinging in a hammock swung between two oleander-trees. The sea sparkled, the sun shone with a mellowed warmth, and a broad golden bar lay on the floor at Maum Dulcie's feet. Into this peaceful scene intruded a strange figure—old Sinai, the beggar-woman. Sinai was a character. She had ceased to be a beggar, so to speak, and had become an institution. The careless way she had of waving her hand toward her basket, as if merely to indicate where you might place your gifts, was a delicate tribute to your royal quality impossible to withstand. In return, she was prodigal of her company and her conversation. Both were sufficiently amusing, as she was a violent old devil when aroused, and spat out her words in a queer jargon that one needed a dexterous ear to follow. One of her habits was getting drunk on black coffee, which she made by her neighbors' fires at any hour of night or day. She always came provided with the apparatus for making her coffee, and it was of a beautiful simplicity. It consisted of a tin cup, and a sort of woollen bag, of so suspicious a shape as to suggest that it had been a stocking. Its color showed long use in *some* service, being very black at the tip, and shading up into a dingy white. She got her coffee, of course, from her hosts of the time being; but she was very particular as to its quality, insisting always on having it green, and parching it herself. This was an anxious performance, and she bent over the grains, stirring constantly until they were as brown as her face. Then crushing them between two stones, she flung them into her coffee bag. The next step was to hang this on the back of a chair, and pour boiling water into the bag, greedily watching it drip into her tin cup. Then to see her drink the bitter fluid and roll her eyes in ecstasy was to get a glimpse into her heaven.

"How joo?" she said, as she entered Dulcie's kitchen. "Got leetle café f' ole Sinai?"

"Dar's a fresh han'ful lef' from dis mornin's parchin'," said Dulcie. "I thought you'd be a-rovin' in ter-day, an' I saved it a-purpose."

"Glad yer got Sunday heart in yer breast. Zat mooch my good."

Never was there a greater contrast than between these ancient crones. Dulcie sat there, personified respectability. Her features were high, and more regular than is common among her people. Her head was wrapped in a stiff white handkerchief tied in four twists that stood up like pointing dead fingers. Of starched and stainless white, too, was the handkerchief crossed on her bosom, confined by a great brooch of Florentine mosaic. Her gown was of rustling black silk, owned for many years, and reserved for Sunday use. Dulcie always wore black, however, and was proud of the air of distinction she thus gained. She had been fond of gay colors, but when her young mistress died, she had made a solemn sacrifice of all her finery, giving to the gay negro lasses her bright turbans and many-flowered gowns.

"Black wuz de day when dat sweet flower was broke from its stalk," she said, "an' black shall be de color in which I mourns her while de breff is in dis body."

Sinai was the most disreputable-looking old savage a painter of the Ugly Real could desire for a model. She had a great mop of kinky hair, separated into some fifty twists, each wrapped tightly to its end with a red string, and standing out like quills. Her eyes were small and cunning as a ferret's, her forehead high, sunken,

and wrinkled in large wrinkles like folds of black woollen overlapping each other. The face widened from the brow, and the chin seemed to repeat itself in a great bag of flesh, where one might imagine she stowed away odd bits as in a kangaroo's pouch. She was arrayed, this interesting link of humanity, in a red linsey skirt short enough to display her bare feet and ankles, around which cast-off snake-skins were bound as amulets against rheumatism. A sacque opening nearly to her waist in a V shape showed a tattooed neck ornamented with chains and charms and things without a name. There were amber beads, and a little carved horseshoe, and a wooden fetich, and a child's caul tied up in a piece of buckskin. Finally, from this mysterious bosom a strong odor of asafœtida exhaled as Sinai moved briskly about Dulcie's kitchen, preparing her coffee.

"Gimme a cup, Dulce," she said, sociably, "an' I make you cup café money no buy."

Dulcie should have known better than to refuse, but, "I don't drink no sich stuff," she said, with a gesture of scorn—"dreened through a stockin' leg at dat!"

"Ho! 'tain't so 'nuff good for Queen Dulcie! Queen o' de Mabyn roost, is yer? You nigger, you! is you *a-darin'* to put on *airs* ober *me?*" and Sinai beat herself on the breast.

For answer Maum Dulcie began turning the leaves of her book and crooning something expressive of her entire willingness for the wicked ones of earth to backbite her "jes' as much as dey please," if the Lord would only hand down her crown, and wash her in His flowing blood.

"'Er crown!" shrieked Sinai, apparently addressing spirits of the air. "Listen at dat murderin' h'ole hypocrite! Who gwine ter gib zat crown?—Lord or debbil? B'liebe you tries work under bot'!"

"Shet yo' scandalous mouf!" said Dulcie.

"'Scand'lous? Zat means I spiks lies? Skt! Who seed yo' las' moon-risin' w'en Hoodoos met a-dancin', an' a-chargin', an' a-rarin', an' a-foamin' at de lips like ze cotton-mouth snake? Whar wuz zat w'ite hank'chif zen? Whar was dem black silk stockin's zat you sticks y'ole elephant feet out for ter show? Hoh! yo' legs wuz bar' as mine, an' a-whirlin' roun' like de win', an' yo' wuz a-sayin' de mos' bad words. Skt! To-day yo' walks hin' leetle missy clean an' smooz as a swimmin' fish, an' ben's yo' wicked ole knees befo' de Virgin, an' tinks yo'self too good to drink de café noir wid Sinai. Skt!"

And Sinai hissed like an enraged goose, while her eyes snapped, and her lean body shook.

"Hush, 'ooman, fur de love o' de saints! De child is widin sound."

"Hoh! so leetle missy not know all true ob her so much 'spectable nuss! Reckon I'll tell. Missy—Miss Dina—"

"You needn't say any more," cried Dina, running in. "I've heard every word, and I'll thank you not to abuse Maum Dulcie any more. If you do, you get no coffee, no anything, in this house, ever again!"

"Spec's I'll go," muttered Sinai, untying her coffee bag; "but look to yo'self, little snappin'-tertle."

"Honey, don't anger her," said Maum Dulcie. "She'll trick you, she will. She's got de evil-eye."

"If she does, I'll have her whipped," cried Dina, energetically, red spots coming into her cheeks. "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself, you wicked old heathen?"

Neither old heathen seemed sure which was addressed, for Dulcie began to cry, and Sinai whined out, "Don' ye go be hard on po' ole destite 'ooman, honey. I wouldn't do no harm t' ye, nod so much as breathe on de flower in yo' liddle han'."

"Well, I think you wouldn't," cried the girl, throwing back her head. "I'd like to see anybody that could harm Adine Mabyn. Now leave, Sinai; and don't you come into this kitchen again until you have permission from me."

Sinai crept out, and the young princess, relaxing from her dignity, began to laugh. Then she pointed her slim little forefinger at the shame-covered Dulcie.

"Ah, Dulcie—Dulcie Dover! I've found you out! Ha! ha! ha!"

The girlish laughter pealed through the kitchen. She looked so pretty standing there, her black hair down-dropping, her face sparkling with a child's mirth.

"Oh, honey, don't laugh. I's shame to look at you—'deed I is."

"I don't mind it; I think it's fun. Why didn't you tell me long ago, when I begged so for your secret?"

"It's nuthin' fur you ter know."

"Well, I know now, so you may as

well make a clean breast, and tell me all about it. What *is* Hoodooism, anyhow?"

"It's de ole African r'ligion, honey. It's jes' like white folks' r'ligion, on'y it's heathenism, an' dey worships de debbil."

"Worship the devil! I should think you would be afraid to."

"I's afeard *not* to," said Dulcie, with a groan, "an' I comes to de Virgin prayin' her pardon."

"Want to keep in with both sides, do you? Look out, Maum Dulcie, or, between two stools, you'll fall to the ground."

"Yes, dat is my torment."

"Now suppose you should make friends with the devil," said Dina, argumentatively, "what could he do for you?"

"Why, honey, dem dat is faithful is promoted in his kingdom, an' dey is free to wander 'mongst de stars an' roun' de earth, a-settin' traps an' ketchin' souls fur de burnin' pit."

"Nice business, that! Now come, Maumie, you know it's all nonsense. Why don't you give it up?"

"Honey, you min' dat big nigger dat yo' pappy's had whupped over an' over agin fur drunkenness?"

"I do," said Dina, with a prompt shudder. "I saw him whipped once. The blood came."

"Yes, childie; an' right it wuz fur Mars' Frank ter try an' cure dat sinner ob his sins. But what wuz de good? When he sol' one o' his pigs or chickens to de white folks, or some gentleman tossed him a quarter, off he wuz ter spen' it in drink. An' does you min' de time dat he broke inter de wine-cellar, an' wuz foun' stretched out, dead as a snake in winter, wid drink?"

"Yes, and how papa shut him up in the crib for a week, giving him nothing but bread and water."

"*An'* a whuppin'," said Dulcie, "*every* mornin', *reg'lar* as sun-up. Well, *dat* didn't cure him. An', my birdie, dat nigger walked inter misery wid his eyes *wide* open. He knowed dat a bitter an' black punishment wuz at de end ob his rope, but he bore it for de sake o' de drink. Dar wuz a cravin' an' a gnawin' widin him, an' he wuz a hungry lion till he had filled himself. *Den* he turned inter a sneakin' wolf, a-howlin' for marcy."

"A light breaks," laughed Dina. "I begin to see what all this has to do with Hoodoos."

"De Hoodoo meetin' is my drink," said Dulcie, with despairing emphasis; "an' somethin' pulls an' pushes till I git dar. I feels it as if cords wuz aroun' my neck, an' han's pushin' from behin', an' I has no peace till I is wid de essemblage of de glitterin' ones. Den good-by to de blessed Virgin an' de thorn-crowned Lord. Dim dey is as de shade ob a salt cedar in de sun; but Satan flares befo' me like a fire in de forest, an' I dances in de ring till sense an' remembrance is gone."

Dina drew a long breath. "Maumie, how I should like to see a Hoodoo meeting!"

"Little missy, is you crazy?"

"No, I'm not. And I will see one. Won't you take me some time?"

"Not while de breff is in dis body."

"You shall," cried little warm-tempered Dina—"you shall take me. I order it. Or I'll tell papa you're a Hoodoo, and he'll send you off to one of his sugar plantations."

Dulcie rose, her eyes flashing. "And you'd be a tell-tale? With your blood?"

Then she burst into tears.

Dina was in her arms in a moment, but not forgetting in her burst of remorse to renew her entreaties.

"Would I hol' a cup o' pizen to yer lips, my chile?"

"You know that is foolishness, Maumie. How could it hurt me just to go and look on a little while?"

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" said Maum Dulcie.

And swearing she would ne'er consent, consented.

VI.

A few weeks later, one of Mr. Mabyn's creditors foreclosed a mortgage on a sugar plantation up in the interior of the State. It was decided to sell the personal property, including the negroes that appertained to the estate, at auction, in New Orleans, and a prolonged absence was necessitated for Mr. Mabyn. He left the home and Dina, as usual, in the charge of Maum Dulcie. It had not yet occurred to the father that his daughter was anything more than the unobtrusive child whom he had occasionally observed at play in the yard.

After Dina's discovery of her secret, Maum Dulcie had made strong resolutions of abstinence as to Hoodoo enticements. But it was very curious. Some wild superstition of her race was interwoven with her being, and all her blood

fired when she heard that the Hoodoo priest had called a meeting of his devotees. Instinct, like a leaping passion or mother-love, was stronger than reason. No force could hold her back, when from the altar that bugle sounded.

It was but a few days after her father's departure that indolent Dina noticed one of the old restless fits coming over Maum Dulcie. She had been watching for it, truth to tell, and she whispered in her nurse's ear, "There is to be a meeting to-night."

"Yes, honey, but Dulcie ain't a-gwine ter no mo' sich heathen gatherin's."

"I know what that means—that you will wait until I am asleep, and then slip away. Come, Maumie. It's no use. I'm going—to keep you out of mischief."

"Miss Dina," said Dulcie, emphatically, "I puts my foot down as ter *one* thing. Ef go you will, you's got ter dress all muffled up, wid yo' face hid, an' ter keep out o' sight, an' ter come home soon's I says de word. Holy Mary! nobody mus' know dat Dina Mabyn was at a Hoodoo meetin'. It might spile yo' chance for a husban', honey."

"I'll risk that," laughed Dina, "only to go—to go—to go; that is the thing for us to do."

The night was dark when two figures stole from the Mabyn gate and plunged into the shadows. There was no moon, and the palely glittering stars lent no light to earth. Dina clung to Maum Dulcie's arm. Even to her fearless soul this began to seem a wild freak. They walked along the beach, seeing no one—for the hour was midnight—until Dina began to tire, when Dulcie struck across the flat land. They had not far to go—for in its widest part the island only measured three miles—before they saw blue lights dancing in the darkness.

"Dar dey is!" whispered Maum Dulcie.

On they pressed. A cluster of cedars and oleanders concealed and revealed the light in fitful gleams. They drew nearer, and Dina felt herself stumbling over stones. Dulcie took her by the arm, and guided her among the trees to a great live-oak.

"Stop here."

Hidden by the tree, Dina peered out at a very curious sight.

The heath had been cleared of the sharp shrubs and grasses that still grew at the edge of the circle, and formed a boundary line. In its centre was a rough stone structure that looked to Dina more like a tottering chimney than anything else, but which her nurse informed her in a whisper was "de altar." A fire was kindled under it, and across two stones a pot simmered, its contents exhaling an odor so queerly blended that only a very educated nostril could have disentangled its component essences. Around the caldron—let us name it caldron, as being witch-hinting and weird—negroes were skipping, less clad than decency allows, and all holding pine torches above their heads. One figure,

> "above the rest
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,

who might have been the priest, would occasionally stir the bubbling mixture, and add something to its contents from a stone jug. When the jug was emptied, the negroes one by one danced up to the pot—caldron—and dipping into it with small green gourds that they drew from their bosoms, drank down the steaming liquor as unconcernedly as if it had been pine-apple juice. Whatever it was, it seemed to take immediate effect, or its drinking was a preconcerted signal, for the dance grew faster, and a wild song began—a thrilling monotony of five notes, repeated again and again, alternately fast or slow, low or loud, ever varying, yet ever the same. Dulcie, holding herself rigid beside her young mistress, began to jerk like a mummy touched by a galvanic battery. Suddenly she tore herself from Dina's detaining grasp, rushed forward with an African yell, and joined in the dance as wild and mad as any Hoodoo among them.

"I believe Maumie is right," thought the forsaken Dina, with a cool little shrug of her shoulders. "It is the devil's own worship."

The impression deepened every moment. They did look tremendously like demons, dancing and howling round the fire, and maltreating a straw effigy produced from behind the altar. Evidently this personified an enemy, for a fiendish spite was vented upon it. It was thrown down, trampled, stuck through with knives, whipped, and spat upon. Finally it was lighted with a blazing brand, and tossed into a grave-shaped hole. After this the excitement seemed to die out; some threw earth into the pit as if they were filling a grave, others

leaned against each other, breathing heavily. Dina's eyes had borne enough, and, deciding to leave Maumie Dulcie, she had just turned to slip away, when she was startled by old Sinai's shrill voice.

"Frens—zere ees traitre 'mong us—you see zat Dulce Mabyn?"

Dina paused, indignant.

"*She* is ze traitre. She deserve punishment—yes? She wear two face. She talk out two sides her mouf. She worship wiz ze black blood, zen she sneak to w'ite man's altar. What we go do wiz ole Dulce?"

A quick, confused murmur of voices arose. Dulcie was surrounded, and violent reproaches heaped on her. Dina stood her ground, frightened, but with no intention now of leaving without her nurse. All talked together, and she could no longer understand them. In fact, their souls had soared up to that picturesque realm where oaths blossom for the plucking, and what they said was chiefly made up of their vigorous embellishment.

The end of the matter was that the Hoodoos sprang at Dulcie, tore off her dress, and wrapping her in a blood-stained piece of cotton bagging, tossed her into the pit where they had already thrown the straw effigy.

This was too much for Dina. With a cry of anger she sprang from her refuge. Her hood fell back, and her glittering indignant face shone in the murky light as a star shines. Her lips were drawn back over her short teeth. A little enraged animal looks just so when about to bite.

"What have you done to Maum Dulcie, you mean, wicked creatures?" She ran to the edge of the pit, calling, "Dulcie! Maumie!" in a piercing tone. But for the first time poor Dulcie's ears were deaf to the call of her nursling. "You have killed her!" cried the young girl, "and you shall be hanged for it. I know you all. I see Jim Fairfax, and Prince Littleton, and George Jack, and you, you wicked, wicked old Sinai! I know every one of you, and I shall tell your masters on you, just as sure as my name is Adine Mabyn."

A low mutter arose. They had crouched before white blood; but as the child shrieked her denunciation, fear aroused wrath. Eyes met eyes with a dreadful purpose.

"No, miss," said one black demon-lipped wretch, "you've got ter take dat back 'fo' you leaves dis place, whar you've stole our secret."

Ah, Dina! pretty Dina! poor Dina! danger is near—danger from the beast you have maddened!

Some one appeared at Dina's side. From the skies, or the bursting earth? She did not know; but there he was—a slight, elegant figure, a clear voice, and a hand that held a pistol.

"You hounds," he said, in a quiet tone, "fall back!"

There was no hesitancy in obeying. Back they pressed upon each other, those on the outer edge slipping away, and being swallowed up in darkness.

"Lift out the woman whom you threw into this hole," he continued. "Is she dead?"

"Lord, no, marster, she ain't hurt; on'y jes' skeered, and kin' o' faint like."

Dulcie was lifted from the dark hole, and a few moments in the air revived her.

"Dina!" she called, feebly.

"Oh, Maumie! Maumie! how badly they have treated you, these wicked Hoodoos! I hope the Bad Man will burn them up some day. Your cloak is torn to pieces. Here, take my hood."

"Honey, hush; dar's a strange gentleman."

"Why, he saved us both. We ought to thank him. And we are very grateful to you, sir"—with a sudden inclination toward the stranger. "Now, Maumie, let us hurry away."

They started, but the stranger with them, leaving the Hoodoos in no humor to continue their rites.

"How did you happen to be here, my child?" he said, indifferently, as they walked away.

"I was so curious, and I made Maumie Dulcie take me."

"An' a wicked sinner I was ter do it," groaned the old woman.

"I think you were," he said, lightly; "but you were punished enough. I did not think there would be a limb of you left."

Dulcie shuddered, and faltered in her walk.

"Here, take a pull out of my brandy flask," said the stranger, good-naturedly, "and we will walk more slowly. Take my arm, little girl. This is a sorry night for you."

"Oh, it's no matter, now that it is over,

and I hope it will cure Maum Dulcie of Hoodooism. She doesn't really believe in it, you know. She is a good Catholic. But sometimes she is tempted of the devil."

"Exactly"—with a short laugh.

"But it was very strange that you should have been there," burst out Dina, frankly.

"I was straying about—I always walk until a late hour, trying to tire myself to sleepiness—when I heard voices and saw lights. I followed them, of course, for I am a stranger to your part of the country, and keep my eyes open for adventures. And, by Jove! I got more than I bargained for. It was superb to see you spring at those wolves! What a picture it would make!"

The stranger had assumed a familiar air in talking to Dina, of which she was too ignorant to feel the sting. It really had not occurred to him that she was a gentlewoman. Some creole girl, he thought, or a quadroon, the granddaughter of the old woman whom she called her nurse. He was surprised, therefore, when they stopped before the gate of a house worthy to be called stately.

"This is my home," said Dina. "I will bid you good-night, and I thank you with all my heart and soul for your kindness to Maum Dulcie," she added, extending her hand with warm impulsiveness.

"May I not ask the name of the young lady I have had the honor of serving?" he said, with marked courtesy.

"I am Adine Mabyn."

"And I am Marion West," he said, lifting his hat. "I think, Miss Mabyn, that I have cause to be grateful even to the Hoodoos. Good-night." And he walked away, leaving Dina slightly puzzled, a little sleepy, and too tired to talk over the startling night with Maum Dulcie.

VII.

Marion West was a fashionable author. An extreme elegance, wit, and precision distinguished his poems, sketches, and novels; and he was certainly quite as clever a man as his admirers supposed him, though in a different way. With a keen intellectual perception and a good memory, he still owed his success in life to a sixth sense with which he was gifted, for so his genius for imitation might be called. He used authors as a chemist his simples, blending and compounding with exquisite nicety. The results were curiously fresh; and if there was one merit over another for which the critics lauded Mr. West, it was for his native American originality.

Mr. West's peculiar method did not allow too luxurious a development of his moral nature. Sentiments of delicacy, emotions of a lofty grade, were valuable to him only as they were useful to him in his work. He had long since drained himself of what he could give, but everywhere about him he found rich studies. The blush on a woman's cheek, the naïve selfishness of a child, the constancy of a foolish heart, the agony of some dying bed, the solitary virtue of a sin-stained soul, the gleam of a passionate eye, the remorse of a wrecked nature—all he observed without a throb of sympathy, and carefully utilized to his credit and the glory of literature.

But his task was sufficiently arduous; and after some years, when he had tired his eyes and spoiled his digestion, he saw that the strain must be relaxed for a time. His medical man advised complete rest; so he had taken a vacation from living, as he said, and had come to this Southern city by the sea to vegetate for three months.

"I am almost sorry I met that little girl," he mused, thinking of Dina and the Hoodoos. "Here I had vowed myself to rest, and my brain has already begun to spin rhymes about her. I wonder if she is as pretty as she looked last night in that Eblis light?"

Perhaps it was to find out that he strolled the next afternoon in the direction of the Mabyn place. Dina was in the garden. He raised his hat, and she hastened down the curving walk evidently to speak to him.

"Good-evening, Mr. West," said Dina. "I am so glad to see you! For do you know you lost your handkerchief last night?"

"I did not know it," he said, smiling, and feeling relieved; "but it is scarcely surprising, as I might be tracked through the world by cuff buttons, pocket-handkerchiefs, penknives, and note-books."

"Old Sinai found it," said Dina, brightly; "and she brought it here to-day, trying to win my forgiveness by such an extraordinary burst of honesty. I am having it washed, and we will send it to

you, Mr. West. I suppose you are at the hotel?"

"Do not trouble yourself to send it," said Mr. West, politely. "I walk this way every afternoon, and if I may call—"

"Why, certainly," said Dina; "it will be ready for you any day."

"What a lovely old garden you have here!"

"Should you like to come in and look at the flowers?"

"Thank you, I should like very much."

The garden was aflame with blooming roses.

"Here we do most of our living," said Dina—"Maum Dulcie and I. There she is, with her silk quilt."

Maum Dulcie was sitting under a crape myrtle-tree. A large basket at her side was heaped with bright bits of silk, fluttering like caged butterflies, only kept from blowing away by a piece of gauze pinned across the basket. She was sewing steadily; and in her black dress and white turban was hardly to be recognized as the Bacchantic Dulcie of the night before.

Marion West and little Dina walked about among the flowers. A high wall surrounded the garden. They were shut together in a sweet isolation.

"This is divine," said Mr. West. "I feel like Paul."

"Like Paul?" echoed Dina, with a laugh. "But why? Do you want to take your shoes off, or preach, or write an epistle?"

"That is not the Paul I meant," he replied, with emphasis. "My Paul lived on an island, and was innocent as a violet, and roamed about with Virginia."

"Were they brother and sister?"

"No; lovers; always lovers from the time they were babies, and always together. One always thinks of them as under one umbrella."

"It must be rather nice to have some one to share one's umbrella," said Dina, thoughtfully. "I have scarcely ever known what it was to have a playmate, and have always been so alone."

"'A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.'"

"Yes, just that, sir; only Maum Dulcie, and papa, and our priest; I love him a little."

"When he does not appoint a severe penance."

"But he does that sometimes, when my confession is very bad."

"I should think you would have to draw tremendously on your imagination to confess anything very bad."

"I get into awful tempers," said Dina, solemnly. "I threw a dish at Maum Dulcie once; and I had a fight with a girl."

"A fight? What were your weapons?"

"I flew at her," said Dina, with her sweet wild laugh; "and we slapped each other. She had called my father a speculator; but she pronounced it *spekkerator*. We were neither of us older than nine, and not knowing the meaning of the word, I took the notion that it was some dreadful kind of worm. So I pulled her hair, and pounded her a little. Don't be shocked at my temper. I have improved ever so much."

"I don't know," he said, with extreme amusement. "I think you were ready to fly at those Hoodoos last night. By Jove! it was magnificent."

"I know that I looked like a fury," cried Dina, with a sudden poppy bloom in her face. "What must you have thought of me?"

"I thought you a poem—a picture—and that I had never looked on beauty until that moment."

This was the beginning, and it grew to be Mr. West's habit to walk every afternoon in the same direction, and nearly always to see and join Dina and Maum Dulcie in the garden.

Gradually Dina grew to look for him, to be restless if he did not come, to listen to his half-cynical, half-tender talk, with her heart beating faster for his presence. She was prettier each day. It was a joy to watch her, as to watch the unfolding of a rose.

"I am not wasting my time, at any rate," thought Mr. West, comfortably. "Never was such a study offered to man."

Ah! what pictures she gave him! He saw her one evening in the ocean. During the warm days many chose the hour just after sunset for a sea-bath. This was a night for the gods to admire, for the sea was agleam with cool phosphorescent fire. Where one plunged an arm or limb into the water, it broke into a million sparkling surprises. How glorious were the wide waters! Had God in anger struck the sun and shattered it over the seas?

On the shore, Marion West watched Dina in the water, as, diving, floating,

swimming, she played a thousand fantastic tricks. He thought of a French novel he had read, but his mind failed to recall any of the sensuous images that this *Woman of Fire* had suggested. It was a sacred and repellent fire that shone round Dina's dark head, as she shook the yellow drops from her hair, and the leaping gleams that followed her every movement seemed but the dazzle of her shining purity.

Another time he saw her dance. It was a dull, chill afternoon, and Dina had shivered in her light dress. And at last she had given one tiny stamp of the foot, and said:

"Come into the house, Mr. West. Maum Dulcie has said I should not ask you to come in while my father was away. But it is dreary out here, and I will have my way for once, you cross Maumie!"

Consternation filled the soul of Maum Dulcie; but she rose at once, with: "Why, yes, honey, ob course. I hope you will excuse de chile, sir," she added, formally, to Mr. West—"her tongue runs too fast."

Dulcie only admitted him to the hall, after all; but, softly lighted and quaintly shaped, it was another "study" to the man of letters. Sofas and tables were scattered over its wide space; there was a piano at one end, a billiard table at the other. Statues shone whitely here and there through the pink gauze in which Maum Dulcie had modestly veiled them.

"Should you like to see me dance?" said Dina, who felt that hospitality demanded something unusual of her. "Maumie, send for Uncle Jules."

Jules came with his violin, and Dina danced like a dainty fairy. Graceful as the young corn swayed by the wind, in every movement there was some new and exquisite charm.

"Do you like it?" she said at last, as she sank rosy and glowing on a round sofa heaped with cushions.

"Did you ever hear of Fanny Elssler?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't believe I have."

"She was a dancer, and in watching you I have been reminded of what two very brilliant and solemn enthusiasts said of her dancing. 'Margaret,' said one—'poetry!' 'Ralph,' responded the other—'religion!' Now I am not an enthusiast, but I should like to write a rhapsody on your dancing."

Dina blushed and laughed, and Mr. West wanted to kiss her. But there sat Dulcie, sombre and sharp-eyed. He was reduced to the brilliant expedient of asking for a glass of water. The old woman touched a bell. "Fetch some water," she said, with dignity, to the servant who appeared.

Dina's nurse was on her guard. It was her ardent desire that her young mistress should be married, but she had no idea of permitting any love-making. Many a time had she sung Dina to sleep with a song that expressed her views entirely:

"Ere de moon has risen,
De bird ob night dost sing,
Guard dy heart like any prison
Till dou hast a ring—
Till—dou—hast—a—ring."

Poor little neglected Dina! After all, she could perhaps have had no safer chaperon than her vigilant and suspicious old nurse.

The days passed. Still Marion West called Dina a study; but there were times, even to this world-hardened man and dishonest worker, that in all the breathing world was but this one dark-eyed girl, and cost what it might, she must be his. Afterward? Of that, I believe, he did not think, any more than a man thinks what he will do after he is dead. It had been so long since Mr. West had known an ardent desire that he did not neglect to be proud of this new birth in his soul. He felt that duty to himself demanded its gratification.

VIII.

"Bless me! when has this knocker been lifted? It positively creaks with rust."

A lady stood on the front steps of the Mabyn home. She was arrayed in a French ruby velvet, with a great bow of point-lace at her neck, and another, like a white butterfly's skeleton, in her bonnet—an imposing spectacle to the little maid who admitted her, and went to tell Miss Dina of the visitor.

"Miss Sims," repeated Dina, looking at the card with a puzzled air; "I wonder if it is any one I ought to know? Is she old, or young, Elsie?"

"Pretty ole, Miss Dina," 'cause her hair's gray as de cat's back, an' she's got a pleasant, short kind o' way wid her."

"Go along, honey," said Maum Dulcie. "You look as fresh as a pink in yo' clean dimity frock; and it is jes' de proper ting dat ladies should come a-callin' on you. Don't you be afeard, my chile."

"Afraid?" cried Dina; "you're a goose, Maumie." And she walked into the parlor with head erect.

"How do you do, my dear?" said the lady, rising and giving her a kiss. "I don't suppose you ever heard of me, but I was a very great friend of your mother's."

"I am very glad to see you," said Dina, heartily.

"Yes. I saw you at mass the other morning, and I said to myself, 'Bless me! here's Dina Mabyn getting to long dresses and tucked-up hair, and nobody taking any notice of it!' And I felt ashamed—I really did. I remember your mother so well. I saw her that last day. Poor little sweet idle Eugenia! A short life, hers. But never a care in it, from cradle to grave. That compensates. The Lord knows those of us who are left get sharply disciplined. You are like her, my dear—the same pretty wild eyes. Now tell me about yourself."

Dina complied diffidently, giving many little details, but not speaking of Marion West.

Miss Sims listened, with many nods. "I shall bring you out, my dear. You need young society—the advantages that other girls have."

"You are very kind," said Dina.

"Bless you, child, I enjoy attending to other people's affairs, partly from inclination; then I've had troubles that I don't like to think of too much; and to find some one that I can really benefit is such a pleasure! And a pretty little thing like you! I shall receive the thanks of a great many people. Now I will tell you what I shall do to begin with. I have a sister living in New Orleans, who has a summer home on Last Island. She has two daughters—Belle and Margaret—nice girls. They want me to join them. I shall go, and take you with me."

Dina's breath was taken away.

"Yes," continued Miss Sims, with an emphatic nod, "shall take you with me. You will meet young people, go to balls, have sweethearts, do everything that belongs to giddy girlhood. You won't have it but once."

"But my father," stammered Dina.

"Yes, I know—not at home. Coming soon?"

"He never writes, but when he left home he told Maum Dulcie that he should be back in about a month."

"Then you will see him in a day or two. Frank Mabyn is a man of his word. I shall call at his office and arrange matters. Tell that old woman to get you ready. But she is not to go with you."

"Then I must take a maid, for I can't dress without one. And no one is so used to me as Maumie. She never lets any one but herself put on my shoes and stockings."

"Time you were learning to wait on yourself," said Miss Sims, with her nod that Dina was beginning to look for like the stroke of a clock that tells the minutes—"besides, my sister's girls always take a maid. She never has enough to do. She can put up your hair, and darn your stockings, for of course you can't sew?"

"Maumie would never teach me. She said it would spoil my fingers. Her forefinger is as hard as an alligator's tooth. And she sews so beautifully," Dina went on, with waxing pride. "She made me a petticoat with thirty tucks in it—in groups of fives, you know—and the stitches are so small that they look as if a bee's sting had pricked them into the cloth. She is going to make all my wedding things," finished Miss Mabyn, with an innocent blush.

"Your wedding things! Bless me, child, what nonsense fills your head!"

"I am older than my mother when she was married," said Dina, with tranquil composure; "and I suppose I shall be married some day, as all girls are."

Miss Sims left Dina not knowing exactly what to make of the child. She had not been entirely frank with her; for the immediate cause of her visit had been that she had seen Dina walking on the beach with Marion West a few days before.

"Now that gives me a start," she had meditated, poking viciously at a "fiddler" with her parasol. "Too much absorbed, both of them, even to look at me as I passed. I know all about that fine gentleman. And I don't—I *don't* like to see him looking into those wild eyes! To be sure, old Dulcie was with them, but she was a good distance behind. And she is not the proper person to take care of Eugenia Mabyn's child. The father away, selling his negroes, going through his property like a moth through flannel, and Dina left to this old heathen! Not that I need talk. I am the worse heathen of the two, or I'd have looked after that child long ago."

Then Miss Sims wrote a letter to her sister, Mrs. Evelyn, the result of which was the invitation just given to Dina.

The young girl was puzzled at this sudden interest in her welfare; but she accepted it philosophically, and with only one little pang at the heart—should she see Marion West no more?

But quickly that fear was dispelled.

"I too will go to Last Island," said Mr. West, with a calm smile.

IX.

Those were the regal times of the sugar-planting creoles of Louisiana. Racing horses and renting opera-boxes, gaming up into the thousands, robing in lace and wreathing in jewels their sweet daughters and wives, reigning absolutely over their slaves, the gentlemen of that day flattered themselves they knew how to live. Yachts named for beauties and belles skimmed about in the sunshine; steamers like fairy palaces floated along the coast, and from the drowsy plantations young life tripped to greet or join friends on their pleasure-voyage. The air vibrated with laughter and gay French songs, and the tread of dancing feet and the popping of Champagne corks.

No sought-for haven was more fair than the beautiful watering-place where Dina Mabyn landed with delight late in the warm July.

Ah, that fairy island! It blossomed in the sea like a silver rose washed clean by the foam that curled round its edges. But a mile wide, frequented only by people of wealth and leisure, art as well as nature had done something to make it the fairest spot in the Southern gulf. Pretty cottages—architectural caprices—delighted the eye, and from the soil rose the luxuriant tropic growth. Orange-trees turned the hard gloss of their leaves upward to the sun; lithe palms with spreading tops waved in the breeze like lazy kites; there were great banana-plants, with long leaves that seemed to have forgotten to stop growing; pine-apple bushes bursting with blossoms; stiff magnolias half hiding their haughty flowers; intoxicating little *fuscati* blooms—everywhere a riot of color and life.

"Yes, we feel as if Last Island belonged to us," said Belle Evelyn, easily, with her arm about Dina's waist, "for we come here nearly every summer. We might go North, of course; but there we shouldn't feel at home, and probably our maid would run away, she is so flighty."

"And it is so elegant and exclusive here!" said Margaret, taking up the strain; "we know who every one is, just as if they were all labelled."

Dina enjoyed the bright life, and the social chat of the two pretty girls; she fascinated the young men who formed their court, but she was not interested in those gilded and guileless youths. A man of the world was "forming" Dina.

He came at last. The three girls were on the beach, and Dina, wearying a little, had strayed away from her companions, and had seated herself under a live-oak. She did not know Marion West was on the island, when he walked up to her as if they had parted yesterday.

She greeted him with a swift blush that he thought as beautiful as the flashing of a humming-bird.

"You like it here?" he asked, seating himself beside her.

"Very much. Every one is so kind, and everything so pretty. Only look about; is it not delicious?"

The sea rolled to the shore in great curves; the air was sweet with flower scents. People were walking, talking, driving—such pretty people! Girls with dark faces and satin-smooth hair, whose long light dresses trailed on the sands, or were gathered about them in rosy or amber clouds; children in red satin boots with preposterous heels; black nurses in turbans, poising their bundles of muslin and lace on one arm; the spickest and spannest of young men flirting vigorously under the stimulus of the sea-breeze. An ordinary scene enough. Just so some Roman village might have looked before the coming of Attila the Scourge.

"So every one says pleasant things to you," said Mr. West; "young men particularly, I suppose. And you are not getting vain?"

"Naturally they compliment Miss Mabyn"—with the haughty turn of the head that Mr. West thought so bewitching—"so the vanity of Dina is not inordinate."

"But it is only Dina who will let herself be loved. Is it not so?"

She blushed, she scarcely knew why, and laughingly held a bunch of oleanders before her face.

"You've no need to hide such a face as yours," said he.

"Oh, I am not like the girl in the song;

my face is not my fortune," she responded, lightly.

"And what is your fortune?"

"'Silver and gold have I none,'" quoted Dina.

But she was not prepared for the sudden passion that lighted his face, like a torch pointing the way to love, as he exclaimed, "Say the rest, my darling—say the rest."

Under those wide compelling eyes, Dina was carried beyond herself. Half-unconsciously, her lips murmured, "'But such as I have, give I thee.'"

"You mean this, my child? Such as you have! My God! your youth, your beauty, your sweet, wild innocence! Dina, you love me?"

She could not speak.

"I know you do, dear frightened child. There! you need not answer. And I love you, Dina, with the passion of my life. Darling, listen. There are too many people around for me to say what I wish. You trust me, dear?"

"As I do the mother of God," she whispered.

A dark flush crossed his face. "And may I die in torment if ever I prove unworthy of that trust!" he cried, violently. "Now tell me something, sweet, sweet Dina. Are you very fond of your father?"

"I scarcely feel that I know him. I think he does not care much for me. He has cared for no one since my mother died."

"I am glad. You will be all the more *mine*. Is there any one else, Dina, who has a right to interfere with your life?"

"No: my mother's people are all dead, and I have no near kindred on my father's side. No one would miss me much if I were not in the world."

"You shall be no longer in that cold blind world that does not know your charm. A new world is ready for you, darling, my love, my heart! Ah! I shall keep you safe! When can I see you alone, dearest, and plan our future?"

"There is to be a ball to-morrow night; but I must be sewing on my dress all day. So Mrs. Evelyn says."

"Then I must wait until evening. We will slip away unobserved, and come here. The beach will be deserted for the ball-room. You will come?"

"Yes."

"Darling, you speak like one in a trance. Ah! you are not quite mine, and I can not hold you in my arms, nor kiss those sweet curved lips, for all these idiotic people around. Do you think you love me, little girl? I will give you just one week to learn what love means."

"Dina! Dina!"—and Belle Evelyn came running up—"look at this ridiculous little fiddler. He hasn't a leg left; and isn't it funny to see him wobbling around, trying to walk without legs?"

Dina bestowed as much attention as possible on the bereft sand-crab, and presented Mr. West. Belle thought him distinguished-looking, and chattered all the way home, leaving Dina to her bewildered thoughts. She was glad to get to her room, where she could think everything over. What had she done, or promised? Was she to marry Mr. West? How masterfully he had assumed the possession of her heart! What would her father say, and Maum Dulcie? How fast he had spoken! how excited he had seemed!—not like himself. Could it be for love of her, little Dina, whom no one loved?

"Oh, dear mother in heaven," she cried, flinging herself on her knees, "make me nice, and sweet, and pretty, and good enough for his love!"

And smiling happily, Dina slept.

X.

A robe of gauze the color of an Indian peach, garlanded with pale clear blooms; a cheek that flamed with young love; a dancing step; a sweet, gay laugh—little Dina was almost the belle of the Last Island ball. But there were so many belles, for they were fair, these creole girls who whirled in the dance, whispered to their lovers, and peeped in graceful coquetry from behind their fans. But one was on his way to claim and clasp them who would prove blind to their beauty and deaf to their prayers.

"Dina, I do not like the look of the night."

It was Marion West who spoke. It was late before he had been able to take his little sweetheart from her admirers in the ball-room. He had hurried her toward the live-oak tree where he had appointed their tryst.

"Come, darling, one sweet moment to paradise."

But a sharp, startling flash of lightning, like the sudden unsheathing of the angel's sword, stayed his footsteps and words.

"We must find a shelter," he cried.

A friendly cottage stood near, and they stepped up on the piazza. At last he had his wish—they were alone. He clasped his arms about her. But no passion stirred his blood. There was something subduing in the wild hints the night began to give. When nature shows her power, man feels himself impotent and bound.

"There will be a storm," said Dina, softly. "I have thought so all day."

"Why, darling?"

"So many scorpions have crawled into the house to-day. Our ceilings were dotted with them. And Belle nearly went into a convulsion while she was dressing, for a centipede almost ran across her foot. And did you not notice how the waterfowl shrieked this afternoon?"

"I noticed the clouds," he said. "There were ever so many little light ones in the sky, but one great dark one formed later, and, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the others. I have always wished to see one of these tropical storms," he continued, more lightly, "and I seem in a fair way of having my wish gratified. Do they always come up so suddenly as this?"

"Sometimes more suddenly. From a little breeze to a hurricane, hardly longer than the jump of a flying-fish. And *how* the rain comes down! It seems as if the clouds are great sponges charged with water, and somebody from behind gives them such a squeeze that it all falls at once."

"They seem under no fear at the hotel."

From where they stood they could see the brilliant ball-room; the house, with a candle in every window-pane, gleaming in the darkness; the dancers tripping through the jolly measures of a reel, as the negro musicians played "Billy in de Low Groun's" with vehement energy.

But a curious sound almost drowned the music, a trampling as of many feet on the hard sand. A number of sheep ran past them at a whirling speed, their tails high, their heads bent as if smelling danger, and a hot, wild wind arose.

"Ah!" cried Dina, "it was in such a storm as this will be that my mother died."

She fell to her knees, and stretched her bare pale arms in prayer. A terror seized Marion West—a mad fear of approaching doom.

"Come!" he said, hoarsely—"come!"

A figure sped by—that of a crazy old negro, who sold shells and fish to strangers. His arms were tossed aloft, and he cried, in a voice high and shrill as the shriek of the wind, "Foller de sheep! foller de sheep to de high groun's!"

With sweeping fury the wind rose higher, and blended its roar with the beat of the sea. And in all its gigantic force the hurricane burst upon the island. Houses rocked, and from the lighted hall where the dancers were came one wail of agony. Then doors were flung open, and out poured distracted people. Fly! fly! fly! But whither? For on either side the sea rose, a solid, terrible wall of water, and the earth was shaken beneath their feet. Oh, wild, wild night! Oh, fearful death for fair girls and their lovers, for sweet mothers and their babes!

Marion West made one effort to meet his fate bravely, but the hour had not found him prepared with an attitude. In his heart was a dull rage. It had been no part of his plan of life to be trapped and drowned with a lot of Southern watering-place people. He turned from Dina. A grasp was laid on his wrist—slight fingers, but nerved with the strength of steel.

"Quick! quick! quick!" cried Dina; "follow the sheep! to the high ground!"

And the waves rose higher. And the winds blew a fiercer gale. Until, as at the word of God the arching waters of the Red Sea closed over the path where the hosts of Israel had passed, so, with a leap and a reverberating roar, the seas met over Last Island.

XI.

Mr. Mabyn sat in his dining-room making some calculations that pleased him.

"At last I am master," he murmured. For his faith had been rewarded. He was a richer man to-day than he had ever been. The smile of triumph faded from his face. Hopeless weariness succeeded it. "For what?" he said, bitterly. "Only to play the game over again." And he bent his head upon the table, and tears for Eugenia scalded his tired eyes.

The door was flung open, and Maum Dulcie rushed in like a mad creature.

"Marster—Mars' Frank!"

"Well, Dulcie?"

"Oh, you kin be cool," cried Dulcie, exasperated at last to beard her master; "you never loved her, po' neglected angel! She was never nuthin' ter you. But I loved her—oh, my baby! my lost lamb!"

"Dulcie, what do you mean?"

"God help us! Last Island is washed away, an' all—all—"

He was out of the house before she had ended her sentence, rushing bare-headed to the beach. A weeping, fainting company were there. Boats and fishing-smacks were ready to put off as soon as the sea should be sufficiently calm.

"The first news was brought by a fisherman in an open boat," a gentleman said, quietly. "The waters flung themselves against the island, and the houses were toppled over by the force of the wind, and the underwashing of the waves. It is possible some few are still alive. Every effort will be made to recover the dead bodies. The steam-ship *Perseverance*, from Indianola, was caught in the cyclone, and all souls lost."

To this Mr. Mabyn had to listen, it seemed to him, through centuries of torture, until the boats put off. As he stepped into one, a young girl ran up to him, tears streaming, and thrust a brandy flask into his hand.

"You may find her living," she said.

But there was no hope in Mr. Mabyn's set, dull face.

"Mother and child!" he muttered—"mother and child!"

The sun shone on the white dead caught in the marshes, or floating on the sea's murderous breast. Silently they sought and recovered the bruised corpses, and returned to the tolling of bells.

But not for Dina were the bells tolled. They found her clinging to a tree, her dress in ribbons around her almost naked body, and wreathed with strings of gray moss that had flown like flying snakes through the air, her lips pale and apart, a dying look in her midnight eyes, blood on her torn hands.

"My child! my child! my little girl!"

At the father's cry she smiled, and faintly moved.

Tenderly they lifted her, but with a bleeding hand she pointed downward.

"Save him—first," she whispered.

A man was lying in the water, his head resting on a log, around which he had thrown his arms. He was insensible. Of course it was Marion West.

They were taken into the boat, wrapped, and warmed with brandy.

Mr. West quickly revived, and sat up, and essayed to give a connected account of what had happened.

At the sound of his voice, Dina partly withdrew herself from her father's arms, and extended her hand.

"My love," she said, with a divine smile.

"Dina!" cried her father.

"He is my *fiancé*, papa," she said, simply. "We love each other."

Mr. Mabyn flushed. All his pride was outraged. And another pang was added to the reproaches of his conscience for his neglect of poor Dina.

He wrapped her shawls more closely around her. He held her tight against his heart. Only her little black head peeped from her coverings, and her innocent young eyes turned confidingly to Marion West.

"I will talk with you, sir, when you have recovered this shock," said Mr. Mabyn, with involuntary haughtiness. "You shall present me with the credentials that have caused you to aspire to Miss Mabyn's hand."

Was it the near look into the grisly face of death? Or was it the brandy? It is apt to induce an engaging frankness. Mr. West, for the first time in his life, surprised himself.

"I loved her," he said. "I would have taken her away with me. She seemed to be of no particular value here. And I wanted her. But I am already married."

The gentleman would have found himself in the sea the next moment, but for the opportune fact that Dina fainted dead away, and needed all her father's care.

She was very ill. Two watchers never left her bedside—Maum Dulcie and Mr. Mabyn. Through what agonies of remorse he passed, as she called in her delirium on her lover, and plaintively confessed her loneliness! What tears he shed as he thought of the arid lost years that might have been blessed by the love and care of this gift of God!

Day by day, as she lay there, the boats came in with their dead, and lamentation was in all the land. A few survivors were rescued, who could never tell the horrors of the night.

Marion West went home without waiting to hear from Mr. Mabyn. And later he wrote a poem about Last Island.

But no echo of the world reached Dina's sick-room. Nor did she know when the funeral train passed her door that followed Belle and Margaret to their grave.

When at last she aroused from the long

trance of her illness, it was to find a face she had dimly feared all her life, bent above her with a rapturous and protecting love—to hear a father's voice murmuring,

"My child! my little Dina! forgive your father for all you have suffered. It is over now, and we will begin a new life, hand in hand."

Safe in the purest love man ever gives to woman, she rested on her father's heart; and Maum Dulcie said, weeping,

"I dunno but it's a sin to give thanks fur dat Las' Islan' storm, an' I is sorry as anybody fur de mo'ners an' de dead, but I can't help seein' de good dat de Lord brings out o' calamity."

"Say no more, Dulcie," said Mr. Mabyn, half smiling; "you are getting on dangerous ground."

Shadows slept in Dina's eyes, but her face shone with a prophecy of the happiness to come in the illuminated years that stretched before her like a garland, and reached to her mother's heaven.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

Out from the Northern forest, dim and vast;
Out from the mystery
Of yet more shadowy times, a pathless past,
Untracked by History;

Strangely he comes into our commonplace,
Prosaic present;
And, like a faded star beside the bay's
Silvery crescent,

Upon the curved shore of the shining lake
His tent he pitches—
A modern chief, in white man's wide-awake
And Christian breeches.

Reckless of title-deeds and forms of law,
He freely chooses
Whatever slope or wood-side suits his squaw
And lithe papooses.

Why not? The owners of the land were red,
Holding dominion
Wherever ranged the foot of beast or spread
The eagle's pinion;

And privileged, until they welcomed here
Their fair-faced brother,
To hunt at will, sometimes the bear and deer,
Sometimes each other.

How often to this lake, down yonder dark
And sinuous river,
The painted warriors sailed, in fleets of bark,
With bow and quiver!

This lank-haired chieftain is their child, and heir
To a great nation,
And well might fix, you fancy, anywhere
His habitation.

Has he too come to hunt the bear and deer,
To trap the otter?
Alas! there's no such creature stirring here,
On land or water.

To have a little traffic with the town,
Once more he chooses
The ancient camping place, and brings his brown
Squaw and papooses.

No tent was here in yester-evening's hush;
But the day, dawning,
Transfigures with a faint, a roseate flush,
His dingy awning.

The camp smoke curling in the misty light,
And canvas slanting
To the green earth, all this is something quite
Fresh and enchanting;

Viewed not too closely, lest the glancing wings,
The iridescent
Soft colors of romance, give place to things
Not quite so pleasant.

The gossamers glistening on the dewy turf;
The lisp and tinkle
Of flashing foam-bells, where the placid surf
Breaks on the shingle;

The shimmering birches by the rippling cove;
A fresh breeze bringing
The fragrance of the pines, and in the grove
The thrushes singing,

Make the day sweet. But other sight and sound
And odors fill it,
You find, as you approach their camping ground
And reeking skillet.

The ill-fed curs rush out with wolfish bark;
And, staring at you,
A slim young girl leaps up, smooth-limbed and dark
As a bronze statue.

A bare papoose about the camp-fire poles
Toddles at random;
And on the ground there, by the blazing coals,
Sits the old grandam.

Wrinkled and lean, her skirt a matted rag,
In plaited collar
Of beads and hedgehog quills, the smoke-dried hag
Squats in her squalor,

Dressing a marmot which the boys have shot;
Which done, she seizes
With tawny claws, and drops into the pot,
The raw, red pieces.

The chief meanwhile has in some mischief found
A howling urchin,
Who knows too well, alas! that he is bound
To have a birching.

The stoic of the woods, stern and unmoved,
Lays the light lash on,
Tickling the lively ankles in approved
Fatherly fashion.

The boy slinks off, a wiser boy, indeed—
Wiser and sorrier.
And is this he, the chief of whom we read,
The Indian warrior?

Where hangs his tomahawk? the scalps of tall
Braves struck in battle?
Why, bless you, sir, his band is not at all
That kind of cattle!

In ceasing to be savages, they chose
To put away things
That suit the savage: even those hickory bows
Are merely playthings.

For common use he rather likes, I think,
The white man's rifle,
Hatchet, and blanket; and of white man's drink,
I fear, a trifle.

With neighbors' scalp-locks, and such bagatelles,
He never meddles.
Bows, baskets, and I hardly know what else,
He makes and peddles.

Quite civilized, you see. Is he aware
Of his beatitude?
Does he, for all the white man's love and care,
Feel proper gratitude?

Feathers and war-paint he no more enjoys;
But he is prouder
Of long-tailed coat, and boots, and corduroys,
And white man's powder.

And he can trade his mink and musquash skins,
Baskets of wicker,
For white man's trinkets; bows and moccasins
For white man's liquor.

His Manitou is passing, with each strange,
Wild superstition:
He has the Indian agent for a change,
And Indian mission.

He owns his cabin and potato patch,
And farms a little.
Industrious? Quite, when there are fish to catch,
Or shafts to whittle.

Though all about him, like a rising deep,
Flows the white nation,
He has—and while it pleases us may keep—
His Reservation.

Placed with his tribe in such a paradise,
'Tis past believing
That they should still be given to petty vice,
Treachery, and thieving.

Incentives to renounce their Indian tricks
Are surely ample,
With white man's piety and politics
For their example.

But are they happier now than when, some night,
The chosen quotas
Of tufted warriors sallied forth to fight
The fierce Dakotas?

Still under that sedate, impassive port,
That dull demeanor,
A spirit waits, a demon sleeps—in short,
The same red sinner!

Within those inky pools, his eyes, I see
Revenge and pillage,
The midnight massacre that yet may be,
The blazing village.

When will he mend his wicked ways, indeed,
Kill more humanely—
Depart, and leave to us the lands we need?
To put it plainly.

Yet in our dealings with his race, in crimes
Of war and ravage,
Who is the Christian, one might ask sometimes,
And who the savage?

His traits are ours, seen in a dusky glass,
And but remind us
Of heathenism we hardly yet, alas!
Have left behind us.

Is right for white race wrong for black and red?
A man or woman,
What hue soever, after all that's said,
Is simply human.

Viewed from the smoke and misery of his dim
Civilization,
How seems, I'd like to ask—how seems to him
The proud Caucasian?

I shape the question as he saunters nigh,
But shame to ask it.
We turn to price his wares instead, and buy,
Perhaps, a basket.

But this is strange! A man without pretense
Of wit or reading,
Where did he get that calm intelligence,
That plain good-breeding?

With him long patience, fortitude unspent,
Untaught sagacity:
Culture with us, the curse of discontent,
Pride, and rapacity.

Something we gain of him and bear away
Besides our purchase.
We look awhile upon the quivering bay
And shimmering birches—

The young squaw bearing up from the canoes
Some heavy lading;
Along the beach a picturesque papoose
Splashing and wading;

The withered crone, the camp smoke's slow ascent,
The puffs that blind her;
The girl, her silhouette on the sun-lit tent
Shadowed behind her;

The stalwart brave, watching his burdened wife,
Erect and stolid:
We look, and think with pity of a life
So poor and squalid!

Then at the cheering signal of a bell
We slowly wander
Back to the world, back to the great hotel
Looming up yonder.

DARWINIAN DIVERSIONS.

MR. TOOKE THORNBURY is the one philosopher in the suburb of Edgehill. The noisy world sweeps by him unheard. He is upon an airy height, unconcerned with ordinary affairs, except as they furnish hints for the air-spun theories with which, like telegraph wires, his mental horizon is hung.

His conversation, like the Edgehill pudding-stone, is a conglomerate of ancient deposits; but, wherever he may begin, he seldom talks long without finding a short-cut to Darwin.

In most of the rooms of his modest house there are mineralogical cabinets, stuffed birds and animals, as well as snakes and other interesting creatures in jars of alcohol.

From the time that his mind received the idea of the Origin of Species, his bulbous spectacles were directed with amazing industry to every living thing that walked or crawled or flew about him. He lovingly watched the pigeon, picking its dainty way, nodding familiarly, and puffing out its shot-silk waistcoat. He scanned the ducks, wallowing in green pools, for evidences of variation from the ancestral mallards. Dogs were the subject of increasing wonder: it was so astonishing that mastiffs, poodles, greyhounds, terriers, pointers, and all the endless varieties were descended from the same wolf-like progenitors. The developments of color, form, function, and instinct were enough for a lecture that, like Cochituate, was always ready.

Horses, too, were studied with absorbing interest. Mr. Thornbury's quaint figure and wise features were well known in all the great stables, where he had been looking for curiously marked animals. When he saw one with a dark stripe along the back from the mane to the tail, he would say to the groom or stable-boy, "A new proof of descent from the unknown soliped, or ungulatus, that was also the ancestor of the zebra, the ass, and the quagga." To which the intelligent hind listened open-mouthed, and meanwhile forgot to use the curry-comb.

On one occasion, at an auction, the shrewd dealer showed Mr. Thornbury a tolerably poor horse, whose chief merit was in the faint transverse bars of dark color on the legs. Our philosopher was beside himself with joy. "The ancestor of this rather common beast," said he, in a fine declamatory tone, "in those far-away ages, was a beautiful striped creature, snuffing the air of the Palmyrene desert, or gayly coursing over the steppes of Tartary, in the vicinity of the primal home of the human race."

Unfortunately, after purchase, the stripes did not prove fast colors, and Mr. Thornbury wondered with himself whether it was a case of natural reversion. The laughter of the horse-man never reached him. The doctrine of the Origin of Species had had a brilliant if transitory illustration. At one time the relation between the habits of bees and the fertilization of flowers occupied his mind wholly. I had become interested in him as a rare specimen, and frequently met him in my walks over Parker Hill and Tommy's Rocks. We were standing by a clover field not far from his house. He was in an excellent mood, visibly swollen with some immense conception. I had remarked upon the beauty of the clover, its separate fragrant globes, and the acre of gorgeous color. My observation was the touch upon the faucet, and his eloquence flowed.

"You see," he said, "how Nature makes all creatures work for her like turnspits. The insect, silly fool, thinks these delicate tubes of honey-dew are set in the blossom merely for him to sip. That is the insect's view of it; but Nature had her own ends to serve. The little fellow crawls over the stamens of one and the pistils of another, gets dusty as a miller with pollen, and so weds the floral sexes. He is Nature's chosen agent for the perpetuation of the species.

"Not of clover, though," he continued, after taking a pinch of snuff; "for the tubes of clover are too deep for the antennæ or proboscis of the common domesticated bee. Emerson's 'yellow breeched philosopher'—the humble-bee—is alone equal to the occasion. Clover would be lost to the herds and to man if it were not for the labors of the humble-bee, whose longer legs can reach and rifle the sacs of honey. And here observe the unexpected relations of things. Who would imagine a ratio between clover and cats? Yes, sir—clover and cats. But so it is. As the *Apis mellifica* can not fertilize clover, or rather *won't*, because there is no reward to be got for it, the humble-bees, *Bombus terrestris* (you see by the Latin that the

boys are right in calling them *bumble-bees*), make their nests in turfy mounds and heaps of soft mould, and there deposit their waxen *amphoræ*, to be filled with the viscid sweetness which the smaller creatures can not reach. You apprehend me? Ah, yes. And the field-mouse only waits until the stock of nectar is fairly gathered, and then the cunning robber enters and despoils the subterranean store. If field-mice superabound, then no winter honey is left for bumble-bees; and if they starve, there will be next year no fertilization of clover.

"Yes, I am quoting Darwin, as you say. Away from towns the spoliation of the ground nests is more common. Near human dwellings it is less, because the predatory cats hunt and destroy the mice. Thus the chance for clover in its struggle for existence depends upon cats. Q.E.D."

I ventured to observe that there was an opening for a man of a speculative turn; namely, to take cats away from roofs and sheds and the nocturnal temptations of city life—away, also, from the reach of old boots and blacking bottles—and turn their obvious talons to practical use.

"Ah, yes; I have thought of it," he replied. "Darwin is a great man. He has suggested a use for cats. You will find everything in Darwin. I must speak to my neighbor, and have some cats brought here for the protection of this clover field."

A moment later there was a nervous bound, and then a sudden gleam in his eyes, and he went on:

"Here is a new idea—and *not* in Darwin. As the greyhound has derived his stature and fleetness by the law of Natural Selection, and the Newfoundland his webbed toes from generations of aquatic experience, and as by careful attention almost any quality can be perpetuated and intensified, why not make the common bee, *Apis mellifica*, the subject of a grand experiment? Why not select those with longest feelers and snouts—I beg pardon: antennæ and proboscis—as parents of the future hive? Next year select again; and so on at every swarming-time, until at last we develop or create a bee that shall be master of the sweets of clover?

"You smile; but it is within the reach of science. If a dog or sheep can be produced to any required pattern, why can not a bee be formed with stilted legs —or even decked with many-colored bands?"

I did smile, as he had observed, and wishing him success in his grand scheme of apiculture, I wandered back to the city.

A few days later, as I was passing by the clover field, there was a dreadful uproar. I saw a row of bee-hives near the wall, and near by the well-known figure of Mr. Thornbury. He wore kid gloves, and his head was enveloped in a green veil. A small boy, in a paroxysm of excitement, though at a reasonably safe distance, was ringing a dinner-bell with one hand and shaking a brass warming-pan with the other. I ventured near enough to see the angrily buzzing swarm. The living mass attached to a hive grew huge and unwieldy; then segments fell off, separated into single bodies, poised like humming-tops, or shooting here and there with vicious swiftness, like staff officers in a sham fight. The tumult grew, until the small boy suddenly ceased his performances, gave an agonized yell, shouted, "Gol darn 'em!" and ran away. At the same moment I saw by the nervous motions of Mr. Thornbury's hands that the bees had got under the folds of his veil, and were resenting his intrusion vigorously. Scientific observation was difficult under the circumstances, and the student of Nature beat a hurried retreat toward the road where I stood.

"Ah, she went off!" he exclaimed. "Furious creature, insane with passion, the only female in the enormous tribe! Shot upward like an arrow. No keeping her, though I had my duplex microscope ready. I am afraid I got things mixed; had forgotten to look over Huber. Enormously clever man, that Huber! Darwin often quotes him. Disastrous end to my great experiment."

While he spoke he was unwinding the veil from his head, and liberating from time to time some angry creature whose lively natural weapon was only too ready for offense. His pain was evidently sharp, and I could not laugh, although his notion of controlling the habits of bees was in itself sufficiently ludicrous. I walked to his house with him, and consoled him as well as I could.

A pert little bantam was strutting about his yard, and Mr. Thornbury for the moment forgot his pain, and his project for an improved race of bees.

"Odd, is it not," he said, "that Homer

makes no mention of the gallinaceous family? Such an observer, if he had ever heard a cock crow, or seen a hen with chickens, would have used the amusing creatures as illustrations. But there was no chanticleer to call Achilles to put on his armor, and Penelope had never a hen-coop to look after. At the time of the Christian era it was different. Our Saviour had noticed the maternal solicitude of the female, and we all know that the warning note of the male awoke Peter to a tardy repentance. Evidently, therefore, the family of *gallinæ* were brought from India to Asia Minor, and thence into Europe, by Alexander the Great."

It was a singular coincidence that, upon going home, the servant of my grocer, a sharp boy named Joe, told me he had lately seen in the streets a large and handsome pigeon with scarlet-tipped wings, purple tail-feathers, and a small well-shaped comb, like a cock's, upon his head. This was a staggerer—a pigeon with a cock's comb! The peaks of color in feathers might be accounted for, but the comb! No, it was impossible; the *columbæ* were too widely distinct from the *gallinæ*. I questioned the lad. He declared it was true, and that he had seen the bird often. He calculated he knew a pigeon, and he knew what a comb was. This was a fine sleek bird, with a knowing look, and not a bit skeery.

If this is true, thought I, I will knock the naturalists endwise. A pigeon with a comb! I must have that bird. I will give him to Mr. Thornbury as a subject for a lecture. He will go back of Darwin, even. I will write to Darwin myself. It will be a favorable opportunity to get an autograph letter; for, of course, the great man will acknowledge my service in the cause of science.

"Joe," said I, "if you can catch that bird in a trap—alive, I mean, and without injury—I will give you ten dollars."

The boy's face brightened with a keen intelligence, and he said, "I'll try."

I visited Mr. Thornbury, and gave him the news. Our discussion was animated and long, but it need not be reproduced here.

I had stipulated with Joe that in case he should catch the bird, he should take the trap direct to my friend's house.

Meanwhile the pigeon had been seen by many persons, and it was noised about in the grocery and provision stores of the South End that his phenomenal ornaments had excited great interest among savants. Joe had, moreover, expatiated upon his expected reward, and had promised to take his "girl" to the theatre on the strength of it.

When at length Joe made the capture, and started off with the prize in the grocer's wagon, he was followed by a curious crowd. I got the word, and started also. By the time I arrived there were a dozen persons in the front yard. Joe had already alighted with the box, and taken it in-doors.

Mr. Tooke Thornbury, in his best blue coat, and with eyes that gleamed behind his huge glasses, stood waiting for the trap to be opened.

There the pigeon was, as bright a creature as ever was seen, with purple tail, scarlet-tipped wings, and a coral comb. The bird ran about the room without fear, but did not choose to be handled.

Mr. Thornbury's emotion was extreme. "Shades of Hunter and Buffon, of Owen, Agassiz, and Aristotle!" he ejaculated. "Am I too to be one of you—known to after-times as one of the great co-ordinates in science? The *Columba thornburyi* shall mark a new era in classification. Now we will see if the director of the Stubbs Institute, who has refused to invite me to lecture, will delay longer the acknowledgment of my talents!"

Meanwhile the lively bird kept hopping about, gracefully eluding capture. Mr. Thornbury was unconscious of the gradually increasing audience, as he talked and meditated by turns. The entry and doorway were filled with eagerly curious folk.

There was a slight rustle, then a voice, and quick footstep. A buxom and saucy girl about twelve years of age, in a short dress, and wearing long braids of yellow hair, rushed in, saying, in a tone that was like scolding and crying at once: "I declare it's too bad! Billy, pretty Billy, come!"

She held out her hand, and the bird rose on his wings and alighted on her finger. "There! there!" she said, soothingly, "Pretty Billy, kiss me!"

The bird put his bill to the full red lips, and gave an audible coo of delight.

"*Now*, Joe Saunders," she said, turning to the grocer's boy, "you see if you don't catch it! My pa says there's a law

against setting traps for birds in the city. Yes, poor Billy!" she said, caressing the bird again, "they were going to cut you up" (giving a spiteful glance at Mr. Thornbury), "but they sha'n't—no, they sha'n't."

My feelings went through as many phases as the colors of a dying dolphin. There was a pathetic as well as a comic side to the scene. The face of Mr. Thornbury was a study for a picture of vacuity. He was at his wits' end.

I ventured to calm the girl's wrath by admiring her pet. "Those are very unusual colors," I said, pointing to the purple and scarlet tips.

"Oh, *I* did that," said the girl, gayly. "Papa's carmine ink on the wing feathers, and violet on the tail feathers. Aren't they pretty? Kiss me, Billy!"

"But his extraordinary comb!" gasped Mr. Thornbury.

Here the girl laughed outright, while her merry eyes shone and her fresh color came.

"Pretty nice, isn't it? I cut it out of red felt. See the nice smooth ridges—just like a real comb! It's stuck well, hasn't it? Fish-glue doesn't soak off. Nice Billy!"

And the pretty fiend dandled the ornithological monster up and down, while he clung to his perch on her finger, and now and then fluttered his carmine-tinted wings and spread his violet tail.

"Say good-by to the gentlemen," said the girl, mischievously; and away she went.

There was not much to be said (from a scientific point of view), and I was in haste to settle with the grocer's clever boy and be gone.

I feared that Mr. Thornbury would be prostrated with the shock, but it is singular to observe the elasticity of great minds.

"It is not well," he said, "to allow one's self to be turned from the pursuit of truth by untoward accidents like this. 'Twas a clever deception; that is all. The great truth remains. And, by-the-bye," he continued, "I have been thinking of doing a great service to the dwellers on the new lands—the new Venice, as some one calls it. You know the long-legged spider, the one whose little body, round as a shot, is mounted high on his curving spokes, like a bicycle rider; well, that is the great devourer of mosquitoes. I have an idea of raising these grandfather-long-legs for the rich people down there on the Back Bay, and for the Southenders. In summer all these people who live on 'made land' are as pimply as a charity school coming down with measles. Further, I have a notion for the relief of the unfortunate literary class that are forced to eke out their income by lecturing. It is a numerous class, more numerous than their auditors. I propose a co-operative society. Since the director of the Stubbs Institute gives out that he won't invite us if we apply—and how is any one to know you have goods to sell if you don't advertise them?—we must combine. We will draw for turns, and each will have his chance and his audience."

I thought the scheme had very little "money in it," but merely report it to show my neglected brothers that great minds are not unmindful of their welfare.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Thornbury may long be spared, and enabled to plan new schemes in the interests of science and philanthropy.

VERNAL FAITH.

When heaven was stormy, earth was cold,
And sunlight shunned the wold and wave,
Thought burrowed in the church-yard mould,
And fed on dreams that haunt the grave.

But now that heaven is freed from strife,
And earth's full heart with rapture swells,
Thought soars through fields of endless life
Above the shining asphodels.

What flower that drinks the south wind's breath,
What sparkling leaf, what Hebe morn,
But flouts the sullen gray-beard Death,
And laughs our arctic doubts to scorn?

Pale scientist, scant of healthful blood,
Your ghastly tomes one moment close;
Pluck freshness from a spring-time bud,
Find wisdom in the opening rose.

Mark the white lily, whose sweet core
Hath many a wild-bee swarm enticed,
And drew therefrom a honeyed lore
Pure as the tender creed of Christ!

Yea, even the weed, which upward holds
Its tiny ear past bower and lawn,
A lovelier faith than yours unfolds,
Caught from the far faint winds of dawn.

LIFE-ASSURANCE DOES ASSURE.

RARE Ben Jonson used to say, "When I take the humor to a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle—I go through." As a policy-holder, who has taken "the humor" and has determined to "go through," I am impelled by recent strictures upon life-insurance to re-examine the reasons of my confidence. Does life-assurance assure? The question in debate is the trustworthiness and economy of the science and the system. The examination that I now make is in the interest of no company, and in controversy with no critic. "Facts, sir, facts," said old Gradgrind; all the attainable facts are the objects of my search.

WHAT LIFE-INSURANCE HAS DONE.

The life-insurance system has been for two centuries a positive force in the progress of modern civilization and the accumulation of national wealth. It has been an important educational factor of every community which it has influenced, in habits of economy, prudence, and providence. And it stands to-day side by side with the savings-bank and the trust company, sharing the confidence with which men who seek the welfare of their fellows crown all three.

Its special plea is a provision against the unequal risks of life, and its peculiar feature is an interest-bearing fund, to which its prospective participants contribute each his share. The voices of critical inquiry which it hears are the echoes of its own appeals to a selfish and spendthrift society. There is a rebound upon itself of its own counsel of economy. Grave may yet be its defects, but the public owe it none the less a debt.

More than twenty-one millions of dollars were divided, in sums averaging about twenty-five hundred dollars, among widows and orphans by the companies which reported to the New York Insurance Department in 1879. Nearly nine millions of dollars in addition were paid on the maturity of endowment policies. Above twelve millions of dollars were returned to twenty thousand persons who have voluntarily withdrawn.

In all forms more than fifty-six millions were thus distributed in 1879. Since January 1, 1859, nearly $760,000,000 have been distributed by this system among policy-holders for death claims, endowments, surrender values, and dividends, by the companies doing business in New York.

And yet, in the face of such facts, we are told that life-insurance has outlived its usefulness, and that a newer and better plan has been evolved from it.*

WHAT IS PROPOSED IN ITS PLACE.

I once heard the sentiment from a distinguished civilian that "there is no great working idea in history which does not carry its own caricature along with it." Innumerable illustrations of this truth will occur to every mind. The present one is not less pointed than the rest. The new system, which is really but the renewal of a discarded experience of the old, is assurance by assessments among survivors in a joint association. In many of the States the Insurance Commissioners† have already pronounced both

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The subject of life-insurance is one involving so largely the interests of the community that its discussion in a popular magazine is eminently proper. The insurance companies, chartered by the State, cannot properly complain of public criticism directed against their methods of conducting the business. But the critic is also responsible to the public; and when a popular magazine is the vehicle of criticism, it is bound to present as fairly as possible all the facts involved in the discussion. Dr. T. M. Coan's article, "Does Life-Insurance Insure?" in the January number of this Magazine, directed attention to what the writer considered the weak points of life-insurance. We present in this number a further consideration of the subject, by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., undertaken at our request. It must be understood that this Magazine is not committed to either of the widely different conclusions reached by these writers. Its only concern is that all the facts bearing upon the discussion shall be laid before the public. The present article includes what the former did not—the statistics of life-insurance for 1879. The article has been reduced one-third since it was prepared. The limits of our space compelled the omission of the writer's treatment of some branches of the topic. The whole essay will, we understand, be published separately by the writer himself.

* The New York Stock Exchange system is not really the exponent of the co-operative system of insurance, but is a gratuity fund. The assessments paid to the representatives of a deceased member are compulsory. Each seat (worth $30,000) is in pawn until the contribution is paid. The circumstances are in this case so exceptional that the plan can not be elsewhere reproduced.

† Notably Hon. O. Pillsbury in New Hampshire, Hon. John W. Stedman in Connecticut, Hon. Joseph W. Wright in Ohio, Hon. Julius L. Clarke in Massachusetts, Hon. Henry C. Kelsey in New Jersey, Hon. A. R. McGill in Minnesota, Hon. T. B. Needles in Illinois, Hon. O. S. Welch in Kansas, Hon. P. B. Spooner in Wisconsin, Hon. W. S. Relfe in Missouri, and others.

its fallaciousness and its doom. Such expert testimony, of men to whose impartiality great commonwealths have confided the oversight of all companies dealing in technical insurance, will have great weight with practical men.

Examination will show that such written policies do not profess to insure, but only promise that a contribution, not exceeding a certain sum, shall be solicited. As there is no contract for a definite amount, and no reserve fund from which the matured claim could be drawn, it follows that so far from developing prudence, this system tends to pauperize its associates. The payment of the assessment has been by the Circuit Court of the United States held to be purely optional, and incapable of enforcement by the company. Whatever is paid to the family of a deceased member of such a society must be credited to charity and supposed self-interest, not to justice.

That man is to be congratulated who, having been drawn into the net of this theory, has escaped; and after paying his contributions during a series of years, has allowed his policy to lapse, and counted his new wisdom a sufficient surrender value. There can be no security for any one in such a system. It is a scheme which not only does not but can not insure.

THE LIFE-INSURANCE BARGAIN.

In judging any company, the order of criticism should be, first, the character of the men managing its affairs; second, the safeguards of the system accepted by them; third, the fact that it is firmly established, having successfully surmounted the diseases incident to youth; and fourth, the relation of its resources to its liabilities. These are the facts with which life-insurance agents deal. They have a merchandise for sale. In this aspect of their dual office they are "drummers" for trade.* The policy is a contract enforceable by law, but dependent, perhaps more than any other into which we enter, upon the integrity of the men with whom we covenant. The bargain is fair if we make it. Dry-goods, food, and insurance are worth their market price to the purchaser. What avails it to tell the buyer that the seller is either making or losing money by the operation? If he want the fabric or provision, he must and he will pay the price. It is equally foreign to the argument to urge upon him, after he has paid his money, that the seller has paid large commissions to his drummers, clerks, porters, besides an enormous salary to himself, and that he has such facilities to loan money that he has been able to command a higher rate of interest than is ruling generally. In the face of all such counsels, purchasers and policy-holders will, year after year, return to the old stand, if they are satisfied with the commodity, until they come to be called *customers.* The law of supply and demand will control in this as in all other forms of barter or traffic.

THE SCIENTIFIC SECURITY OF THE SYSTEM.

The next question of interest to the buyer is the ability of the principal to deliver the goods sold by the agent. This is answered by the good repute of the house with which he deals, and the certified resources at its command. The examinations of the State, year after year, give him in assurance a more certain basis for his confidence than any mercantile agency can possibly furnish to the trade. He has not only a sworn certificate of the financial condition of the company with which he contracts, but the impartial testimony of experts deputed for the purpose of audit by the Insurance Department. What are the facts which the applicant in this year, 1881, may compare before he commits himself to this covenant? In all the companies reporting to the State in 1879, there were $328,224,-

* In so widely diffused a population as ours, agents are an essential element of any successful system of commerce. The Equitable Company of London has never employed agents with their proper name, but it has district secretaries, with fixed salaries, instead of contingent commissions, to whom are intrusted local interests, and from whom is expected the increase of its business. To all intents they are the same as our solicitors. The real result of the policy of ignoring agents, and refusing to pay commissions, which has been adduced as the feature of this traditional champion and exponent of a wise economy, is easily shown. Originated in 1756, the company's funds had accumulated in 1839 to £10,689,932. But from that time the decadence and depletion have been rapid, without even a spasm of recovery. In 1849, the fund had fallen to £8,858,047; in 1859, to £6,564,671; in 1869, to £4,609,736; and in 1879, to £4,246,474. Meanwhile its policy issues have dropped to a minimum; for in 1879 the company issued only 136 policies, insuring £185,050, the new premium income of that year being but £6357, while the management expenses were £8307, of which directors' fees alone absorbed £2937, or 35½ per cent. So much for the vaunted value and economy of the non-agency, non-commission policy of the Equitable of England.

812 of re-insurance reserve. This is the amount necessary to cover all liabilities under contract. But besides this there were $65,277,721 75 of surplus as regards policy-holders. All this is the property of nearly six hundred thousand outstanding policies, or, besides security for the amount pledged to each, the companies hold as trustees an average sum of $110 for every policy at risk. The case is still stronger if the three largest New York companies are considered in their separate responsibility. The wider the scope of business, the better do the averages work, and the greater the security of the assured. These companies report $136,129,390 of re-insurance reserve, and $26,075,465 49 of surplus applicable on policies, or absolute security for all risks, and $137 84 held as an average additional property of each policy. The moral integrity of the managers being assumed, there can be no reasonable doubt of their financial ability to fulfill to the letter every maturing contract.

An additional and most impressive enforcement of both these factors of confidence is gained by a long look through the past. The figures make an argument for the reliability of the system which no rhetoric can overturn. From the New York life-insurance reports, since the organization of the department to its last report, as of December 31, 1879, I glean my statistical compend. The thirty-one companies of this and other States, whose figures appear in the tables of the twenty-first annual report, received from policy-holders in premiums, cash and note, during the twenty-one years, or such portions of that period as are covered by their reports, $898,376,032.

During the same term these companies paid to policy-holders, for death claims, matured endowments, annuities, for lapsed policies, surrendered and purchased policies, and for dividends, $603,073,118. The assets of the same companies on December 31, 1879, amounted to $401,515,793, less amount of capital stock, $4,306,900, or a net sum of $397,208,893. Let this be added to the amount distributed, and we have $1,000,282,011 as the total paid to, or now held in trust for, policy-holders. But if from this latter amount be deducted the receipts from policy-holders, there remains, as the past and prospective gain over the payments by policy-holders, $101,905,979.

This statement, which is incontrovertible, shows the positive side of security as no figures of speech could portray it. But to this let me add a similar comparison bearing upon the relative advantages of large or small companies to the policy-holder. The three largest New York companies, during the period covered by the reports from which I quote, received as premiums $363,538,414, and paid to policy-holders $241,126,401. Their assets, less capital, were $163,972,414, making the past and prospective net profits to policy-holders derived from interest, over and above premiums paid by them, $41,560,436 —or more than *forty-one* per cent. of the gain to policy-holders of all the thirty-one companies. These enormous assets and gains make the contract of life-insurance "double sure," unless rogues are in the direction of the companies.

LIFE-INSURANCE FAILURES.

As a matter of history, I think it will be admitted by all critics that in no series of facts has "the law of the survival of the fittest" been more undeniably illustrated than in the record of life-insurance companies. During war times and in the after "boom," there were many abortive attempts on the part of adventurers to embark in this business, and by men who were ignorant of the principles of the science, and inexperienced in the details of the system, and who, moreover, had been unsuccessful in other fields. But competition with the old and sound companies compelled such moribund institutions to close their doors and books.* Not all of them were dishonest. Not a few volun-

* There were, in 1859, only fourteen life-insurance companies authorized to do business in this State, eight of them being New York companies. In 1871 this number had increased to forty-one New York companies, and thirty from other States—a total of seventy-one companies. Of these seventy-one companies, only thirty-one (twelve of which are New York companies) are now actively engaged in business in the State. Meanwhile fifty-one companies (thirty-three New York companies and eighteen other State companies) have lapsed by failure, withdrawal, amalgamation, or, as in the case of three companies, by the department's estoppel upon their taking new business. It is safe to say that, of more than one hundred and seventy life companies which have had a name to live all over the United States, only some forty-five survive. In fact, a standard insurance authority publishes the names of one hundred life companies which have retired during only the last twenty years. Nor do we know of more than one or two life companies organized since 1868 which have survived to this time.

tarily retired from business after making adequate provision for all their liabilities. The failure of so many life companies suggests another fact which sustains my argument for the strength of surviving companies. During the seventeen years of depreciated currency (1862–1878), when the mean average premium on gold was 30 per cent., the life companies doing business in New York received in cash for premiums $1,125,726,002, and expended $746,624,952. Excess of cash income over cash expenditure, $379,101,050, or an average of $22,300,000 per year. Upon this excess the companies had to bear the burden of a 30 per cent. depreciation, or $113,730,315 (equal to $6,690,000 per annum from 1862 to 1878), up to such time as resumption brought currency to par.

A careful examination has convinced me that, with hardly an exception, these failures have occurred in the life of companies which have not attained half the age of legal majority. Hardly one company of fifteen years' standing can be found in the black list. The marvel is not that so many companies have closed their doors, but that so large a surplus has been successfully carried over from a period of inflation by companies which all the assured recognize as firmly established.

The scrutiny of the public press, and the increased vigilance of the insurance departments, have put life-insurance companies to a test beyond that to which any other similar institutions have ever been subjected, and they have come out from the trial with a reputation that other financial corporations might well envy. Taught by experience, the public have become more discriminating in the selection of the company to whose fidelity they intrust the interests of their dependents. There may have been companies constructed for the purposes of fraud. But they have disappeared, and the fittest survive. "Things refuse to be mismanaged long. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist and will appear."*

It is grossly unfair to discriminate against insurance companies in the application of this law. Banks have failed. Railroad companies have collapsed. Merchants have become bankrupt. We have just emerged from an era of fraud. Who condemns the bank system, the railroad enterprises, and mercantile ventures, because dishonesty, taking advantage of inflation, has tainted their past?*

But taking all companies, good, bad, and indifferent, into account, it is claimed that "*less than one per cent.* of all the money ever invested in life-insurance in the United States has been lost through mismanagement, dishonesty, failure, or other cause."†

How is our conviction strengthened by the wise use made of the money which is the collateral of the contracts? Investments in buildings have been criticised. But the receipts for rent substantially offset the charge. Other applications of the assets come under the direct inspection of the department. In 1870, when seventy-one companies were contending in New York, at least 11 per cent. of the whole assets was reported as unproductive. The case is reversed in 1880. Every company now doing business in this State has not only all its reserve drawing interest, but all of them together have $44,600,000 in excess of their reserve productively invested. Of the gross assets, at least 93 per cent. is interest-bearing, the small balance being chiefly the moneys in course of transmission from agents, in process of investment, or in bank awaiting the payment of claims.

The last element of uncertainty in life-insurance is "the critical period of heaviest pressure." Have the companies that have survived the deluge of inflation made their way through this wilderness? The definition of such a period is a matter of pure speculation. It is, according to actuarial subtleties, not very far off for our oldest companies. But if it exist in fact, how are these companies prepared to meet

* Emerson.

* According to a railroad journal, during 1880, thirty-one railroads, with a mileage of 3375, with $166,000,000 in stock, were sold under foreclosure. In five years, 228 roads, with a mileage of 20,000—nearly 23 per cent. of the present total mileage—and representing a nominal investment of $1,236,000,000, became bankrupt.

† "The Losses by Failures not One per Cent.!—The life companies of this country have received, from the time the business was first commenced down to the present date, the enormous sum of $1,238,185,000. The losses by all the companies that have ever failed here will reach between ten and twelve millions, on a very liberal estimate. It is thus shown that 99 per cent. of all the money that has been intrusted to the life-insurance companies has been faithfully administered. There have been failures—large failures and scandalous ones—but the interest *as a whole* has been, and is to-day, as secure as any human institution the sun ever shone on."—*The Insurance Monitor.*

it? If they should cease business to-day, their assets, if administered as heretofore, would more than suffice to meet every liability as it may mature. This ought to be enough, for "sufficient unto the day," etc. But practically there is no such thing as "a critical period" in a well-ordered company, after it has passed its infancy. During the first five years of its existence, the demand for $150,000 annually in death claims might have tested its resources; whereas the payment by one of the largest companies of $7,000,000 in death and endowment claims during 1879 passed as a mere incident of the business.

THE RECOGNIZED DIFFICULTIES IN PROCESS OF SOLUTION.

As one of the assured, I find the system begirt by objections just now. So far as they are based on real evils, there seems to be, on the part of the companies, an honest determination to grapple with and if possible to overcome them. Some of the criticisms relate to features which have been already corrected, whilst others anticipate the crystallization of questions still in solution. Let us look at some of these from the point of view of the assured person.

IS IT A PLUTOCRACY?

There is really danger to the people in the creation of a plutocracy. The corporations of the land, and their vast accumulations of capital, are a standing menace to the personal and political rights of the community. The power that they are capable of wielding, and the monopolies of their franchise, may well excite anxiety. The opposition of the Grangers to our railroad system is the most prominent illustration of this popular unrest. Is life-insurance rightly placed in the same category? There are now only one or two strictly proprietary companies doing business in these States, and influential as they are, there is no reasonable ground to fear their oppressive growth. Others are formally constituted on the stock basis, but are practically mutual in their methods. Nor is the comparative business of all these combined a very large factor in the system. We have not as yet reached a basis for this allegation. But a chamber of life-insurance, made up of representatives from all the leading companies, may prove the dominating force. This would be possible if competition were not so commanding an element in the conduct of the business. As a matter of fact, the centrifugal far outmeasures the centripetal force of the system. The attempt to unite all companies in such a representative chamber was long since a demonstrated failure. We are brought down, then, to the system as a simple whole. Notwithstanding its distracting and diverse influences, making combination almost impossible, we are asked to believe that the mutual principle is the source of danger to our interests. This is the *reductio ad absurdum*. For the policy-holders are the constituents. They are voters, and have a standing in court. From them proceeds the authority of administration, and they have swift methods for vindicating their jeoparded interests. The people are the Pluto. They are asked to dread a spectre; but, like that of the Brocken, it is only the shadow of themselves cast upon a cloud. The mutual life-insurance system is a democracy. It can never become other than this without a *coup d'état*.

The facts bear out this theory.

Losses and claims paid in 1879.....	$29,973,134
Paid on lapsed, surrendered, and purchased policies.....	12,703,188
Paid dividends to policy-holders.....	13,330,824
Total paid policy-holders, 1879...	$56,007,146
But the receipts from premiums in 1879 were	52,721,720
Excess of payments over receipts by the companies.....	$3,285,426

From this table it appears that the assured have actually received $3,285,426 more than they contributed in the same year. This does not look like oppression.

The thing for which each assured person bargains is the assurance of his life. This he receives; and besides this, so long as his policy is in force, he secures as additional advantage certain dividends which the critic calls "profits." But the word "profits" is a misnomer, and misleading when applied to life-insurance. Strictly speaking, there are and can be no "profits" to either the company or the policy-holder. On the contrary, the whole business is based on the certainty of loss. This is its unique and anomalous position. The premium paid on a life policy is a loss of money, which the assured does not expect personally to recover. The dividends, so called, are, in marine insurance, named return premiums. At the end of the year

the account with each life policy is balanced. Whatever amount of the premium is not needed for security is returned to the assured. This rebate can scarcely be called a profit. If death should intervene, and the policy be made good, its adjustment is a loss of life to the assured, and a loss of so much money to the other members of the society. Fire and marine insurance anticipate but little loss among the number of their risks.

The savings-banks are not thought to endanger the rights of the community, and yet they lack the mutual element of organization. They are administered by self-perpetuating boards. There is this fundamental difference in favor of life-insurance. But who fears that the millions of assets held by savings-banks will be made a power to grind the faces of their poor depositors? The only ground for such demagogism as that which decries the plutocracy of life-insurance is the practical disuse of the suffrage by the policy-holders. It is in the power of the assured in mutual life-insurance companies to dethrone Mammon, if he have seized the highest place, and call himself president. That they do not often do this is the best evidence of popular unbelief in this aspersion, and the best testimony that the society can give to their satisfaction with their trustees.

SURRENDER VALUES.

The next inequity which demands examination is the surrender value of policies whose holders wish to retire from their contracts. This is admitted on all sides to be a vexed question. But as in England, so here, competition will be its cure. When an assured person determines to discontinue his risk, he is liable to lose sight of the fact that he is one of a community, and has no right to press the equity of the one against that of all. He is tempted to look at the matter too selfishly, and is surprised that so small a percentage of his payments is found in the offered price for surrender. If he be troubled about his health, he will not think of withdrawal. If his chances for life be below the average, he thinks it no inequity to resort to any expedient which will keep his policy in force, and thus add to the risks of other persons assured with him. What right, then, has he, on the other hand, if his chances of life be far better than the average, to leave them with all their associated burdens, and withdraw the whole of his investments?

The position of the company is in this matter mediatorial. It must deal fairly with both sides. The amount that it pays must be reduced by the ratio of accumulated risk which the withdrawing person leaves to the remaining members of the association. Whilst in common law the retirant has no claim, his rights have been sufficiently guarded by the recent legislation of the State of New York. He has, in the policy which he has read and accepted, voluntarily waived all surrender values. The commonwealth have secured to him an amount of paid-up insurance represented by a certain proportion of his reserve, or a cash compensation to be determined by the relative interests of those with whom he is associated in the company. The equity must be determined by circumstances. The company in following equity must not forget justice. The comparison between the rights of one and all is the important element in its decision, for it is the interest of the society of the assured to have the payments continued to the end of all lives or terms. They can never consent to a premium upon breach of contract. The duty of a company to its faithful constituents often compels an appearance of close dealing with those who withdraw.

LAPSED POLICIES.

Cognate to the question of surrender values is the difficulty connected with the "lapsing of policies." A life-insurance policy is a contract to which there are two covenanting parties. On the one side there is a solemn agreement to pay periodically a certain sum, and on the other an engagement to pay a much larger sum on the death of the assured, or after a limited number of years. The ability of the company to fulfill its plighted agreement depends largely upon the faithful fulfillment of his promise by the assured. Here are all the conditions which are needful to bring the transaction under the law of contracts. So far, then, from clamoring for clemency, the assured who faults in his part of the agreement, or seeks release from his obligations, is liable to a claim for compensation from the company. His failure, in so far as he is able, strikes at the solvency of the company, entails actual loss upon it, and endangers the interests of all who share with him the ad-

vantages of the system. His breach of contract is a civil crime, which only desperate circumstances can condone. Moreover, there is an element of moral obliquity in it. He has expressly consented to certain conditions written in his policy, and now he falsifies the confidence which the company have placed in his promise. They have all this while held his "word to be as good as his bond"; but he evades his pledged obligation, and poses himself as a martyr, while in law, equity, and morals he is really a sinner.

Whatever may have been the history of fraudulent companies in the past, it is the generally accepted theory of educated and honest life-insurance men everywhere that lapses are a loss, and not a profit. Companies, in the interest of those who abide by their contracts, at the cost of much self-sacrifice and self-denial, have a just cause of complaint against persons who for trivial reasons thus forswear themselves. For whom are the officers running the companies?—the benefit of those who stay in, or of those who abandon their contracts and go out? Unquestionably for the former. Does not the outcry of policy-holders in fraudulent companies which have failed tell the story? If the company break its contract, "all the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, do bark" at it. No assured person, however many insurance agreements he may have shirked, is base enough to do it reverence. This is the other side to this matter, which intelligent and conscientious men should consider before they complain.

But such strictures against the number of lapsing policies are both disingenuous and untimely. The year 1871 has been chosen as the extreme illustration of this evil. I follow the objector in the path of examination indicated by his references. New York reports for that year show the termination of policies:

	By Surrender.	By Lapse.	By all Ways.
New York companies.....	15,732	53,658	104,760
Companies of other States.	10,774	35,048	74,717
Total.....	26,506	88,706	179,477

The ratio of policies terminated by lapse and surrender was in all reporting companies 66.14 per cent. of all policies terminated, and not 93 per cent., as charged. This is a difference which is not only considerable, but which carries with it other and important explanatory suggestions. In years when notes were protested by the basketful, when nearly two hundred railroads had made default in the payment of interest on their bonds, when banks closed their doors and suspended payment, when wages were at their lowest point, the percentage of failure in paying life-insurance premiums was about 67 per cent. of policies terminated in all ways. But now the tide has turned. The surviving institutions have been strengthened by the strain to which they have been subjected. Public confidence has been re-established in their integrity and resources. All industries are developing. Real estate is rising in value. Wages are at almost their highest mark. Of all this the diminution in the ratio of lapses in life-insurance is a significant exposition.

But even this admitted percentage is not net. For it is the common experience of all companies that a large number of lapsed policies are revived and restored, sometimes after years have intervened. And even the resulting number, after deducting such, should be lessened by the subtraction of those for which some pecuniary consideration has been paid after the lapse. Indeed, it is the fault of his own carelessness if any policy-holder suffer his premium-day to pass without securing, in either paid-up insurance or a cash surrender value, some equivalent for his policy. This reduces once more the ratio of absolute loss to the assured. Infant policies are more liable to lapse than those that have gained a stalwart life. The duration in the one case is the parallel of that in the other. More than half the terminations take place during the first or second years of the policy, as it is the nursery which is most often invaded by death. Indeed, a man can not fairly be said to have started on his insurance career, as far as his obligations are concerned, until he has proved his good faith by paying his second premium. An allowance should be made for this factor when calculating the average duration of all policies issued. The net number of policies terminated in 1879 was 60,503. The net number of policies lapsed, after deducting restorations, was 18,679.

The case is made much stronger if the amount in risk be the basis of ratio. For manifest reasons, the business of 1878–80 must form the elements of this computation. The amount lapsed, after deduct-

ing old policies revived, number of those entered as new risks, purchases, and extensions, is $50,074,487.

But the amount in force December 31, 1877, was.....		$1,556,105,323
Issued during 1878 ..	$156,501,129	
Less amount not taken	19,597,563	136,903,566
Whole amount at risk.....		$1,693,008,889

A comparison of this total amount at risk and the amount lapsed will show that the latter is *less than three per cent.* (2.96) of the former. The magnitude of the business and the small number of policies that lapse are elements of consideration which emphasize the persistency of policy-holders, and their general contentment.

EXPENSES OF ADMINISTRATION.

The question of expense is relative. It is emphatically to the policy-holder's interest that such vigor and skill in the management shall be employed as to produce a profitable result. Such a policy is oftentimes expensive at the outset. A reduction of expenses is frequently the precursor of depletion. The vital question is what the policy-holder is to get in strength and profit for his money. Unless the percentage of cost be so great as to endanger the company's ability to meet its part of the contract made with him, he has naturally no desire to intrude either his curiosity or his counsel, provided he is satisfied that the company is skillfully conducted. Details he is willing to leave to the wisdom of managers, who, by the suffrages of policy-holders, have assumed full responsibility. Should he sometimes think that certain salaries are too high, he recalls the fact that in many other cases small salaries have not saved a company from insolvency. The skill and care required for the management of life-insurance companies, the judicious investment of their accumulating funds, the watchful oversight over contracts covering protracted periods of time—all these, and a multitude of minor matters, call for talent of the very highest order. A man's labor is worth all that he can get for it. Large responsibilities imply large compensations. The men are few in any community who can judiciously manage millions. Whether the fortune be public or private, they are entitled to a fair income for personal needs. In managing his own, a man has more license for expenditure than in a trusteeship. But the doctrine of proportion holds good, after all, as a law. A man who is a fair seaman or a superior skipper may safely sail his ship over the Atlantic while summer seas and skies outline his course. But the gales and hurricanes of winter can only be outridden by a stanch vessel, the skill and courage of whose commander are commensurate. Periods of peace in life-insurance may be and have been followed by crises most momentous. It is the reserve force of the man at the head of its affairs which alone can control the elements in such an emergency. His services for one such year of financial stress may be worth to the assured the gross amount of his salary during his entire connection with the company.

A life-insurance company is an organization which, in its subdivision of responsibility and office, has no parallel but that of the government of a State. It employs a large corps of agents, scattered over a widely extended territory; skillful medical examiners to discriminate between good and bad risks, lest the mortality rate be ruinously increased; cashiers, book-keepers, and clerks to receive and account for the premiums paid; scientific actuaries to guard against insufficiency of reserve, and to determine the proportion of surplus that may safely be returned; real estate experts to watch over its loans; a claim bureau to adjust without litigation the rightful demands made upon it; lawyers of wise counsel to examine the titles of property on which loans are made, and otherwise to represent the interests of its policy-holders; and men of executive ability in its chief offices, capable of guiding and conserving these manifold departments. How vast is the force needful for its continued success! The total amount paid by all the thirty-one companies reporting to New York in 1879, for the salaries, commissions, advertising, and all other expenditures of the business, including dividends to stockholders, was $10,893,197, while the total amount of money managed was over four hundred millions of dollars. What a difference to the policy-holders whether this vast sum was skillfully or unskillfully guarded!

Was this too much? Take for ratio the three largest New York companies, in which the princely salaries are paid. It will be found that the salaries, medical fees, and wages of other employés were less

than three per cent. of income. The total expenses of these companies in reference to income were 12.74 per cent.; while those of all our active companies, young and old, great and small, during the same time and for the same purposes, have been only 14.3 per cent. of income. Let the ratio be either less than 13 or a little more than 14 per cent., will any practical business man say that this is excessive? Is either amount "an undue share of accruing profits"? These institutions compare more than favorably, as to economy, with any other organizations actively seeking outside patronage. It is almost impossible to collate the reports of the banks to the Comptroller of the Currency so as to discover their ratio of expenses to income. A prominent officer in one of our largest corporations gives me as a guess 40 per cent.* But the Insurance Report for 1879 gives us the statistics of companies dealing in other than life-insurance. The comparison in the following table is between fire and marine on the one hand and life-insurance companies on the other, as to assets and expenditures, and the percentage of the latter to the former:

	Assets.	Expenditure.	Per Cent.
Fire and marine insurance companies of N.Y. State	$54,112,023	$7,862,586	14.53
Life-insurance companies of N. Y. State	202,562,831	5,751,128	2.84

In both cases the expenses include commissions, and every charge except losses under policies and dividends. If the expenses of life-insurance companies bore the same ratio to assets as those of fire, etc., companies, the $5,751,128 cost of administration would be raised to $29,472,872.

Lest some one should take exception to this ratio of assets, I add another table showing the ratio of expenses to income:

	Income.	Expenditure.	Per Cent.
Fire and marine....	$21,084,276	$7,862,586	37.29
Life-insurance companies of N. Y. State.....	41,162,409	5,751,128	13.97

The percentage of expense in relation to income in fire and marine insurance is nearly *three times* that of the life companies of this State.† Included in these amounts are the taxes throughout all the various States.

To the above statement I add that 188 insurance companies (other than life) in the State of New York received, during 1879, for premiums, $60,670,736; for interest, $7,919,924; making the gross income $68,590,660. Their expenses of management in the same year were $20,462,473. The ratio of expense to gross income was therefore 29.83 per cent. Whilst this is the average presented, it is true that in many cases the expenses of fire companies range between 50 and 60 per cent. Let the critics contrast these numerals with 14.3 per cent., being the average per cent. of expenses to income of all life-insurance companies.

But the answer made to all this is that life-insurance agents are overpaid. They are made the scapegoats. What are the facts? The commissions of life-insurance agents in all companies were, in 1879, $3,383,084.‡ The whole amount of cash premium receipts was $50,522,484 12. This is collected in average small amounts by agents from their patrons all over the United States. The average commission was therefore 6½ per cent. Is this an outrageous charge for the business of persuad-

* Since writing the above, I have received, by the courtesy of the Hon. John Jay Knox, the Comptroller of the Currency, the following table, prepared in his office:

List of National Banks in New York City and Brooklyn for the Six Months ending September 1, 1880:

Cities.	Number of Banks.	Capital.	Gross Earnings.	Taxes and Expenses.	Ratio of Expenses to Earnings.
New York city	47	$50,650,000	$8,268,056	$3,227,046	39.03
Brooklyn.....	4	1,152,000	198,814	74,173	37.30
Total.....	51	$51,802,000	$8,466,870	$3,301,219	38.98

From this it appears that the average ratio of expense in the national banks of this neighborhood is nearly 39 per cent. The average of the whole country, for very manifest reasons, must exceed 40 per cent.

† The mortality among insurance companies other than life has been overlooked in the attempt to sow distrust in the minds of life-insurance policy-holders. The New York *Daily Bulletin*, in June, 1880, published the names of three hundred fire-insurance companies, representing assets aggregating $87,000,000, whose active life ended by failure or voluntary retirement during the period from January 1, 1870, to December 31, 1879—only ten years.

‡ New York Insurance Report, 1880, p. xxi.

ing men to provide for themselves and those dependent upon them, and the other duties that pertain to this office? The agent who effects insurance on your clothes receives 15 per cent. year after year, and the average commission upon the assurance of your life is 6½ per cent. The wonder is that the payment of commissions can, by life companies, be so graded as to retain in their employ men of high capacity and character, and at the same time hold the average ratio so low.

But the final fact to be recognized in this connection is that the administration of existing life companies has not cost their policy-holders a single dollar. Not only have the thirty-six companies whose aggregate premiums and payments have been tabulated met all maturing claims, accumulated an adequate reserve, returned as dividends the excess of premiums paid, purchased many cancelled policies, and paid all expenses, but they have, over and above all this, saved as surplus more than $76,000,000, which they held on January 1, 1880, in trust for policy-holders. Their interest account shows this net excess after meeting all the cost of the business. By the use of money from which we might have derived no income had we retained it, these companies have not only accumulated a secure reserve for the payment of our policies when they fall due, but have covered every conceivable item of administrative expenditure. Let the fault-finder name any other business making even approximately as good a return for the investment of one thousand million dollars, being the amount of the premiums received since organization by all companies reporting to the State of New York.

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION.

The appeal in ancient times, whenever supposed difficulties were encountered, was to Hercules. And State or national legislation is now, and among life-insurance critics, substituted for the god of force. The panacea of all the ills to which the life-insurance system is heir must be sought at Albany or Washington—so they in substance say. Three things within the scope of the law-making power would have satisfied all policy-holders. But many others have been added which work to their detriment. These three things are:

1. The fullest publicity in all the affairs of this system. This has been gained by the compulsory deposit of sworn annual statements, which are open for comparison, and form the legal evidence for complaint.

2. The authoritative examination of the assets of each company, that the certificate of the State may endorse the assertion of the filed reports. This has been most needful in the past, and is a shield for the future.

3. The retention, within the reach of the courts of the State where the company is organized, of sufficient securities to meet the judgments which from time to time may be levied by the courts against the company on resisted policies.

Every good measure which has been enforced by State authority was first suggested by the energy of some ambitious company. It was only hastening a natural progress to make it by law a compulsory part of the system. The vagaries of the Legislatures of Massachusetts and other States in taxing premiums of companies from outside their limits, and retaliating for disadvantages which their own companies suffer elsewhere, are bringing this whole system of a paternal government into contempt. Before that class of objectors who seek a national bureau can succeed in their wishes, the people must consent to a constitutional amendment for the purpose. The fathers reserved all such rights. Their children will some day learn that these rights are safer when left to the defense of fundamental laws of political economy than to the shifting will of political parties. In view of all this discussion, and for its "improvement," as the old divines used to say, I add

SOME FRIENDLY SUGGESTIONS TO POLICY-HOLDERS.

1. *Look before you leap.* Choose for your investment a life-insurance company that is vigorously and honestly conducted in all its departments, and in which the relation of surplus to liabilities justifies the expectation of stability and security.

2. *Do not overleap.* Take no more insurance than your desponding anticipations of income make it more than probable that you can maintain.

3. *Stick.* When you have gained your footing, stand firm. For your family's sake, for your character's sake, for society's sake, for truth's sake, do not break the contract. Let your motto be, "*The Policy—it must and shall be preserved.*"

YOUNG MAN, GO WEST.

NOT far from the Missouri River, in the northwestern corner of Iowa, is a colony of Englishmen who have undertaken, with moderate capital and infinite pluck, to build up their fortunes in this country. Their enterprise is new—just old enough, however, to furnish satisfactory evidence that agriculture is, when properly undertaken, one of the most profitable industries in this country. Their number at present is about three hundred, and many additional members are expected this spring.

This colony, often called the Close Colony, owes its origin to three enterprising brothers, respectively James, William, and Fred Close. One of these came out here in 1876 to row in the Cambridge boat crew at the Centennial Regatta. Some of the crew fell sick, however, and they were forced to leave Philadelphia and retire to Cape May to recuperate. There the young Englishman met his destiny, and closed his boating career by an engagement to marry. About this time the young lady's father advised young Close to take a trip West before returning to England, assuring him that if he should do so, he would be satisfied that this country offered stronger inducements to a young man than any across the water. Accordingly, he went West, and made up his mind to go into farming. He immediately drew his two brothers into the enterprise, and together they began on a large scale. At the same time they took steps to induce their friends in England to join them. Though the enterprise is not three years old, they control at present some two hundred thousand acres of land.

The young men who make up this community are, for the most part, graduates of Oxford or Cambridge. On one farm I met two tall and handsome young farmers whose uncle had been a distinguished member of Parliament. The last time I had seen them was in a London drawing-room. This time they tramped me through the mud and manure of the barn-yard to show me some newly bought stock. They were boarding with a Dutch farmer at three dollars per week in order to learn practical farming. Both were thoroughly contented, and looking forward to the future with pleasure.

Another young farmer whom I noticed on horseback with top-boots, flannel shirt, sombrero, and belt-knife, was pointed out to me as the grandson of the author of *Paley's Theology*. He was attending a cattle auction at Lemars, Iowa.

There, too, was a son of Thomas Bayley Potter, the distinguished honorary secretary of the Cobden Club, and M.P. for Rochdale, who had come out only to take a look at the place, but who so fell in love with the life that he decided to invest. One had been an admiral in the royal navy, another had been connected with a Shanghai bank. There was a brother to Lord Ducie, not to speak of future baronets, viscounts, and honorables. These young men had all been attracted here by their love of a free, active life, and the knowledge that they would enter a society congenial to their tastes and early associations.

Although differing widely from "Tom" Hughes's Tennessee colony, this Iowa community has accomplished (without any special agreement between the members) an undertaking which combines the profits of farming with the out-door sports so dear to an Englishman.

They have the very best ground for fox-hunting in the world—a rolling prairie with a creek here and there. Every colonist makes it his chief care, after buying his farm, to breed a good hunter for the steeple-chases. They have regular meets for fox or "paper" hunts, as the case may be. They last year opened a racing track, and wound up the races with a grand ball. The event was a grand success, and partners were brought even from St. Paul, 270 miles to the north, to grace the occasion.

Their relations with the Close Brothers are very simple, and entirely of a business nature. After a desire has been expressed to join the colony, and the firm have decided that they are worthy to be admitted, they are required to pay $250 as a species of initiation fee. This is about five per cent. on the first investment, and is a commission charged to each new colonist. In return, they contract for putting up houses, building wells, purchasing land and implements, etc., and furnishing advice whenever called upon. It is something in the nature of a lawyer's fee for future consultations. The tax is saved over and over again in the security the stranger obtains against all manner of exorbitant charges. Sharp as down-Easters are reputed to be, they are mere

beginners compared to a Western land agent.

Thus we have an example of co-operation on a large scale that works perfectly, and has grown up from the conditions of the colony without any previous theorizing on the subject. The head of the colony buys for all at wholesale with a large discount. He sells at retail without charging the colonists anything but a nominal commission for his service. Herein lies one secret of the power and prosperity of this colony. They can combine for purchase; they can combine for contracts in working their estates on a large scale; they can combine for special rates in the shipment of their produce to Chicago, St. Paul, or St. Louis. The single colonist has not these advantages so pronounced, and above all does not enjoy the social advantage of being among people of his own tastes and home associations.

Now, then, for the dollars and cents of the matter. First locate the place on the map, to see what facilities Lemars and the northwestern section of Iowa have as a railroad centre. Note the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad to St. Paul; note the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Illinois Central competing for the traffic to Chicago; note the convenience to the Missouri and St. Louis; note that it is on the edge of the cattle country on the west, and the grain on the east, lying on the line of thoroughfare between the Atlantic and Pacific. The soil is rich and deep, and there are no stones or tree stumps. You can run your furrow from the Missouri to the Mississippi if you choose, and find few impediments, except a house, and now and then a stream. Then take into account that the population of the vicinity is thrifty and peaceable, the labor market reasonable, and the ordinary conveniences of life in every store.

Here is a practical example of what can be done to-day in this neighborhood. I shall take a high figure for the price of land, and average figures for yield per acre:

Permanent Expenditure for Farm of 160 *Acres, supposed to be started in* 1880.

New land, 160 acres, at $5 per acre		$800
House, 16 by 22, complete		300
Stabling, yards, and well		150
Farm implements:		
Two breaking ploughs	$35	
Two stirring ploughs	25	
Two corn cultivators	60	
Two harrows	20	
Mower and reaper	100	
Other implements	85	325
Stove and other furniture		100
Six good farm-horses		600
Two wagons and harnesses		200
		$2475

This, then, is the first cost of equipping 160 acres of excellent prairie land, about five miles at the most from the railroad. I have seen just such a farm, and can vouch for the figures. The house that is put up for $300 is a small frame one, with two rooms on the ground-floor, and two low-ceiling rooms up stairs. It is painted, and has, of course, windows and a chimney. I have made no charge for breaking land, because a man can break 140 acres for himself between May and July, and no doubt will do so.

Now, then, for the first year's expenses and returns:

Expenditure.

Seed for 40 acres put in flax	$60 00
Seed for 20 acres put in corn	2 50
Labor and expense for sowing and reaping above	100 00
Taxes on 160 acres	18 00
	$180 50

Returns.

40 acres flax, yielding 7 bushels per acre, at $1 per bushel	$280 00
20 acres corn, yielding 35 bushels, at 18 cents per bushel	126 00
Returns in 1880	$406 00
Expenditure in 1880	180 50
	$225 50

Corn has yielded more than 100 bushels to the acre on older ground, and averages frequently sixty bushels to the acre. Flax has yielded as much as thirteen bushels to the acre. It is an exhausting crop, as a rule, but does no harm to the soil when sown on new breaking. But to continue:

Second Year (*say* 1881)—*Expenditure.*

174 bushels seed, for 100 acres wheat, at 85 cents per bushel	$147 90
Seed for 20 acres corn	2 50
50 bushels seed for 20 acres oats, at 25 cents per bushel	12 50
Labor	175 00
Harvesting and threshing expenses	170 00
Taxes	18 00
	$525 90

Returns.

100 acres wheat, yielding 17 bushels per acre, at 85 cents per bushel	$1445 00
20 acres corn, yielding 60 bushels per acre, at 20 cents per bushel	240 00
20 acres oats, yielding 40 bushels per acre, at 25 cents per bushel	200 00
	$1885 00

At the end of the second year, the account stands thus:

Returns	$1885 00
Expenditure (without counting cost of living)	525 90
	$1359 10

—equivalent to 54 per cent. on the capital invested.

Now, then, you can go on putting in your wheat for the next year, and calculate your profits in the same way to five or ten years ahead. You must not be misled, however, by my figures, into supposing that any one can guarantee a big crop. I have taken average figures, neither very high nor very low, for yield and price. The profits, however, are so large, on an average crop, that a man can afford to suffer a bad harvest every ten years without feeling his loss very much. Then, again, crop or no crop, the value of his land is steadily increasing, so that in three years he may make enough from the sale of it to move somewhere else to advantage.

I have shown, in a rough way, the profit arising from farming in grain. The element of risk attending farming can be largely diminished by undertaking stock-raising at the same time. This is perhaps the most profitable business in the West today, and bids fair to become more so in the immediate future. There are two principal ways of making money in stock. The first is by raising the animal on your own account, and shipping it East; the other is by taking full-grown cattle from the plains, and fattening them for the market by contract. Both these methods are profitable, according to the surroundings.

The favorable conditions for stock-raising are as follows. The prairie grass is excellent in quality, being of the blue-joint species, and very abundant. I have driven through it when it has been higher than the heads of those sitting upon the seats of the wagon. It is cut, of course, when it is comparatively short, and you can have it stacked at one dollar a ton for winter use. There is plenty of free range for cattle all summer. There are no fences, and a boy with a pony and dogs can take care of 500 or 600 head, or 1500 sheep, for five dollars a month. There is absolutely no disease known among the herds of that region, as was well exhibited during the last year, when particular questioning upon that subject took place all over the State. The estimate I give is based on actual experience, and includes all charges, such as rent for the use of farm, cost of keep and labor, salt, medicine, and interest at six per cent. on capital expended. I also make allowance for ordinary mortality. The profits deduced, therefore, are net.

Estimate of Expenses.

50 heifers, at $18 75, bought in spring	$937 50
1 bull	105 00
First year's expenses:	
Keep of 51 head, at $3 93 per head	200 43
Keep of 40 calves, at $2 37 per head	94 80
Second year's expenses:	
Keep of 51 head, at $3 93 per head	200 43
Keep of 40 yearlings, at $3 93 per head	157 20
Keep of 40 calves, at $2 37 per head	94 80
Third year's expenses:	
Keep of 71 head, at $3 93 per head	279 03
Keep of 20 two-year-old steers, at $10 41 per head, fattened on grain	208 20
Keep of 40 yearlings, at $3 93 per head	157 20
Keep of 70 calves, at $2 37 per head	166 25
	$2600 84

Value of Stock on First Day of Fourth Year.

70 cows, at $26	$1820 00
20 three-year-old steers, at $62 50, fattened for market	1250 00
20 two-year-old steers, at $22 50	450 00
20 heifers, at $18 75	375 00
70 yearlings, at $12 50	875 00
70 calves, at $2 50	175 00
1 bull	75 00
Total value of stock	$5020 00
Expenses	2600 84
	$2419 16

This estimate takes no account of dairy produce, which of course forms an important factor in the problem. In the same way, while speaking of raising grain, I took no account of the enhanced value of land arising from cultivation and increasing immigration. The profits are so large that a large margin may be set aside for contingencies without materially affecting the result.

The freedom to pasture cattle on excellent grazing land, together with an accessible market, are the main reasons why at present stock-farming is particularly profitable. The first of these conditions is precarious, and it is evident that in ten years there will not be much good free range left east of the Missouri River. When immigration to that extent shall have shut him off from free pasturage, the stock man can either sell his farm at probably four times its present value, and move to Dakota or Montana, or else

turn his attention to fattening stock on grain for other parties, as I have already suggested.

For instance, as a practical case, there is a cattle man of Council Bluffs who is said to own 100,000 head of cattle in Idaho. He has a range of sixty square miles of land not worth one cent to the acre for agriculture, yet affording excellent pasture for cattle. He has ten men employed at wages varying from twenty-four dollars to forty dollars per month to look after the stock. These men require 200 ponies to handle the cattle. An overseer is hired at $1200 a year. During the winter, however, four men can do all the work required, which is mainly breaking the ice in the streams that the cattle may have water. Streams serve as the great checks upon the cattle straying away, for they never will go far from water. In the spring of the year the cattle men of the plains have a grand "round up" (as it is called), the stock is picked out by means of the brand, and those cattle that are meant for the Eastern market are started for Omaha. They travel about ten miles a day, and generally take the whole season in the journey from the winter ground to the Missouri bottom. At Omaha the cattle are put on the train and shipped nominally to Chicago, but really to different points along the road, to be handed over to farmers for fattening. Mr. Stewart delivered over 1900 head to farmers last fall, and of these only eight were lost during the winter. The parties who receive the cattle agree to fatten them at the rate of five cents for every extra pound of weight they add to the animal. This seems small at first sight, but where cattle put on 250 extra pounds during a winter, and where two hogs are fed from the refuse of each ox, the farmer finds that the result to him is equivalent to selling his corn at 100 per cent. profit. The large cattle raisers, of course, have their inspectors, who travel from farm to farm to look after their property, and gather it together in the spring for shipment to Chicago, where they are either slaughtered or shipped to Europe. The cattle men have a great advantage over mere farmers, in that they are to a great extent independent of railways. If they are badly treated by one corporation, they have a simple remedy in driving their stock a few miles to the next road. The consequence is that east of Omaha rates for cattle are as favorable as could be desired, while west of this point, where one line has a monopoly of the business, the charges are exorbitant. From Wyoming to Council Bluffs a car-load of twenty head of cattle is charged $116. Consequently, cattle men will march their stock two thousand miles to Council Bluffs, and ship them from that point. They are allowed stop-over tickets, which give them the privilege of turning their stock out at any place for the winter, and then sending them on in the spring to market.

This northwestern section of Iowa is a good one on which to make studies in sheep-raising. There is a good run for sheep along the bluffs near the larger streams and rivers. Anybody who has seen the English "downs" will be reminded of them when he approaches the fine breezy bluffs of the Big Sioux River. I take some carefully prepared figures furnished by one of several Holstein farmers who have a settlement in this neighborhood. They came over here in 1874, most of them with very little ready money, but valuable experience as shepherds at home. They are now all well-to-do farmers. Their houses are far superior to those commonly seen on the prairies. They show their ancestry in the taste for flowers, and the care with which they breed their stock. The horses I saw in use among them were the best animals I have seen in this country for heavy work. I am told that they will not part with their stock at any price to strangers, and nobody who appreciates their circumstances will wonder at it. Here, then, is a

Practical Estimate for Sheep-Farming.

1875, September:		
Cost of 500 ewes at $4 25 each	$2125	
15 rams at $20	300	
Common prairie sheds for 1000 sheep	225	
Grain and feed for winter	300	
Herding and attendance per annum	250	
Salt, medicine, etc.	50	
	$3250	
1876, September:		
Cost of grain and feed for winter	$500	
Herding and attendance	250	
Salt, medicine, etc.	50	800
1877:		
Cost of grain and feed for winter	$700	
Herding and attendance	250	
Salt, medicine, etc.	50	1000
1878:		
Cost of grain and feed for winter	$700	
Attendance and herding	250	
Medicine, salt, etc.	50	1000
		$6050

Adding now the annual interest:		
1875—$3250 at 6 per cent.	$195	
1876—$4050 " "	243	
1877—$5050 " "	303	
1878—$6050 " "	363	1104
Total cost of investment and keep.		$7154

Returns.

May, 1876, sold 3348 pounds of wool at 20 cents per pound, clip of 515 sheep.		$669 60
May, 1877, sold 6696 pounds of wool at 20 cents per pound, clip of 1030 sheep.		1,339 20
May, 1878, sold 6696 pounds of wool at 20 cents per pound, clip of 1030 sheep.		1,339 20
March, 1878, sold 515 fat sheep at $8 ..		4,120 00
May, 1879, sold 6696 pounds of wool at 20 cents per pound, clip of 1030 sheep.		1,339 20
March, 1879, sold 515 fat sheep at $8 ..		4,120 00
		$12,927 20
May, 1879, on hand, 500 ewes with lambs, at $4	$2000 00	
May, 1879, on hand, 15 rams at $20	300 00	
May, 1879, on hand, 515 yearlings, at $1 75	901 25	3,201 25
Add for annual interest account:		
1876—$669 60 at 6 per cent.	$40 18	
1877—$2008 80 at 6 per cent.	120 53	
1878—$7468 00 at 6 per cent.	448 08	
1879—$12,927 00 at 6 per cent.	775 62	1,384 41
Total returns		$17,512 86
Total outlay		7,154 00
Net profit in four years		$10,358 86

This gives an idea of how profitable sheep-raising has been made to those who understand their business. While such large profits will not fall to the share of every tyro who experiments in shepherdizing, yet even to the most ignorant there will probably result a very much larger return for his money in this business than in any other for which he is not especially fitted.

As to wintering stock, this is a matter that costs very little. My estimate for sheds is small, for the reason that what out West is called a barn is merely a timber skeleton, over which is piled either the straw from the threshing machine or hay cut at one dollar a ton. Many farmers let their cattle go without winter shelter if they have any timber on the place, in which case the cattle take the lee side as a protection against the wind, and come out in the spring in good condition.

The last item in our money calculation is the ubiquitous hog. It would seem as though there were enough hogs in any one State out West to supply the world with pork, and yet the hog-packing goes on, with no diminution in the demand, in spite of the tremendous supply. In the four months of the season of 1874–75, our packing houses disposed of five and a half million hogs. Last year they packed nearly seven million in the same time. Of these, Chicago alone appropriated two and a half million in the season of 1879–80. But to return to the hog in his natural condition, and as a subject for the capitalist.

Here is a carefully prepared estimate of what may be done with this invaluable adjunct of every farm. The profits are very great; but hogs are sometimes liable to an epidemic called lung disease, or hog cholera. Accordingly I have only allowed four pigs to each sow. These animals cost scarcely anything for keep. They fatten rapidly from the leavings about the barn-yard and the refuse of cattle. Two hogs can be counted to each head of cattle. I take a low figure in my estimate, including every expense, and allowing for the average mortality (including hog cholera):

Hog-Raising.

50 sows, averaging 75 pounds each, 25 young pigs, at three cents per pound	$175 77
First year's expense:	
Cost of grain, and milk from cows, for keeping 75 head	100 20
Second year's expense:	
Cost of keep for above, with increase of 200 pigs	183 33
Third year's expense:	
75 old hogs, fattened from grain fed to cattle, and keep of 350 pigs	235 41
	$694 71

Valuation, Third Year.

75 old hogs, fattened for market, weighing 300 pounds each, at four cents per pound	$937 50
350 pigs, valued at	729 16
Total return	$1666 66
Total outlay	694 71
	$971 95

I have made these estimates apply to Northwestern Iowa. They are equally true for Southwestern Minnesota. The advantage which the section I have alluded to possesses is largely due to the fact that it is not dependent upon one railway system alone for shipment. This railroad question is so important a one out West that any one intending to buy land should carefully study the advantages of the place in connection with railroad facilities before even looking at the soil.

A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE FIRST.—GEORGE SOMERSET.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOUGH exhibiting indifference, Somerset had felt a pang of disappointment when he heard the news of Paula's approaching dinner party. It seemed a little unkind of her to pass him over, seeing how much they were thrown together just now. That dinner meant more than it sounded. Notwithstanding the roominess of her mansion, she was at present living somewhat incommodiously, owing partly to the stagnation caused by her recent bereavement, and partly to the necessity for overhauling the De Stancy lumber piled in those vast and gloomy chambers before they could be made tolerable to nineteenth-century fastidiousness.

To give dinners on any large scale before Somerset had at least set a few of these rooms in order for her, showed, to his thinking, an overpowering desire for society.

During the week he saw less of her than usual, her time being to all appearances much taken up with driving out to make calls on her neighbors, and receiving return visits. All this he observed from the windows of his studio, overlooking the castle ward, in which room he now spent a good deal of his time, bending over drawing-boards and instructing Dare, who worked as well as could be expected of a youth of such varied attainments.

Nearer came the Wednesday of the party, and no hint of that event reached Somerset, but such as had been communicated by the Baptist minister. At last, on the very afternoon, an invitation was handed into his studio—not a kind note in Paula's handwriting, but a formal printed card in the joint names of Mrs. Goodman and Miss Power. It reached him just four hours before the dinner-time. He was plainly to be used as a stop-gap at the last moment, because somebody could not come.

Having previously arranged to pass a quiet evening in his rooms at the King's Arms in reading up chronicles of the castle from the county history, with the view of gathering some ideas as to the distribution of rooms therein before the demolition of a portion of the structure, he decided off-hand that Paula's dinner was not of sufficient importance to him, as a professional man and student of art, to justify a waste of the evening by going. He accordingly declined Mrs. Goodman's and Miss Power's invitation, and at five o'clock left the castle, and walked across the fields to the little town.

He dined early, and clearing away heaviness with a cup of coffee, applied himself to that volume of the county history which contained the record of Stancy Castle. Here he read that "when this picturesque and ancient structure was founded, or by whom, is extremely uncertain. But that a castle stood on the site in very early times appears from many old books of charters. In its prime it was such a masterpiece of fortification as to be the wonder of the world, and it was thought, before the invention of gunpowder, that it never could be taken by any force less than divine."

He read on to the times when it first passed into the hands of the De Stancys, and received the family name, and so on from De Stancy to De Stancy, till he was lost in the reflection whether Paula would or would not have thought more highly of him if he had accepted the invitation to dinner. Applying himself again to the tome, he learned that in the year 1504 Stephen the carpenter was "paid eleven pence for necessarye repayrs," and William the master-mason eight shillings "for whyt lyming of the kitchen, and the lyme to do it with," including "a new rope for the fyer bell"; also the sundry charges for "vij crockes, xiij lytyll pans, a pare of pot hookes, a fyer pane, a lanterne, a chafynge dyshe, and xij candyll stychs."

Bang went eight strokes of the clock: it was the dinner hour.

"There, now I can't go, anyhow!" he said, bitterly, jumping up, and picturing her receiving her company. How would she look? what would she wear? Profoundly indifferent to the early history of the noble pile, he felt a violent reaction toward modernism, eclecticism, new aristocracies, everything, in short, that Paula represented. He even gave himself up to consider the Greek court that she had

wished for, and passed the remainder of the evening in making a perspective view of the same.

The next morning he awoke early, and resolving to be at work betimes, started promptly. It was a fine calm hour of day; the grass slopes were silvery with excess of dew, and the blue mists hung in the shadows of the trees for want of wind to blow them out. Somerset entered the drive on foot, and when near the castle he observed in the gravel the wheel-marks of the carriages that had conveyed the guests thither the night before. There seemed to have been a large number, for the road where newly repaired was quite cut up. Before going in-doors he was tempted to walk round to the wing in which Paula slept.

Rooks were cawing, sparrows were chattering there; but the blind of her window was as closely drawn as if it were midnight. Probably she was sound asleep, dreaming of the compliments which had been paid her by her guests, and of the future triumphant pleasures that would follow in their train. Reaching the outer stone stairs leading to the great hall, he found them shadowed by an awning brilliantly striped with red and blue, within which rows of flowering plants in pots bordered the pathway. She could not have made more preparation had the gathering been a ball. He passed along the gallery in which his studio was situated, entered the room, and seized a drawing-board to put into correct drawing the sketch for the Greek court that he had struck out the night before, thereby abandoning his art principles to please the whim of a girl. Dare had not yet arrived, and after a time Somerset threw down his pencil and leaned back. His eye fell upon something that moved. It was white, and lay in the folding-chair on the opposite side of the room. On near approach he found it to be a fragment of swan's-down, fanned into motion by his own movements, and partially squeezed into the chink of the chair, as though by some person sitting on it.

None but a woman would have worn or brought that swan's-down into his studio, and it made him reflect on the possible one. Nothing interrupted his conjectures till ten o'clock, when Dare came. Then one of the servants tapped at the door to know if Mr. Somerset had arrived. Somerset asked if Miss Power wished to see him, and was informed that she had only wished to know if he had come. Somerset sent a return message that he had a design on the board which he should soon be glad to submit to her, and the messenger departed.

"Fine doings here last night, sir," said Dare, as he dusted his T-square.

"Oh, indeed!"

"A dinner party, I hear; eighteen guests."

"Oh!" said Somerset.

"The young lady was magnificent—sapphires and opals; she carried as much as a thousand pounds upon her head and shoulders during that three or four hours. Of course they call her charming: 'Compuesta no hay mujer fea,' as they say at Madrid."

"I don't doubt it for a moment," said Somerset, with reserve.

Dare said no more, and presently the door opened, and there stood Paula.

Somerset nodded to Dare to withdraw into an adjoining room, and offered her a chair.

"You wish to show me the design you have prepared?" she asked, without taking the seat.

"Yes; I have come round to your opinion. I have made a plan for the Greek court you were anxious to build." And he elevated the drawing-board against the wall.

She regarded it attentively for some moments, her finger resting lightly against her chin, and said, "I have given up the idea of a Greek court."

He showed his astonishment, and was almost disappointed. He had been grinding up Greek architecture entirely on her account, had wrenched his mind round to this strange arrangement all for nothing.

"Yes," she continued; "on reconsideration, I perceive the want of harmony that would result from inserting such a piece of marble-work in a mediæval fortress; so in future we will limit ourselves strictly to synchronism of style; that is to say, make good the Norman work by Norman, the Perpendicular by Perpendicular, and so on. I have informed Mr. Havill of the same thing."

Somerset pulled the Greek drawing off the board, and tore it in two pieces.

She involuntarily moved her head to look in his face, but for some reason stopped before she had quite lifted her

eyes high enough. "Why did you do that?" she murmured.

"It is of no further use," said Somerset, tearing the drawing in the other direction; and throwing the pieces into the fire-place. "You have been reading up orders and styles to some purpose, I perceive." He regarded her with a faint smile.

"I have had a few books down from town. It is desirable to know a little about the architecture of one's own house."

She remained looking at the torn drawing, when Somerset, observing on the table the particle of swan's-down he had found in the chair, gently blew it, so that it skimmed across the table under her eyes.

"It looks as if it came off a lady's dress," he said, idly.

"Off a lady's fan," she said.

"Oh, off a fan?"

"Yes; off mine."

Her cheeks blushed more warmly than they had ever before done in his presence, as she made the avowal, to the ear so coolly spoken. At her reply Somerset stretched out his hand for the swan's-down, and put it carefully in his pocket-book; whereupon Paula, moulding her cherry red lower lip beneath her upper one, turned away to the window, and, after a pause, said, softly, as she looked out, "Why did you not accept our invitation to dinner?"

It was impossible to explain why. He impulsively drew near, and confronted her, and said, "I hope you pardon me?"

"I don't know that I can quite do that," answered she, with ever so little of a smile hovering on the corners of her mouth, though seriousness filled her eye. "I know why you did not come. But it was purely by an accident that you received your invitation so late. My aunt sent the others by post; but as yours was to be delivered by hand, it was left on her table, and was overlooked."

Surely he could not doubt her words; those perfect eyes were the embodiment of truth itself.

"I don't mean to make a serious complaint," she added, in injured tones, showing that she did. "Only we had asked nearly all of them to meet you, as the son of your illustrious father, whom many of my friends knew personally; and—they were disappointed."

It was now time for Somerset to be genuinely grieved at what he had done. Paula seemed so good and honorable at that moment that he could have laid down his life for her.

"When I was dressed, I came in here to ask you to reconsider your decision," she continued; "to meet us in the drawing-room, if you could not possibly be ready for dinner. But you were gone."

"And you sat down in that chair, didn't you, darling, and remained there a long time musing!" he thought. But that he did not say.

"I am sorry," he murmured.

"Will you make amends by coming to our garden party? I ask you the very first."

"I will," replied Somerset. To add that it would give him great pleasure, etc., seemed an absurdly weak way of expressing his feelings, and he said no more.

"It is on the nineteenth. Don't forget the day."

He met her eyes in such a way that if she were woman, she must have seen the meaning as plainly as words: "Do I look as if I could forget anything you say?"

She must, indeed, have understood much more by this time—the whole of his open secret. But he did not understand her. History has revealed that a supernumerary lover or two is rarely considered a disadvantage by a woman, from queen to cottage girl, and the thought made him pause.

CHAPTER XV.

When she was gone, he went on with the drawing, not calling in Dare, who remained in the room adjoining. Presently a servant came, and laid a paper on his table, which Miss Power had sent. It was one of the morning newspapers, and was folded so that his eye fell immediately on a letter headed "Restoration or Demolition."

The letter was professedly written by a dispassionate person solely in the interests of art. It drew attention to the circumstance that the ancient and interesting castle of the De Stancys had unhappily passed into the hands of an iconoclast by blood, who, without respect for the tradition of the county, or any feeling whatever for history in stone, was about to demolish much, if not all, that was interesting in that ancient pile, and

insert in its midst a monstrous travesty of some Greek temple. In the name of all lovers of mediæval art, conjured the simple-minded writer, let something be done to save a building which, injured and battered in the Civil Wars, was now to be made a complete ruin by the freaks of an irresponsible owner.

Her sending him the paper seemed to imply that she required his opinion on the case; and in the afternoon, leaving Dare to measure up a wing according to directions, he went out in the hope of meeting her, having learned that she had gone to the village. On reaching the church, he saw her crossing the churchyard path, with her aunt and Miss De Stancy. Somerset entered the inclosure, and as soon as she saw him she came across.

"What is to be done?" she asked, attentively.

"You need not be concerned about such a letter as that."

"I am concerned."

"I think it dreadful impertinence," spoke up Charlotte, who had joined them. "Can you think who wrote it, Mr. Somerset?"

Somerset could not.

"Well, what am I to do?" repeated Paula.

"Just as you would have done before."

"That's what *I* say," observed Mrs. Goodman, emphatically.

"But I have already altered—I have given up the Greek court."

"Oh—you had seen the paper this morning before you looked at my drawing?"

"I had," she answered.

Somerset thought it a forcible illustration of her natural reticence that she should have abandoned the design without telling him the reason; but he was glad she had not done it from mere caprice.

She turned to him and said, quietly, "I wish *you* would answer that letter."

"It would be ill advised," said Somerset. "Still, if, after consideration, you wish it much, I will. Meanwhile let me impress upon you again the expediency of calling in Mr. Havill—to whom, as your father's architect, expecting this commission, something perhaps is owed—and getting him to furnish an alternative plan to mine, and submitting the choice of designs to some members of the Royal Institute of British Architects. This letter makes it still more advisable than before."

"Very well," said Paula, reluctantly.

"Let him have all the particulars you have been good enough to explain to me—so that we start fair in the competition."

She looked thoughtfully on the grass. "I will tell the building steward to write them out for him," she said.

The party separated, and entered the church by different doors. Somerset went to a nook of the building that he had often intended to visit. It was called the Stancy aisle, and in it stood the tombs of that family. Somerset examined them: they were unusually rich and numerous, beginning with cross-legged knights in hauberks of chain-mail, their ladies beside them in wimple and coverchief, all more or less coated with the green mould and dirt of ages: and continuing with others of later date, in fine alabaster, gilded and colored, some of them wearing round their necks the Yorkist collar of suns and roses, the livery of Edward the Fourth. In scrutinizing the tallest canopy over these he beheld Paula behind it, lost in contemplation of the same objects.

"You came to the church to sketch these monuments, I suppose, Mr. Somerset?" she asked, as soon as she saw him.

"No; I came to speak to you about the letter."

She sighed. "Yes, that letter," she said. "I am persecuted. If I had been one of these, it would never have been written." She tapped the alabaster effigy of a recumbent lady with her parasol.

"They are interesting, are they not?" he said. "She is beautifully preserved. The gilding is nearly gone, but beyond that she is perfect."

"She is like Charlotte," said Paula, and what was much like another sigh escaped her lips.

Somerset admitted that there was a resemblance, while Paula drew her forefinger across the marble face of the effigy, and at length took out her handkerchief, and began wiping the dust from the hollows of the features. He looked on wondering what her sigh had meant; but guessing that it had been somehow caused by the sight of these sculptures in connection with the newspaper writer's denunciation of her as an irresponsible outsider.

The secret was out when in answer to his question, idly put, if she wished she were like one of these, she said, with ex-

ceptional vehemence for one of her quiet demeanor:

"I don't wish I was like one of them: I wish I *was* one of them."

"What—you wish you were a De Stancy?"

"Yes. I wish it for the first time in my life. It is very dreadful to be denounced as a barbarian. I want to be romantic and historical."

"Miss De Stancy seems not to value the privilege," he said, looking round to another part of the church where Charlotte was innocently prattling to Mrs. Goodman, quite heedless of the tombs of her forefathers.

"If I were one," she continued, "I should come here when I feel alone in the world, as I do to-day; and I would defy people, and say, 'You can not spoil what has been!'"

They walked on till they reached the old black pew attached to the castle—a vast square inclosure of oak panelling, occupying half the aisle, and surmounted with a little balustrade above the framework. Within, the baize lining that had once been green, now faded to the color of a common in August, was torn, kicked, and scraped to rags by the feet and hands of the ploughboys who had appropriated the pew as their own special place of worship since it had ceased to be used by any resident at the castle, because its height afforded convenient shelter for playing at marbles and pricking with pins.

Charlotte and Mrs. Goodman had by this time left the building, and could be seen looking at the head-stones outside.

"If you were a De Stancy," said Somerset, who had pondered more deeply upon that new and strange wish of hers than he had seemed to do, "you would be a Church-woman, and sit here."

"And I should have the pew done up," she said, readily, as she rested her pretty chin on the top rail, and looked at the interior, her cheeks pressed into deep dimples. Her quick reply told him that the idea was no new one with her, and he thought of poor Mr. Woodwell's shrewd prophecy as he perceived that her days as a separatist were numbered.

"Well, why can't you have it done up, and sit here?" he said, warily.

Paula shook her head.

"You are not at enmity with Anglicanism, I am sure?"

"I want not to be. I want to be—what—"

"What the De Stancys were, and are," he said, insidiously; and her silenced bearing told him that he had hit the nail.

It was a strange mania to get possession of such an apparently calm nature as hers, and for a minute he felt himself on the side of the minister. So strong was Somerset's feeling of wishing her to show the quality of fidelity to paternal dogma and party that he could not help adding,

"But have you forgotten that other nobility—the nobility of talent and enterprise?"

"No. But I wish I had a well-known line of ancestors."

"You have. Archimedes, Newcomen, Watt, Telford, Stephenson, those are your father's direct ancestors. Have you forgotten them? Have you forgotten your father, and the railways he made over half Europe, and his great energy and skill, and all connected with him, as if he had never lived?"

She did not answer for some time. "I did not expect you would be the one to pain me by saying that," she at length whispered, with emotion, turning her face away.

Her hand was still resting on the low pew next the high one of the De Stancys. Somerset looked at the hand, or rather at the glove which covered it, then at her averted cheek, then beyond it into the pew, then at her hand again, until by an indescribable consciousness that he was not going too far, he laid his own upon it.

"No, no," said Paula, quickly, withdrawing her hand. But there was nothing resentful or haughty in her tone—nothing, in short, which makes a man in such circumstances feel that he has done a particularly foolish action.

The flower on her bosom rose and fell like a boat in a tideway as she added, "I am going away now—I will leave you here." Without waiting for a reply, she adroitly swept back her skirts to free her feet, and went out of the church blushing.

Somerset took her hint, and did not follow; and when he knew that she had rejoined her friends, and heard the carriage roll away, he made toward the opposite door. Pausing to glance once more at the alabaster effigies before leaving them

to their silence and neglect, he beheld Dare bending over them, to all appearance intently occupied.

He must have been in the church some time—certainly during the tender episode between Somerset and Paula, and could not have failed to perceive it. Somerset blushed: it was unpleasant that Dare should have seen the interior of his heart so plainly. He went across and said, "I think I left you to finish the drawing of the north wing, Mr. Dare?"

"Three hours ago, sir," said Dare. "Having finished that, I came to look at the church—fine building—fine monuments—two interesting people looking at them."

"What?"

"I stand corrected. 'Pensa molto, parla poco,' as the Italians have it."

"Well, now, Mr. Dare, suppose you get back to the castle?"

"Which history dubs Castle Stancy. .... Certainly."

"How do you get on with the measuring?"

Dare sighed whimsically. "Badly in the morning, when I have been tempted to indulge overnight; and worse in the afternoon, when I have been tempted in the morning."

Somerset looked at the youth, and said, "I fear I shall have to dispense with your services, Dare, for I think you have been tempted to-day."

"On my honor, no. My manner is a little against me, Mr. Somerset. But you need not fear for my ability to do your work. I am a young man wasted, and thought of slight account; it is the true men who get snubbed, while traitors are allowed to thrive."

"Hang sentiment, Dare, and off with you!" A little ruffled, Somerset had turned his back upon the interesting speaker, so that he did not observe the sly twist Dare threw into his right eye as he spoke. The latter went off in one direction, and Somerset in the other, pursuing his pensive way toward Markton with thoughts not difficult to divine.

From one point in her nature he went to another, till he again recurred to her romantic interest in the De Stancy family. To wish she was one of them: how very inconsistent of her! That she really did wish it, was unquestionable, for the feeling had been so strong as to break through her natural maiden silentness.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the day of the garden party. The weather was too cloudy to be called perfect, but it was as sultry as the most thinly clad young lady could desire. Great trouble had been taken by Paula to bring the lawn to a fit condition after the neglect of recent years, and Somerset had suggested the design for the tents. As he approached the precincts of the castle he discerned a flag of newest fabric floating over the keep, and soon his phaeton fell in with the stream of carriages that were passing over the bridge into the outer ward.

Mrs. Goodman and Paula were receiving the people in the drawing-room. Somerset came forward in his turn; but as he was immediately followed by others, there was not much opportunity, even had she felt the wish, for any special mark of feeling in the younger lady's greeting of him.

He went on through a canvas passage, lined on each side with flowering plants, till he reached the tents; thence, after nodding to one or two guests slightly known to him, he proceeded to the grounds, with a sense of being rather lonely. Few visitors had as yet got so far in, and as he walked up and down a shady alley his mind dwelt upon the new aspect under which Paula had greeted his eyes that afternoon. Her black and white costume had finally disappeared, and in its place she had adopted a picturesque dress of ivory white, with satin enrichments of the same hue; while upon her bosom she wore a scarlet flower. Her days of infestivity were plainly ended, and her days of gladness were to begin.

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of his name, and looking round, he beheld Havill, who appeared to be as much alone as himself.

Somerset already knew that Havill had been appointed to compete with him, according to his recommendation. In measuring a dark corner a day or two before, he had stumbled upon Havill engaged in the same pursuit, with a view to the rival design. Afterward he had seen him receiving Paula's instructions precisely as he had done himself. It was as he had wished, for fairness' sake; and yet he felt a regret, for he was less Paula's own architect now.

"Well, Mr. Somerset," said Havill,

"since we first met, an unexpected rivalry has arisen between us. But I dare say we shall survive the contest, as it is not one arising out of love. Ha! ha! ha!" He spoke in a level voice of fierce pleasantry, and uncovered his regular white teeth.

Somerset supposed him to allude to the castle competition?

"Yes," said Havill. "Her proposed undertaking brought out some adverse criticism, till it was known that she intended to have more than one architectural opinion. An excellent stroke of hers to disarm criticism. You saw the second letter in the morning papers?"

"No," said the other.

"The writer states that he has discovered that the competent advice of two architects is to be taken, and withdraws his accusations."

Somerset said nothing for a minute. "Have you been supplied with the necessary data for your drawings?" he asked, showing by the question the track his thoughts had taken.

Havill said that he had. "But possibly not so completely as you have," he added, again smiling fiercely. Somerset did not quite like the insinuation, and the two speakers parted, the younger going toward the musicians, who had now begun to fill the air with their strains from the embowered inclosure of a drooping ash. When he got back to the marquees, they were quite crowded, and the guests began to pour out upon the grass, the toilets of the ladies presenting a brilliant spectacle —here being colored dresses with white devices, there white dresses with colored devices, and yonder transparent dresses with no device at all. A lavender haze hung in the air; the trees were as still as those of a submarine forest; while the sun, in color like a brass plaque, had a hairy outline in the livid sky.

After watching awhile some young people who were so madly devoted to lawn tennis that they had set about it like day-laborers at the moment of their arrival, he turned and saw approaching a graceful figure in cream-colored hues, whose gloves lost themselves beneath her lace ruffles, even when she lifted her hand to make firm the red flower at her breast, and whose hair hung under her hat in great knots so well compacted that the sun gilded the convexity of each knot like a ball.

"You seem to be alone," said Paula, who had at last escaped from the duty of receiving guests.

"I don't know many people."

"Yes; I thought of that while I was in the drawing-room. But I could not get out before. I am now no longer a responsible being: Mrs. Goodman is mistress for the remainder of the day. Will you be introduced to anybody? Who would you like to know?"

"I am not particularly unhappy in my solitude."

"But you must be made to know a few."

"Very well—I submit readily."

She looked away from him, and while he was observing upon her cheek the moving shadow of leaves cast by the declining sun, she said, "Oh, there is my aunt," and beckoned with her parasol to that lady, who approached in the comparatively youthful guise of a gray silk dress that whistled at every touch.

Paula left them together, and Mrs. Goodman then made him acquainted with a few of the best people, describing what they were in a whisper before they came up, among them being the Radical member for Markton, who had succeeded to the seat rendered vacant by the death of Paula's father. While talking to this gentleman on the proposed enlargement of the castle, Somerset raised his eyes and hand toward the walls, the better to point out his meaning; in so doing he saw a face in the square of darkness formed by one of the open windows, the effect being that of a high-light portrait by Vandyck or Rembrandt.

It was his assistant Dare, leaning on the window-sill of the studio, as he smoked his cigarette, and surveyed the gay groups promenading beneath.

After holding a chattering conversation with some ladies from a neighboring country-seat who had known his father in bygone years, and handing them ices and strawberries till they were satisfied, he found an opportunity of leaving the grounds, wishing to learn what progress Dare had made in the survey of the castle.

Dare was still in the studio when he entered. Somerset informed the youth that there was no necessity for his working later that day, unless to please himself, and proceeded to inspect Dare's achievements thus far. To his vexation, Dare had not plotted three dimensions during the previous two days. This was

not the first time that Dare, either from incompetence or indolence, had shown his inutility as a house surveyor and draughtsman.

"Mr. Dare," said Somerset, "I fear you don't suit me well enough to make it necessary that you should stay after this week."

Dare removed the cigarette from his lips and bowed. "If I don't suit, the sooner I go the better; why wait the week?" he said.

"Well, that's as you like."

Somerset drew the inkstand toward him, wrote out a check for Dare's services, and handed it across the table.

"I'll not trouble you to-morrow," said Dare, seeing that the payment included the week in advance.

"Very well," replied Somerset. "Please lock the door when you leave." Shaking hands with Dare, and wishing him well, he left the room, and descended to the lawn below.

There he contrived to get near Miss Power again, and inquired of her for Miss De Stancy.

"Oh! did you not know?" said Paula; "her father is unwell, and she preferred staying with him this afternoon."

"I hoped he might have been here."

"Oh no; he never comes out of his house to any party of this sort; it excites him, and he must not be excited."

"Poor Sir William!" murmured Somerset.

"No," said Paula; "he is grand and historical."

"That is hardly an orthodox notion for a Puritan," said Somerset, mischievously.

"I am not a Puritan," pouted Paula.

The day turned to dusk, and the guests began going in relays to the dining-hall. When Somerset had taken in two or three ladies to whom he had been presented, and attended to their wants, which occupied him three-quarters of an hour, he returned again to the large tent, with a view to finding Paula and taking his leave. It was now brilliantly lighted up, and the musicians, who during daylight had been invisible behind the ash-tree, were ensconced at one end with their harps and violins. It reminded him that there was to be dancing. The tent had in the mean time half filled with a new set of young people, who had come expressly for that pastime. Behind the girls gathered numbers of newly arrived young men with low shoulders and diminutive mustaches, who were evidently prepared for once to sacrifice themselves as partners.

Somerset felt an electric thrill at the sight. He was an infrequent dancer, and particularly unprepared for dancing at present; but to dance once with Paula Power he would give a year of his life. He looked round; but she was nowhere to be seen. The first set began; old and middle-aged people gathered from the different rooms to look on at the gyrations of their children, but Paula did not appear. When another dance or two had progressed, and an increase in the average age of the dancers was making itself perceptible, especially on the masculine side, Somerset was aroused by a whisper at his elbow:

"You dance, I think? Miss Deverell is disengaged. She has not been asked once this evening." The speaker was Paula.

Somerset looked at Miss Deverell, a sallow lady with black dancing eyes, yellow costume, and gay laugh, who had been there all the afternoon, and said something about having thought of going home.

"Is that because I asked you to dance?" she murmured. "There—she is appropriated." A young gentleman had at that moment approached the uninviting Miss Deverell, claimed her hand, and led her off.

"That's right," said Somerset. "I ought to leave room for younger men."

"You need not say so. That bald-headed gentleman is forty-five. He does not think of younger men."

"Have *you* a dance to spare for me?"

Her face grew redder in the candle-light. "Oh!—I have no engagement at all—I have refused. I hardly feel at liberty to dance; it would be as well to leave that to my visitors."

"Why?"

"My father, though he allowed me to be taught, never liked the idea of my dancing."

"Did he make you promise anything on the point?"

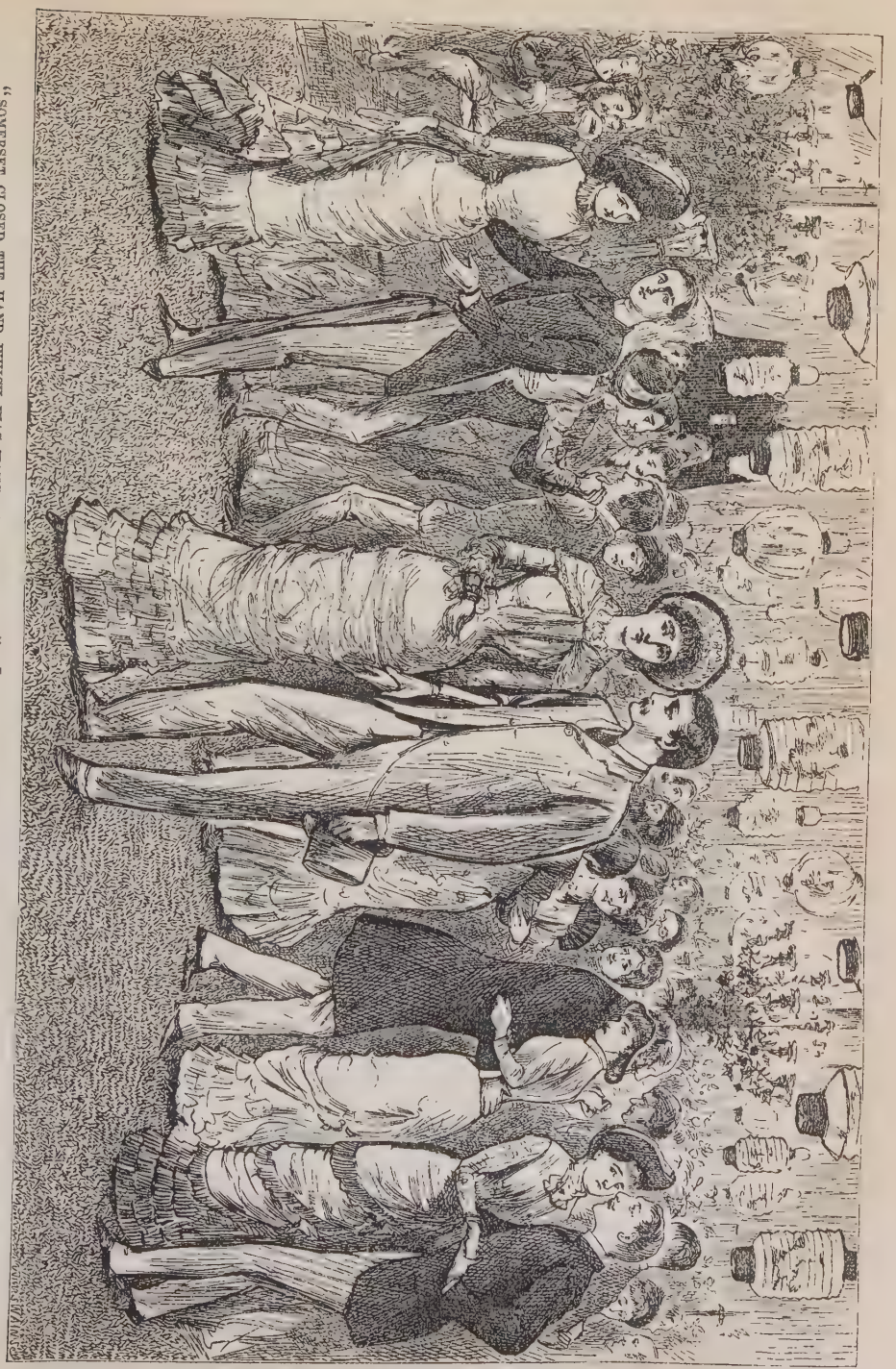
"He said he was not in favor of such amusements—no more."

"I think you are not bound by that, on an informal occasion like the present."

She was silent.

"You will just once?" said he.

"Yes," she softly answered.



"SOMERSET CLOSED THE HAND WHICH WAS HANGING BY HIS SIDE."—[DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER AND ENGRAVED BY SWAIN, IN LONDON.]

Somerset closed the hand which was hanging by his side, and somehow hers was in it. The dance was nearly formed, and he led her forward. Several persons looked at them significantly, but he did not notice it then, and plunged into the maze.

Never had Somerset passed through such an experience before. Had he not felt her actual weight and warmth, he might have fancied the whole episode a figment of the imagination. It seemed as if those musicians had thrown a double sweetness into their notes on seeing the mistress of the castle in the dance, that a perfumed Southern atmosphere had begun to pervade the marquee, and that human beings were shaking themselves free of all inconvenient gravitation.

Somerset's feelings burst from his lips. "This is the happiest moment I have ever known," he said. "Do you know why?"

"I think I saw a flash of lightning through the opening of the tent," said Paula, abruptly.

He did not press for an answer. Within a few minutes, a long growl of thunder was heard. It was as if Jove could not refrain from testifying his jealousy of Somerset for taking this beautiful woman so presumptuously in his arms.

The dance was over, and he had retired with Paula to the back of the tent, when another faint flash of lightning was visible through an opening. She lifted the canvas and looked out, Somerset looking out behind her. Another dance was begun, and being on this account left out of notice, Somerset did not hasten to leave Paula's side.

"I think they begin to feel the heat," she said.

"A little ventilation would do no harm." He flung back the tent door where he stood, and the light shone out upon the grass.

"I must go to the drawing-room soon," she added. "They will begin to leave shortly."

"It is not late. The thunder-cloud has made it seem dark—see there; a line of pale yellow stretches along the horizon from west to north. That's evening—not gone yet. Shall we go into the fresh air for a minute?"

She seemed to signify assent, and he stepped off the tent floor upon the ground. She stepped off also.

The air out-of-doors had not cooled, and without definitely choosing a direction, they found themselves approaching a little wooden tea-house that stood on the lawn a few yards off. Arrived here, they turned, and regarded the tent they had just left, and listened to the strains that came from within it.

"I feel more at ease now," said Paula.

"So do I," said Somerset.

"I mean," she added, hastily, "because I saw Mrs. Goodman enter the tent again just as we came out here; so I have no further responsibility."

"I meant something quite different. Try to guess why."

She remained quite still, finally breaking the silence by saying, "The rain is come at last," as great drops began to fall upon the ground with a smack like pellets of clay.

In a moment the storm poured down with sudden violence, and they drew further back into the summer-house. The side of the tent from which they had emerged still remained open, the rain streaming down between their eyes and the lighted interior of the marquee like a tissue of glass threads, the brilliant forms of the dancers passing and repassing behind the watery screen, as if they were people in an enchanted palace.

"How happy they are!" said Paula. "They don't even know that it is raining. I am so glad that my aunt had the tent lined; otherwise such a down-pour would have gone clean through it."

The thunder-storm showed no symptoms of abatement, and the music and dancing went on more merrily than ever.

"We can not go in," said Somerset. "And we can not shout for umbrellas. We will stay here till it is over, will we not?"

"Yes," she said, docilely. "Ah!"

"What is it?"

"Only a big drop came upon my head."

"Let us stand further in."

Her hand was hanging by her side, and Somerset's was close by. He took it, and she did not draw it away. Thus they stood a long while, the rain hissing down upon the grass-plot, and not a soul being visible outside the dancing tent save themselves.

"May I call you Paula?" asked he.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Dear Paula!—may I call you that?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you know I love you?"

"Yes."

"And shall I love you always?"

"If you wish to."

"And will you love me?"

Paula did not reply.

"Will you, Paula?" he repeated.

"You may love me," she said again.

"But don't you love me in return?"

"I love you to love me."

"Won't you say anything more explicit?"

"I would rather not."

Somerset emitted half a sigh: he wished she had been more demonstrative, yet felt that this passive way of assenting was as much as he could hope for. Had there been anything cold in her passivity, he might have felt repressed; but her stillness seemed the stillness of motion imperceptible from its intensity.

"We must go in," said she. "The rain is almost over, and there is no longer any excuse for this."

Somerset bent his lips toward hers.

"No," whispered the fair Puritan.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I don't know. I—nobody ever has."

"But—" expostulated Somerset.

"To everything there is a season, and the season for this is not just now," she answered, walking away.

They crossed the wet and glistening lawn, stepped under the tent, and parted. She vanished, he did not know whither; and, standing with his gaze fixed on the dancers, the young man waited, till, being in no mood to join them, he went slowly through the artificial passage lined with flowers, and entered the drawing-rooms. Mrs. Goodman was there, bidding good-night to the early goers, and Paula was just behind her, apparently in her usual calm mood. His parting with her was quite formal, but that he did not mind, for her color rose high as he approached, and the light in her eyes was like the rays of a diamond.

When he reached the door he found that his brougham from the King's Arms, which had been waiting more than an hour, could not be heard of. That vagrancy of spirit which love induces would not permit him to wait; and, leaving word that the man was to follow him when he returned, he went past the glare of carriage lamps ranked in the ward, and under the outer arch. The night was now clear and beautiful, and he strolled along his way, full of mysterious elation, till the vehicle overtook him, and he got in.

Up to this point Somerset's progress in his suit had been so uninterrupted that he almost feared the bliss he enjoyed. How should it be in a mortal of his calibre to command success with such a sweet woman for long? He might, indeed, turn out to be one of the singular exceptions which are said to prove rules; but when Fortune means to men most good, says the bard, she looks upon them with a threatening eye. Somerset would even have been content that some little hitch, misunderstanding, or disapproval of his course should have occurred in some quarter, so as to make his wooing more like ordinary life. In these entrancing agonies and painful delights he passed the journey to Markton.

BOOK THE SECOND.—DARE AND HAVILL.

CHAPTER I.

Young Dare sat thoughtfully at the window of the studio in which Somerset had left him, till the gay scene beneath became imbrowned by the twilight, and the brilliant red stripes of the marquees, the bright sun-shades, the many-tinted costumes of the ladies, were indistinguishable from the blacks and grays of the masculine contingent moving among them. He had occasionally glanced away from the outward prospect to study a small old volume that lay before him on the drawing-board. Near scrutiny revealed the book to bear the title *Moivre's Doctrine of Chances.*

The evening had been so still that Dare had heard conversations from below with a clearness unsuspected by the speakers themselves; and among the dialogues which thus reached his ears was that between Somerset and Havill on their professional rivalry. When they parted, and Somerset had mingled with the throng, Havill went to a seat at a distance. Afterward he rose and walked away; but on the bench he had quitted there remained

a small object resembling a book or leather case.

Dare put away the drawing-board and plotting-scales which he had kept before him during the evening as a reason for his presence at that post of espial, locked up the door, and went down stairs. Notwithstanding his dismissal by Somerset, he was so serene in countenance and easy in gait as to make it a fair conjecture that professional servitude, however profitable, was no necessity with him. The gloom now rendered it practicable for any unbidden guest to join Paula's assemblage without criticism, and Dare walked boldly out upon the lawn. The crowd on the grass was rapidly diminishing; the tennis players had relinquished sport; many people had gone in to dinner or supper; and many others, attracted by the cheerful radiance of the candles, were gathered in the large tent that had been lighted up for dancing.

Dare went to the garden chair on which Havill had been seated, and found the article left behind to be a pocket-book. Whether because it was unclasped, and fell open in his hand, or whether for any other reason, he did not hesitate to examine the contents. Among a mass of architects' customary memoranda occurred a draft of the letter abusing Paula as an iconoclast or Vandal by blood which had appeared in the newspaper. The draft was so interlined and altered as to bear evidence of being the original conception of that ungentlemanly attack.

The lad read the letter, smiled, and strolled about the grounds, only met by an occasional pair of individuals of opposite sex in deep conversation, the state of whose emotions led them to prefer the evening shade to the publicity and glare of the tents and rooms. At last he observed the white waistcoat of the man he sought.

"Mr. Havill, the architect, I believe?" said Dare. "The author of most of the noteworthy buildings in this neighborhood?"

Havill assented blandly.

"I have long wished for the pleasure of your acquaintance, and now an accident helps me to make it. This pocket-book, I think, is yours?"

Havill clapped his hand to his pocket, examined the book Dare held out to him, and took it with thanks. "I see I am speaking to the artist, archæologist, Gothic photographer—Mr. Dare."

"Professor Dare."

"Professor? Pardon me, I should not have guessed it—so young as you are."

"Well, it is merely ornamental; and, in truth, I drop the title in England, particularly under present circumstances."

"Ah—they are peculiar, perhaps? Ah, I remember. I have heard that you are assisting a gentleman in preparing a design in opposition to mine—a design—"

"'That he is not competent to prepare himself,' you were perhaps going to add?"

"Not precisely that."

"You could hardly be blamed for such words. However, you are mistaken. I did assist him, to gain a little further insight into the working of architectural plans; but our views on art are antagonistic, and I assist him no more. Mr. Havill, it must be very provoking to a well-established professional man to have a rival sprung at him in a grand undertaking which he had a right to expect as his own."

Professional sympathy is often accepted from those whose condolence on any domestic matter would be considered intrusive. Havill walked up and down beside Dare for a few moments in silence, and at last showed that the words had told by saying: "Every one may have his opinion. Had I been a stranger to the Power family, the case would have been different; but having been specially elected by the lady's father as a competent adviser in such matters, and then to be degraded to the position of a mere competitor, it wounds me to the quick—"

"Both in purse and in person, like the ill-used hostess of the Garter."

"A lady to whom I have been a stanch friend," continued Havill, not heeding the interruption.

At that moment sounds seemed to come from Dare which bore a remarkable resemblance to the words, "Ho, ho, Havill!" It was hardly credible, and yet, could he be mistaken? Havill turned. Dare's eye was twisted comically upward.

"What does that mean?" said Havill, coldly, and with some amazement.

"Ho, ho, Havill! 'stanch friend' is good—especially after 'an iconoclast and Vandal by blood'—'monstrosity in the form of a Greek temple,' and so on, eh!"

"Sir, you have the advantage of me. Perhaps you allude to that anonymous letter?"

"Oh, ho, Havill!" repeated the boyman, turning his eyes yet further toward

the zenith. "To an outsider such conduct would be natural; but to a friend who finds your pocket-book, and looks into it before returning it, and kindly removes a leaf bearing the draft of a letter which might injure you if discovered there, and carefully conceals it in his own pocket—why, such conduct is unkind!" Dare held up the abstracted leaf.

Havill trembled. "I can explain—" he began.

"It is not necessary: we are friends," said Dare, assuringly.

Havill looked as if he would like to snatch the leaf away, but altering his mind, he said, grimly: "Well, I take you at your word: we are friends. That letter was concocted before I knew of the competition: it was during my first disgust, when I believed myself entirely supplanted."

"I am not in the least surprised. But if she knew *you* to be the writer!"

"I should be ruined, as far as this competition is concerned," said Havill, carelessly. "Had I known I was to be invited to compete, I should not have written it, of course. To be supplanted is hard; and thereby hangs a tale."

"Another tale? you astonish me."

"Then you have not heard the scandal, though everybody is talking about it."

"A scandal implies indecorum."

"Well, 'tis indecorous. Her infatuated partiality for him is patent to the eyes of a child—a man she has only known a few weeks, and one who obtained admission to her house in the most irregular manner. Had she a watchful friend beside her, instead of that moon-struck Mrs. Goodman, she would be cautioned against bestowing her favors on the first adventurer who appears at her door. It is a pity, a great pity."

"Oh, there is love-making in the wind?" said Dare, slowly. "That alters the case for me. But it is not proved?"

"It can easily be proved."

"I wish it were, or disproved."

"You have only to come this way to clear up all doubts."

Havill took the lad toward the tent, from which the strains of a waltz now proceeded, and on whose sides flitting shadows told of the progress of the dance. The companions looked in. The rosy silk lining of the marquee, and the numerous coronas of wax lights, formed a canopy to a radiant scene, which, to two at least of those who composed it, was an intoxicating one. Paula and Somerset were dancing together.

"That proves nothing," said Dare.

"Look at their rapt faces, and say if it does not," sneered Havill.

Dare objected to a judgment based on looks alone.

"Very well—time will show," said the architect, dropping the tent curtain.—"Good God! a girl worth fifty thousand and more a year to throw herself away upon a fellow like that—she ought to be whipped."

"Time must not show," said Dare.

"You speak with emphasis."

"I have reason. I would give something to be sure on this point, one way or the other. Let us wait till the dance is over, and observe them more carefully. Hörensagen ist halb gelogen. Hearsay is half lies."

Sheet-lightnings increased in the northern sky, followed by thunder like the indistinct noise of a battle. Havill and Dare retired to the trees. When the dance ended Somerset and his lovely partner emerged from the tent, and slowly moved toward the tea-house. Divining their goal, Dare seized Havill's arm, and the two worthies entered the building unseen, by first passing round behind it. They seated themselves in the back part of the interior, where darkness prevailed.

As before related, Paula and young Somerset came and stood within the door. When the rain increased they drew themselves further inward, their forms being distinctly outlined to the gaze of those lurking behind by the light from the tent beyond. But the hiss of the falling rain and the lowness of their tones prevented their words from being heard.

"I wish myself out of this!" breathed Havill to Dare, as he buttoned his coat over his white waistcoat. "I told you it was true, but you wouldn't believe. I wouldn't she should catch me here eavesdropping for the world."

"Courage, Man Friday," said his cooler comrade.

Paula and her lover backed yet further, till the hem of her skirt touched Havill's feet. Their attitudes were sufficient to prove their relations to the most obstinate Didymus who should have witnessed them. Tender emotions seemed to pervade the summer-house like an aroma. The calm ecstasy of the condition of at

least one of them was not without a coercive effect upon the two invidious spectators, so they must needs have remained passive had they come there to disturb or annoy. The serenity of Paula was even more impressive than the hushed ardor of Somerset: she did not satisfy curiosity as Somerset satisfied it; she intensified it. Poor Somerset had reached a perfectly intelligible depth—one which had a single blissful way out of it, and nine calamitous ones; but Paula remained a beautiful enigma all through the scene.

The rain ceased, and the pair moved away. The enchantment worked by their presence vanished, the details of the meeting settled down in the watchers' minds, and their tongues were loosened. Dare, turning to Havill, said, "Thank you; you have done me a timely turn today."

"What! had you hopes that way?" asked Havill, satirically.

"I! The woman that interests my heart has yet to be born," said Dare, with a steely coldness strange in such a juvenile, and yet almost convincing. "But though I have not personal hopes, I have an objection to this courtship. Now I think we may as well fraternize, the situation being what it is?"

"What is the situation?"

"He is in your way as her architect; he is in my way as her lover: we don't want to hurt him, but we wish him clean out of the neighborhood."

"I'll go as far as that," said Havill.

"I have come here at some trouble to myself, merely to observe: I find I ought to stay to act."

"If you were myself, a married man with people dependent on him, who has had a professional certainty turned to a miserably remote contingency by these events, you might say you ought to act; but what conceivable difference it can make to you who it is the young lady takes to her heart and home, I fail to understand."

"Well, I'll tell you—thus much at least. I want to keep the place vacant for another man."

"What place?"

"The place of husband to Miss Power, and proprietor of that castle and domain."

"That's a scheme with a vengeance! Who is the man?"

"It is my secret at present."

"Certainly." Havill drew a deep breath, and dropped into a tone of depression. "Well, scheme as you will, there will be small advantage to me," he murmured. "The castle commission is as good as gone, and a bill for two hundred pounds falls due next week."

"Cheer up, heart! My position, if you only knew it, has ten times the difficulties of yours, since this disagreeable discovery. Let us consider if we can assist each other. The competition drawings are to be sent in—when?"

"In something over six weeks—a fortnight before she returns from Brighton, for which place she leaves here in a few days."

"Oh, she goes away—that's better. Our lover will be working here at his drawings, and she not present."

"Exactly. Perhaps she is a little ashamed of the intimacy."

"And if your design is considered best by the committee, he will have no further reason for staying, assuming that they are not definitely engaged to marry by that time?"

"I suppose so," murmured Havill, discontentedly. "The conditions, as sent to me, state that the designs are to be adjudicated on by three members of the Institute called in for the purpose, so that she may return, and have seemed to show no favor."

"Then it amounts to this: your design *must* be best. It must combine the excellencies of your invention with the excellencies of his. Meanwhile a coolness should be made to arise between her and him: and as there would be no artistic reason for his presence here after the verdict is pronounced, he would perforce hie back to town. Do you see?"

"I see the ingenuity of the plan, but I also see two insurmountable obstacles to it. The first is, I can not add the excellencies of his design to mine without knowing what those excellencies are, which he will of course keep a secret. Second, it will not be easy to promote a coolness between such hot ones as they."

"You make a mistake. It is only he who is so ardent. She is only lukewarm. If we had any spirit, a bargain would be struck between us: you would appropriate his design; I should cause the coolness."

"How could I appropriate his design?"

"By copying it, I suppose."

"Copying it?"

"By going into his studio and looking it over."

Havill turned to Dare, and stared. "By George, you don't stick at trifles, young man! You don't suppose I would go into a man's rooms and steal his inventions like that?"

"I scarcely suppose you would," said Dare, indifferently, as he rose.

"And if I were to," said Havill, curiously, "how is the coolness to be caused?"

"By the second man."

"Who is to produce him?"

"Her Majesty's government."

Havill looked meditatively at his companion, and shook his head. "In these idle suppositions we have been assuming conduct which would be quite against my principles as an honest man."

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after the party at Stancy Castle, Dare was walking down the High Street of Markton, a cigarette between his lips, and a silver-topped cane in his hand. His eye fell upon a brass plate on an opposite door, bearing the name of Mr. Havill, Architect. He crossed over, and rang the office bell.

The clerk who admitted him stated that Mr. Havill was in his private room, and would be disengaged in a short time. While Dare waited, the clerk affixed to the door a piece of paper, bearing the words, "Back at 2," and went away to his dinner, leaving Dare in the room alone.

Dare looked at the different drawings on the boards about the room. They all represented one subject, which, though unfinished as yet, and bearing no inscriptions, was recognized by the visitor as the design for the enlargement and restoration of Stancy Castle. When he had glanced it over, Dare sat down.

The doors between the office and private room were double; but the one toward the office being only ajar, Dare could hear a conversation in progress within. It presently arose to an altercation, the tenor of which was obvious. Somebody had come for money.

"Really I can stand it no longer, Mr. Havill—really I will not," said the creditor, excitedly. "Now this bill overdue again—what can you expect? Why, I might have negotiated it; and where would you have been then? Instead of that, I have locked it up, out of consideration for you; and what do I get for my considerateness? I shall let the law take its course!"

"You'll do me inexpressible harm, and get nothing whatever," said Havill. "If you would renew for another three months, there would be no difficulty in the matter."

"You have said so before. I will do no such thing."

There was a silence; whereupon Dare arose without hesitation, and walked boldly into the private office. Havill was standing at one end, as gloomy as a thunder-cloud, and at the other was the unfortunate creditor, with his hat on. Though Dare's entry surprised them, both parties seemed relieved.

"I have called in passing to congratulate you, Mr. Havill," said Dare, gayly. "Such a commission as has been intrusted to you will make you famous."

"How do you do? I wish it would make me rich," said Havill, dryly.

"It will be a lift in that direction, from what I know of the profession. What is she going to spend?"

"A hundred thousand."

"Architect's commission, five thousand. Not bad for making a few sketches. Consider what other great commissions such a work will lead to."

"What great work is this?" asked the creditor, pricking up his ears.

"Stancy Castle," said Dare, since Havill seemed too agape to answer. "You have not heard of it, then? Those are the drawings, I presume, in the next room?"

Havill replied in the affirmative, beginning to perceive the game. "Perhaps you would like to see them?" he said to the creditor.

The latter offered no objection, and all three went into the drawing office.

"It will certainly be a magnificent structure," said the creditor, after regarding the elevations through his spectacles. "Stancy Castle: I had no idea of it! and when do you begin to build, Mr. Havill?" he inquired, in mollified tones.

"In three months, I think," said Dare.

Havill also assented to this.

"Five thousand pounds commission," murmured the creditor. "Paid down, I suppose?"

Havill nodded.

"And the works will not linger for

lack of money to carry them out, I imagine," said Dare. "Two hundred thousand will probably be spent before the work is finished."

"There is not much doubt of it," said Havill.

"You said nothing to me about this?" whispered the creditor to Havill, taking him aside, with a look of regret.

"You would not listen."

"It alters the case greatly." The creditor retired with Havill to the door, and after a subdued colloquy in the passage he went away, Havill returning to the office.

"What the devil do you mean by hoaxing him like this, when the job is no more mine than Inigo Jones's?"

"Don't be too curious," said Dare, laughing. "Rather thank me for getting rid of him."

"But it is all a vision," said Havill, ruefully regarding the pencilled towers of Stancy Castle. "If the competition were really the commission that you have represented it to be, there might be something to laugh at."

"It must be made a commission somehow," returned Dare, carelessly. "I am come to lend you a little assistance. I must stay in the neighborhood, and I have nothing else to do."

A carriage slowly passed the window, and Havill recognized the Power liveries. "Hullo—she's coming here!" he said, under his breath, as the carriage stopped by the curb. "What does she want, I wonder? Dare, does she know you?"

"I would just as soon be out of the way."

"Then go into the garden."

Dare went out through the back office as Paula was shown in at the front. She wore a gray travelling costume, and seemed to be in some haste.

"I am on my way to the railway station," she said to Havill, with stiff courtesy. "I shall be absent from home for several weeks, and since you requested it, I have called to inquire how you are getting on with the design."

"Please look it over," said Havill, placing a seat for her.

"No," said Paula. "I think it would be unfair. I have not looked at Mr.—the other architect's plans since he has begun to design seriously, and I will not look at yours. Are you getting on quite well, and do you want to know anything more? If so, go to the castle, and get anybody to assist you. Why would you not make use of the room at your disposal in the castle, as the other architect has done?"

In asking the question, her face was toward the window, and suddenly her cheeks became a rosy red. She instantly looked another way.

"Having my own office so near, it was not necessary, thank you," replied Havill, as, noting her countenance, he allowed his glance to stray into the street. Somerset was walking past on the opposite side.

"The time is—the time fixed for sending in the drawings is the first of November, I believe," she said, confusedly; "and the decision will be come to by three gentlemen who are prominent members of the Institute of Architects."

Havill then accompanied her to the carriage, and she drove away.

Havill went to the back window to tell Dare that he need not remain in the garden; but the garden was empty. The architect remained alone in his office for some time; at the end of a quarter of an hour, when the scream of a railway whistle had echoed down the still street, he beheld Somerset repassing the window in a direction from the railway, with somewhat of a sad gait. In another minute Dare entered, humming the latest air from Offenbach.

"'Tis a mere piece of duplicity!" said Havill.

"What is?"

"Her pretending indifference as to which of us comes out successful in the competition, when she colors carmine the moment Somerset passes by." He described Paula's visit and the incident.

"It may not mean Cupid's Entire XXX, after all," said Dare, judicially. "The mere suspicion that a certain man loves her would make a girl blush at his unexpected appearance. Well, she's gone from him for a time: the better for you."

"He has been privileged to see her off, at any rate."

"Not privileged."

"How do you know that?"

"I went out of your garden by the back gate, and followed her carriage to the railway. He simply went to the first bridge outside the station, and waited. When she was in the train, it moved forward; he was all expectation, and drew

out his handkerchief ready to wave, while she looked out of the window toward the bridge. The train backed before it reached the bridge, to attach the box containing her horses, and the carriage truck. Then it started for good, and when it reached the bridge, she looked out again, he waving his handkerchief to her."

"And she waving hers back?"

"No, she didn't."

"Ah!"

"She looked at him—nothing more. I wouldn't give much for his chance." After a while Dare added, musingly, "You are a mathematician; did you ever investigate the doctrine of expectations?"

"Never."

Dare drew from his pocket his *Book of Chances*, a volume as well thumbed as the minister's Bible. "This is a treatise on the subject," he said. "I will teach it to you some day."

THE GATE OF THE ORIENT.

The recent visit of the United States steamer *Ticonderoga* to Bassora marked the first appearance of an American man-of-war, and perhaps of our flag, in those waters.

HERE, where the morning stars of young Creation
Sang o'er the Eastern earth,
Floats in yon choral field what constellation
Of Occidental birth?

Where first the globe chimed, swung on airy gimbals,
To rhythmic human beats,
What Flag, as with the clash of golden cymbals,
That starry joy repeats?

Where Magi, in wise school of Zoroaster,
Mapped heaven with mystic signs,
What orbs are these that no Chaldean master
Traced in his fateful lines?

And where the great grandmother of Aurora
From Chaos rose and Night,
In hues of later dawns, by old Bassora,
What language of the light

Is this that vibrates, where yon banner flutters,
Along the Euphrates' flood,
And silently from star and streamer utters
A song of Brotherhood?

Time's youngest born hath given her ocean eagle
The olive of the dove;
She sheathes the thunders of her war ship regal,
Whose errand is of love;

And, stilled the engines, statelier than the toga
The mantling canvas furled,
From mast-heads towering the *Ticonderoga*
Looks on the elder world

And up the ages. Lo! the living witness
That from lost Eden flows:
Ah! still the Garden's waters taste of sweetness
No other river knows!

Looks far away, by palms and weeping-willows,
To Babylon the Great,
And sees, where Tigris pours his tribute billows,
The sumptuous Caliphate.

O grave-eyed merchants, from the looms of Iran
Make splendid your bazars;
Bring wines that breathe what Bulbul blooms environ
The capital of Fars;

Heap silks, shawls, redolent woofs, to rare illusion
Of soft Scheherezades
In lustrous languor, Odalisque seclusion
Of glowing Persian maids,

With myrrh and frankincense, the fragrant berry
And pure Arabian balm,
And pearls, the enchantment of moonlight Peri
In depths of Oman's calm.

The coastwise lumbering dhow no longer freighting,
Or long, slow caravan,
Beyond the desert and the sea awaiting,
What magic fires may fan

Your waning Commerce! West to East sends greeting;
The stranger shall report;
And in ancestral gates Eve's children meeting,
May here make high resort.

Twin rivers of romance, of empires hoary,
And thrones of later time,
Shall smoking Genii bring back ancient glory?
Haroun-al-Raschid's prime?

Nay, shall they not waft bold young Freedom hither,
And order more august
Than all the old forms, that at her wand shall wither,
Rise from historic dust?

O Ghebirs! not from Mithra's mountain-towers,
Where first the war began,
From hills afar bright Ormuzd kills the powers
Of Night and Ahriman.

With the old Greeks the West meant death; their singers
Made Hesper-Hades one;
But we beyond their baths of stars are bringers
Of light to lands of sun.

Editor's Easy Chair.

LAST winter the Easy Chair recalled the severe winter of a century ago, of which the history of the loyalist Judge Jones, written at the time, gives details, and whose severity is commemorated in all the traditions. It was the last year in which New York Bay was frozen so that cannon and teams passed over the ice, seven miles, to Staten Island. But the winter in which we were writing was singularly soft and pleasant, and during the whole season there was no ice in the bay. The future reader of this record may be glad to know, however, that the winter which is now ending has been also remarkably severe, and although the bay has not been frozen over, there has been a constant accumulation of floating ice, sometimes covering its whole surface. The bay will hardly be ever again closed from the city to the island. The constant passage of large and small vessels prevents the cohesion of the fields and cakes of ice which makes the solid surface, and in a possibly severer winter than this, which might threaten to shut up the bay with ice, the channels would be undoubtedly kept open by tugs employed for the purpose.

The severest cold this year was just before the Christmas holidays, when the mercury fell to seven degrees below zero after a heavy snow-storm. There was already snow upon the ground, and as we write, in the early part of February, there has been continuous sleighing for seven weeks. The weather has been almost constantly cold and clear, until now, when the January thaw, belated, and a warm rain have set in. Yet on the 8th of February robins were heard in the neighborhood of the city, although the country far and wide was covered with snow, and the landscape, which at this season is so often gloomy and forbidding, was everywhere glittering and beautiful. It will probably remain so, until the grass is ready to turn green and the trees to bud.

In the midst of the coldest weather the Easy Chair received on the same day news from the south of England at Bournemouth, and from Rome. In those happy latitudes there were warm airs, and violets and roses in bloom, and strolls in green lanes and upon the lawns of the villa Pamfili Doria. But before the letters arrived, the swifter telegraph had told of the ravages of frost even in those Elysiums, and especially at Bournemouth. In London the mercury was but ten degrees above zero, and in one luckless country town five degrees below—a condition of the mercury almost unknown in England. London seems to have been overwhelmed by the snow and the cold. The pictures in the illustrated papers recalled those in the London *Illustrated News* many and many years ago, representing the great "frost" of 1814, when a fair was held upon the frozen Thames. On the 2d of January of that year there was a heavy snow-storm, and a card printed upon the river during the "Frost Fair," on the 4th of February, commemorates the "icy year." Winter, indeed, is nowhere made more picturesque than in these old wood-cuts, and the new ones of this year will have a singular interest hereafter. The cold of this year almost paralyzed traffic in South England, and London active life almost stopped. The fish-mongers' trade ceased; coal nearly doubled in price, oil more than doubled, milk in some places could not be procured, and the supply of water was intercepted. The snow-storm, with the consequent rise of prices, probably doubled the expenses of London householders for the month of January, and raised the death rate for a fortnight twenty per cent.

During the last winter, New England has won another victory, not in depth of snow and thickness of ice, for those are ancient and familiar triumphs of the pine over the palm. The especial victory of this season was the general adoption of the word "coasting" to describe sliding down hill. Even the New York newspapers did not disdain to recount "coasting accidents," not meaning marine disasters to coasters, but tragedies of the hill-side, and very serious some of them were. Coasting was formerly a distinctively Yankee word as applied to this sport, but its brevity has prevailed over the circumlocution of sliding down hill. Bartlett recognizes it as an Americanism, and Webster admits it among his definitions, deriving it, possibly, from *côte*, a hill-side. The "buck" is a more modern word to describe the long plank attached to runners—a device which was developed from the old custom of holding the small single sleds together in a train. The buck darting down an icy slope is almost resistless, but on an ordinary "coast" it is readily manageable.

Of the sleighing, which lasted for several weeks, there is no need of praise to the reader who enjoys it. Except for a few days in the Central Park, however, the snow and the sleighing were a misfortune to the city, and when the thaw began, in the second week of February, one of the newspapers graphically described the condition of New York: "the great, helpless, dirty city melted, dripped, oozed, reeked, and smelled to heaven."

The instant fair weather vanishes, the inability of New York to take care of itself appears. It is true that there are hundreds of men managing great affairs in the city with skill and ease and success who would manage the city in the same way. But they are not asked to do it, or they refuse to do it, and therefore we either have not the public spirit and intelligence equal to the work, or we do not know how to apply them to it. In either case, the word "helpless" is certainly descriptive of the great American city in a severely

cold winter. There is no question that there is money enough raised to provide for the promptest and most thorough cleaning of the streets. But helpless New York knows neither how to clean its streets nor how to dispose of its refuse. When our respected reader of a century hence happens upon this page, he will know both how beautiful and cold this winter has been, and what a queer kind of paralysis has befallen the old city, to which he will look back as we, his remote and venerable ancestors, look back upon the quaint old town of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

It was lately asked whether Carlyle or Mill were the more powerful influence with this generation. At one time they were warm friends, and it was while in Mill's possession that the MS. of Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution* was carelessly burned. Of two such men it is hard to tell which to pity most for such a mishap. Carlyle rewrote his history, but Mill could never quite have forgiven himself. In the later years of Mill's life they were not intimate. Carlyle lamented the decadence of the time; Mill tried to stem it. We do not mean, of course, that Carlyle was only a Jeremiah, but he was essentially a poet, a man of imagination, of a melancholy temperament, and of a conscience almost morbid. He had the wrath and the humor, the burning passion and the grotesque exaggeration, of a poet. But Mill was pre-eminently a philosopher, with wonderful insight, ample knowledge, and severe mental training, mingled with a taste for "affairs," which made him a great theoretical statesman. Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution* is a vast and splendid phantasmagoria, in which, however, the characterization is marvellously vivid and incisive. Mirabeau and Robespierre, for instance, are nowhere else so picturesquely or probably so truly drawn. The reader who has mastered that work has a prodigious picture burned into his memory, and a singularly clear and accurate conception of the character, the movement, and the scope of that great event. On the other hand, Mill's reply to Lord Brougham's strictures upon the revolution of 1848 is a statesman's overwhelming vindication of specific political action. It is without color of style, without imaginative grasp of events, except as adequate comprehension of historic and contemporary events is necessarily imaginative, but it is a demolishing and conclusive plea. In another way, his *Political Economy*, his *Logic*, his *Representative Government*, his *Essay on Liberty*, treated topics at which Carlyle poured out floods of sarcastic humor, topics of immediate and profound human interest, discussed with extraordinary ability, but of which Carlyle would have said, as he said of Parliament, "Palavering, palavering, and nothing to show for it for the most part but chewed air."

Carlyle blew a trump of moral awakening. His gospel of the "eternal verities" was simply a gospel of "anti-humbug." It is a world of shams, he said, and our first business is to perceive it, and to know that we ourselves are the worst shams of all, and to try to get upon a footing of simple truth and justice. Happiness is not our affair, but honesty and toil and suffering and duty. This was his sermon, and he was a preacher of such genius, his tones were at once so tender and so tremendous, that the world stopped to listen. It was not a new message. The old familiar exhortation is that now is the accepted time. Philip Sydney bade the poet look into his own heart and write. So Carlyle thundered that everybody ought to be a man here and now. He proclaimed, in stentorian tones and in twenty large volumes, that silence is better than speech. He said, sadly, that Americans, with their eternal gabble about liberty, were thirty millions of people mostly bores, and that England had gone away to mere talk, with Sir Jabesh Windbag at the head.

There is no doubt of Carlyle's great influence in arousing the young mind of England and America to a high moral earnestness of purpose, and as little of Mill's direction of that mind into practical channels toward results. Mill's expositions of the proper objects, functions, and limitations of government; the clearly demonstrated justice and reason of specific policies of administration; the immense historic fortifications of his conclusions supplied by his extraordinary knowledge; his elucidation of the true process of reasoning as applied to the management of public affairs, with his calm and beautiful interpretations of historic episodes and characters—make him certainly the great auxiliary of Carlyle in the intellectual leadership of this generation of the English-speaking race. Neither could have spared the other. One quickened the soil, the other sowed the seed. The older men of this generation felt an enthusiam for Carlyle and for Emerson which would surprise the younger readers of those authors, and which those younger readers feel for no living man. In his charming *Reminiscences of a Journalist*, Mr. Charles T. Congdon, who was one of those disciples of forty years ago, recalls the Carlylese mysticism of style in which those disciples wrote their valuable lucubrations. He describes the enthusiasm with kind humor, but only as the grandfather jests over the vagaries and extravagancies of early love. The jesting is very tender. That feeling was very real in its time, and there is a tear behind the smile as the grandsire looks back upon it.

In the death of Carlyle and of George Eliot two great English authors have passed away. But how much more truly of great authors than of any other form of human greatness it may be said that, although dead, they yet speak! The younger generation will know both the moralist and the novelist precisely as the older generation knew them, except that

they will not witness their first impression upon the world. A singular charm attends the rising and the setting of a planet. More eyes are turned to it at those times, but its glory is always the same.

DICKENS began his literary life as a writer for the newspapers, and it is often remarked that in his greatest works he never lost the eye and the touch of a reporter. It is not perhaps so often observed that the reporters of to-day have much of the graphic and humorous power of Dickens. They are a very inquisitive, often annoying, and sometimes impertinent, guild, but there are exceedingly clever men among them, and the newspaper reader loses a great deal who does not look at the various reports of the current life of the city, at least enough to see that there is nothing which is remarkable. Within a few months there have been sketches in the papers by unknown reporters full of cleverness and humor, and there are a great many reporters employed upon the New York daily press who could do very much better "work" than the *Mudfog Papers*. Whether they could do more and of another kind will perhaps be known some day.

Meanwhile they have no glory, and but small wages. But their power is very great. Since the era of interviewing began there is no public man who is not at their mercy. The mere accurate description of the details and circumstances of a call upon anybody would be often very amusing, but the slightest touch of humorous exaggeration or caricature will make it ridiculous. The benefits of such a power are none the less obvious. The impostors of every kind and degree who infest all large communities, trading upon charitable and religious sentiment, and living by the sensibility and credulity of others, are fortunately also at the mercy of the reporter. Thackeray says that Fielding's satiric humor was like the lantern in the hand of the policeman, who flashes its detective light upon rascality of every grade. This service the reporter can render and does render to society. The unknown, unpretending man who rings at an impostor's door, and quietly announces that he is a reporter who wishes to ask a few questions, is Fielding suddenly flashing his lantern. The next morning the whole city, the whole country, sees Mawworm at full length, and the further prosperity of his plot is foiled. This has occurred several times in New York, and it is one of the unnoted but immensely valuable services of the press.

It is a capital exposure in a late newspaper of a frequent form of charity humbug in New York that furnishes the text for this discourse, and it is curiously illustrative of the way in which knavery avails itself of every progressive step of civilization. A clever sharper observes that the season is severe, and that there is much comment upon the suffering of the poor. He also observes—for he is not merely a sharper, but clever—that the reports of charitable societies and committees and experts testify to the growth of pauperism as largely due to careless and indiscriminate giving without previous inquiry. He knows that nothing is more distasteful to most persons than personal inquiry and trouble about the poor. There is a very general conviction that there are hundreds of people starving, and those who are of this opinion are able and ready to give relief if only they are not obliged to take trouble. Here are all the conditions for a prosperous confidence game of charity, and the sharper begins.

The Rev. Dr. Slyman—for a clerical title is found most useful—issues a circular full of the most modern theories of philanthropy, deploring the pauperization produced by ignorant alms-giving, mentioning a few statistics, quoting a little Scripture, and depicting the suffering and poverty which accuse the wealth and humanity of the great city. He selects the names of a few conspicuous citizens, whom he marshals as directors, telling each one that the others have consented to serve, that there is no kind of pecuniary responsibility, that it is merely a work of charity, of which the agents will assume the drudgery, and that all that is asked is the weight of their names as honorary officers. The number of excellent persons in the city who are willing to do this is prodigious, and it is amazing. It is also perfectly well known to Dr. Slyman, who trades upon that willingness as upon other weaknesses and virtues. The organization is soon completed. Dr. Slyman constitutes himself secretary, the active executive officer, at a liberal salary. Mr. Slyman junior, his son, and perhaps the excellent Mrs. Slyman, his wife, are made collectors, also with a liberal compensation of percentage upon collections. An office is hired, books are procured, and the "Hand-to-Hand," or the "Hand-to-Mouth," or the "House-to-House," charity is ready for business.

The Rev. Dr. Slyman has made it his task to know the names of rich citizens, and to know also those who are charitably disposed. Mrs. Slyman waits upon one of them with the circular. Everything seems to be fair. The names of the honorary president and of the directors are known to the rich citizen. He knows that the season is very sharp, and the suffering of the poor severe. He inquires a little, and ascertains that the most scrupulous care is taken to relieve only those who are found to be truly deserving. For every dollar of relief which is given a receipt is signed by the worthy beneficiary. The books and receipts are at the office open to inspection. Indeed, as the rich citizen must plainly see, the "Hand-to-Mouth" is a society organized upon the most approved principles of modern philanthropy, to serve as an intermediary between those whom Heaven has blessed with abundance and their fellow-

beings whom misfortune and the hand of God have reduced to penury. The rich citizen seems to see it. He is willing to give, and he is only too happy to give through an agent who takes all the trouble of verifying the actual necessity. He gives twenty, fifty—some, indeed, have given Dr. Slyman as much as one hundred—dollars. The collection proceeds assiduously. A few widows and old persons are found to sign receipts. But the money collected is expended chiefly for the salary of the secretary, after deducting the commission of the collectors. The rich citizen is gratified to know that he has taken care so to give as to relieve only the worthy poor, and Dr. Slyman is gratified to know that the worthy family of Slyman is supported in great comfort.

This is a very neat and symmetrical swindle, which is practiced in the city of New York with a great deal of success, and one of the swindlers was lately exposed in the most delightful manner by a felicitous reporter. He was so forbearing as to conceal names, but the particular confidence game was known to the initiated, and the description was as laughable as a sketch by Boz. The rich citizen and the charitably disposed must not suppose, however, that there is no suffering to be relieved because Dr. Slyman trades upon their kind feelings. He could not trade in that way if it were not known that there are suffering poor. The rich citizen is aware that relief in a great city can not be properly given without inquiry. He knows that to give without inquiry is merely to pour money into the till of the liquor-shop. But he did not reflect that in giving to Mrs. Slyman or to the doctor he gave without inquiry. He did not consider that his first inquiry must be about the family Slyman. He knew, indeed, the names of the honorary president and directors, but he had not inquired whether they had authorized the use of their names, and whether they knew anything of Dr. Slyman. Yet he need not close his purse in despair. There are societies of inquiry and relief, which he will trust the more, the more that he inquires. It is because of the value and efficiency of such societies that Dr. Slyman speculates upon charitable feeling, and the rich citizen and all other citizens owe the heartiest thanks to the reporter who, in humorously unmasking Slyman, has exposed a common and crafty imposition.

THE editorial letter-box recently produced a letter from a correspondent whose communication had been returned as unavailable, begging the editor to treat such communications—to which the harsh epithet of "rejected" was applied—with some shadow of courtesy. As it is the custom and tradition of this office to return all unavailable offerings as promptly and as courteously as possible, there were general surprise and incredulity over this letter, until upon inquiry it appeared that by some mischance it had been returned without a word of explanation or regret. There is no greater indignity than to receive one of your own letters returned in an envelope without remark. It is a kind of insult to which it is not easy to submit. It means in effect that the writer of the letter is beneath notice. Now, although this may be perfectly true, it is not likely to seem to be true to the writer, and although the notice of the returner may be something of which the writer has no desire whatever, and although he may be entirely indifferent whether he is above it or below it, still the direct intimation of the fact is intensely disagreeable.

This feeling, however, is very much deeper and stronger with an author. His work, whatever it be—essay, or poem, or tale—is the result of labor and study and thought. It represents to him fame, or pride, or pleasure—in any case, the hope of compensation. Hopes and wishes and dreams, days and nights of care and toil, are embraced in his contribution. That manuscript—folded, let us hope, and not rolled—is a palimpsest, written all over, deep upon deep and layer beneath layer, with things unutterable. It is the wing upon which the author means to rise and float in the empyrean. It is the golden gate opening into ease and fame. It is a key, a trumpet, a Jacob's ladder; it is all that Wordsworth fancies the sonnet to be.

And not only that one manuscript, but every other. The huge pile of documents large and small which the faithful mail brings every day from every quarter, and under which the editorial table groans every morning, as the Lord Mayor's board groans with the savory feast, is a pile of such keys and trumpets and ladders, such wings and golden gates. Every individual manuscript has the same value and character to the author, and ought no more to be rudely or roughly handled than the most airy silver frost-work. But unhappily we are girt about with hard conditions of time and space. In beginning his article upon Lord Burleigh, Macaulay says of Burleigh's biographer and biography: "Such a book might before the deluge have been considered as light reading by Hilpah and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten, and we can not but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence." Too often it seems to the editor, even were he Melanchthon or St. John, that Dr. Nares is still at large, and still writing with an antediluvian amplitude. But the editor does not permit himself to be impatient. He too has been in Arcady. He too is an author, a son of the *genus irritabile;* and he has no other thought than to break his decisions to Dr. Nares, when they point to unavailability, as gently as possible.

But how shall this be done? With many of the MSS. come little notes apprising the editor that the writer is thinking of devoting

himself to literature, but that he is not yet quite decided to what branch, and will the editor read carefully the accompanying article, and then inform the author, first, whether he has a greater genius for prose or poetry; second, whether, in the first case, he should devote himself to history, metaphysics, or natural philosophy, and in the second, to epical, dramatical, or lyrical verse; third, what general course of preparation and study, with hints of methods of composition, the editor would advise; and fourth, what miscellaneous directions in regard to a literary life he has to give. —And the life of man is still but threescore years and ten! There is not time enough in the day for the editor to read all that the day brings, and to do his duty to it, and here are a hundred requests to do a hundred things which are not his duty. Yet he knows by sympathy the sensitiveness of Dr. Nares's soul, and what can he do?

A distinguished public man once advised the Easy Chair never to send a letter written by a secretary. "Write yourself, if you write but a word," said the voice of experience; "I have tried it, and every constituent feels a little aggrieved if he is put off with a secretary." But the editor of a great magazine can no more write to every contributor than a country physician in full practice can walk to visit every patient. He has no alternative. The editor must send a form of words, courteous but explicit, to break the news of unavailability, and he must remit the requests of elaborate advice and direction to the seclusion of the w–ste-b–sk–t. It is indeed his duty, a duty which every editor willingly acknowledges, to consider the feelings of contributors. But has Dr. Nares no duty toward the editor? And is it not among those duties to write legibly on one side of the paper, to fold the MS., and not to roll it and hermetically seal it all around? and considering the engrossing occupation of the editor, and the brevity of human life, is it not the author's solemn duty to expect from him only a concise and courteous statement, made perfectly legible in type, that the valued communication is returned, without the least expression of judgment upon its merits, and solely because it is found not to be exactly available?

More than this inexorable time and space do not permit. More than this the humane author will not expect of an editor. But all of this the editor owes to the author. This is what this Magazine designs for every correspondent who favors it with an offering. From this lay pulpit of an Easy Chair the Magazine will gladly preach from time to time a brief sermon to the great congregation of those who are intending to contribute. But the members of that congregation must not expect an individual homily. The friendly correspondent who thought himself slighted was quick to acknowledge the explanation, and to say that printed courtesy was no less courtesy. He frankly said that he should have made no moan had he been solaced at first with the polite assurance of unavailability which somehow slipped out of the envelope.

The Easy Chair respectfully begs every correspondent to remember that if his poem, or essay, or tale, returns to him without a word, it is because the word of thanks and the painful allusion to unavailability have somehow slipped out of the envelope.

Lord Dundreary is gone. There will be actors who will represent him, and imitate his tones and his looks and his movements, there will be laughter and applause, but Lord Dundreary is gone. How many thousands of friends he had who can not recall him without a smile, who remember the evenings that he cheered, the vapors that he conjured away, the irresistible drollery of his aspect, the subtle satire of his whole impression! It was the same everywhere. We have seen him in a wretched play-house in a small city, crowded and overflowing, and we laughed all the evening long. There was no respite. It was a continuous hysteric. The stage was small, the scenery ludicrous, everything at sixes and sevens, and his lordship took it all in and used it. It was only fuel to his fire. We all agreed, in the faintness of universal and prolonged laughter, that there was never anything so laughable. The roaring old farces, *Raising the Wind*, and others, good as they are and were (does the kind reader, does Mr. Congdon, remember Browne as Jeremy Diddler at the old National?), seemed in the comparison of the moment a little inadequate. For how could a cup be fuller than full? How could we possibly do more than laugh every moment?

Subsequently it appeared that none of us recalled any play, we only remembered Lord Dundreary. He filled the scene. If he had said nothing, if he had done nothing, it would have been the same. We should have sat shaking and aching, and while we giggled and snickered we should have wondered how anybody could possibly be so foolish. The jokes seem a little flat as they are recalled. Man made to walk upright and to strike his head against the stars may be a little ashamed to have found an extravaganza so irresistibly comic, but could Lord Dundreary come again, the flatness of the jokes would vanish, and the star-striking head would quiver with glee, as the heart now beats with grateful pleasure and with sorrowful regret.

Lord Dundreary was fun incarnate, like Pickwick. Every attempt of a spectator to deal with him, to classify him, to interpret him, made the enjoyment only more overwhelming. We once heard a critic attempt to explain him, to reduce his lordship to a consistent theory, to expound the "laws of his being." Such a proposition made gravely was worthy of his lordship himself. It was gilding the gold and painting the lily of sheer fun. There was only one thing to do with such a

man, had hysterical prostration permitted, and that was to light a candle and ask to see his bumps, as Charles Lamb asked to see those of the other man who said that he thought Milton was a good poet. Of course his lordship had a consistency and a rule of his own, and had he violated it, we should probably have felt it. But it was instinctive, and as elusive to himself as to the rest of us. That complacent vacuity, that halting and imperfect ratiocination, like George the Third's over getting the apple into the dumpling, we could all observe it; but to attempt its analysis, to deduce the fun of it—it was striking a soap-bubble with a base-ball bat.

Lord Dundreary was the acquaintance of a night, but he will be always gratefully remembered by those who saw him. His departure has not, indeed, eclipsed the gayety of nations, but one of the springs of laughter is dried up, and those who did not see him, although they may see him represented, will never quite understand how much is said in saying, Lord Dundreary is gone.

Editor's Literary Record.

BECAUSE it is far less difficult to pronounce dispassionately upon the quality of a man's intellectual productions than to judge impartially of his motives and actions, it has come to pass that while there is substantial unanimity as to Cicero's literary character, so that his rank as a writer, philosopher, and orator has been definitely ascertained, the widest diversity of opinion exists as to his personal character. So greatly has this been the case that it now is, and probably will remain for all time, an open question, on which sides will be taken with more or less temper, whether the great Roman civilian was materially in advance of the men of his era in far-reaching statesmanship and in public and private virtue, or whether, like the most of his eminent contemporaries, he was false, venal, servile, insincere, and more ambitious for his own fortunes and reputation than for the welfare of his countrymen and the perpetuity of the republic, and in addition to these common and universal defects, was also weak, vacillating, and cowardly, as were few great Romans in any age. Mr. Anthony Trollope has been stimulated, primarily no doubt by his genuine admiration for Cicero, but very perceptibly also by the wholesale panegyric indulged in by some scholars, the faint praise of others, the hard-and-fast judgments of still others, and in especial by the exultant vituperation of Mr. Froude, to prepare a *Life of Cicero*,[1] in which he aims to be free from extremes on the one hand, and from Laodicean lukewarmness on the other, fairly crediting Cicero with his virtues, without being blind (though perhaps a "little kind") to his defects, and defending his character and motives from the aspersions and misconstructions to which they have been subjected. This is what Mr. Trollope has attempted, and he has succeeded in part, and in part he has failed. He has satisfactorily shown that Cicero was never cruel, or venal, or perfidious, or revengeful, or impure and mendacious, as were most of his contemporaries; that he was never unjust, and that he was merciful and humane as were few others; that he was loyal to his friends, forgiving to his enemies, unfaltering in his devotion to the republic; that he was physically courageous; that he was a man with a conscience in an age when few men had such a monitor, and still fewer listened to it; and that his hands were clean when bribery, corruption, extortion, and unblushing venality were almost universal. But after all has been said, Mr. Trollope is forced to admit, with apologies and excusatory palliatives that do not break the force of the admissions, that as a statesman Cicero was timid, vacillating, and short-sighted; that he clung to the idea of the republic and strove for its existence when the republic was a fable of the past, or at least was no longer worthy to live, and clearly moribund; that as a man he lacked moral courage, was insincere, was a flatterer, and loved and solicited flattery, was a habitual boaster, oftentimes a demagogue, and sometimes, though rarely, did base actions. If Mr. Trollope's defense of Cicero is not always conclusive, it is invariably generous and manly, and his recital of the incidents and events of the great orator's life is close and careful, and is told in a prepossessing, popular style, and with spirited straightforwardness. In preparing the work, Mr. Trollope has made full use of all the lights that could be derived from historical writers and from Cicero's own letters and orations. And of these letters and orations, as well as of Cicero's philosophical and other writings, he gives satisfactory accounts and synopses, dwelling with good taste upon their more salient features and most suggestive passages, and pronouncing upon their merits with candor and discrimination.

Out of an infinite variety of material, old and new, Dr. Abel Stevens has constructed a biographical mosaic of the *Life and Times of Madame De Staël*,[2] whose parts have been fitted together with so careful a regard to proportion and to the unity of their general effect as

[1] *The Life of Cicero.* By Anthony Trollope. In Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 347 and 346. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Madame De Staël.* A Study of Her Life and Times. The First Revolution and the First Empire. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. In Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 366 and 373. New York: Harper and Brothers.

to hide the ingenuity and industry and art that have been expended upon it. The letters and recollections of those of her own sex who were the companions of her girlhood or the cherished friends of her womanhood; the memoirs, journals, and letters of the queens of the salons of Paris who were her social allies or rivals; the fugitive and the more elaborate writings of contemporaneous men of letters, eminent as philosophers, statesmen, historians, political economists, critics, poets, etc.; the publications and remains of her father, children, and other relatives; numberless articles in reviews, encyclopædias, and biographical collections; the ample stores of her own works, and of her correspondence with distinguished people of both sexes; and the unpublished souvenirs, manuscripts, and letters of her intimate friends and survivors—all this diverse mass has been levied upon by Dr. Stevens for contributions to an exact knowledge of the character and genius of this extraordinary woman, and of the extent of her influence upon opinion and society in France and in the larger world of Europe. Some readers who are not usually prone to be hypercritical will doubtless derive the impression from a cursory glance at his book that Dr. Stevens's admiration of Madame De Staël is facile and excessive, and his estimate of her character and intellectual equipment extravagant. But we can pardon much to the generous enthusiasm of a biographer, more especially when it is vindicated by evidence as disinterested and cumulative as that upon which he has formed his judgments. Certainly he has been imposed upon or biassed by his predilections much less than Madame De Staël's detractors have been by their prejudice and partisanship; and the candid reader will accept their strictures with great reserve, because of their manifest deliberate purpose to decry the abilities and the virtues of the woman whose eloquence Napoleon could not silence, whose spirit he could not break, and whose pen penetrated like a sword through the joints of his harness, and goaded him to fury. Those of Napoleon's idolaters who were the blind apologists for his most unpardonable meannesses and basest tyrannies have united to sneer away the reputation of Madame De Staël, and it is due to their innuendoes and ridicule, their baseless fabrications and unjust depreciation, that the prevalent impression concerning her is derived from her few foibles and imperfections rather than from her abundant virtues and splendid talents. Dr. Stevens does not conceal her foibles and weaknesses; nor, indeed, was there anything in them that needed concealment, since they were such as are common to humanity, and are not incompatible with its noblest manifestations. But while recognizing these, he displays with hearty enthusiasm the strength and beauty of a mind and character that have been rarely equalled. His biography follows Madame De Staël's career with sympathetic minuteness, increasing at every step our esteem for her womanly virtues, heightening our admiration of her social graces and amenities, and extorting our respectful homage for her astounding intellectual activity and her wide mental range. The work also introduces us familiarly to a galaxy of the most beautiful, refined, and gifted women of the day, who were Madame De Staël's loving friends, and to a host of eminent men—philosophers, historians, and men of letters of the first rank—whose works were often suggested by her, were composed largely under her inspiration and beneath her hospitable roof, and were always submitted to her criticism. Dr. Stevens's outlines of Madame De Staël's literary productions are valuable for the lucidity and pithy succinctness of their analysis, and his criticisms of them are fair and acute. The work is profoundly interesting, rich in light and graceful entertainment, as well as in food for deep thought, and its reproductions of the life and times of the age and society in which Madame De Staël was a conspicuous figure are very vivid. The most serious blemish of the book is one of editorial taste and judgment. We refer to the repeated citations from authors of acknowledged standing, which Dr. Stevens has been at unnecessary pains to collect and parade, in support of his estimate of Madame De Staël's genius, and of the grade and influence of her writings, and which as arranged by him are more suggestive than is pleasant of the florid "certificates" with which medical empirics are accustomed to bolster up the merits of their nostrums.

A SELECTION from the correspondence between Goethe's[3] mother and some of her most cherished relatives and friends, translated and edited by the late Alfred S. Gibbs, has been published in an attractive volume, and gives a very agreeable impression of her life and character. The letters are not exclusively those of the Frau Rath, the title by which Goethe's mother is universally known in Germany, but embrace a number that were addressed to her by Goethe, Wieland, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, and others, and a few that were written to each other by several of her correspondents, showing their love and reverence for her, and their conception of her character. Although many of the letters addressed to her are pleasing specimens of epistolary writing, her own have a charm, derived from their quaint sweetness and perennial blithesomeness, which none of the others possess. The reader will agree with Mr. Clarence Cook, that, seen in the light of these letters, Goethe's mother is one of the most cheerful figures in the literary history of the last

[3] *Goethe's Mother.* Correspondence of Catharine Elizabeth Goethe with Goethe, Lavater, Wieland, Duchess Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar, Friedrich von Stein, and Others. Translated from the German by ALFRED S. GIBBS. With an Introduction by CLARENCE COOK. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

century; and that they impress us with her warmth of heart, her overflowing affection for her friends, her motherly worship of her son, her enthusiasm qualified by native commonsense, her clearness of perception, her shrewdness, her transparent honesty of speech, and her rich and inspiring old-fashioned and orthodox piety. An interesting outline sketch of the Goethe family is given by the translator, and the volume is embellished with a number of portraits, among them being those of Goethe's father, his sister Cornelia, Lavater, and several of his mother.

Two recent volumes of female biography will amply reward the attention of readers belonging to the gentler sex, as well for the grace and delicacy with which they are written, and the atmosphere of refinement that pervades them, as for their instructive and inspiring record of the lives of two beautiful types of womanhood—types that are the more interesting, and that appeal the more powerfully to our own sympathies, because they are real transcripts from actual life, and not ideal creations. One of these is a *Memoir of Frances Ridley Havergal*,[4] a woman in whom were united the most intense spirituality and a poetical temperament that was remarkable for its subtle delicacy, its depth and expansiveness, and its moods of rapt self-absorption and high-wrought contemplativeness. The growth of her pre-eminently spiritual religious life, the unfolding of her literary tastes, and the manner in which the latter complemented and gave expression to the former (to which, indeed, they were ever subsidiary), are sketched with loving assiduity and a large share of literary skill by her sister Maria V. G. Havergal.—The other memoir is a *Biography of Sister Dora*[5] (Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison), a woman equally as refined and intellectual as Miss Havergal, and no less spiritual; but whose spirituality, reenforced by an ever-present sense of duty and an indomitable will—such a sense of duty and such a will as form the stuff of which martyrs are made—led her to practical rather than to poetical manifestations of it. The daughter of a Devonshire rector, she was distinguished for a sweetness that won all hearts, a beauty of person, an attractiveness of manners, a gentleness, an enthusiasm, a resoluteness, and a spirit that conciliated the rudest clowns and fiercest ruffians as well as the most cultivated of her own rank. The possessor of personal and mental gifts and graces which fitted her to shine in the most refined society, to these were united an intense sympathy for human suffering and ignorance, and a power of personal influence on others that was truly magnetic. In the midst of the enjoyments and amenities of her beautiful early home life, her natural enthusiasm and her love of active work were quickened by Miss Nightingale's ministrations for the sick and wounded of the Crimea; and, conscious of her own qualifications for the office, she determined to consecrate herself to the life-work of a nurse. Before finally doing so she underwent an apprenticeship as the teacher of a humble village school, where her powers of self-control and mastery of others were put to the test. At length, the yearning to alleviate human suffering growing stronger and stronger, after a laborious training, in which she was introduced to all the hardships, and all the painful and revolting as well as touching and tender experiences of the vocation she had chosen, she finally resigned her place in society, and devoted herself to the calling of a hospital nurse. The biography of this noble and heroic woman is fragrant with self-denial, with strength in gentleness, with tact and patience, with sweetness and fortitude, with untiring energy and unconquerable spirit, with the tenderest filial love and the most buoyant piety.

Professor Coppée, of Lehigh University, has compressed the events of one of the most important episodes of mediæval history, *The Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors*,[6] within the compass of two convenient volumes. Although he has only attempted to depict the Conquest, and to this end has dwelt in elaborate detail only upon the advance upon Spain by the Saracen invaders, the treason of Ilyan (Count Julian), the crossing of the strait, the defeat and fate of Roderick, the spread of the Arab-Moors over the Peninsula and beyond the Pyrenees into France, the great battles of Tours and Roncesvalles, and the careers of the successive Amirs who governed Spain until the establishment of the Spanish Khalifate, he has prepared the reader for an intelligent comprehension of these events and their consequences by a series of preliminary chapters giving a graphic and instructive outline of the conditions, on the part of the invaders, that preceded the invasion, that formed its motive force, and that gave it its irresistible impulsion, and of the conditions, on the part of the tribes who formed the Visigothic empire in Spain, that invited the invasion and contributed to its success. With a just regard to historical unity, Professor Coppée has also given a compact outline of the sequel to the conquest, covering the particulars of the men and circumstances that preserved the spark of Spanish liberty and nationality, and that finally, after the lapse of centuries, blazed out in the reconquest. This outline also comprises sketches of the breaking up of the Ommeyan dynasty into petty kingdoms, of the incursions

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[4] *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal.* By her Sister M. V. G. H. 12mo, pp. 391. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Co.

[5] *Sister Dora.* A Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. 16mo, pp. 290. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[6] *History of the Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors.* With a Sketch of the Civilization which they Achieved and Imparted to Europe. By Henry Coppée. In Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 454 and 496. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co.

of African invaders, of the dwindling of the Moslem power until it was limited to the little kingdom of Granada, and of its final extinction by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. The work concludes with a scholarly dissertation on the civilization which the Arab-Moors achieved and imparted to Europe, comprising a lucid and attractive account of their intellectual development, and their advances in language, poetry, science, invention, discoveries, and architecture. The work is distinguished by grace and dignity of style, candor in presenting and sifting rival or conflicting views and authorities, spirited descriptions and portraitures, and a rich under-current of philosophic reflections, analogies, and deductions.

In a second volume of *Anecdotes of Public Men*,[7] Mr. John W. Forney has made a further collection from the stores of his long experience in public life, and of his extended intercourse with men prominent by their official station or eminent for talent or influence, of a large body of desultory material illustrating traits of personal character, or throwing light on important parliamentary or political occurrences and conjunctures. The volume is conceived in a kindly and genial spirit, is entirely devoid of personal or sectional asperities, and deals with men and events with dispassionate candor and invincible good-nature. If the book is neither very brilliant nor original, it is certainly very companionable and entertaining.

Those of our grave and serious readers who may be repelled from Mr. George H. Jennings's *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*[8] by an impression that it is a book of the Joe Miller sort, and those more light-minded ones who may be attracted to it for the same reason, will be equally at fault as to its real character. Mr. Jennings does not use the word "anecdote" in its present perverted popular sense of a lively story pointed with jest or wit or sarcasm, and sparkling with humorous incident or allusion, but in its original meaning of a brief relation, not necessarily either grave or humorous, of some particular or detached minute incident or fact of an interesting nature, either public or private, historical, political, or moral, literary or biographical, and illustrative of the characteristics of an individual, or of any particular age, nation, or state of society. It was in this sense Lord Bacon construed the word when he made his collection of *mucrones verborum*, or "pointed speeches," or "apophthegms"; it was also in this sense that the feigned "Brothers Percy" used it when they compiled the celebrated *Percy Anecdotes;* and it is in this sense that Mr. Jennings employs it in the excellent collection under notice. Mr. Jennings's compilation does not take the extensive range of the *Percy Anecdotes*, but is rigidly confined to its subject; and within this limitation it is commendable for its fullness and for the substantial value and interest of its materials. The volume is a useful and entertaining commonplace-book, containing a large amount of varied information relative to the rise and origin of Parliament, and the history of Parliamentary institutions, usages, practices, powers, precedents, and privileges; concerning the royal prerogative, its encroachments and limitations; illustrative of critical historical conjunctures, such as the conflicts of the two Houses of Parliament with each other, their conjoint or separate conflicts with the crown, and the debates and other passages that attended these conflicts, and other important occurrences; and comprising the celebrated utterances of public men, their personal traits and oratorical peculiarities, and an account of the origin of political allusions, phrases, proverbs, and sayings that have become "current coin of the realm." Few incidents of consequence that throw light on Parliament as an institution, or upon the more prominent characters who have figured in it, have escaped the diligence of the compiler; but that there have been some inadvertencies and omissions those who are familiar with the *Percy Anecdotes*, and with Bacon's Apophthegms, and the lives of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Dering, and others, will not be slow to discover. Mr. Jennings's volume is rendered additionally serviceable as a reference hand-book of Parliamentary knowledge by an appendix containing lists of the Parliaments of England and the United Kingdom from John (A.D. 1213) to Victoria (A.D. 1880), of the Speakers of the House of Commons from 1260 to 1872, and of cabinet ministers from 1715 to 1880.

It is one of the most precious fruits of Christian civilization that, whenever any of the human family, in respectable numbers, are the victims of wrong and injustice which they are too weak to redress, and too feeble, too lowly, and too ignorant to publish to the world, some generous and earnest philanthropist, moved by the enthusiasm of humanity, will descry their case, and, making their cause his own, will advocate it with an ability that arrests attention, coupled with a zeal that inspires righteous anger or profound sympathy, with a courage that no difficulties or odds can daunt, and with a tenacity (obstinacy, his adversaries style it) which holds fast to its steadfast purpose in spite of repeated and apparently overwhelming discouragements and defeats. Such a philanthropist Mrs. Jackson ("H. H.") approves herself in her recently published "Sketch of the Dealings of the Government of the United States with some of the Indian Tribes," which she appropriately designates *A Century*

[7] *Anecdotes of Public Men.* By John W. Forney. Vol. II. 12mo, pp. 437. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament.* From the Earliest Periods to the Present Times. With Notices of Eminent Parliamentary Men, and Examples of their Oratory. Compiled from Authentic Sources by George Henry Jennings. 8vo, pp. 530. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

of Dishonor.[9] The book has been inspired by the wrongs our aborigines have suffered alike at the hands of our military and civil authorities and of our people, and is a record of the repeated cruelties, perfidies, and violations of faith of our government in its dealings with the Indians, that should cause the face of every high-minded American to tingle with shame. The bald statement of facts, to which the author chiefly confines herself, in her outline sketches of the history of the principal tribes, and of the wars and massacres that have signalized the century, is in itself a damning and conclusive arraignment, more effective than it could be made by any rhetoric, and we trust it will not appeal ineffectually to the hearts and consciences of the American people. In addition to these careful historical sketches of the Indian tribes and their pitiful fortunes, the volume is of value for its excellent condensed summaries of laws, treaties, official reports, and statistics relative to the Indians, and for its variety of information concerning their condition, needs, and capabilities, considered respectively from an industrial, educational, political, and religious stand-point.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Gertrude L. Vanderbilt's *Social History of Flatbush*[10] has primarily and preeminently a local interest, there is no portion of it that is without its fascination for those, wherever they may be domiciled, who find pleasure in raking up the embers of by-gone times, and who delight to trace in their glowing ashes the story of the simple daily life and manners of the generations who lived in the early days of our country. Even those parts of the volume which are the most exclusively local and personal, relating as they do to the Colonial, Revolutionary, and early post-Revolutionary periods, are affluent of material that can not fail to be attractive to those whose ancestors lived outside the special limits within which Mrs. Vanderbilt has concentrated her attention. For despite the different nationalities from which they sprang, whose peculiar habits and customs they inherited and perpetuated, the external circumstances and conditions—geographical, climatic, political, or resulting from common foes—that bore steadily upon our ancestors in the several colonies were substantially the same; and these, combined with their constant friendly or adverse contact with each other, and the unconscious or conscious imitations and adaptations that ensued, softened down their points of difference, and imperceptibly but irresistibly kneaded them into a homogeneous social body, and impressed upon them a general family likeness. This particularly manifested itself in their virtues, tastes, food, dress, demeanor, domestic habits and usages, and their social manners and observances; and traces of each may be still discovered in widely separated portions of our country, whither they have been transmitted by inheritance or by adoption. The originals of these traits, and of many that have not survived, are reproduced by Mrs. Vanderbilt with the vividness and fidelity of a photograph. She lifts the veil that divides the past from the present, and familiarly introduces us to the houses and inside the homes of the men and women of Long Island of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; seats us beside their ample fire-places; glances with us at their antiquated clocks and mirrors; visits with us their capacious garrets, their well-stored cellars, and their cheery and hospitable kitchens; helps us ransack their massive cupboards and sideboards, and their quaint treasures of china, delf, and silver; accompanies us to their weddings, christenings, and funerals, and reveals to us all the phases of their simple public and private life. The volume is a copious repository of curious and interesting material, most attractive to the cultivated reader of catholic tastes, and of sterling value to the antiquarian.

IF we were asked to name a companion volume to Shakspeare, suitable to the needs of those who are desirous of supplementing their current reading of his plays by a more critical inspection and study of them, we should not hesitate to recommend Professor Dowden's *Critical Study of Shakspeare's Mind and Art*[11] as, on the whole, the best and most convenient work that has yet appeared, for those lovers of our great poet who do not aspire to be pundits or critics, but who simply desire a reasonably close acquaintanceship with his productions, his artistic methods, the sources of his plays, and his intellectual equipment and poetical merits. Dr. Dowden's book is comparatively brief; it may be read continuously for the light that it throws on the whole subject, or disconnectedly for its exposition and illustration of particular plays or passages; and it is free from the acrimonious but puerile asperities, the vexatious parade of pedantic trivialities, and the fantastic extravagances of interpretation which have too generally characterized Shakspearean commentators. Dr. Dowden lacks neither learning nor subtlety, but his subtlety is the outcome of vigorous commonsense, and his learning is restrained and regulated by the same invaluable faculty. His interpretations of Shakspeare's meanings, and his conclusions as to Shakspeare's mental and personal characteristics, and as to the composition, order, rank, and motives of Shakspeare's plays, appear to us to be reasonable and sagacious.

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[9] *A Century of Dishonor*. A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. By "H. H." 12mo, pp. 457. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *The Social History of Flatbush*, and Manners and Customs of the Dutch Settlers in Kings County. By GERTRUDE LEFFERTS VANDERBILT. 12mo, pp. 351. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[11] *Shakspeare: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art*. By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 386. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Black's *Sunrise*[12] is in a different vein from any of its predecessors, and exhibits his versatility at the cost of some of his most popular and attractive characteristics. In the most of his former novels the atmosphere and characters have been typically English or Scottish, and their descriptions and incidents have been native to English and Scottish scenery or society. In this romance all these are exotics, alien to English air and sky and soil, foreign to the temperament of English men and women, and having a furtive existence only in those dark corners of England where political desperadoes and refugees hide from the light of day. The story is a combination of romance and politics. Its motive is supplied by the intrigues of a wide-spread communistic society, whose head is in Italy, and which, among its manifold ramifications, has a subordinate society in London, under the direction of a bold, astute, and unscrupulous agent, whose fidelity is insured by his ambition for advancement, and the certainty of his assassination if he falters in his trust. Under the pretense of a union of all peoples in a common brotherhood of mankind, the society is the most relentless of despotisms, which hesitates at nothing, however ruthless, in order to the accomplishment of its ends, and whose membership is cemented by oaths and the fear of vengeance by poison or the dagger. Of this society a few hold the reins and exercise power; a host of spies, agents, informers, spies upon spies, and assassins form its effective force; and the membership is recruited to a considerable extent from men who are dreamers or enthusiasts, or perhaps thoughtful and honest reformers, but who are not admitted to the secret objects of the society until there is no longer a way of retreat open to them. On this dark background Mr. Black has painted the romance of a queenly woman, innocent, pure, and radiant with beauty and every noble womanly virtue, endowed with splendid gifts of intellect and with boundless faculties for love and devotion, and who is an enthusiast for the avowed lofty objects of the society, of whose real aims and unscrupulous methods she has no conception. On this stately and beautiful figure Mr. Black has expended all the wealth of his art. She is the daughter of the scheming and ambitious English agent or chief of the society, and although he has a genuine parental love for her, he does not scruple to use her as an unconscious decoy to the rich and brave and titled young Englishmen whom he would enroll. One of these, for love of her, compromises himself in associations and deeds which are hateful to his nature, but finally escapes from them, and is rewarded by a return of love as profound and self-sacrificing as his own. The fortunes of these two form the romance of the story. The tale has some tragic and sensational episodes; its love romance is exceptionally pure and bracing in its tone; and its delineation of the dark designs and ruthless methods of the Continental socialistic conspirators of the present day is no doubt intended to be considered not altogether imaginary.

[12] *Sunrise.* A Story of These Times. By William Black. 12mo, pp. 461. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 85. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Belonging to the same school of romance as the one just noted, *The Lost Casket,*[13] from the French of F. de Boisgobey, is an effective story, though more melodramatic than is pleasing to a taste formed on our severer Anglo-Saxon models. Its materials are drawn from the incidents and situations that a fertile invention may conjure up in connection with the machinations and counter-machinations of Russian emissaries and Nihilist conspirators on foreign soil. The narrative describes some of the methods by which these skilled architects of plots and counterplots carry out their plans in Parisian society; and it is relieved of its perilously close resemblance to the *procès-verbal* of a French commissaire of police with histrionic leanings, by the device of ingrafting upon it a brace of moderately pleasing love stories, in which the characters for whom we are most interested become implicated, either as active or unconscious agents of the Muscovite spies and birds of prey.

[13] *The Lost Casket.* Translated from *La Main Coupée* of F. de Boisgobey, by S. Lee. Sq. 16mo, pp. 541. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The remaining novels and stories of the month, whose merits warrant their admission to our Record, with such general words of commendation as may dispose our readers to welcome them to their households as safe, wholesome, and agreeable visitants, can be announced by their titles only. They are *The Dean's Wife,*[14] by Mrs. Eiloart; *The Posy Ring,*[15] by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt; *Under Slieve-Ban,*[16] by R. E. Francillon; *Better than Good,*[17] by Annie E. Ridley; *Under Life's Key, and Other Stories,*[18] by Mary Cecil Hay; *Stories and Romances,*[19] by H. E. Scudder; and *Ilka on the Hill-Top, and Other Stories,*[20] by H. H. Boyesen.

[14] *The Dean's Wife.* A Novel. By Mrs. C. J. Eiloart. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 58. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[15] *The Posy Ring.* A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 19. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Under Slieve-Ban.* A Yarn in Seven Knots. By R. E. Francillon. 16mo, pp. 275. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[17] *Better than Good.* A Story for Girls. By Annie E. Ridley. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 47. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Under Life's Key, and Other Stories.* By Mary Cecil Hay. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 61. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Stories and Romances.* By H. E. Scudder. 16mo, pp. 298. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] *Ilka on the Hill-Top, and Other Stories.* By H. H. Boyesen. 16mo, pp. 240. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of February.—The following appropriation bills were passed during the month: Naval, $14,405,787, House, January 20; the Senate, January 27, added $259,750 to the House bill, and passed it; the House, February 3, concurred in some of the amendments, and rejected others. Indian, $4,597,866 08, Senate, January 21; House amendment abolishing the Indian Commission was rejected; the House, February 3, insisted on retaining the amendment. Post-office, $40,760,432, House, January 25; Senate passed it, February 14, without the subsidy amendment, which was tabled. Legislative, House, February 9. Pension, Senate, February 9. River and Harbor, $19,189,800, House, February 17.

The Three-per-Cent. Refunding Bill passed the House January 19, and the Senate February 18. The Senate amended it by making the bond a 5-20 instead of a 5-10.

President Hayes, February 1, sent a message to Congress sustaining in the main the findings of the Ponca Commission, and approving its recommendations. The President suggested that the general Indian policy for the future should embrace the following ideas: First, the Indians should be prepared for citizenship by giving to their young of both sexes that industrial and general education which is requisite to enable them to be self-supporting and capable of self-protection in civilized communities; second, lands should be allotted to the Indians in severalty, inalienable for a certain period; third, the Indians should have a fair compensation for their lands not required for individual allotments, the amount to be invested, with suitable safeguards, for their benefit; fourth, with these prerequisites secured, the Indians should be made citizens, and invested with the rights and charged with the responsibilities of citizenship.

The Senate, February 4, passed Mr. Morgan's concurrent resolution declaring that the President of the Senate is not invested by the Constitution of the United States with the right to count the votes of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, so as to determine what votes shall be received and counted, or what votes shall be rejected. An amendment was added declaring in effect that it is the duty of Congress to pass a law at once providing for the orderly counting of the electoral vote. The House concurred February 5.

On the 9th of February the electoral votes were counted by the Vice-President in the presence of both Houses, and Garfield and Arthur were declared elected President and Vice-President of the United States.

In the British House of Commons, January 24, Mr. Forster moved a bill for the protection of life and property in Ireland. The Home Rulers stubbornly resisted the first reading of the bill during a continuous session of forty-one hours, at the end of which time the Speaker arbitrarily closed the debate, and the bill was read. Messrs. Parnell, Finnigan, and Dillon were suspended for obstruction, and were ejected from the House; twenty-seven Home Rulers who refused to vote were also suspended and removed.—The state trials of the Land Leaguers at Dublin ended, January 25, with the disagreement of the jury.

The Boers in South Africa defeated the British forces in two attacks, one on January 26 and the other February 8.

The Chilian army entered Lima, the capital of Peru, January 17, after a desperate battle, in which both sides lost heavily.

The Russians routed the Tekke Turcomans, and captured Geok-Tepe and Dengil-Tepe January 24. Over four thousand corpses of Tekkes were found inside the fortress.

The main outlines of the arrangement between Russia and China are that Russia shall restore all of Kuldja, reserving a small territory in the northwest of Ili. China will pay a substantial amount over and above the 5,000,000 rubles (less than $4,000,000) stipulated by the treaty of Livadia for the expenses of Russia's military preparations.

DISASTERS.

January 19.—Terrific gale and snow-storm in Great Britain. Several vessels wrecked on the coasts, and many lives lost.

January 26.—Report reached London of the loss of a Singapore trading steamer. Twenty dead bodies recovered, and many others carried away by the current.

January 31.—Twelve fishing-smacks wrecked at Sables d'Olonne, Bay of Biscay. Forty-six men drowned.

February 4.—German ship *Bremen* wrecked near Lerwick, Shetland Islands. Thirteen of the crew drowned.

February 6.—Steam-ship *Bohemian*, from Boston for Liverpool, wrecked in Dunlough Bay, on the Irish coast. Thirty-five lives lost.

February 7.—Colliery explosion near Chell, Staffordshire, England. Seventeen men lost.

OBITUARY.

January 21.—In London, England, E. A. Sothern, actor, aged fifty-four years.

January 22.—At Brussels, Eugene Joseph Verboeckhoven, artist, in his eighty-second year.

February 2.—In New York, Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn, rector of Calvary Church, aged sixty-one years.

February 5.—In London, England, Thomas Carlyle, author, aged eighty-five years.

February 13.—At Hot Springs, Arkansas, Hon. Fernando Wood, of New York, in his sixty-ninth year.

Editor's Drawer.

A COLORADO physician sends to the Drawer the following:

"One bitter cold night, early in the winter, I had a call to visit a patient about thirty-five miles distant, the trail lying over an uninhabited plain, vast tracts of which were inclosed in fences of three wires, fastened to cedar posts. We entered one of these ranches, as they are called here, through a gap left for the purpose, and after a short time the trail was entirely obliterated by the snow. No shelter was near, and we wandered about for some time, when I remarked to my driver, an 'old timer,' that the advantage of being inside a ranch of five or six thousand acres, inclosed by a wire fence, was not very apparent, as we had lost our way all the same. 'No,' drawled my companion, swinging his arm vigorously; '*but I s'pose we aren't quite so liable to take cold.*'"

As the family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of twelve, who had just commenced to study the steam-engine as well as the catechism, asked, "Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than in any of the rest of us?"

SPELLING is of small account when brought against genius. Our friends of the *Canadian Champion*, published at Milton, Ontario, received, a few days since, a lyric, accompanied with the request, "Please insirk this Pome in this weeks isue and oblidge yours, J. B."

MEM. for preachers of long sermons. You will find it in Dr. Irenæus Prime's charming "Letters," originally published in the New York *Observer*, and now gathered in a volume:

A Scotch minister was asked if he was not very much exhausted after preaching three hours. "Oh no," he replied; "but it would have done you good to see how worried the people were."

ANOTHER anecdote from Judge Carter's book, showing how Lawyer John Brough—a very able man in his day—was beaten by a darky witness. A mulatto was on trial for murder. Among the State's witnesses was an old darky who answered to the name of George Washington. His evidence was strong against the prisoner, and Mr. Brough desired to weaken it by throwing ridicule on the old negro.

LAWYER B. "So your name is George Washington?"

WITNESS. "Yes, sah, dat be my 'pellation."

LAWYER. "Where did you get that 'pellation?"

WITNESS. "'Way down in ole Virginny, sah."

LAWYER. "From whom did you get it?"

WITNESS. "Well, now you hab me, boss. Dunno."

LAWYER. "Are you a son of General George Washington, the father of his country?"

WITNESS. "Well, I s'pec' I be. If he was de fodder of all dis country, he must hab ben de fodder ob de black folks as well as de fodder ob de wite folks, and as I be one ob dem black folks, he must hab ben my fodder as well as de rest."

LAWYER. "Don't you know that the great George Washington never told a lie?"

WITNESS. "Dat's what um say, and in dis 'ticular I much 'sembles him, fo' I nebber tole no lies in de whole curse of my bressed life, sah."

LAWYER. "And you have told no lie about this case?"

WITNESS. "Why, bress de Lord! no, honey, no; I's tole nuffin but de whole trufe."

LAWYER. "Couldn't you have made some *mistakes* in your testimony?"

WITNESS. "Dunno 'bout dat. We all be po' sinners here below, and I's one of dem fellows here below, shuah; an' I's a sinner, shuah."

LAWYER. "You are a good witness for the State, Mr. George Washington, and I want to call your attention to the facts."

WITNESS. "T'ank you, sah, fo' de compliment; but you can't fool dis niggah. I's great on de fac's; I knows dem all fust rate, sah."

LAWYER. "Please state how long time elapsed between the act of Bill Perkins's throwing the knife over the table at the body of the deceased, and the deceased's calling Bill Perkins a scoundrel and liar. Be particular about this."

WITNESS. "Well, boss, I didn't hab no watch—I's not able to carry one. And if I had one at such a 'larmin' time, I shouldn't looked at it to count de minutes an' de seconds; but if my memory be jes so, it be my 'pinion dere was s'ficient time 'tween times fo' dat murderin' Bill Perkins to *demediate* and *preliberate;* dere was plenty time, in my 'pinion, fo' murder in de fust degree to be hatched out."

Mr. Brough saw he was not eliciting anything favorable from the darky, who seemed in his peculiar way to be posted in the law, so he said:

"We don't desire your legal opinion, Mr. George Washington. You're no lawyer. You may leave the stand."

WITNESS. "Bress de Lord, I'm not one ob de perfession. I wouldn't tell as many lies as dey do for de whole world. T'ank you, sah; I be glad to gib up *my* place to de *next gemman*."

Thanks to Mr. Brough's eloquence, Mr. William Perkins was convicted of murder in the second degree, and therefore escaped the hanging so much desiderated by the good colored G. Washington.

SALLIE BROWN.

BY A VICTIM.

"A COUNT WITH HIS WEALTH AND HIS STATION CUT OUT ALL THE BEAUX IN TOWN."

I had an infatuation
For beautiful Sallie Brown,
Who cherished a reputation
As the sauciest flirt in town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

You had an exalted station,
My beautiful Sallie Brown,
And you drove to desperation
The killingest beaux in town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

Men courted annihilation
From beautiful Sallie Brown,
And the chorus of lamentation
From all the beaux in town
Was music to Sallie Brown.
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

For a socially high importation
Mashed beautiful Sallie Brown.
A Count with his wealth and his station
Cut out all the beaux in town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

He was tendered a grand ovation
By beautiful Sallie Brown,
And her evident subjugation
Surprised and amused the town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

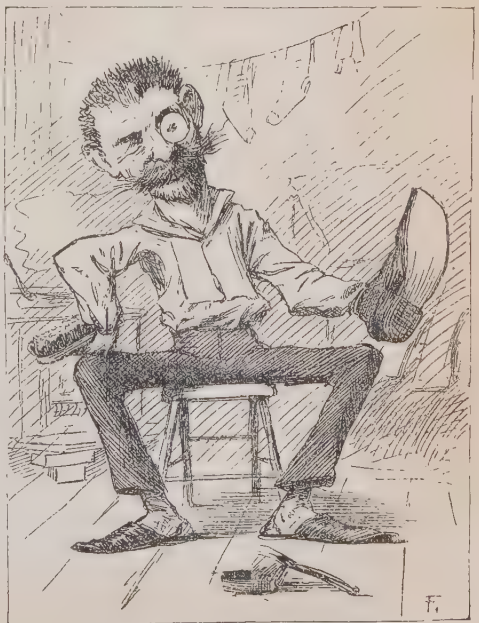
'Twas a desperate, short flirtation
With beautiful Sallie Brown,
And excited the execration
Of all the beaux in town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

Then he offered his wealth and station
At the shrine of Miss Sallie Brown;
His immediate acceptation
Was the talk of all the town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

Immense was your exultation,
My beautiful Sallie Brown;
But it was of short duration,
For your "Count" soon fled the town.
For his title and wealth, Sallie Brown,
Were bogus alike, Sallie Brown.
You had a most charming flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

All your hauteur was affectation,
My beautiful Sallie Brown;
For your bitter humiliation
Was patent to all the town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown!
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You had many a gay flirtation,
But your pride at last came down.

Still bright is the rich carnation
Of your fair rounded cheek, Sallie Brown;
But you broke the infatuation
Wherewith you ruled the town.
Ah, beautiful Sallie Brown,
Ah, sauciest flirt in town!
You've had many a gay flirtation,
But still you remain Sallie Brown.



"FOR HIS TITLE AND WEALTH, SALLIE BROWN, WERE BOGUS ALIKE, SALLIE BROWN."

In the Legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should commence at a given point *down* or at a certain other *up* the river. "Who ever heard," said a down-the-river advocate, "of beginning *anything at the top?* Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house begun at the top?"

Up jumped a Dutch member from an up-the-river county. "Meester Brezident, de jentlemans zay dat dees beeznes ees all von hoomboog, pecause vee vants to pegeen our railroat mit de top ov de Shtate, und he make some seely combarisons apout de houze und de schimney. I veel also ask de jentlemans von questions. Een hees bart ov de Shtate, ven dey pegins to built von vell, do dey pegins mit de bottom ov de vell, or do dey pegins mit de top ov de vell? Veel de jentlemans bleese answer me dat leetle von question?"

The laughter which explosively followed this Teutonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legislators, had the better of the argument.

A correspondent, wandering through an old church-yard in Ulster County last summer, noticed the following epitaph:

> Here friends may mourn,
> And strangers weep.
> Her mouldering form
> In memory keep.
> Respected worth encircled here
> A husband's joy, a name so dear.
> *Of stature large, her form genteel,*
> An active mind and lovely friend.

That line in italics strikes us as just too sweet for anything.

Room for Guilford, Connecticut:

A man in that town who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eight-year-old daughter, who said, "Why don't we take one of them, ma?—or don't they want to *break the set?*"

At a recent dinner party in this metropolis, the eccentricities of certain people were being remarked upon. One lady related a circumstance connected with the courtship of a dilettant bachelor, who lately came to town, and soon afterward met at the house of a mutual friend a charming young lady, with whom he from that moment fell violently in love. A sudden and serious illness befell him next day, which prevented him from again meeting the object of his adoration, as he was ill several weeks. Learning her address, he resolved to write her a note, and did so, avowing his love, and asking for her hand. Being a precise and punctilious individual, and nice to a degree even in matters of emotion, he inclosed to her a stamp for the return postage. "Very sentimental," was remarked by one of the party who had listened to the ludicrous anecdote.

"*Two cent*-imental," was the clever rejoinder of a bright young lady seated opposite.

To the Editor of Harper's Monthly:

Dear Sir,—I have read with deep interest the very full and accurate article of Mr. George Merrill on the French Republic in the last issue of *Harper's Monthly*. In fact, I may say that, having resided over five years in this country, I have never as yet seen in any American periodical such an impartial and comprehensive survey of the political situation of France. I have noticed, however, in Mr. Merrill's article a few inaccuracies and omissions, which I hope you will allow me to correct for the benefit of your readers. I will follow in my presentation of facts the same order as Mr. Merrill himself.

First. In dealing with the Councils General, Mr. Merrill omits to mention a very important reform introduced by the law of August 10, 1871; I mean the institution of the *Permanent Committee* (*Commission Permanente*). The Permanent Committee consists of five, six, or seven members of the Council General, elected by their colleagues, to whom is intrusted the task of seeing that all resolutions of the Council be faithfully carried out. They meet at least once a month in the intervals between the sessions of the Council, and report to the same at the opening of the two sessions of April and August. I will add that these Permanent Committees have proved a most valuable check on the omnipotence of the prefects, and the most effectual agency for combining the reality of local self-government with such a strong centralization as has been produced in France by fourteen centuries of national existence.

Second. In his account of the system of municipal government of the communes of France, Mr. Merrill seems to be under the impression that all mayors are now elected by the municipal councils. An exception must be made for the *chefs-lieux* of arrondissements and departments, and all other cities of 20,000 inhabitants and over, the mayors of which are still appointed by the President of the Republic. Still, it must be added that it has been the constant practice of the republican administration to consult the wishes of the municipal councils, and to appoint the men they would have elected.

Third. The greatest inaccuracy in Mr. Merrill's paper I find in his account of the composition of the Superior Council of Public Instruction. The law of March 19, 1873, according to whose prescriptions the Council had been composed as Mr. Merrill represents it to be, was repealed a year ago, and the law replacing it is one of the Ferry laws for the reorganization of public education. The Council as now composed consists of sixty members, twenty of whom are appointed by the Minister of Public Education, while the forty others are elected by the members of the academies, the professors and teachers of the universities, colleges, public and private schools. No minister of any religion, as such, sits now in the Council, although some may be elected as professors or teachers by their own colleagues.

Lastly. I will say that there is not in France any such thing as a state religion. There are four religions which are recognized by the state, and whose ministers are salaried by the nation—the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, the Presbyterian or Calvinistic, and the Jewish religion. Legally all these religions are on a footing of perfect equality. Whatever advantages the Catholic religion possesses come from its having been a state religion until 1792, and from the fact that at the present time over thirty-six millions of Frenchmen are still *nominally* Roman Catholics. Yours respectfully,

Adolphe Cohn,
Correspondent of the *République Française* of Paris.

I held Loues head while it did ake;
Bvt fo it chanc't to be;
The Crvell paine did hym forfake
And forthwith came to me.
Ai me! how that my griefe be stild?
Or where elfe shall we find
One like to me, who must be kild
For being too-too-kind.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THEODORE THOMAS.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN NEW YORK.

IT seems a long time ago that New York city attained its undoubted position as the metropolis of the Western Continent, and yet for many years it lagged far behind most of the second and third rate cities of Europe in all that related to music. America had not then produced that brilliant galaxy of singers which is to-day receiving the well-earned plaudits of the Old and New worlds. She had not attracted to her shores those who stood foremost as singers, virtuosi, or conductors. With the exception of psalmodists and tune and ballad writers, American composers were unhonored and unknown. There was neither the material from which to form orchestras or choruses on a grand scale, nor an appreciative public, necessary to their continuance when once organized.

The great artists of the Old World feared the ocean voyage; it was seldom that European favorites such as Jenny Lind or Jullien could be tempted to adventure so doubtful a field, and when they did come, it was for a brief stay only. In a few weeks or months they would traverse the country, and then return home, loaded with honors—and cash. As a rule, we were obliged to content ourselves with artists whose powers were on the wane, and whose popularity at home was declining.

The mighty upheaval of society caused by our civil war has resulted in a wonderful re-adjustment of our thoughts, hab-

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its, and tastes. Year after year finds our audiences growing in size, and becoming more exacting, critical, and appreciative. In constantly increasing numbers the musicians of Europe visit us, and in many instances their stay is indefinitely prolonged. The piano no longer monopolizes the energies of our young music students. The violin and the various orchestral instruments receive more attention each year from American youth. But above all we have developed composers, conductors, organists, and critics from among our own people, whose influence for good can not be overestimated; who have taught thousands what good music is, and have elevated the taste of the entire public who care for music at all.

The fine arts and the drama have made marked progress throughout the United States during the last generation, but in neither of these has the advance been so great as in music. The change, noticeable all over the country, is of necessity more perceptible in New York than elsewhere. Including the adjoining cities, which practically are a part of New York, the population within an equal radius exceeds that of Paris, and is more than half that of London. Having numerous avenues of enjoyment, a pleasure-loving population, the city is a Mecca for the pleasure-pilgrims of America. In New York the wealth of the country is centred; trade, industry, and commerce are to a great extent regulated by its markets, and by the capitalists and merchant princes who make it their home. The cosmopolitan character of the city is plainly apparent in its population. Britons, Irish, Germans, French, Italians, are all present in such large numbers that the different nationalities impress their characteristics upon the city.

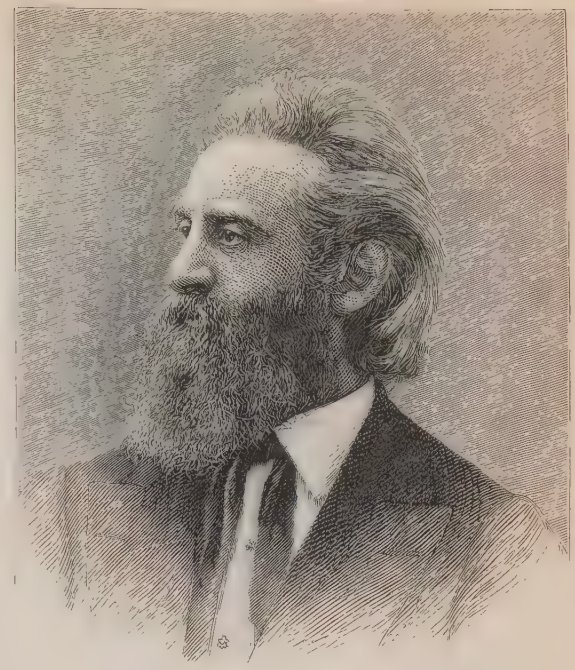
Nearly as many classes of music are to be heard as there are nations represented. French, German, Italian opera; English glees, German Lieder; Thomas's Symphony concerts and the *Pirates of Penzance*, the *Messiah* and Jubilee Singers, *Lohengrin* and the *Royal Middy*, all find an appreciative audience.

In considering the musicians of New York, one colossal figure stands, like Saul, head and shoulders above his brethren. England received Handel from Hanover, and to the same little kingdom America is indebted for Theodore Thomas. He holds an exceptional position in the history of music in America. He came to this country when he was ten years of age. Successively a child-violinist, member of an orchestra, one of a string quartette, leader of Italian and German opera companies, violin soloist, and conductor of his own orchestra, he has run through the whole gamut of musical practice. By many he is regarded as the "apostle" of Wagner and the new school, whose music through his instrumentality has become to us "familiar as household words." If this implies a neglect of the old masters, it does him a great injustice. A comparison of names on the programmes shows that Beethoven has been oftener presented than Wagner, and Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn oftener than Liszt, Brahms, and Berlioz. Mr. Thomas is not wedded to any particular school; but with a strong leaning to that of Wagner, he has always kept in view the sterling and beautiful compositions of all the great masters, and has played the best orchestral music, old and new, against opposition and misrepresentation, often the result of indifference or prejudice.

In 1861 he began the formation of an orchestra that for seventeen years was the pride and boast of New York; and as soon as he felt that he could safely rely on the support of the public in an enterprise that should appeal to the cultivated taste, the famous Symphony concerts were begun, and these were artistically his greatest success. That the orchestra might remain together during the whole year, the famous Summer-night Festivals were instituted in 1866. There, with an orchestra capable of interpreting any work, Mr. Thomas did not seek to enforce a severe class of music, but gave the public dance music, marches, and selections from the popular operas, as well as compositions of a higher order. By this means the frequenters of the Terrace and Central Park gardens by degrees grew to like and ask for the better music, and trivialities were gradually dismissed. It seemed a hazardous experiment to give daily concerts in Fifty-ninth Street and Sixty-third Street at a time when the centre of population was two miles down town, and when slow horse-cars were the only means of access; but distance could not keep away the great public, to whom these concerts were the Symphony and Philharmonic concerts of the select few:

When the plan was adopted of giving an entire evening to the works of one

composer, the musical camp divided into numerous armies, each under the banner of its favorite composer. Every one who called himself an admirer or follower of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Wagner felt himself under obligation to be present when his favorite's works were presented, and great were the crowds, and animated the discussions that ensued as to the relative attendance on the various evenings. The Wagnerites, being the younger and the more enthusiastic, thronged the garden when a Wagner night was announced; but the admirers of Beethoven and Mendelssohn would at times run them a hard race as to numbers, and would applaud quite as vigorously as the most devoted advocates of the music of the future.



LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

In 1869, Mr. Thomas conceived the idea of travelling during the time unoccupied in New York, and for nine years he made an annual round of the chief cities, and enabled other places to enjoy the services of his unrivalled orchestra.

Suddenly an offer came from Cincinnati to make him the director of the College of Music in that city, at a liberal salary. The terms were generous, the work congenial, and, above all, it would enable him to enjoy a comparative rest from his intense labors. Mr. Thomas felt it his duty to accept the offer, and for a short period New York lost him—not altogether, for he came periodically to the city, and, as the conductor of the Brooklyn and New York Philharmonic societies, retained his hold on the public.

Disagreements arose in the Cincinnati College, and in the spring of 1880 he resigned his position, and returned to New York.

Mr. Thomas is undoubtedly a born conductor, and no better proof of this could be given than the eagerness with which the members of his old orchestra return to his leadership at the first opportunity.

Should Mr. Thomas reorganize his orchestra, he will have as great advantages as ever; and we may reasonably expect that he will not only give us new and good music, but that he will continue by perfection of execution to give new beauty and charm to music already familiar, and thereby spur other associations throughout the country to greater exertion and more careful performance.

Very few citizens can remember the feeble beginnings of the New York Philharmonic Society, the oldest and best association of musicians in the city, and fewer still are the early members who remain to take part in its thirty-ninth season. The society has had many ups and downs, and at one period (1853), after a year of arduous labor, its members found themselves in debt, and obliged to declare an "Irish dividend," to make the accounts balance. Originally the society met for rehearsal in the Apollo Rooms, on Broadway, just below Canal Street. At that time ladies were not present at rehearsals, and the musicians chatted and smoked in the intervals between practice. Gradually the place of meeting moved up town, ladies were admitted to the rehearsals, and smoking ceased. In time it became fashionable to attend the Philharmonics, and for some years the Academy of Music was filled with the best people of New York. Box applicants were so numerous that the choice of boxes

ETELKA GERSTER.

was sold at auction at high prices. The tide turned; but, nothing daunted, the society kept on its course, and soon regained its hold on that part of the public that had deserted it. To-day the Philharmonic Society is as popular as ever before, and the public rehearsals and concerts are attended by a refined audience, who listen with hearty appreciation. The musical perceptions of thousands have thus been awakened, and the society has conquered in its long struggle for classical music.

Under the same conductor (Mr. Thomas), with nearly the same membership and repertory, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society is a younger sister.

Probably the most important musical events of the past year in New York were the production of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, and Bach's Passion Music. The former was presented February 14, 1880, for the first time in America, to an audience consisting in great part of musicians and amateurs, that completely filled both the large and small Steinway Hall. Dr. Damrosch had the Symphony, the Oratorio, and the Arion societies under his direction, and led them through the intricate mazes of the score with a master hand. The soloists were Miss Amy Sherwin (Marguerite), Mr. Jordan (Faust), Mr. Remmertz (Mephistopheles), and Mr. Bourne (Brander). Mr. Remmertz proved the most satisfactory of the soloists, as the music was admirably suited to his virile bass.

A few bars at the beginning lead to the opening lines of Faust, who, wandering on the plains of Hungary, sings an ode to awakening spring, accompanied by soft vibrating strains of the orchestra. His meditations are interrupted by a chorus of peasants dancing to the sound of flutes, clarionets, and horns. Hardly has the chorus ended, when the sound of approaching troops is heard, and here Berlioz introduces the superb Racokczy March, scored with a brilliancy and variety possible only to him who has a supreme knowledge of the capabilities of each instrument, and a grasp firm enough to bind them into one harmonious whole.

Few orchestras could have rendered this with the accuracy and the fidelity to the composer's conception shown by the playing of the Symphony Society. The precision, vigor, and swing of the march as it rang through the house thrilled the audience, and, when ended, a repetition was demanded. While all hearts were beating fast and strong in sympathy with the glorious movement of the advancing soldiers, Faust's voice was heard crying out, in utter dejection:

"All hearts are thrilled—they chant their battle's story;
My heart alone is cold—ay, dead to glory."

The second part introduces one of those contrasts of gloom and sunshine in which Berlioz delighted. Faust, weary of existence, yearning and suffering; while from the neighboring church the glad triumphant Easter hymn ascends peacefully to heaven. Then Mephistopheles transports Faust to Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic, where students and soldiers are drinking and singing. A scene of mad jollity follows, during which Brander and Mephistopheles respectively sing "The Song of the Rat" and "The Song of the Flea." The humor is ponderous, but both soloists sang with great sonority and much artistic feeling. Leaving the carousers, the scene shifts to the banks of the Elbe, with Faust asleep, dreaming of Marguerite. As the Racokczy March is the ideal of soul-stirring martial music, so is the chorus of gnomes and sylphs the very ideal of dainty, fantastic harmony. Male and female singers, the string and wind of the

orchestra, move in a perfect net-work of transparent rippling harmonies, part in three-four, the other in six-eight time, wonderfully blended into one delicate fairy-like composition. No wonder that when it is heard for the first time the hearer is surprised as by a new revelation.

The unhappy Marguerite, yielding to her fate, is condemned to die, but Faust, torn by anguish and remorse, extorts her freedom from Mephistopheles at the price of his own salvation. Having sold himself, Faust and the demon, mounted on their devilish steeds Vortex and Giaour, enter upon their ride to hell. Surrounded by Satanic demons, hounded on by the incantations of witches and imps, pursued by the curse of God and man, Faust's heart fails him, and he screams with horror as Mephistopheles taunts and sneers at him. Faster and faster their coursers rush madly through space, and with a hideous roar and blare plunge into the awful abyss of hell. Words fail to describe the titanic power with which this episode in the legend is treated by the composer. Its influence leaves the mind of the hearer in an agitated state that almost unfits him to appreciate the melody of the angelic chorus that is bearing Marguerite's soul to heaven. The harps and strings accompany this closing chorus with celestial strains growing louder and louder, until Marguerite enters the abode of the pure and the blessed.

Such was the popularity of the Berlioz legend that six performances were given to densely thronged houses, and Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia extended invitations for a repetition in those cities.

For generations Bach had been esteemed "dry," and held up to admiration simply as a master of counterpoint, until Mendelssohn brought the Passion Music out of the obscurity into which it had fallen. Every year has witnessed a growing interest in Bach, and each performance of the Passion Music has drawn attention to his other works. The reaction from melodious jingle and meaningless harmony shown by the increasing study of Bach is one of the cheering signs of the times.

The Oratorio Society was not daunted by the time and labor necessary to produce a work of such length and technical difficulty and in so unaccustomed a style, but devoted many months to the study of Bach's Passion Music, and had it been given in Steinway Hall, its effect would have been better than as sung in St. George's Church, under the disadvantage of having orchestra and chorus divided.

ITALO CAMPANINI.

And yet the associations of the sacred place added greatly to the spirit in which it was heard.

The great success of the Handel and Haydn festivals in Boston, and the May festivals in Cincinnati, has encouraged Dr. Damrosch in the belief that a like success is possible in New York. With a chorus of twelve hundred singers, an orchestra of two hundred and twenty-five performers, Miss Cary, Mr. Georg Henschel, and other eminent soloists, it is proposed to give a series of performances at the Seventh Regiment Armory, which will seat ten thousand persons in addition to the performers. As the time approaches, the activity of preparation increases and the interest intensifies. The works decided upon are the *Messiah*, the *Ninth Symphony*, the *Dettingen Te Deum*, Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, and Berlioz's *Grand Requiem*.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

Nearly two generations have elapsed since the Garcia troupe, containing the famous Malibran, first transplanted that brilliant exotic, the Italian opera, from Europe, and despite the many attempts, with varying success, that have been made to domicile it with us, only of late years does it appear to have taken deep root. The lyric drama did not die—the indications of weakness at times were merely the transitory stages to a fresher and more vigorous life. At present, thanks to the owners of the Academy of Music and the enterprise of Mr. Mapleson, stimulated by the generous encouragement of the public, it has been established on a firm basis, and for some years to come probably as good an *ensemble* as money and managerial skill can command will be secured. The chorus and ballet are good, the scenery and stage settings fresh, and the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Arditi, is superb. The names of Gerster, Cary, Valleria, Bellocca, Campanini, Galassi, and Del Puente awaken hosts of pleasant recollections. The chief fault found with the management is the poverty of the repertory. A public that has encouraged representations of *Aïda*, *Lohengrin*, and other works before they had been heard either in London or Paris, deserves some novelties each season. The only novelty of the past season was Boito's *Mefistofele*.

The lovers of opera in New York must at all times have an idol to worship. Some old gentlemen yet alive can remember the glorious Malibran, who sang their hearts away in early days. A greater number will ever remain faithful to their remembrance of the wonderful Jenny Lind. The present occupant of that exalted throne before which the devotees of the opera and all lovers of song bow in admiration is that bright gem of modern song, Gerster, whose winning gentleness, grace, and dramatic power have charmed every listener.

Judging from the operas in which she has sung, Gerster's preferences are for parts of which the prevailing characteristics are florid passages elaborately embellished. And yet perhaps her greatest success in New York was as Elsa in *Lohengrin*—a part she surrounded with an atmosphere of tenderness, truth, and beauty. Owing to Gerster's absence during one year, the unusual sight was presented of a tenor and a barytone overshadowing the prime donne of a well-organized company.

The burden of that season was undoubtedly borne by Campanini, whom the appreciative King of Italy has recently knighted, whose life has been full of strange vicissitudes. While still a lad, he served in Garibaldi's Army of Liberation, and was wounded in the face during battle. From the heroic to the practical was but a step. Leaving the army, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and the hard work at the forge developed that robust health which to-day enables him to bid defiance, in his chosen profession, to hoarseness and overexertion. After some study, and two years of service with a travelling opera company, he made his début as Faust at La Scala, and three years afterward came to America with Strakosch in the Nilsson company. During that engagement he appeared in the title rôle of *Lohengrin*, with Nilsson as Elsa. On this memorable occasion there was an outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the public unparalleled, ex-

cept in the case of Parepa, since the days of Jenny Lind, and equalled only by the success of Gerster in after-years.

Nature endowed Campanini with a strong, even, and sympathetic voice, and art has enabled him to greatly increase its compass, while imparting flexibility and brilliancy throughout its range. An ardent, painstaking student, he is to-day a living proof that good vocalism is worth all the time and labor it takes to acquire, for without it no voice could have borne the strain to which his has been subjected. In one season he sang in opera a hundred times, took part in numberless rehearsals, besides singing in the *Stabat Mater* seven times, and assisting at a number of concerts in Boston, New York, and Cincinnati. His acting is nearly as good as his singing, and the poorest singer in the cast feels his magnetic influence. But not only as an artist is he enviable: his genial, manly character has won him hosts of friends, who love the man as much as they admire the singer.

When it had been decided that Gerster would not appear, Mlle. Valleria, an American lady under an Italian name, was put forward, and the manner in which she sang the parts allotted to her gave general satisfaction. Another American, who sings under her own name, and is almost as well known throughout the Union as in New York city—Miss Annie Louise Cary—is probably the most popular contralto yet heard on the lyric stage in America, with the exception of the incomparable Alboni. After completing her studies in Germany with Madame Garcia, she accepted engagements in opera for two years, singing successfully in the chief cities of Northern Europe before returning to America. Since her début here in the year 1870, Miss Cary has gradually developed both as actor and singer, and her last appearances have been the best. In operas like *La Favorita*, in which the interest centres in the tenor and contralto, with two such capable artists as Cary and Campanini, few hearers would look upon opera as an irrational and unintellectual amusement. The languid interest paid to scale-singing heroines and sentimental heroes gives place to an absorbed interest in both the music and the action.

The experience of impresarii during late years has convinced them that nothing is too good, too elaborate, or too costly for New York. Mediocrity has proved fatal. Those enterprises succeed best that treat the public in the most generous manner; that offer the best of their kind, that do thoroughly well whatever is done at all. The most costly opera company ever brought to our country, that of Strakosch with Nilsson, Campanini, and Capoul, was the most successful pecuniarily. And the results made public by Mr. Grau at the end of his season of French opéra bouffe confirm this opinion. In a little over a year he gave 452 performances, of which over 200 were in New York, and after paying great salaries to Capoul, Paola-Marie, Angele, and the other members of the company, a large sum remained for the manager.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

The remarkable success of this company in New York, remembering the fact that when Grau's first announcement appeared, a kindred organization, the Aimee troupe, had just completed a successful season, is in a great measure due to the large French element in the city. Some

of the twenty-five operas produced were very popular, notably *La Fille de Madame Angot*, which was sung fifty-six times; *Le Petit Duc*, fifty-one times; *Les Cloches de Corneville*, forty-six; *Madame Favart*, thirty-seven; *Girofle-Girofla*, thirty-six; and *Mignon*, thirty-three.

The success of *Pinafore* brings to mind an old Dutch story of how a rat, in search of pleasure or profit, burrowed through one of the dikes that protected Holland from the angry sea. At first only a few drops of water trickled through. Then a little stream appeared, which, gradually growing larger and stronger, at last broke down the barrier, and a mighty flood of waters rushed in and submerged the land.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

The adventurous manager who first put *Pinafore* on the stage in Boston, and his compatriot who followed in New York, certainly never dreamed of the popularity that would attend their venture; but a success unparalleled in the history of the stage was the result. For over a year it seemed as though every theatre in the larger cities was engaged in that "charming nonsense *Pinafore*." And not content with these, the enthusiastic public supported innumerable performances by amateurs, church choirs, children, negroes, and others in every possible variety. Probably to-day numbers of towns and villages are enjoying the bright music and innocent fun of this operetta.

The authors received very little money directly from America, but were doubtless compensated in some degree by the effect in England of its popularity here. Taking advantage of the distinction drawn by our judges between printed and unprinted MSS., Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan visited us with a new opera in their pockets, which in due time was presented to the public. In some respects superior to *Pinafore*, the *Pirates of Penzance* lacks the great advantage of novelty. The plot, the characters, the catches, seem simply the *Pinafore* kaleidoscope shaken up a little. Ralph in *Pinafore* is Frederick in the *Pirates*, Josephine is Mabel, the Admiral is the General, Buttercup is Ruth, the sisters, cousins, and aunts are the General's daughters. The chief novelty is the policemen's chorus; for the General's funny patter song is the *Sorcerer's* song in a new dress. While arranging for new operas, it might be well to let the public hear the *Sorcerer*. If properly mounted, with a better orchestra and better soloists than those of the *Pirates*, it would be sure to win great approval.

The production of *Pinafore* marks a new era in the history of music in this country. To Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan the utmost praise is due for the brilliant outlook of English opera in America. Thousands of the best people, fond of music, who had hitherto shunned the theatre, were induced to attend the performances during the *Pinafore* period, and were gratified to find nothing in the words or action to shock the most refined taste. Managers have not been slow to cater to the wants of this class, who wish their wives and daughters to participate in their amusements. A large number of companies have already been called into existence, and more are promised. Among the best of these are the Boston Ideals, the Emma Abbott, and the Strakosch companies. In addition to the large number of travelling companies, there are innumerable local societies scattered

all over the Union, partly social in their organization, who study the lighter operettas, and give three or four performances during the season. The list of works available is very large. The larger associations sing *Fatinitza*, *Little Duke*, *Crown Diamonds*, *Chimes of Normandy*, *Royal Middy*, *Doctor of Alcantara*, *Paul and Virginia*, *Bohemian Girl*, and similar compositions; the smaller societies take up *Princess Toto*, *Spectre Knight*, *Ages Ago*, *Charity Begins at Home*, and the like.

It is very gratifying to find that many of the larger companies, and almost all of the smaller, are made up of American singers; and with proper attention to details, and an unwillingness to do things by halves, the prospects of a national opera in the vernacular are excellent. While the extensive patronage of some of these compositions indicates a low grade of musical taste, and many of them are uninstructive, yet they are innocent in themselves, and argue a love of music, which experience shows, once awakened, may be easily directed into higher channels. A step in this direction has already been taken by the representation of *Deseret* by the Dudley Buck Opera Company. Operas by American composers are no novelty. Mr. George Bristow's *Rip Van Winkle* was produced in 1855; Mr. W. H. Fry's *Leonora* in 1858; and *Notre Dame de Paris*, by the same composer, in 1864; but after a few performances these were put aside, and have not been heard again. An operetta better known and oftener heard to-day than when first sung, eighteen years ago, is the work of Mr. Julius Eichberg, a native of Germany, who for many years has been a resident of Boston. Various English opera companies have received great encouragement in the past. Parepa, whose memory is held as precious in America as in England, gave, with Carl Rosa, a brilliant series of representations; and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, one of the first American singers to win European laurels, organized a company in 1874, which was favorably received during the entire time of its existence. But Mr. Buck's is the first successful opera by American authors with an American subject, and its success at first seemed commensurate with its novelty. The scene is laid in Salt Lake City, among the Mormons, and Elder Scram's relations with his twenty-four wives, to whom he proposes to introduce a twenty-fifth, form the basis of the comic situations and incidents. The male chorus is supplied by United States soldiers, while a sprinkling of Indians, Mormons, and army officers offers a wide field for quaint conceits and fine scenic effects. Brilliant orchestration is one of the strong points of the opera, and the voices in the choruses are so distributed as to secure the best effects. The solo parts, full of poetic fancy, are melodious and flowing, adding greatly to the power of the text. The comedy, never degenerating into buffoonery or vulgarity, is as unobjectionable as *Pinafore* itself, but unfortunately not as sparkling.

DUDLEY BUCK.

The work is not that of a 'prentice hand. Ever since his return from the Leipsic Conservatory, where he was a fellow-student of Arthur Sullivan, S. B. Mills, Carl Rosa, and other since distinguished musicians, Mr. Buck's various compositions have met with the unqualified approval of musicians and the public. His reputation as composer and executant, while organist of the Music Hall, Boston, having attracted the notice of Mr. Thomas, he accepted the position of as-

RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

sistant director at the Thomas Garden Concerts. The highest compliment that an American composer could receive was paid to Mr. Buck by committing to him the composition of the music to a cantata to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. Performed by a chorus of eight hundred voices and an orchestra of one hundred and fifty pieces, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, the result fully justified the confidence felt in Mr. Buck's powers. He has also published a large number of compositions for the organ, church anthems, and songs, which have become very popular. Two larger works, the *Legend of Don Munio* and the *Marmion* overture, were followed by the *Golden Legend*, which from more than a score of competitors carried off the prize of $1000 offered by the Cincinnati May Festival for the best composition for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra.

To the large number of choral societies already in existence, Mr. Thomas has added one in New York and one in Brooklyn, for the purpose of aiding the two Philharmonic societies in the production of works demanding a large chorus and orchestra, such as Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and selections from Wagner's Trilogy. Of the numerous German societies, most of which are of a private or social character, the Liederkranz and the Arion are most widely known. The Oratorio Society continues to devote itself to the study of Handel, Haydn, Bach, etc. The Mendelssohn Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, consisting of a male chorus, sing English glees and German part songs, chiefly without accompaniment, with remarkable finish and precision. Some years ago, Mr. Mosenthal directed the Glee and Madrigal Society, in many respects the best chorus ever formed in the city. Glancing over the programmes from 1869 to 1874, many names familiar to the public appear as members of the chorus, those of Miss Emma C. Thursby and Miss Antoinette Sterling being the most conspicuous. This society sang madrigals by Morley, Wilbye, Festa, Gastoldi, Weelkes, Gibbons, and Ford, with admirable precision, intensity of expression, and true intonation. For variety's sake, the society sang such compositions as Mendelssohn's Psalms, Gade's *Erl King's Daughters*, selections from Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, and the male chorus gave the Mendelssohn Greek choruses, Schubert's "Night," "Spirit Chorus," and similar pieces. The voices individually and collectively were good, and they sang in a way that demonstrated their careful and admirable training, and showed that they loved the music and delighted in the exercise.

The organists attached to several of the larger churches have established choral associations, of which their respective choirs in some instances form the nuclei. These study the more difficult church music, and miscellaneous music of the highest grade.

The low state of church music until within comparatively recent times was in a great measure the result of the influence of the first colonists and their successors. The Puritans, the Dutch, the Quakers, and in after-times the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others, cared little for music beyond psalm and hymn tunes. For a long period the organ even was not allowed in many churches, and until the growth in numbers of those churches whose ritual permitted an elaborate use of mu-

sical forms, very slight attention was paid to the subject. It is true that in New England it was an object of desire among the young men and women to become members of the choir, but except the weary round of psalms, almost the only attempts at higher music were the so-called fugue tunes, familiar to the present generation through the medium of the "Old Folks" concerts. The musician of to-day esteems these compositions as beneath his notice, yet they were the sign of a struggle for something beyond mere metrical tunes. Bach's chorals were seldom sung, their peculiar metre and rhythm, full of double endings, preventing their use in connection with the ordinary hymn-books. The walls of conservatism once broken down, music in many churches was made use of as a means to attract large audiences, and the competition that ensued was not confined to any one denomination. As a matter of course, the true function of church music was lost sight of, light secular music, arranged according to the fancy of the organist or leader, was introduced, gifted vocalists rivalled to the extent of their ability in brilliancy and effects the artists on the stage, and propriety was very often disregarded. This state of confusion was transitory only, and a change for the better has already taken place; but great diversity of opinion and practice still exists. A few churches have adopted the Gregorian music, and the vexed question of quartette or chorus choirs has been generally solved by the employment of both.

In the Catholic and Episcopal churches the orchestra is often used as an auxiliary, and churches in which congregational singing is the rule are now well supplied with suitable hymnaries. The typical churches for the higher forms of music are the Trinity Episcopalian and several of the Catholic churches; that for congregational singing is Henry Ward Beecher's.

Aside from the good effect on the instruments, the generous rivalry between the great piano manufacturers has resulted in a gain to the city of two fine halls. Fifteen years ago, Messrs. Steinway and Sons built a large and commodious hall, admirably suited for concert purposes, and gave their name to the building. Since its erection, many of the most successful concerts and most of the oratorios have been heard within its walls. Some years later, Messrs. Chickering and Sons followed this example with a hall on Fifth Avenue, admirably adapted for chamber concerts. At a great expense to themselves, the Messrs. Steinway and Chickering have aided in bringing to America many of the famous pianists of Europe.

FRANZ RUMMEL.

Come what may, the piano will permanently keep the first place as the instrument of the household. And in no country are there so many pianos and so many players as in the United States. The widespread use of this instrument has created an extremely large class to whom the masters of the piano can appeal. The appeal is never unheeded, and unless mismanaged, hardly any engagement in New York, or tour through the country, has failed to be profitable to the performer and to art.

The most successful artist of late years has been Joseffy—a second Liszt in technique. Certainly no such extreme delicacy of touch, marvellous facility of execution, and exquisite finish have been reached by any artist ever heard in this city. In Chopin, Joseffy is unsurpassable; but with some composers, as he knows

S. B. MILLS.

no technical difficulties, he frequently hurries the *tempo*, and injures the effect.

Franz Rummel, while he can not rival Joseffy in technique, possesses what many pianists lack—breadth of conception, vigor, a bold style, and the power of merging his own identity in that of the composer whose work he is reproducing. Lacking somewhat in elegance of style, he yet at times rises to a height which suggests that great genius Rubinstein. At one concert of the Philharmonic Society he fairly electrified the audience by his brilliant rendering of Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian Airs.

Very few American pianists have adopted the concert-room as their field of labor, preferring, in most instances, teaching as a profession. Their concert playing has been incidental only. One of the best-known is Mr. William Mason, whose whole career has been that of a thoroughly conscientious artist of the highest aims. Mr. S. B. Mills, who has been more frequently heard on the platform, has few superiors in delicacy, accuracy, and technique.

Piano and organ recitals have long been fashionable, and the next step is obviously in the direction of the stringed instruments. As musical taste is developed they receive more attention, and either as solo instruments or in quartettes are rapidly growing in public favor. Should Joachim and Sarasate visit this country, the many Americans who have been delighted by their playing in Europe will cordially welcome them to the shores of the New World. Be that as it may, we have with us Wilhelmj, Reményi, and the child Dengremont, and listening to them, we are for the time content.

During the Bayreuth performances, it is reported that Liszt said of Wilhelmj, "He is so thoroughly adapted for the violin, that, were the instrument not at hand, we should have to invent it for him." Ever since his first appearance in America, his popularity has steadily increased. The tones he evokes from the violin are remarkable for their clearness and richness; technical difficulties cease to exist, and without ever straining for dazzling effects, the result attained is marvellous. Wilhelmj lacks that personal magnetism which is so potent a factor in the career of a public performer. Ole Bull possessed this in a remarkable degree. The public that heard him once regarded him as a friend, and every subsequent appearance was sure to awaken a storm of approval. Though others may be acknowledged as greater artists, no one can ever expect to win greater love and favor from an American audience than was bestowed on the charming old man who has so lately left us.

Perhaps the most characteristic street in the city is the Bowery. For a short time a rival to Broadway, it soon sank into a secondary position; its broad street was given up to numerous lines of street cars; its stores and cellars were turned into beer saloons, cheap restaurants, clothing stores, etc.; the upper stories into tenements and cigar manufactories, and the sidewalks occupied by hucksters. In truth, it seemed that when the elevated roads should be added, and confusion be worse confounded, the street would sink into utter obscurity. But, strange to say, it thrives on the noise and confusion, and is now one of the most frequented avenues in the city, especially in the night-time. On a mild evening, up to eleven or twelve o'clock, it is a scene of marvellous activity. Almost every beer saloon has a brass band, or at least a pi-

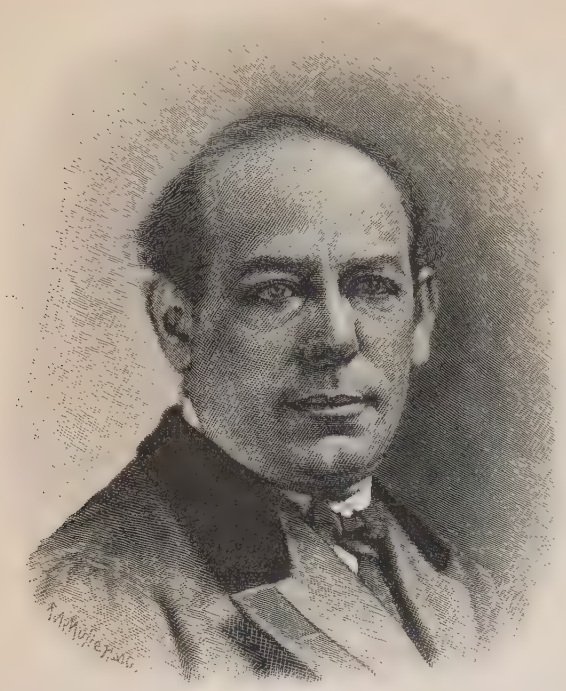
ano, violin, and cornet, and what the performers lack in finish, they make up in vigor. Through the open doors and from the cellars come outbursts of noise and merriment; the innumerable cars go jangling and rumbling along; every truck and wagon in the city seems to rattle through the street; the dwellers in the upper stories are congregated in the hallways and on the sidewalks, seeking a little fresh air; the street hawkers, with gasoline torches, are crying their wares; in front of the auction-rooms men with throats of brass are inviting the passers-by to enter; every shop is open, and a vast tide of humanity is streaming down the street, met by a still vaster throng going up town, while, high above, the trains on the elevated roads thunder along. The discord is simply amazing, but the good citizens, accompanied by Frau or Schatz, do not seem to mind it in the least, but serenely go on their way, and turn into the stores, theatres, or beer gardens, intent on an evening's shopping or entertainment.

The Old Bowery Theatre, time-honored seat of the "blood-and-thunder" drama, was altered, repaired, and renovated in the summer of 1879, its name changed to the Thalia, and its doors thrown open as a home of the German drama and light opera. On its boards, in rapid succession, were presented a large number of operettas and pieces, as the Germans have it, "Posse mit Gesang," and here the first representations in New York of the *Royal Middy* (*Der Seekadet*), *Boccaccio*, *Prince Methusalem*, *Nisida*, and other light operettas were given in the original with great success. The owners of this theatre, under the direction of Fräulein Cottrelly, have solved the problem of light music at low prices for the German population. They recognized the fact that their patrons, though fond of music, have little money to spend in the gratification of their pleasures, and the rules adopted by them are as simple as they are good: low prices, and no unsold reserved seats.

By adherence to these rules the theatre has been generally well filled, and at no time was it necessary to "paper the house" to secure fair audiences. English managers and impresarii would do well to take a leaf out of Fräulein Cottrelly's book, and try the same plan for a season. Possibly the results might be similar to those of the Opéra Comique in Paris, where, during the summer, prices were reduced one-half, with increased receipts as the effect. Aside from the financial result, the effect on the actors and singers would be beneficial. Where now they go through their performance in a listless manner, the effect of empty benches, they would then feel the inspiring influence of crowded houses. Such a result would please all parties: the management by its larger income, the singers by the magnetic influence between the performers and the audience, and the public by reason of the lessened expense.

Through the enormous immigration of the last thirty years, many German manners and customs have become fixed among us, and have exerted a marked influence on other immigrants and on those who are native born. Absorbed in the hurly-burly of money-making, the American people could not be brought to separate business from pleasure. As a consequence, most amusements were taken sadly. But with the Germans

AUGUST WILHELMJ.



EDOUARD REMENYI.

came the German ability of enjoyment through cheap and innocent amusements. In the father-land they had been accustomed to go with wife and children to the gardens and open-air cafés, where the father placidly smoked his pipe and sipped his beer, while the mother quietly plied her needle or knitting, and the children played around her or strolled about and chatted with each other in undertones, while all listened to the charming music discoursed by good bands. For a long time the counterpart of the father-land was confined to the Bowery, Jones's Wood, and Hoboken. Gradually, however, the patrons of these places ceased to be only Germans, and with some slight changes capitalists felt that the city at large would support similar concerts. Among the first results of the change were Theodore Thomas's garden concerts, soon followed by Gilmore's concerts in the Madison Square Garden, and culminating in the innumerable daily afternoon and evening concerts at Coney Island. But all these were for the summer months only, and the next step was to build a suitable house which should be cool during summer and warm in winter. Messrs. Koster and Bial were the first to make this venture. They purchased the Twenty-third Street Theatre, tore out the stage, continued the building through to Twenty-fourth Street, pierced large open arches in the side walls, and laid out the adjoining vacant lots as a garden, and placed a large organ and an orchestral platform in the main hall. Here, under the direction of Mr. Rudolph Bial, at one time director of the famous Krolls Garden in Berlin, a continuous series of concerts has been given, which have been unusually well attended from the beginning by the most respectable people. The music, as a rule, has been of a light, sparkling character, which pleased while it did not demand close attention; but occasionally music of a higher order has been attempted, with encouraging results. Notable among these were the concerts given during the past summer in connection with Wilhelmj, when, despite the double price of admission, the hall was thronged by thousands.

Encouraged by the success of Messrs. Koster and Bial, the Metropolitan Concert Hall Company, in the early summer of 1880, opened their building on Broadway and Forty-first Street—a hall capable of accommodating four or five thousand people, while leaving ample room for promenading. Mr. Aronson, the director of this new enterprise, spent several years in Europe studying the characteristics of the popular summer-night concerts of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, and on his return interested capitalists in the scheme, and the result was a building without a superior of its kind either in Europe or America. The main characteristics are an immense hall of great breadth and height, surrounded by wide aisles. By means of a steam-engine in the cellar, the sliding roof above the hall is capable of being opened or shut in a few seconds, thus affording complete ventilation, and keeping the hall cool, even when brilliantly lighted by innumerable gas jets. Above the aisles on the main floor are tiers of boxes on either side, with a restaurant at the end, and the ceiling above these

boxes forms the floor of the great novelty of the building—an open-air terrace or gallery, eighteen feet wide, which runs entirely around the building. The windows of the clear-story of the hall being thrown open, the auditory in the terrace can hear the music almost as plainly as in the hall itself, into which they have a full view; while, crossing to the other side of the terrace, they overlook the neighboring four-story buildings and the street below. Upon Mr. Thomas's engagement as director of the music, the attendance, already very large, was greatly increased, notably on the two evenings of the week devoted to classical music. Both the Metropolitan and Koster and Bial's combine the features of a concert hall, restaurant, and café under one roof.

A few years ago an association of capitalists made the delightful discovery that New York was within twenty-five minutes of the blue ocean, and of a white sandy beach unsurpassed by any of the famous European sea-side resorts. Acting on their discovery, they built a magnificent bathing pavilion, and a yet more magnificent hotel, surrounded by flower beds, in the centre of which a music stand was erected. A military band under the direction of Mr. Gilmore, the originator of the famous Boston Jubilees, was engaged to give a concert every afternoon and evening during the summer months. It is true that Coney Island could be found on all the maps, but, with the exception of a few Brooklynites who drove down in the late afternoon, the place had been abandoned to card sharpers and the roughest class from New York. The fashion of the metropolis went to Long Branch, Newport, and other places at least fifty miles from the city; but the proprietors of the Manhattan builded even better than they knew, for to-day six railroads and numerous boats are hardly sufficient to carry the countless thousands to the various hotels that dot Coney Island. The Manhattan still retains its pre-eminence, and is thronged every day and evening by the multitudes to whom Gilmore's Band and the sweet notes from Levy's cornet are the chief attraction.

Stimulated by the success of the Manhattan, a second hotel was soon built—the Brighton—which is to Brooklyn what the Manhattan is to New York. All the paraphernalia of the older hotel were repeated—a special railroad to carry the multitude, a large bathing pavilion, an immense restaurant to feed the hungry, and lastly and chiefly, an orchestra and a good cornet-player. Mr. Neuendorf was intrusted with the music, and during the first summer he employed a complete string, wood, and brass orchestra. The artistic effect was encouraging, but was unfortunately lost to those unable to obtain the best seats, and the next year the orchestra was replaced by a military band.

EMMA C. THURSBY.

Farther to the west, on the same beach, numerous sea-side resorts were built, each of which had its band, the best known being Downing's Ninth Regiment Band, with Mr. Arbuckle as cornetist. With the enthusiasm peculiar to Americans, numerous hotels were built at Rockaway, Long Beach, and other places. The direct gain to music is small, but indirectly the certainty of employment throughout the otherwise dull months has induced many musicians to remain in the metropolis.

At a farewell supper given to Miss Thursby in London, Mr. Hatton, in proposing a toast, took occasion to say, "The truth is, the leading English concert singers of to-day are Americans, and the principal Italian prime donne of the lyric stage

come from America," and called on Mr. Mapleson to substantiate his remarks.

Making all due allowance for the circumstances under which this compliment to our fellow-citizens was made, the statement was not so very far from the mark. Could we but have a Conservatory of Music on a generous plan, with a large endowment, having at its head a man of undoubted ability and a thorough musician, by encouraging the latent genius which in so many instances is crushed by unfavoring circumstances, it might be verified in its entirety. What is needed is concentration and co-operation. Good teachers are numerous in the city, and some of our best singers have received their entire musical education at home. Miss Thursby is one of the shining examples of the vocal culture attainable in America, for, with the exception of a few months' study in Milan, her perfect method and brilliant execution are the results of training received under the direction of Julius Meyer, Achille Errani, and Madame Rudersdorf. Her voice is of unusual compass, with great carrying power and perfect intonation, and, by reason of its purity and strength, may be heard above orchestra and chorus throughout the largest building. In ballads and songs, which she sings with a *naïveté* that is irresistible, in the great arias, and in concert pieces that abound in technical difficulties, her singing is in turn tender, lofty, and graceful. Never indulging in execution that is ornamental only, all her powers are subordinated to the one great end—expression. Her true field is the oratorio and the concert-room. Miss Kellogg and Miss Hauk also are among those whose education has been altogether American, the list of whom might be greatly extended.

There are few countries in which music is more extensively cultivated, or at least performed, than in the United States, but as yet our best musicians have chiefly been executants. The composers have been hampered by lack of opportunity, caused by the chilling indifference to native talent, and by the flood of European writers, whose works are common property in America. Valuable and interesting symphonies, grand operas, compositions in all forms, have in years past lain neglected on the shelves of their authors' libraries. A better time is near at hand. Help is extended to the American composer by the offering of prizes for compositions, and a sure sign of the improvement in musical taste is seen by the increased interest in the composition rather than in its performance. Mozart's father once wrote to his son, "Consider that for every connoisseur there are a hundred wholly ignorant; therefore do not overlook the popular in your style of composition, and forget to tickle the long ears." Mozart replied, "Fear not, father, respecting the pleasure of the multitude; there will be music for all kinds of people, but none for long ears."

Too many American musicians, knowing the fate that had attended the larger compositions in the past, wrote for the "long ears" only, and the result is an enormously long list of extravaganzas and music of the most ephemeral character. The only characteristic American music hitherto is the product of the lowest strata of its society. The plaintive slave songs, and their echoes the plantation melodies and minstrel ballads, have won popularity wherever the English language is spoken; but they are rapidly passing away, and in a few years will exist in memory only.

The chief hinderance to the development of a national school of music lies in the diverse character of our population. American composers may flourish, but American music can not be expected until the present discordant elements are merged into a homogeneous people.

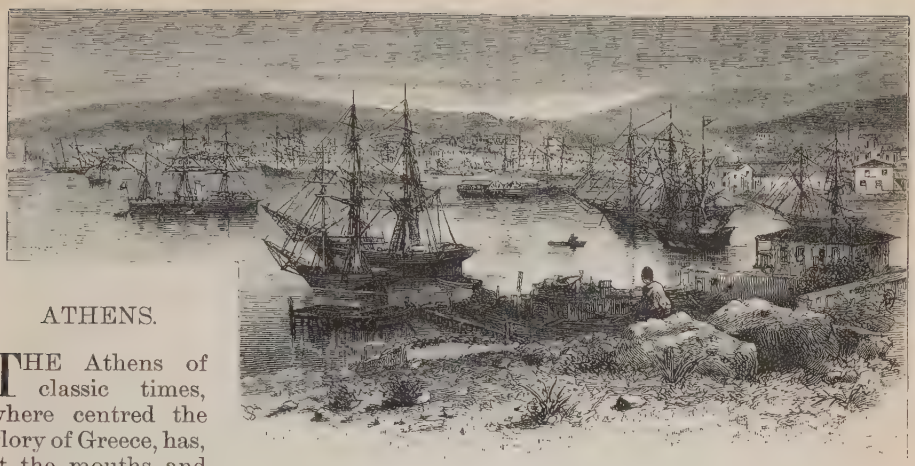
"APRILLE."

She walked across the fields, ice-bound,
Like some shy, sunny hint of spring,
And stooping suddenly, she found
A violet—a dainty thing,
Which shunned the chilly light of day
Until sweet "Aprille" came that way.

They knew each other, girl and flower;
There was some subtile bond between;
And I had walked, that very hour,
The fields, and had no violet seen:
For me the winter landscape lay
All blossomless and black and gray.

They knew me not, blue flower, blue eyes;
She, careless, passed me when we met;
The tender glance which I would prize
Above all things, the violet
Received; and I went on my way,
Companioned with the cheerless day.

From wintry days blue violets shrink;
From wintry lives blue eyes will turn;
And yet if she, I sometimes think,
Could smile on me with sweet concern,
One life so like this wintry day
Would spring-time be for aye and aye.



THE PIRÆUS.

ATHENS.

THE Athens of classic times, where centred the glory of Greece, has, at the mouths and pens of all, her meed of praise. The Athens of to-day, the capital of the realm of George I., King of the Greeks, is an object of interest not simply as "the heir of fame," but for what she actually is, and for what she is likely to become in the near future. Not only the antiquarian and the classical scholar, but the artist, the student of politics, the pleasure-seeking tourist, and the observer of men and manners, will be richly repaid if he takes the pleasant voyage of two or three days from Naples to Athens, even if he go no farther to the east.

Three cities the world honors as the sources of the religion, the law, and the "fair humanities" that have made us what we are: Jerusalem, the mother of Christianity; Rome, the stern mistress who taught the world state-craft and respect for law; and Athens, in whose pure atmosphere the love of knowledge and the love of beauty first gave a perfect form to art, philosophy, and literature. Rome, with her insatiate thirst of conquest, drew into her own later history that of the Christian Church, as she had imitated and borrowed from the literature, art, and philosophy of Athens. And from the Christian fervor that Rome had thus drawn from Jerusalem, working upon that love of perfect forms of beauty which Athens had taught her, came the greatest latter-day glory of Rome—that art of idealistic painting which made her again the mistress and the teacher of the world.

Yet it is not chiefly for what Greece has done through her influence on these rude Roman conquerors whom she took captive, that the world is indebted to Athens. All the nations of Europe have at their best epochs gone directly to her for instruction. Greek literature has influenced the development of all the literature the polite scholar thinks deserving of his study. Greek constitutions have served as models or as warnings to every statesman and to every student of politics. The central ideas of the constitutional governments now foremost in the world are popular elections; magistrates the servants of the law, but responsible to the people; two legislative bodies, one popular, the other conservative; and local autonomy in local affairs. All these are Greek principles, borrowed from Greek history. And even now we are not beyond learning from the history of Athens. The conditions of Athenian society, the aims and habits of thought of the citizen of Athens in the days of her glory, were in many ways strikingly like those of America to-day. Webster, in the maturity of his power, after reading again the funeral oration of Pericles over the soldiers slain in the war with Sparta, cried out, as he closed the book, "Is this Athens, and an Athenian orator? or is it an American, speaking to citizens of the United States?" Athens saw the rise of "bosses" and "henchmen" in her degenerate days. Her thoughtful citizens lamented the substitution of blind obedience to a "working" demagogue for intelligent allegiance to the patriotic statesman who voiced in his speeches and embodied in law the en-

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS.

lightened public sentiment he had helped to create. Even the notorious maxim whose influence has cursed American politics for the last fifty years, "To the victors belong the spoils," is a translation from the pages of Xenophon.

In the natural sciences, the Greeks made so many shrewd guesses that science in its greatest strides has seemed but to follow the line of Greek conjectures. Philolaus maintained, twenty centuries before Galileo, that the sun was a globe in the centre of the system, and that the earth and the other planets revolved about it, the earth's own motion on its axis causing day and night and the apparent motion of the stars. Cuvier's work of classification in zoology is in part anticipated, in the *History of Animals*, by Aristotle. Geology was prophesied when Xenophanes inferred, from fossils, extinct races of animals and great changes in the earth's crust. All the world knows how progress in chemistry and physics has followed the revival of Democritus's happy "atomic theory."

Yet it is in the realm of ideas rather than of material science that the glory of Greece and Athens lies. It is because Socrates and Plato made intensely real that distinction between right and wrong which the sophists were attempting to discard and deny; it is because her great poets set forth so nobly the same commanding force of moral law, however clearly they may have depicted the failures of Greeks to comply with its requirements; and because all this is done in literary forms that are as perfect and as harmoniously proportioned as are her statues and her temples—it is by this perfection of thought in perfect forms that Athens has held her sway over the minds of men. The reign of political law among the nations may have been the lesson of Rome to the world. The recognition of a natural moral law in philosophy, and the reign of harmony, self-restraint, and measured proportion as the basis of beauty in art and in literature, the world owes to Athens. And in architecture (if we except the Gothic—grand by its aspiring lawlessness), in plastic art, in philosophy, oratory, and poetry, the world measures all its later work by a reference to the perfect standard of the Attic ideals.

It has been too much the fashion to speak of the Athens of to-day as having little left to her save these glorious memories of the past. We have been told that the race type has utterly changed, that the language has degenerated almost beyond recognition, that the old customs and traditions are utterly dead. The lectures of Felton, the discoveries of Schliemann, turning all eyes once more toward Greece,

and the interesting articles lately published in the *Philhellenic Review*, in London, have done much to remove from the English-speaking public this false impression. Greece is assuming every month a more prominent place in the consideration of those who are troubled by the Eastern Question. And this awakened interest in Greece will lend interest, it is hoped, to an article which, omitting all attempts at detailed description of her wonderful ruins, and her museums so rich in statuary of the best period of art, untouched by the restorer's chisel, shall simply record some of the impressions of a recent stay of two months at Athens.

The traveller approaching Athens from the east changes steamers at Syra, in the heart of the Cyclades, and after a night voyage finds himself coasting Ægina at dawn, and at sunrise anchored in the Piræus, the port of Athens. The harbor presents a busy, thriving aspect. At the close of the revolution in 1830, there were but half a dozen fishermen's huts where now stands a rapidly growing town of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants.

The idea of entering Athens by railroad is repellent to any lover of her past. Who would be carried by steam into the presence of that altar-rock to which lovers of the beautiful in all ages have looked for inspiration? Who would lose the delight of the first long look as the Acropolis rises into sight above the roofs of Piræus, or make shorter the keen pleasure of each new identification of hill and plain and stream and ruins before you with the strangely familiar yet unreal image you have formed from maps and books?

We drove slowly up the carriage road, which follows the line of the northern long wall. The railroad (the only passenger line in Greece) follows the line of the south or "middle long wall," thirty rods to the right. In classic times, thronging crowds of laborers, merchants, and travellers filled the space between the rows of closely crowded dwellings which on either side lined these old walls. Now there are not half a dozen houses between Athens and Piræus. The old substructions of the long walls of solid masonry twelve feet thick are still to be seen in many places, and have been used as the bed of the carriage road and the railway.

Half way to Athens we halt at a little

THE BYZANTINE CHURCH.

KING GEORGE.

way-side cabaret to water the horses. The supply of water which bubbles from a fountain here is brought in pipes underground beneath the bed of the Ilissus (always dry in summer now) from the famous fountain of Callirrhoë, close under the substructions of the Temple of Zeus Olympias. The sign of the little hostelry was two rival chieftains in ancient armor, lance and shield in hand, painted life-size in most startling colors. Over one was inscribed in Greek capitals ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ (Achilleus).

Driving east up Hermes Street, the main thoroughfare of the city, we pass the Temple of Theseus, best preserved of Grecian temples, at a little distance on our right; and at the corner of Æolus Street, which crosses Hermes at right angles, we catch a glimpse of the old octagonal Tower of the Winds to the south, close under the northern slope of the Acropolis. The ruins on that most wonderful rock draw your eyes irresistibly to themselves; but the Greek Church and the Middle Ages claim your attention as the street divides, passing on either side the little Byzantine church which fills the roadway. Then through a street like the modern parts of Paris, the sharp gray cone of Lycabettus towering before you on the left, close over the city, you drive on toward the park and the royal palace, which close the vista.

Our hotel, the Angleterre, faced the palace, a broad park intervening. It was St. George's Day, and the custom of the Greek Church keeps the birthday festival not on the anniversary of one's birth, but on the saint's day of the patron saint whose name was given the child when christened. So on St. George's Day were to be observed the ceremonies appropriate to the birthday festival of "George, King of the Greeks." The city was astir. The crowd wore, for the most part, the dress and the quick, nervous aspect of a New York crowd. Here and there you saw the Albanian costume, adopted by the Greeks as the national dress for lack of any other more distinctively their own. Blue, close-fitting breeches; white or blue stockings and gaiters; low shoes of red leather with pointed, tasselled, upturned toes, and no heels; a short black jacket, sometimes blue, cut away, and richly embroidered, worn over a red waistcoat, and a white, embroidered shirt with open sleeves; colored garters at the knee, and a red girdle supporting an immense leathern pouch, from which protrude pistols and a knife or two; on the head a pointed red flannel cap, like a prolonged Turkish fez, falling over upon the side, and ending in a silk tassel. The most remarkable feature of the costume remains to be described. From thirty to sixty yards of white linen about thirty inches wide are gathered in a very thickly pleated skirt, which is

starched, and worn over the breeches. This is the fustanella; and where this habit is kept scrupulously clean (which is seldom the case with the class of citizens who most affect it), it is strikingly picturesque. The profusion of skirt necessarily gives to its wearer, in Western eyes, a certain feminine air, which no amount of bushy beard, no fierceness of demeanor, no profusely displayed fire-arms, can quite counteract. Yet as the National Corps came marching down the square, thus uniformed, their brawny limbs and determined faces, and the gleaming colors of their dress, gave them an air not unlike that of the Scotch Highlanders. In Megara and Eleusis, as in many other parts of the interior, the inhabitants, especially the women, adhere invariably to their characteristic and high-colored local costumes, many of which are most picturesque in color and in detail.

Several of the women in the crowd before us, and a few of the ladies in the Greek ministers' carriages, wore the national red cap; and several others, who were dressed in Parisian style, had retained the very pretty Thessalian head-dress —a little golden crown or tiara supporting a light veil thrown back from the face.

As the crowd beneath us grew denser, uniformed policemen kept clear a way for the procession. Small, dark-eyed boys, with the preternaturally intelligent look that marks the Athenian boy, sold to the crowd odes and ballads in honor of the day, written in Greek that would have seemed hardly strange to the eyes of a contemporary of Plato, or to St. Paul himself, at Athens.

A squad of cavalry first came down the broad drive from the palace. Except the uniformly fine-looking officers, who spend extravagant sums for horses of showy action, they were very poorly mounted; but they sat their sorry beasts right well.

Fifty carriages followed, every nation represented at Athens sending its diplomatic servants to congratulate the king, and to attend him on his progress to a special birthday service in the metropolitan cathedral. A little cheer greeted the appearance of each national representative, except in case of the Turks, whose red fezes were met with a significant silence. The Duke of Connaught, then at Athens with his bride, occupied a seat in the king's own carriage, and a prominent place was assigned to the English Minister. English is the court language at Athens. Indeed, King George's close relationship with the Princess of Wales—she is his sister—has given to his reign something of the character of an English protectorate. For this reason, the Greeks took all the more to heart the action of Lord Beaconsfield—his "nasty trick,"

A GREEK BRIGAND.

they called it, with a broad pronunciation of the Englishman's opprobrious epithet —in bidding Greece refrain when she might have wrested from Turkey by force of arms, during the war with Russia, concessions of territory which all the world feels should be hers. But Beaconsfield assured Greece that she "had a future," and bade her trust it, and refrain from war. When peace was restored, in his secret and public negotiations he utterly ignored the claims of Greece. Indignation at this treatment ran high at Athens a year ago. The crowd in general was less demonstrative than an American or an English crowd on a like occasion; but the greetings to the king were said to be less enthusiastic than they would have been had not the presence of the Duke of Connaught and the English officers with him reminded the Athenians afresh of their keen disappointment at England's failure

PART OF THE MODERN CITY.

to maintain their cause against the Turk. During my stay at Athens, the appearance in the street of the white pith helmet so commonly associated with Englishmen in the East called out expressions of aversion from passers-by, which were very unpleasant. The name of American, however, insures one who is properly introduced the kindest attentions in Athens. American aid and sympathy during their revolution have always been held in grateful remembrance; and the labors at Athens of American missionaries in churches and in schools, and the character of the American representatives at Athens, have confirmed this kindly feeling.

The success of Greek scholars who have made a home for themselves in America, too, is keenly enjoyed by their countrymen. At a reception at the house of Professor Philip Joannes, of the university, several elderly scholars were present who had known Professor Sophocles, of Harvard, and who remembered with delight President Felton's stay at Athens; while others among the younger men inquired warmly after Dr. Timayenis, who is now doing so much in New York to make modern Greek more familiar to the eyes and ears of Americans.

Athens numbers not far from 70,000 inhabitants. Its principal streets are paved, and lighted by gas. Its architecture, in the better parts of the city, and in the common buildings designed for business purposes and dwellings, is not unlike the modern part of any European town. In 1832, when Dr. Hill, the venerable American missionary, who still resides at Athens, took up his abode there, he was obliged to live for some months in a ruined tower, as there was literally not a house standing in Athens. The city is entirely of modern growth. It lies almost exclusively to the north and east of the Acropolis. The old city lay chiefly to the south and west of this hill, and in Roman times extended northward and eastward.

Stone and brick are the building materials. There is no supply of wood for building purposes. Even roots and fagots for fuel are fabulously dear. In the poorer quarters of the city, and especially close under the Acropolis, there are rows of stone hovels, many of them but one story high, dark, noisome, and dirty. These huts are constantly encroaching upon the vacant land on the slopes of the rocky citadel. This land is the property of the government, and no one has a right

to build upon it. But there is at Athens either a law or a prescriptive right which prevents the removal or destruction of a home once built and occupied. Taking advantage of this, a couple newly married notify their friends, material is quietly got in the open air, and prepare their frugal meal—as you see how pathetically these little houses seem to cling like suppliants about the knees of the marble-crowned, world-famous Rock of Athens—it takes little fancy to imagine that these homes of

QUEEN OLGA.

together, and on the appointed night, as silently as may be, the simple house is erected, between dark and dawn, the hands of scores of friends making light work; and, with such household goods as they can boast, the young householders take possession at once. Then from the sacred home altar they safely answer the questions of the officers of the law, should any notice be taken of their trespass. As you gaze down upon these simple homes from the Acropolis in the earliest dawn of a summer morning, and see the inmates, roused from a night's rest (often passed beneath the open sky, on the flat roof or beside the humble door), light a little fire the poor have crept for protection beneath the mighty shadow of the stronghold of liberty in Athens's glorious past.

Probably the dwellings of the people, in the days when her grandest temples rose, were little more than shelter from sun and rain—far better represented by these poorer dwellings than by the Parisian streets which make up so large a part of Athens now. The outer walls of the finer houses are built of undressed stone, which is plastered over, and often painted. Light yellows and blues and pinks are sometimes chosen for this purpose, but white is the prevailing color. The roofs are for the most part flat. Along their

edges rows of the fan-shaped antefixæ of classic architecture are often placed. Wealthy citizens sometimes build isolated houses with fronts and entrances of the classic orders, the Ionic and Corinthian orders having the preference, for private dwellings. The balcony is indispensable. Often this is half filled with house plants; and many a visitor to Athens, in his sultry morning walks, has learned to avoid the tempting shadows beneath the balconies because of the dropping of superfluous water from these projecting flower gardens after their morning shower-bath.

The finer public buildings are of dressed stone or marble, and several of them would do credit to any city of Europe or America. The patriotism of Greek merchants who win wealth in foreign lands is every year finding expression in handsome gifts or bequests to adorn the city of their love. Thus the Varvakion, the boys' high school of Athens, was erected by Barbakes as a gift to the city; while Arsakes, another wealthy Athenian, twenty years ago erected the Arsakion, or girls' high school. The fine building to which the Polytechnic School and Museum have just been removed, and where the treasures from Schliemann's excavations are on exhibition, is the gift of two wealthy Epirotes who are doing business in Germany, and who feel that they best honor all Greece in honoring Athens. By far the most noteworthy building of modern Athens—another gift of patriotic private wealth—is the Academy, still in process of construction. It is designed for the use of a society of scholars and artists and men of letters, not yet formed, but to be modelled after the Academy and the Institute of France. It is constructed of Pentelic marble, and, with the quarries of Pentelicus close at hand, it has already cost more than $1,500,000. In many of its proportions it is modelled after the Parthenon. The tympanum of the principal front has received a colossal group of statuary—a reproduction, as far as is possible, of "The Birth of Minerva," which adorned the eastern front of the great temple on the Acropolis. The work is wonderfully well done. From this building one may form some conception of the splendor of the great Athenian temples of sparkling Pentelic marble in this brilliant Athenian sunshine, before time and exposure had dimmed the sparkling, crystalline purity which this marble shows when newly quarried. Twice, on clear days, I made a serious attempt to study the details of exterior ornament on the Academy, and could not endure the sight, it was so dazzlingly, blindingly white! My third and successful visit I was forced to make on a cloudy day.

The Academy is of especial interest, because in its decoration the architect is trying the effect of those brilliant blues and scarlets in the moulding of the soffits, and along the cornice, and on the capitals of the columns, of which we find so many traces in the Parthenon. However our modern taste may rebel at the idea of painted statues and temples of marble, there can be no doubt that Athenians of the best age of art used these colors, and found the effect pleasing to an eye and an æsthetic taste as highly developed as any age has ever known. And while few who are destitute of a strain of Eastern love of color in their blood at first admire color thus applied—while we Occidentals have always loved to associate the pure white of the marble with perfect ideal beauty of form—yet no one who has not seen it can intelligently condemn the effect of color thus used in this brilliant sunshine, and in a climate where purples and blues and reds and yellows are so rich and so plentiful as here in Grecian seas and sunsets, and on Grecian mountain ranges. Nature riots in rich effects of color here in the Ægean.

The first funeral procession which we met in Athens showed the peculiarities of the Greek custom at their best. On an open bier, resting on the shoulders of six young men, lay the body of a beautiful girl of sixteen, dressed in light blue and white, her face and arms exposed, her head garlanded with flowers, and flowers filling her hands, and lying in knots and clusters on her breast. So she was borne through the clear, sweet morning sunshine that flooded the streets of her native city, to her grave beyond its limits, under the shadow of Mount Hymettus.

Delegeorges, ex-Prime Minister, in the quickly succeeding changes of Greek party government several times at the head of the cabinet, and as often the leader of the opposition, died during our stay at Athens. He was a man whose stanch integrity and democratic love of simplicity had endeared him to the people. He was buried on the day after his death—the rule at Athens.

Dense crowds of men and boys thronged the streets near his house, from which the procession was to start. There were no services at his home, but acquaintances passed in to view the remains, and to offer sympathy to the family, who, as a rule, do not accompany the procession to the church or the grave. Every man who entered the house put on a white lace scarf over the right shoulder and under the left arm, the badge of mourning. Many bearded priests of the Greek Church mingled with the crowd. Their luxuriant hair is never cut, but is twisted into a roll, and knotted on the back of the head like a woman's. They wear a tall, cylindrical hat, brimless below, but with a round flat crown which projects laterally an inch or two. The dignitaries of the Church were resplendent in gold-embroidered robes of white, purple, and scarlet.

BISHOP OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

The coffin was of blue satin. The body, dressed in plain black as in life, the low shoes tied with white ribbon, was brought out and placed on the open bier. As is the custom at Athens, the upper half of the coffin, for its entire length, had been removed with the lid, and was carried in advance of the bier. On it was worked, in white, a cross and a crown. A glass cover was placed over the body. Flowers in profusion lay about the form of the dead statesman.

Two red banners—one with a formal sacred painting, in the Byzantine style, of the Annunciation, and of Mary and the Child; the other representing, in archaic figures, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—were borne before the coffin. Then followed the clergy and prominent citizens, while the brass band played a slow-moving dirge. Leaving the crowded streets, I went by a shorter way to the cathedral, where the mention of my nationality passed me through the closed doors, and secured me an excellent place—seats there were none, save for bishops and king.

First enter the sacred banners, and the men with the lid of the coffin; then priests with lanterns, censers, tapers, and banners; then the coffin is carried in, and placed on a black catafalque in the choir. The king, with a few attendants, has taken his place just to the left of the Patriarch's throne, which is on the south of the choir. King George is rather tall, erect, well-formed, fair-haired, with a blonde mustache, and pleasantly regular features. He wears the dark blue uniform of a major, and a light blue short cloak with crimson lining, while a wide light blue scarf crosses his breast from the right shoulder.

Young men press forward to the coffin

with garlands of flowers. They are delegates from the university and the schools. The Patriarch takes his seat, two bishops on either hand, venerable, white-bearded men. The loud shrill chant of the priests, men's voices singing in unison, begins the service. Two singers who are not priests intone most of the service, the priests and bishops over against them answering antiphonally. The music has that weird shaking of the voice within a range of four or five notes which recalls Arabian music. Indeed, the Greeks of to-day, in their church chants and in their street ballads, have no music which does not seem to have been borrowed from Asia. Nothing you see or hear at Athens is more unlike Europe and America than the singing.

The service finished, the king goes out first, after him the priests and the coffin. The procession resumes its slow march through the principal streets. Two hours later, as I stood on the Acropolis, I could see the crowd still standing about the open grave among the cypresses beyond the Ilissus, listening to panegyrics delivered in succession by four ex-prime ministers, the rivals and friends of the dead statesman. For several days the newspapers of Athens were filled with eulogies of Delegeorges. Many of them were very eloquent. I had the curiosity to count in one of these articles the words which I could not readily trace to a root used in classic Greek. There were but eleven such words in an article of two columns, so truly is the Greek of to-day *Greek* and not Slavonic.

As to weddings, outside of Sparta, where women have still, as in classic times, more freedom and greater privileges than anywhere else in Greece, the general principle is, at every stage of the proceeding, a heavy discount upon the woman. When a girl is born, the sex is often concealed from the mother as long as possible, lest disappointment kill her outright. "Only a girl," is the despondent answer of the father to inquiring friends. A man is said to be "terribly poor," because with small property he has half a dozen daughters, whom he must, if possible, get married. Matches are usually arranged by the parents or relatives of the contracting parties. Usually the first advances come from the friends of the girl, who try to dispose of her here and there with as small a *dot* as possible. On the other hand, the young man waits to be courted. Even if he be really in love, he is taught to interpose objections and to seem reluctant, that thus he may secure the offer of a larger marriage portion. Often the bride and groom have never seen each other more than once or twice when they meet at the altar.

The student finds again and again delightful illustrations of the Greek classics in Athenian customs and habits of to-day.

Thucydides gives us a vivid description of the half-playful way in which the Athenian soldiers, forced by stress of weather to land in the harbor off the island of Sphacteria (the modern Navarino), set to work, at Demosthenes's request, to fortify the point. He tells us that soldiers, bending over and clasping their hands low on their backs, took, in the receptacle thus formed, loads of mud for mortar, and of stone, which they carried up the hill to the wall. In Nikodemus Street, in Athens, I saw long lines of laborers carrying stones in precisely this same manner four or five rods, and up a narrow staging, to the masons at work on the walls of a new house. Some few of them wore a thick pad to protect the back, but most of them simply bent down, clasped their hands low on their hips behind, and were loaded by other laborers with three or four huge rough stones. The loose earth from the excavation was carried out in baskets strapped on the shoulders.

On a saint's day, in the vacant space close under the north wall of the Acropolis, we came upon a scene which was replete with suggestions of the Homeric sacrificial feast. A group of rather rough-looking men were roasting whole a sheep which they had just killed. At a little distance the grass, crimsoned with gore, showed where the victim's "head had been drawn back, while the sharp knife took away his strength." The pelt, just removed, lay close by. The carcass was spitted from the mouth straight through the body, one end of the spit resting on a huge stone, the other end in a forked stake driven for the purpose. A fire was burning under its whole length, and the master of ceremonies slowly turned it on the spit. A hastily improvised sausage had been made by stuffing some of the finely chopped liver, heart, etc., into the larger intestines; and we saw this broiling sausage, looking not at all unsavory, tasted by the cook as we stood watching

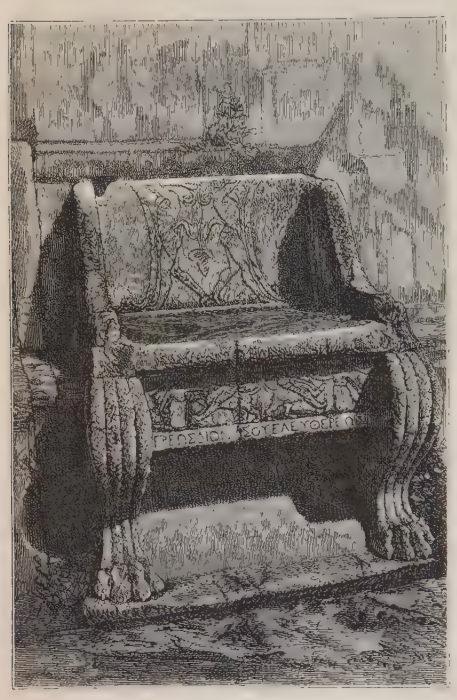
GREAT THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS.

the Homeric scene. Here was a suggestion that the process so often baldly translated "tasting the entrails" may have been a rather savory sampling of tidbits, after all. To make the picture completely Homeric, certain impatient youths had cut up small pieces of the raw meat, had "pierced them through with little spits," had "roasted them carefully," and were "drawing them off the coals" as we came upon the ground. But candor compels the admission that priestly fillets and salted barley and pempobola nowhere appeared.

After the Acropolis and the Pnyx, perhaps no place at Athens has a deeper charm from its associations than has the Academy of Plato. We visited its site one beautiful morning about the middle of May. From my note-book I venture to copy the description of our visit.

We walk two miles northwest from the Acropolis to the olive groves that still mark the place. The wheat harvest is just finishing. Men are reaping with toothed sickles. One or two poorly dressed women are gleaning in the corners of the fields. Other women follow the reapers, binding the sheaves. The olive-trees are in blossom. In this warm climate, wheat and barley ripen well under the shade of these trees, and are commonly sown in the orchards. We walk across fields of wheat stubble, then over meadow-land, gay with yellow, blue, and red flowers. We count twenty-three varieties of blossoming flowers, all brilliant of hue. Then through groves of pomegranates, with their great, solid, deep red blossoms, and on through vineyards, where the blood red of the poppies contrasts beautifully with the tender green of the low-trimmed vines. Large swallows skim the fields in every direction, twittering musically, reminding us of Anacreon's love for this bird, still so common even in the streets of Athens, and so well loved by the people. Other birds sing constantly in the groves. The tetix chirps shrilly in the grass. Little brown and green lizards dart here and there on the low earth walls which separate the fields. Immense old olive-trees, with gnarled and knotted trunks hollow at heart, remind us of those near Jerusalem. Fig-trees send out branches which are an intricate net-work of thick, clumsy shoots, bending now this way, then that, at the sharpest possible angle, regardless of all laws of symmetry. Lovely cloud shadows rest on Salamis, and float up the slopes of Mounts Ægaleos, Corydallus,

and Parnes. The mountains of Argolis are as blue as is the bay that lies rippling between them and us. To the southeast, above the thickly clustering roofs of the modern city, rises the steep, altar-like rock of the Acropolis, still crowned with the ruins of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum. Thus enthroned above the modern city, the citadel, with its matchless ruins, seems constantly to assert its undying



MARBLE THRONE IN THE DIONYSIAC THEATRE.

right to be regarded as Athens, to the utter oblivion of all which the nineteenth century has built below them. Across this same lovely landscape, to those temples, then perfect, and rearing their snowy splendor against the purple-gray background of Hymettus, in the pauses of their conversation were lifted the eyes of that group of earnest, clear-souled thinkers who talked with Plato in these very olive groves, on the banks of the Cephissus—the men whose calm, enthusiastic search for truth has rendered so illustrious these Academic shades that, through all ages, in all lands, the lovers of wisdom and of art have been fain to borrow from their groves the name "Academy."

The literature and history of Greece become doubly delightful to one who has seen all Attica and half of Greece from the summit of Mount Pentelicus, who has followed Pausanias and Leake and Curtius over all the boundaries of old Athens, who has read the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles and Aristophanes sitting in the old Dionysiac Theatre, on the very seats where sat the quick-eyed, keen enthusiasts for art who witnessed the first triumphs of these dramatists at that bright spring festival to which thronged all the intellect and fashion of young Europe; or, best of all, has ascended, morning, noon, and night, day after day, that airy Acropolis that presides over the modern city like the embodied memory of her glorious past. On this Acropolis the visitor shall learn, as only he who waits long and often there can learn, the soul-satisfying beauty of the ruins of the Parthenon, perfect in decay, mellowed to richest cream tint, the golden gift of this Southern sun, softened by time, and revealing in their exquisite proportions possibilities of harmony of which he had never before conceived, as the rays of the setting sun stream past these fluted columns, half filling the flutings with lines of shadow, and painting on other columns the graceful curves of this building, where curves took the place of rigid lines, and Plato's own "music of mathematics," and not the plumb-line, was the presiding genius as the temple rose.

There is a marvellous æsthetic exaltation in the effect produced on one by this perfect Greek architecture in the transparent, exhilarating atmosphere of Athens. Well might Aristophanes exclaim, "O thou, our Athens, violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable city!" Well might Euripides speak of the Athenians as "ever treading, with light and measured grace, through a clear, transparent air."

The last night of my stay at Athens was spent upon the Acropolis. The fascinating charm the perfect moonlight cast around me there was too strong to be broken. As I lay and gazed at the Parthenon, the strong, abiding beauty, the restful strength, of the Doric architecture took possession of me—a new revelation of harmony and delight. One could *feel* these mighty yet graceful columns bearing easily, yet bearing firmly and forever, and with the grace of conscious beauty and strength, the immense weight laid upon them. The perfect proportions of

THE PARTHENON.

the architecture seemed to me to throb in unison, and audibly to hymn themselves. It is but a half-step from such seen symmetry and harmony to harmonies audible and heard symphonies. Surely these architects were more than builders. They were musicians; and, like the other great tone-masters, they send the key-notes and sub-tones of harmony thrilling through you in presence of their work, until you feel new meaning in the coldly perfect phrase, "Architecture is frozen music."

Spare, nervous, thin of face, restless-eyed, quick and energetic of speech, is the modern Athenian. The groups of men who seat themselves toward evening at the little tables which fill the streets before the principal cafés, as they talk politics over their little cups of black coffee or their glasses of water and wine, gesticulate with that energy of action in conversation which marks the passionate son of the South. Often the Athenian carries in his hand a string of beads, not for religious purposes, but that he may relieve himself of excessive electricity by shifting them through his fingers as he bargains and talks—a safety-valve and a re-assuring process akin to the Yankee's whittling. He is keenly sensitive to every word you utter, quick to take your meaning, and polite as a Frenchman in ready deference to your expressed opinion; but none the less he holds firmly to his own belief unless you have convinced his reason. This he may not tell you. He may leave you to infer that you have won him over; and thus he has sometimes laid himself open to the charge of duplicity and deceit where he meant only to be credited with politeness.

The modern Greek has the Russian readiness in acquiring languages, and the German's patience in investigation, if some slight results can be seen as he works. But, like the hungry Yankee who gave up the attempt to earn a promised dinner by beating on the end of a log with the head of his axe, in his literary and antiquarian work the Athenian "must see the chips fly." Partly to this desire for immediate results, partly to the necessity of self-support, but still more to the utter lack of means and money for prosecuting researches and excavations, and publishing results, at government expense, is due the fact that the Germans have come to be regarded as better authorities upon the sites, the antiquities, and the history of Greece than are the Greeks themselves.

AN ATHENIAN GIRL.

Even a short residence at Athens, and the most superficial acquaintance with her university and its professors, will serve to convince one that many a German reputation has been built largely upon work done by Greeks, and that Athens does not lack for Greek scholars and antiquarians who, with such support in money and facilities for publication as the Germans receive, would soon become world-famous authorities, as they now are acknowledged masters in their departments, among those who know them. There is, unfortunately, a spirit of personal rivalry and petty jealousy among Athenian scholars, which has had a disastrous effect in preventing any united effort to present to the world connected results of Greek investigations.

With a university where fifteen hundred students are instructed by an able faculty of sixty professors, with a high school for boys and another for girls, with a constantly improving system of primary schools, practically free, so that three-fourths of her children between the ages of five and sixteen are in school, Athens seems to be in no danger of undervaluing education. Pallas Atrutone, the Unwearied Power of Intellect, is still devoutly worshipped in the city over which preside the beauteous ruins of her matchless temple.

Many of the charges which have been brought against the good faith of the modern Greek, I believe to be purely the result of ignorant prejudice. Others may be traced to dishonest and defeated rivals in trade. The proverb sometimes heard in the Levant, "It takes two Jews to cheat

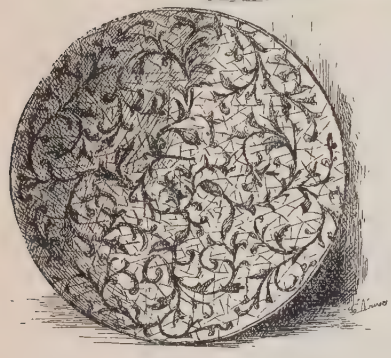
a Turk, two Turks to cheat an Armenian, two Armenians to cheat a Greek," is not intended to be strictly complimentary to the honesty of the modern Greek. But in the East no trader ever asks the price for his goods which he expects to receive. Every bargain is presumed to be the result of a gradual approach of buyer and seller, who set out from the most widely separated limits, and make alternate concessions, until, after much arguing and gesticulation, with intervals of quiet smoking, common ground is reached at last, and the bargain is concluded. In no way could you so surely make a Levantine merchant miserable as by paying him all he at first demands. I have seen more of deliberate overcharging and barefaced dishonesty attempted in a day at Paris than I saw in two months while in Greece.

Of the glory of ancient Athens, of the world's great debt to Greece, every modern Athenian is keenly conscious. Memories of her glorious past have always been cherished religiously, kept alive during centuries of oppression.

Athens suffers from an excess of intellectual activity. The city is overstocked with brains. Its hands are idle. Greece has no great manufactories; it has no system of roads. Among the many failures of King Otho's reign, perhaps none was more injurious than his failure to provide any means of ready intercommunication between the provinces of Greece. Of course the topography of Greece—her mountain ranges and deep-reaching gulfs and bays—renders the task of road-building a difficult one. But national unity and material prosperity can not come without good roads. To-day, all Greece has but five miles of railroad, and hardly more than fifty miles of good carriage roads. Finding no outlet in the development of the country's material resources, all the energy of the marvellously active Greek mind has been turned to trade, to study, and to politics; and chiefly to politics, always a passion with the Athenian. With a territory but three-fifths as great as that of New York, with a population of nearly two millions, with universal suffrage, and with a monarchy so limited that the government is in reality a democracy in the administration of its internal affairs, the Greek nation of to-day devotes ten times too much energy to governing itself. This concentration of force within narrow limits begets heat at Athens. Under such pressure, the political friction is something enormous. Athens supports from thirty to forty newspapers. Political clubs are more numerous than in classic days, and as influential. Every man of prominence has his newspaper, his club of personal followers, his petty party. When the death of Delegeorges, ex-Prime Minister, was announced on the street to a group of Athenian gentlemen with whom I was talking, the first remark was, "Ah, now Kurie So-and-So" (naming a politician of little influence) "will form a party, will he not?" Room for one more aspirant to office, with his organized clique of followers, was the argument.

Salaries for public services are of course pitifully low. Criticism of all official acts, and of every measure advocated by the government, is bitter and ceaseless. This spirit of criticism is not merely a healthful concern for the public welfare; it is the constant effort to induce a public, ever prone to change its political leaders, so to clamor as to put the "ins" *out*, and to give to other men a chance at what must be for them too a brief tenure of power. Acrimonious attacks upon men and motives abound. The newspapers give room to angry opponents for virulent personal diatribes against political rivals. The irrepressible life and mental activity of the nation preys upon itself.

Give Greece a mission; let her hope for that influence in the re-adjustment of power after Turkey's approaching dissolution (if the chronic "sick man" is indeed soon to die) which justly belongs to her as the most intelligent, the most enterprising, the most highly civilized race of the Levant; extend her boundaries, as we hope the great powers will soon do; give but a gleam of distant hope to such enthusiastic patriots as joined the club some time since organized at Athens by Makrakes, a shrewd political and religious agitator, which professes for its object to place Prince Constantine, King George's oldest son, on the throne of all Greece at Constantinople—and the truly great qualities of this wonderful race, which were proved to be still hers by the gallant, unflinching heroism displayed in her struggle for independence, but which have suffered a temporary eclipse since that struggle closed, will once more be displayed to a world which has so often been inspired by the words and deeds of the Greeks of ancient times.



VARIETY OF PLAQUES.—[SEE PAGE 840.]

DECORATIVE POTTERY OF CINCINNATI.

THE first occasion on which the decorated ware of Cincinnati was shown in a quantity to be specially remembered was in May, 1875, at the "International Entertainment" given by the "Women's Centennial Executive Committee of Cincinnati," in the old Elm Street Exposition Building, on the site of which the College of Music now stands. In the general aim of this committee to make a creditable addition to the work of women at the Centennial Exposition, the specialty of china-painting, then exciting some interest among the women here and in other parts of the country, was looked upon as promising a possible field of lucrative work for women. The exhibit, prepared by a few ladies of Cincinnati for this occasion, consisted of several dozen pieces—cups and saucers, pitchers and plates. The excellence of its execution excited attention, and many of the articles, together with subsequent work, were sent to the Centennial Exposition the next year.

The newspapers of that day (May 23, 1875) gave the following as the list of ladies who prepared this first exhibit of china-painting: Mrs. S. S. Fisher, Miss Clara Fletcher, Mrs. L. B. Harrison, Mrs. William Hinkle, Mrs. E. G. Leonard, Miss M. L. McLaughlin, Miss Lincoln, Mrs. A. B. Merriam, Mrs. Richard Mitchell, Miss Clara Newton, Mrs. Maria L. Nichols, Miss Rauchfuss, and Miss Schooley.

These ladies were invited to prepare the work by the Centennial Committee, who provided the china and the firing; the decorators gave their work. The articles were sold at auction during the entertainment, bringing good prices, the highest being twenty-five dollars for a cup and saucer; thirty-five cups and saucers were sold, aggregating three hundred and eighty-five dollars.

The origin of the movement can not be more precisely told, perhaps, than by saying that in the summer of 1874 Mr. Benn Pitman, of the Cincinnati School of Design, started a class of ladies (who had had some practice in water-color painting) in china-painting. The specialty of china-painting was not included in the curriculum of the School of Design, and could not, under the rules, be taught there. Mr. Pitman procured the necessary materials, invited the ladies to meet at his office for instruction, and engaged the late Miss Eggers as teacher. The ladies forming the class were Mesdames William Dodd, George Dominick, and E. G. Leonard, and Misses Charlotte Keenan, Florence Leonard, M. Louise McLaughlin, Clara Newton, and Georgie Woollard. At that time Miss Eggers and Mr. Hartwig were the only persons to be found in the city who practiced and taught china-painting. Although some of the class generously insisted on sharing the expense of this experiment, Mr. Pitman declined their assistance, and bore it entirely himself.

The work shown on the occasion referred to in 1875 was for the most part the outgrowth of this experiment, and although imperfect, when compared with later results, it was unquestionably the most extensive and satisfactory exhibit of amateur overglaze decoration made up to that time in the United States. The work was deeply interesting as so many careful experiments. Each one made her own trials, and gained knowledge and courage from her failures. Modes of firing were as imperfect as all other means and appliances; but the interested workers were undismayed by difficulties and mistakes, and eagerly pressed on to higher degrees of excellence.

Prominent among the ladies whose work gave character to this early exhibit in 1875 were Mrs. E. G. Leonard and Mrs. Andrew B. Merriam, whose interest has continued unabated, and whose delicate and finished overglaze work has caused their names to be well known among the best amateur artists of the country.

Among the efficient means of popularizing china decoration in Cincinnati at an early day were the establishment of a small oven, and the teaching of overglazed painting, by Mr. Edwin Griffith, in the spring of 1877. He visited the New Jersey potteries, learned something of the processes of using the oxides and of firing, and being skillful in the use of the brush, and pleasant in his ways, he became a successful teacher. The classes of Mr. Griffith were taught, and the process of firing was carried on, in the third story of the old building on the southwest corner of Fifth and Race streets, above the carving school of Messrs. Henry L. and William Fry. The house has since been removed. Mr. Pitman was instrumental in starting Mr. Griffith in this work.

From 1874 to 1877, the attention of the ladies was exclusively given to overglaze painting.

In 1877, Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, who had been among the foremost in her success in china-painting in 1875, published a hand-book on china-painting, for the use of amateurs in the decoration of hard porcelain, and also began to experiment in her search for the secrets of the Limoges faience.

The first results in this direction shown in Cincinnati were in the fall of 1877. In the next year specimens of this work were sent to the Paris Exposition. At about the same time, or soon after, Miss McLaughlin painted the first successful piece of blue underglaze on white ware.

It is said that unsuccessful efforts have been made in different parts of Europe to imitate or reproduce the faience of Limoges. However this may be, there is no doubt that in the United States we are indebted to the intelligent interest and persistence of Miss McLaughlin for its accomplishment. Months of labor and considerable money were spent before success was achieved: the preparation of clays, the adaptation of colors, suitable firing for underglaze decoration, were all matters of vital importance in the accomplishment of the new decorative process. Down to this time there were no facilities for firing decorated wares beyond the very imperfect means used for firing the overglaze work of jars, and the ordinary kilns of the potters.

During the process of her experiments in 1877–78, the work of Miss McLaughlin was done at the pottery of P. L. Coultry and Co., where special pride was felt in the matter by members of the firm and employés, and where everything in their power was done to insure success.

In giving credit where credit is due, it may be added that Mr. Joseph Bailey, Sen., and his son Joseph, of Mr. Dallas's pottery, gave her many practical suggestions, derived from their long experience in the business. It required the union of the knowledge of the artist, the chemist, and the potter to conduct the experiments to a successful termination.

The glaze used was that of Messrs. Coultry and Co., and was found to be admirably adapted to the decorative process which Miss McLaughlin had discovered.

The clays, of which she used a variety, were brought from different parts of Ohio; the vases, jugs, etc., many of them her own designs, were at that time made by the firm of Coultry and Co.

In the latter part of 1879, two kilns for firing decorated wares were built at the pottery of Frederick Dallas, one for underglaze, the other for overglaze work, the latter said to be the largest of its kind in the United States. The cost of these kilns was advanced by two ladies, respectively Miss McLaughlin and Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols. During the year 1879, the work of Miss McLaughlin

was transferred to the Hamilton Road pottery of Frederick Dallas.

In her specialty, which may be called Cincinnati faience, Miss McLaughlin has been constantly at work, month by month increasing her knowledge of methods, etc., until the results show a high degree of excellence and beauty. Many of her pieces have found homes in New York and other

Fig. 1.—Vase decorated by Mrs. William Dodd.

cities, but some of her largest and most successful specimens have not been seen outside of Cincinnati. Her "Ali Baba" vase, forty-two inches high, was produced in the winter of 1879–80, and has been presented by Miss McLaughlin, with other pieces, to the Women's Art Museum Association of Cincinnati. In the rooms of the association, with other ceramic work, it forms the nucleus of a collection probably destined to have historic interest in future years. This "Ali Baba" vase, or jar, has a groundwork of sage green, blending the gradations of color from the full tone up to a fleecy, cloud-like greenish-white; the decoration is a Chinese hibiscus, the colors being held in subdued tones. The potting of this piece, said to be the largest made down to that time in the United States, is the work of Frederick Dallas.

The success of the Cincinnati faience by Miss McLaughlin led to numerous experiments by others toward the same end. A number of them were successful in the discovery of the principles involved in the new process, and all were distinguished by individual characteristics of style. Notable among the discoverers and workers in this specialty are Mrs. William Dodd, Mrs. M. V. Keenan, Mrs. Dr. Meredith, and Mr. J. T. Wheatley.

In the spring of 1879, a "pottery club" of ladies was organized, with twelve active and three honorary members. Each one of the ladies is at work upon some specialty, or at least bringing to her work so marked an individuality as to characterize it with distinctive features. All have painted, and still paint, overglaze; each works in incised design, in relief decoration, and in underglaze color.

The Pottery Club has rented a room at the pottery of Frederick Dallas, where it is convenient to work in the various specialties in the "green" clay and "biscuit" ware. Their room is perhaps fifteen by twenty-four feet, having windows on the east, south, and west, in front of which, running round the three sides, is a shelf, or work-table, some two feet wide. A few plain chairs, modelling stools, a stove, and wash-stand comprise the fittings and furniture of the room. The building in which this pottery studio is found was the home of Mrs. Trollope during the time of her residence in Cincinnati. The access to the studio, which is on the second floor, is through the yard of the pottery, in which stand some of the kilns.

The members of the Pottery Club are as follows: Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, president, Miss Clara C. Newton, secretary, Miss Alice B. Holabird, treasurer, Mrs. E. G. Leonard, Mrs. Charles Kebler, Mrs. George Dominick, Mrs. Walter Field, Miss Florence Carlisle, Miss Agnes Pitman, Miss Fannie M. Banks, Mrs. Andrew B. Merriam, one vacancy; honorary members, Mrs. M. V. Keenan, Miss Laura Fry, Miss Elizabeth Nourse.

While it would be difficult to describe in this article the character and quality of the work of each member of the Pottery Club, any sketch of the decorative pottery-work of Cincinnati would be incomplete and unjust which failed of a due recognition of its excellence. Calling the roll of its membership brings into review much of the best of the enamelled faience, of the underglaze color, of the incised design, of the relief-work in clay, and of the exquisitely finished overglaze painting, which have given reputation to the work done in Cincinnati.

To a smaller room, perhaps ten by twelve feet in size, also in the second story of one of the buildings of the pottery, two ladies, not of the Pottery Club, daily take their way through the dusty floors, piled high with partially dried "biscuit" and glazed wares. For them the hours of daylight are too few and short. From this dim and unattractive little nook comes a succession of creations unique in character and beauty. The vase of "green" clay, brought up from the hands of the thrower below, is submitted to the artistic fingers of Mrs. William Dodd and Mrs. Maria L. Nichols, who practice every style of work on "green" and "biscuit" ware, from incised design as delicate as the spider's web, to Cincinnati faience, and relief-work in clay so bold that one is tempted to reach forth her hand and take the bird from the bough.

FIG. 2.—VASES DECORATED BY MRS. MARIA L. NICHOLS.

A piece of Mrs. Dodd's (Fig. 1) is a vase thirty inches high, buff body (Rockingham and white pastes), with bough of apple blossoms in high relief and natural colors, in which is a nest of eggs, and perched on the bough two brown birds of life size. To this extent the color is underglaze. Subsequently Mrs. Dodd added an overglaze decoration, by which the surface is flecked with clouds of gold here and there, and the neck of the vase enriched with a twining wreath of apple blossoms, and the base with a fringe of grasses and marsh plants.

The work of Mrs. Nichols is shown in vases of all sizes, and in wonderful variety of style, for her talents enable her to throw off work with uncommon rapidity. Among her pieces, during the last year, has been a succession of vases, each some thirty inches high. The body is of Rockingham in some cases, in others a mixture of Rockingham and white pastes, giving a soft buff color in some pieces, in others a rich cream. A majority of the large pieces of Mrs. Nichols are Japanese grotesque in design, with the inevitable dragon coiled about the neck of the vase, or at its base, varied with gods, wise men, the sacred mountain, storks, owls, monsters of the air and water, bamboo, etc., decorated in high relief, underglaze color, incised design, and an overglaze enrichment of gold. (See Fig. 2.) The large vases are thirty-two and thirty inches high.

Other pieces of Mrs. Nichols are in the fine-grained red clays of Ohio, decorated in incised and relief work, and an illumination of dead gold; surface finished with semi-glaze; also in a mixture of blue and yellow clays, producing charming tints of sage green, blue-gray, etc.

It is an interesting commentary upon the occupations of our women that the dusty quarters of the manufacture of iron-stone and Rockingham should be the point of attraction for so many of the refined and cultivated women of the city.

So much interest has been felt by the public in the practical work of the Pottery Club, that to avoid inconvenient interruption they decided to give an occasional reception, to which visitors would be admitted by cards of invitation. The first of the series was held in May, 1880. On this occasion not less than two hundred pieces were shown, which, from their variety of style and excellence of execution, formed a most interesting exhibit.

Early in 1878 the first effort in underglaze color in the Lambeth style, or, as it should be called, the "Bennett"* style, was made by Miss McLaughlin.

* Mr. Bennett's attitude toward Mr. Doulton is so respectful and deferential, and in regard to what he

FIG. 3.—WORK OF MRS. DOMINICK.

In 1879 the attention of a number of ladies was given to underglaze color work: during the year experiments in this direction became general. Success in using blue was not found difficult, and unremitting efforts have finally triumphed in the satisfactory use of a variety of colors.

FIG. 4.—WORK OF MISS HOLABIRD.

The work of Mrs. Dominick (Fig. 3), Miss Holabird (Fig. 4), Mrs. W. P. Hulbert (Fig. 5), Mrs. Kebler, and Miss Newton, in underglaze color, in the style of John Bennett, is full of interest and promise.

The relief-work in clays by Mrs. C. A. Plimpton is distinguished by features so marked as to make it unique and original among the various styles of work being done in Cincinnati. The decoration is generally on a body of Rockingham (Figs. 6 and 7), or one of the fine red clays of Ohio, on which the design is painted, so to speak, in varying relief, with clays of different colors and shades. A landscape, for example, upon a dark red or brown body, is artistically and delicately wrought, as if with the engraver's burin, in brown clays of different shades, with yellow and white pastes for high lights. Or on a close-grained, soft-toned red body of Scioto clay (Fig. 8), a branch of grape-vine in high relief encircles the rim of the vase, while delicate sprays spring from the base, the entire decoration being in clays of different colors. The largest diameter of this piece is sixteen inches. Her surface work is substantially that of pâte-sur-pâte, so beautifully shown by Solon, and it demonstrates in a most interesting manner

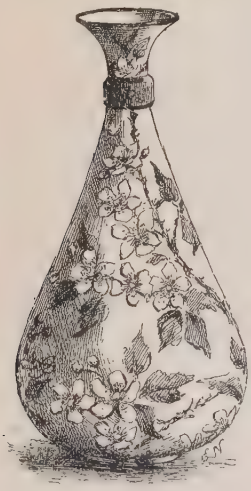


FIG. 5.—WORK OF MRS. W. P. HULBERT.

FIG. 6.—WORK OF MRS. C. A. PLIMPTON.

has himself done is so modest, that his own statement in answer to an inquiry on this point is not without interest. It is as follows: "Your impression respecting Doulton Lambeth faience is right. I introduced it, and taught all the pupils, glazed and burned; but in justice to Mr. H. Doulton, the principal, I must say it is very doubtful whether I would have brought it to the success it attained had I not been engaged by him: his natural good taste and desire to improve in art pottery always had a stimulating effect upon me. You will gather from the above that I think the Lambeth faience ought to be called 'Doulton'; at the same time, I have felt slighted by no mention being made of my name in Mr. Sparkes's paper on Lambeth pottery."

At the time of Mr. Bennett's employment by Messrs. Doulton, the only artistic work done by them was in the gray stone-ware which they were producing in their establishment: they had no studios for *painting*, either over or under glaze, till Mr. Bennett went there.

FIG. 7.—WORK OF MRS. C. A. PLIMPTON.

the decorative uses to which our common clays may be put. No work yet done here has so much originality, and promises so much in the use of our common clays, as this work of Mrs. Plimpton.

Mrs. Leonard's work has been chiefly overglaze (Fig. 9), but her work in underglaze color has all the delicacy and artistic skill which characterize her china-painting. Fig. 10 shows a vase of stone-china, covered with blue slip, and decorated with Parian paste, in low relief, by Mrs. Leonard.

The use of Parian paste for light relief-work, or for modelling in high relief, has received special attention from a number of ladies. Misses Elizabeth and Adelaide Nourse have produced some effective work in pottery in bold relief. Fig. 11 shows a piece of carving in yellow clay, unglazed, by Miss Adelaide Nourse; Fig. 12, a vase of cream-colored clay, carved by Miss Fannie M. Banks.

An interesting specialty is seen in the work of Miss Agnes Pitman, a part of the design being incised on a common clay body, which is then covered with a colored slip; finally other designs in low relief are laid on in Parian paste, modelled, and wrought with delicacy and skill. Miss Pitman also shows work in incised and low-relief decoration covered with dark glazes. A vase by Miss Pitman (Fig. 13) is of yellow clay, with incised designs and low-relief work in brown and white clay, semi-glaze finish.

FIG. 8.—WORK OF MRS. C. A. PLIMPTON.

The point of interest in the work of these Cincinnati women (leaving out of the question the excellence of its execution) is in the decorative uses which have been made of the common clays, and the variety and originality of the styles in which they are working. The various kinds of work mentioned in this article, except the few pieces of overglaze-work on European porcelain, are all done in Ohio clays from Cincinnati potteries, and, with few exceptions, are from the pottery of Mr. Frederick Dallas.

A piece by Mrs. William Dodd (Fig. 14), body of sage green (a combination of blue and yellow clays), shows a landscape in low relief, in red, brown, and white clays, with a garniture of woodbine in white clay; semi-glaze finish.

FIG. 9.—WORK OF MRS. E. G. LEONARD.

Fig. 15.—Stone-china tea-pot: blue glaze; decoration in gold and white enamel, low relief, by Mrs. Walter Field.

Fig. 16.—Cincinnati

FIG. 10.—WORK OF MRS. E. G. LEONARD.

faience vase: soft green ground, with tiger-lilies, by Miss Laura Fry.

Mrs. Merriam's work is shown in group Fig. 17. The central piece is overglaze; a gold and silver decoration on a rich dark green glaze; stone-china body. The end pieces are underglaze on cream-colored body.

Group Fig. 18 shows the work of Miss McLaughlin. The vase decorated with branches in relief is of dark brown clay; branches in red-brown clay. The four other pieces are in the enamelled faience.

The illustration at the head of this paper shows a variety of work in plaques:

FIG. 12.—WORK OF MISS F. M. BANKS.

the central piece at top, by Mrs. Frank R. Ellis, is blue glaze on white body, decorated in gold and white enamel; the plaque to the right, by Mrs. M. V. Keenan,

FIG. 11.—WORK OF MISS A. NOURSE.

is of Cincinnati faience; that to the left, by Miss Sarah Schooley, is in low relief, overglaze decoration, on soft buff clay body; below, an arabesque design in blue, underglaze, on white ware, with overglaze lines in gold, by Miss Clara Newton.

Fig. 19.—Mirror frame: designs in brown, on tiles, by Mrs. Charles Kebler.

The experiments of Mr. J. T. Wheatley in Cincinnati faience were begun in 1878. For a time his work was done at the pottery of P. L. Coultry and Co., but in the spring of 1880 he established himself in quarters of his own on Hunt Street, where he built a kiln for firing decorated wares (underglaze), and where all the processes of the preparation of clays, of moulding, glazing, and firing, are performed by him. It is understood that Mr. Wheatley has been unselfish in regard to his discoveries of modes and processes, freely communicating them to any who wish to learn, and

Fig. 13.—Work of Miss Pitman.

who are welcomed to work at his establishment. Mr. Wheatley is busily engaged in experiments with colored glazes, and in the preparation of new shapes and moulds, some of which rank with the largest yet made here.

During the spring of 1880, a class was taught in the practice of Cincinnati faience by Messrs. Retig and Valentine. These young gentlemen were pupils of the School of Design for a number of years. Mr. Retig had established some reputation as a designer of frescoes, and for artistic talent generally; in his quickness and accuracy of hand and appreciation of color Mr. Pitman saw the kind of skill to make a successful decorator of pottery, and at his suggestion Mr. Retig prepared himself for this work. Here again we recognize the unfailing interest of Mr. Pitman. His encouragement and aid in all practical ways have been intelligently bestowed, as many can testify who have felt the benefit of his knowledge and liberality of spirit. In reference to the growth of interest and advance in decorative pottery, as well as some other branches of industrial work, it can be said that no one in Cincinnati has done more toward making an industry into an industrial art than Mr. Pitman.

Fig. 14.—Work of Mrs. W. Dodd.

The class of Messrs. Retig and Valentine numbered sixty at the close of the spring term, and showed some encouraging work. The pieces decorated by Mr. Retig are said to be among those which have brought the highest prices in New York.

Fig. 15.—Work of Mrs. Walter Field.

No porcelain clay has been found in Ohio, and we have the authority of Professor Orton, State Geologist, for saying that we are not likely to find it. Professor Orton says: "We have in Ohio the main elements of a successful manufacture of porcelain and pottery, the fine varieties of porcelain clay being excepted. The two main elements are coarse clay and fuel. It is always counted an object to locate the manufactories near these supplies. The finer material can be brought a long way, if need be, for the amount required is very small in proportion to the pottery clay used in baking the porcelain, and the fuel."

Fig. 16.—Work of Miss Laura Fry.

But if not within the State, we have at our very

door an abundant supply of fine china clay.

Of this Indiana clay Professor E. T. Cox, State Geologist of Indiana, says: "The Indiana porcelain clay is the very best quality known to the world for the manufacture of fine porcelain. It is not, properly speaking, a kaolin, since the latter is derived from the decomposition of feldspathic rocks, and the former is a precipitate from a water solution. It is a new mineral, and I have named it 'Indianaite,' from Indiana, and *ite*, a stone (Indiana stone). It is found in the greatest abundance three and a half miles north of Huron, Lawrence County, Indiana." In addition to this "Indiana stone," a fine china clay is now brought here over the Southern Railroad from near Chattanooga.

Professor Cox was appointed one of the judges on fictile products at the Centennial Exposition, where he had rare opportunities of comparing the raw material, as well as the manufactured products, of the United States with those exhibited by foreign countries.

In regard to the "Indianaite," he says: "I saw no porcelain clays at the Centennial from other portions of the world which were equal to it in color or purity. This fact must speak for the future success of porcelain manufacture in the West. . . . European potters were much astonished at the excellence of American wares. Only a few pieces of porcelain were exhibited by our potters, but this was enough to show our ability to produce fine grades of ware. The body and glaze of our iron-stone and granite ware was in every way equal, if not superior, to that made in England and France."

Professor Cox also says, February, 1878: "I have just received a sample of pure white silica, in powder, from Perry County, Missouri. It is found there in extensive beds, and may be had at much less cost than the white quartz of the New England States, which is found in lumps, and has to be burned and crushed. The Missouri silica will save all of this labor, and is naturally prepared for use."

It is obvious from these statements that Ohio is favorably situated for the manufacture of fine porcelain, and the economic value of her common clays is a compensation for the absence of a porcelain clay within her borders.

So great an advance has been made in the use of underglaze color within a few years in Europe, and especially in England, that soft pottery for certain decorative and domestic uses has become popular, and the distance between it and its more pretentious sister, porcelain, has been lessened. Its perfection of glaze, and the consequent pleasure of handling, and the richness, depth, and blended quality of its coloring, appeal so pleasantly to the senses as to give it a certain superiority above overglaze work, especially where it is to be handled. The Ohio clays are all that could be desired for this wide and interesting field of work, and their uses are being shown by the potteries of Cincinnati. Experiments with the clays long used, and with those less known, from various parts of the State, with the introduction of new colored glazes which are especially needed for delicate incised and relief work, the making of new and improved shapes for table-ware and decorative pieces, show an impulse at the same time interesting and encouraging. Doubtless pure porcelain will be made in Ohio; but she can well afford, if she chooses, to rest her chances of reputation as a centre for the production of pottery upon her own varied and beautiful clays.

The pleasing tints of buff and cream pastes, with the soft, charming blue slip made by Frederick Dallas, seem as great an improvement among us over the glaring iron-stone, as was the invention, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, by Josiah Wedgwood, of his cream-color (C.C.) body. May we not draw a parallel between our own country at this time and the condition of England, in respect of her pottery, when Wedgwood lifted the industry from the low state in which he found it? It is true that the English had begun to make porcelain at that time, but ordinary table-ware was so rude and imperfect that the C.C. body of Wedgwood was considered an important advance.

The interest in this part of the country is not confined to Cincinnati, but to some extent pervades the towns and cities of Ohio generally. Ladies from Dayton, Hillsborough, and more distant points come here for lessons, send to the potteries for clay and "biscuit" ware, and return their decorated work for firing and glazing. Decorated work is sent here to be fired from New York, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, and Indiana. The number of amateurs in the city alone whose work is fired at the pottery of F. Dallas

FIG. 17.—WORK OF MRS. MERRIAM.

is more than two hundred, and of this large number all but two are women.

It is curious to see the wide range of age and conditions of life embraced in the ranks of the decorators of pottery: young girls twelve to fifteen years of age find a few hours a week from their school engagements to devote to over or under glaze work, or the modelling of clay; and from this up, through all the less certain ages, till the grandmother stands confessed in cap and spectacles, no time of life is exempt from the fascinating contagion. Women who need to add to their income, and the representatives of the largest fortunes, are among the most industrious workers; and it is pleasant to know that numbers of these self-taught women receive a handsome sum annually from orders for work, from sales, and from lessons to pupils.

As a purely social and domestic entertainment, much is to be said in its favor as an educating and refining influence. Taking the broader view, we are led to the conclusion, from the signs everywhere pervading the country, that the times are ripe for the introduction of a new industry in the United States, in which the feeble instrumentality of women's hands is quietly doing the initial work.

Any appreciative or correct estimate of the work done by the women of Cincinnati must be based on the fact that, like amateurs elsewhere in this country, they have had no instruction in the art of decorating pottery, for the reason that there was no practical teaching to be had. With the single exception of Mr. Lycett, who taught a few months here, we have had no help from any practically and artistically educated decorator. The realm of underglaze painting was an unknown land, the use of color on the "biscuit" an experiment, and success only to be achieved after repeated failures.

An effort was made in the fall of 1878 to secure the instruction of John Bennett, of New York, for a class in Cincinnati in underglaze painting; but Mr. Bennett replied that he had been at considerable expense to bring his family from Lambeth and to establish himself in New York, and that for the present the secrets of his processes must be confined to his own studio. He was willing to instruct in his fine, broad, free-hand style, overglaze, but not in underglaze work.

Looking back through six or seven years to the beginning, as it may be called, of the movement in china-painting, or the decoration of pottery, in the United States, we can not fail to be struck with its significance, taken in connection with the steady growth in the pottery trade, and the improvement in American wares.

Fig. 18.—Work of Miss McLaughlin.

The little exhibit in 1875 was a suggestion of suitable work for women, and also of a future of commercial importance for Cincinnati as a centre of activity in pottery-work. Certainly the results have far exceeded the most rose-colored expectations of those days, in the growth of the interest, and in the quantity and quality of the work done. As might be expected, in the amount of work done by so many untrained hands, much of it is crude and inartistic; but a collection such as may at any time be brought together of the decorated work of Cincinnati, in the various specialties which have been enumerated, would excite attention and interest, in proportion to the intelligence of those who saw it, wherever it might be shown. It is not too much to say that in the history of the potter's art in Europe, so far as we have accounts of it, there has at no time been a beginning more full of promise than that which this sketch has attempted to describe.

The impossibility of procuring skilled teachers has developed the best efforts of the amateur decorators, and may in the end prove a fortunate circumstance; it certainly will, should it result in the development of a distinctive type, which may in time become a national style. It is too early to predict what the American style will be, but it is encouraging that the tendency is to broad and pronounced effects rather than to pettiness of detail.

The aim of this sketch has been to present a historical outline of the beginning and progress of the decorative pottery work of Cincinnati from 1874 down to the time of this writing, mentioning some of the different varieties which have succeeded each other in the short space of a few years. The attempt to convey a distinct impression by verbal description must be to a great extent unsatisfactory, since so much of the advance has been made in the successful use of color, and so much of the effect is dependent on it.

To name personally the numbers of women who have done good and promising work is beyond the possibilities of such an article, and the mention of names is limited to those whose work has rather led the way in distinctive directions.

Begun by a few thoughtful women of taste and social influence, who foresaw possible results of importance to their city, as well as pleasant occupation to women of leisure, and a solution, to some extent, of the problem of self-support and independence for women, the work has gone on, one successful experiment after another marking its advance.

If, in the earlier part of the movement, clays from distant parts of the State were wanted, a woman sent for them; if kilns for firing decorated wares were needed, the money was provided by women. A young woman, after patient experimenting, and the bestowal of time and money, discovered the process of making Limoges faience; an amateur, self-trained, she has published a little volume of instructions to amateurs on overglaze painting, now in its ninth edition; and a similar handbook from the same pen, "*Pottery Decoration Under the Glaze*, by Miss M. Louise McLaughlin," has recently been issued from the press of Robert Clarke and Co.

A woman's taste and interest were influential in the manufacture of the Capodi-Monti porcelain of Naples, and for the faience of Oiron the world is indebted to a woman, these two specialties combining more of originality and beauty than anything Europe has produced in porcelain and faience.

In Cincinnati, the crowning result of the six years' work by women, and the earnest of the future, is also inspired and

executed by a woman. During last autumn a new pottery for decorative work went into operation in the suburbs of the city. In addition to toilet sets, pitchers, etc., to which attention will be given, it is the intention to manufacture gray stone-ware, which is not now made in Cincinnati, and to put upon the market a class of articles for which there is a practical and constant demand, of shapes so

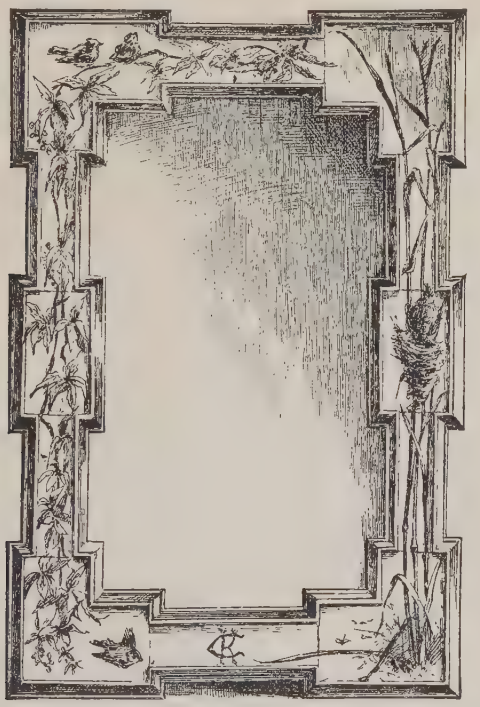


FIG. 19.—MIRROR FRAME DESIGNED BY MRS. CHARLES KEBLER.

good that the simplest article of household use shall combine the elements of beauty.

These are pleasant times and places, when women give their leisure and means to the founding of an artistic industry. Mrs. Maria Longworth Nichols, by this use of time and money, practically opens a path in which unlimited work for women may eventually be found.

This sketch of women's work would be incomplete without mention of the hearty help of the potters of the city, who have aided and fostered the interest by all the means at their command, and without whose practical sympathy and co-operation no such advance could have been made.

At the close of this sketch, it is interesting to turn for a moment to the advantages which the coming Art Museum (made possible by the generous gift of Mr. Charles W. West and the liberality of many citizens) holds in store for these women who have already accomplished so much. They have long nourished hopes of help from its educational treasures and its training schools, and have gone on courageously, supported by their own constancy and faith, until public opinion sees in the not distant future an artistic industry added to the attractions and prosperity of the city, and respectfully gives the credit where it is due.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

A PICTURE BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

She standeth silent as a thought
Too sacred to be uttered; all
Her face unfurling like a flower
That at a breath too near will shut:
Her life a little golden clock
Whose shining hands, arrested, stay
Forever at the hour of Love.

She doubts, she dares, she dreams—of what?
I ask; she, shrinking, answers not.
She swims before me, dim, a cup
Of waste untasted tenderness.
I drink, I dread, until I seem
(Myself unto myself) to be
He whom she chose, and charmed—and missed,
On some faint Asiatic day
Of languorous summer, ages since.

CHAPTER X.

"There are three sorts of egoists: those who live themselves and let others live; those who live themselves and don't let others live; and those who neither live themselves nor let others live."

"With thoughts and feelings very simple but very strong."—TOURGUÉNEFF.

THE winter passed. The new pupil studied with diligence, and insisted upon learning the beginnings of piano-playing so thoroughly that the resigned little German master with ear-rings woke up and began to ask her whether she could not go through a course of ten years or so, and become "a real blayer, not like American blayers, who vant all to learn de same biece, and blay him mit de loud pedal down." Sometimes Helen bore her away to spend a Sunday; but there were no more New-Year's Days, or occasions for the gray silk. When together at Miss Teller's, the two sat over the dressing-room fire at night, talking with that delightful mixture of confidence and sudden little bits of hypocrisy in which women delight, and which undress seems to beget. The bits of hypocrisy, however, were all Helen's.

She had long ago gathered from Anne her whole simple history; she was familiar with the Agency, the fort, Miss Lois, Père Michaux, Dr. Gaston, Rast, Tita, and the boys, even old Antoine and his dogs, René and Lebeau. Anne, glad to have a listener, had poured out a flood of details from her lonely homesick heart, going back as far as her own lost mother, and her young step-mother Angélique. But it was not until one of these later midnight talks that the girl had spoken of her own betrothal. Helen was much surprised — the only surprise she had shown. "I should never have dreamed it, Crystal!" she exclaimed. "Never!" (Crystal was her name for Anne.)

"Why not?"

"Because you are so—young."

"But it often happens at my age. The fort ladies were married at eighteen and nineteen, and my own dear mother was only twenty."

"You adore this Rast, I suppose?"

"Yes, I like him."

"Nonsense! You mean that you adore him."

"Perhaps I do," said Anne, smiling. "I have noticed that our use of words is different."

"And how long have you adored him?"

"All my life."

The little sentence came forth gravely and sincerely. Helen surveyed the speaker with a quizzical expression in her narrow brown eyes. "No one 'adores' all one's life," she answered. Then, as Anne did not take up the challenge, she paused, and, after surveying her companion in silence for a moment, added, "There is no time fixed as yet for this marriage?"

"No; Rast has his position to make first. And I myself should be better pleased to have four or five years to give to the children before we are married. I am anxious to educate the boys."

"Bon!" said Helen. "All will yet end well, Virginie. My compliments to Paul. It is a pretty island pastoral, this little romance of yours; you have my good wishes."

The island pastoral was simple indeed compared with the net-work of fancies and manœuvres disclosed by Helen. Her life seemed to be a drama. Her personages were masked under fictitious names; the Poet, the Haunted Man, the Knight-errant, the Chanting Tenor, and the Bishop, all figured in her recitals, to which Anne listened with intense interest. Helen was a brilliant story-teller. She could give the salient points of a conversation, and these only. She colored everything, of course, according to her own fancy; but one could forgive her that for her skillful avoidance of dull details, whose stupid repetition, simply because they are true, is a habit with which many good people are afflicted.

The narrations, of course, were of love and lovers: it is always so in the midnight talks of women over the dying fire. Even the most secluded country girl will on such occasions unroll a list as long as Leporello's. The listener may know it is fictitious, and the narrator may know that she knows it. But there seems to be a fascination in the telling and the hearing all the same.

Helen amused herself greatly over the deep interest Anne took in her stories; to do her justice, they were generally true, the conversations only being more dramatic than the reality had been. This was not Helen's fault; she performed her own part brilliantly, and even went over, on occasion, and helped on the other

side. But the American man is not distinguished for conversational skill. This comes, not from dullness or lack of appreciation, but rather from overappreciation. Without the rock-like slow self-confidence of the Englishman, the Frenchman's never-failing wish to please, or the idealizing powers of the German, the strength which ridicule as an influence possesses in America that makes him what he is; he shrinks from the slightest appearance of "fine talking," lest the ever-present harpies of mirth should swoop down and feed upon his vitals.

Helen's friends, therefore, might not always have recognized themselves in her

IN THE WOODS.—[SEE PAGE 855.]

American, with a quicker apprehension, does not appear so well in conversation as any one of these compeers. He takes in an idea so quickly that elaborate comment seems to him hardly worth while; and thus he only has a word or two where an Englishman has several well-intentioned sentences, a Frenchman an epigram, and a German a whole cloud of philosophical quotations and comments. But it is, more than all else, the enormous sparkling narratives, as far as their words were concerned; but it is only justice to them to add that she was never obliged to embellish their actions. She related to Anne apart, during their music lessons, the latest events in a whisper, while Belzini gave two minutes to cream candy and rest; the stories became the fairy tales of the school-girl's quiet life. Through all, she found her interest more and more attracted by "the Bishop," who seemed,

however, to be anything but an ecclesiastical personage.

Miss Vanhorn had been filled with profound astonishment and annoyance by Helen's note. She knew Helen, and she knew Miss Teller: what could they want of Anne? After due delay, she came in her carriage to find out.

Tante, comprehending her motive, sent Anne up stairs to attire herself in the second dress given by Helen—a plain black costume, simply but becomingly made, and employed the delay in talking to her visitor mellifluously on every conceivable subject save the desired one. She treated her to a dissertation on intaglii, to an argument or two on architecture, and was fervently asking her opinion of certain recently exhibited relics said to be by Benvenuto Cellini, when the door opened and Anne appeared.

The young girl greeted her grandaunt with the same mixture of timidity and hope which she had shown at their first interview. But Miss Vanhorn's face stiffened into rigidity as she surveyed her.

"She is impressed at last," thought the old Frenchwoman, folding her hands contentedly and leaning back in her chair, at rest (temporarily) from her labors.

But if impressed, Miss Vanhorn had no intention of betraying her impression for the amusement of her ancient enemy; she told Anne curtly to put on her bonnet, that she had come to take her for a drive. Once safely in the carriage, she extracted from her niece, who willingly answered, every detail of her acquaintance with Helen, and the holiday visit, bestowing with her own eyes, meanwhile, a close scrutiny upon the black dress, with whose texture and simplicity even her angry annoyance could find no fault.

"She wants to get something out of you, of course," she said, abruptly, when the story was told; "Helen Lorrington is a thoroughly selfish woman. I know her well. She introduced you, I suppose, as Miss Vanhorn's niece?"

"Oh no, grandaunt. She has no such thought."

"What do you know of her thoughts! You continue to go there?"

"Sometimes, on Sundays—when she asks me."

"Very well. But you are not to go again when company is expected; I positively forbid it. You were not brought down from your island to attend evening parties. You hear me?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you are planning for a situation here at Moreau's next winter?" said the old woman, after a pause, peering at Anne suspiciously.

"I could not find it, grandaunt; I could only teach in a country school."

"At Newport, or some such place, then?"

"I could not get a position of that kind."

"Mrs. Lorrington could help you."

"I have not asked her to help me."

"I thought perhaps she had some such idea of her own," continued Miss Vanhorn. "You can probably prop up that fife-like voice of hers in a way she likes; and besides, you are a good foil for her, with your big shoulders and bread-and-milk face. You little simpleton, don't you know that to even the most skillful flirt a woman friend of some kind or other is necessary as background and support?"

"No, I did not know it," said Anne, in a disheartened voice.

"What a friend for Helen Lorrington! No wonder she has pounced upon you! You would never see one of her manœuvres, although done within an inch of you. With your believing eyes, and your sincerity, you are worth your weight in silver to that straw-faced mermaid. But, after all, I do not interfere. Let her only obtain a good situation for you next year, and pay you back in more useful coin than fine dresses, and I make no objection."

She settled herself anew in the corner of the carriage, and began the process of extracting a seed, while Anne, silent and dejected, gazed into the snow-covered street, asking herself whether Helen and all this world were really as selfish and hypocritical as her grandaunt represented. But these thoughts soon gave way to the predominant one, the one that always came to her when with Miss Vanhorn—the thought of her mother.

"During the summer, do you still live in the old country house on the Hudson, grandaunt?"

Miss Vanhorn, who had just secured a seed, dropped it. "I am not aware that my old country house is anything to you," she answered, tartly, fitting on her flapping glove-fingers, and beginning a second search.

A sob rose in Anne's throat; but she quelled it. Her mother had spent all her life, up to the time of her marriage, at that old river homestead.

Soon after this, Madame Moreau sent out cards of invitation for one of her musical evenings. Miss Vanhorn's card was accompanied by a little note in Tante's own handwriting.

"The invitation is merely a compliment which I give myself the pleasure of paying to a distinguished patron of my school" (wrote the old French lady). "There will be nothing worthy of her ear—a simple school-girls' concert, in which Miss Douglas (who will have the kind assistance of Mrs. Lorrington) will take part. I can not urge, for so unimportant an affair, the personal presence of Miss Vanhorn; but I beg her to accept the inclosed card as a respectful remembrance from

"HORTENSE-PAULINE MOREAU."

"That will bring her," thought Tante, sealing the missive, in her old-fashioned way, with wax.

She was right; Miss Vanhorn came.

Anne sang first alone. Then with Helen.

"Isn't that Mrs. Lorrington?" said a voice behind Miss Vanhorn.

"Yes. My Louise tells me that she has taken up this Miss Douglas enthusiastically—comes here to sing with her almost every day."

"Who is the girl?"

Miss Vanhorn prepared an especially rigid expression of countenance for the item of relationship which she supposed would follow. But nothing came; Helen was evidently waiting for a more dramatic occasion. She felt herself respited; yet doubly angry and apprehensive.

When the song was ended, there was much applause of the subdued drawing-room kind—applause, however, plainly intended for Helen alone. Singularly enough, Miss Vanhorn resented this. "If I should take Anne, dress her properly, and introduce her as my niece, the Lorrington would be nowhere," she thought, angrily. It was the first germ of the idea.

It was not allowed to disappear. It grew and gathered strength slowly, as Tante and Helen intended it should; the two friendly conspirators never relaxed for a day their efforts concerning it. Anne remained unconscious of these manœuvres; but the old grandaunt was annoyed, and urged, and flattered, and menaced forward with so much skill that it ended in her proposing to Anne, one day in the early spring, that she should come and spend the summer with her, the children on the island to be provided for meanwhile by an allowance, and Anne herself to have a second winter at the Moreau school, if she wished it, so that she might be fitted for a higher position than otherwise she could have hoped to attain.

"Oh, grandaunt!" cried the girl, taking the old loosely gloved hand in hers.

"There is no occasion for shaking hands and grandaunting in that way," said Miss Vanhorn. "If you wish to do what I propose, do it; I am not actuated by any new affection for you. You will take four days to consider; at the end of that period, you may send me your answer. But, with your acceptance, I shall require the strictest obedience. And—no allusion whatever to your mother."

"What are to be my duties?" asked Anne, in a low voice.

"Whatever I require," answered the old woman, grimly.

At first Anne thought of consulting Tante. But she had a strong under-current of loyalty in her nature, and the tie of blood bound her to her grandaunt, after all: she decided to consult no one but herself. The third day was Sunday. In the twilight she sat alone on her narrow bed, by the window of the dormitory, thinking. It was a boisterous March evening; the wildest month of the twelve was on his mad errands as usual. Her thoughts were on the island with the children; would it not be best for them that she should accept the offered allowance, and go with this strange grandaunt of hers, enduring as best she might her cold severity? Miss Lois's income was small; the allowance would make the little household comfortable. A second winter in New York would enable her to take a higher place as teacher, and also give the self-confidence she lacked. Yes; it was best.

But a great and overwhelming loneliness rose in her heart at the thought of another long year's delay before she could be with those she loved. Rast's last letter was in her pocket; she took it out, and held it in her hand for comfort. In

it he had written of the sure success of his future; and Anne believed it as fully as he did. Her hand grew warmer as she held the sheet, and as she recalled his sanguine words. She began to feel courageous again. Then another thought came to her: must she tell Miss Vanhorn of her engagement? In their new conditions, would it not be dishonest to keep the truth back? "I do not see that it can be of any interest to her," she said to herself. "Still, I prefer to tell her." And then, having made her decision, she went to Tante.

Tante was charmed with the news (and with the success of her plan). She discoursed upon family affection in very beautiful language. "You will find a true well-spring of love in the heart of your venerable relative," she remarked, raising her delicate handkerchief, like the suggestion of a happiness that reached even to tears. "Long, long have I held your cherished grandaunt in a warm corner of my memory and heart."

This was true as regarded the time and warmth; only the latter was of a somewhat peppery nature.

The next morning Helen was told the news. She threw back her head in comic despair. "The old dragon has taken the game out of my hands at last," she said, "and ended all the sport. Excuse the title, Anne. But I am morally certain she has all sorts of vinegarish names for me. And now—am I to congratulate you upon your new home?"

"It is more a matter of duty, I think, than congratulation," said Anne, thoughtfully. "And next, I must tell her of my engagement."

"I wouldn't, if I were you, Crystal."

"Why?"

"She would rather have you free."

"I shall be free, as far as she is concerned."

"Do not be too sure of that. And take my advice—do not tell her."

Anne, however, paid no heed to this admonition; some things she did simply because she could not help doing them. She had intended to make her little confession immediately; but Miss Vanhorn gave her no opportunity. "That is enough talking," she said. "I have neuralgia in my eyebrow."

"But, grandaunt, I feel that I ought to tell you."

"Tell me nothing. Don't you know how to be silent? Set about learning, then. When I have neuralgia in my eyebrow, you are to speak only from necessity; when I have it in the eye itself, you are not to speak at all. Find me a caraway, and don't bungle."

She handed her velvet bag to Anne, and refitted the fingers of her yellow glove: evidently the young girl's duties were beginning.

Several days passed, but the neuralgia always prevented the story. At last the eyebrow was released, and then Anne spoke. "I wish to tell you, grandaunt, before I come to you, that I am engaged—engaged to be married."

"Who cares?" said Miss Vanhorn. "To the man in the moon, I suppose; most school-girls are."

"No, to—"

"Draw up my shawl," interrupted the old woman. "*I* do not care who it is. Why do you keep on telling me?"

"Because I did not wish to deceive you."

"Wait till I ask you not to deceive me. Who is the boy?"

"His name is Erastus Pronando," began Anne; "and—"

"Pronando?" cried Katharine Vanhorn, in a loud, bewildered voice—"Pronando? And his father's name?"

"John, I believe," said Anne, startled by the change in the old face. "But he has been dead many years."

Old Katharine rose; her hands trembled, her eyes flashed. "You will give up this boy at once and forever," she said, violently, "or my compact with you is at an end."

"How can I, grandaunt? I have promised—"

"I believe I am mistress of my own actions; and in this affair I will have no sort of hesitation," continued the old woman, taking the words from Anne, and tapping a chair back angrily with her hand. "Decide now—this moment. Break this engagement, and my agreement remains. Refuse to break it, and it falls. That is all."

"You are unjust and cruel," said the girl, roused by these arbitrary words.

Miss Vanhorn waved her hand for silence.

"If you will let me tell you, aunt—"

The old woman bounded forward suddenly, as if on springs, seized her niece by both shoulders, and shook her with all

her strength. "There!" she said, breathless. "*Will* you stop talking! All I want is your answer—yes, or no."

The drawing-room of Madame Moreau had certainly never witnessed such a sight as this. One of its young ladies shaken—yes, absolutely shaken like a refractory child! The very chairs and tables seemed to tremble, and visibly hope that there was no one in the *salon des élèves*, behind.

Anne was more startled than hurt by her grandaunt's violence. "I am sorry to displease you," she said, slowly and very gravely; "but I can not break my engagement."

Without a word, Miss Vanhorn drew her shawl around her shoulders, pinned it, crossed the room, opened the door, and was gone. A moment later her carriage rolled away, and Anne, alone in the drawing-room, listened to the sound of the wheels growing fainter and fainter, with a chilly mixture of blank surprise, disappointment, and grief filling her heart. "But it *was* right that I should tell her," she said to herself as she went up stairs—"it *was* right."

Right and wrong always presented themselves to her as black and white. She knew no shading. She was wrong; there are grays. But, so far in her life, she had not been taught by sad experience to see them. "It *was* right," she repeated to Helen, a little miserably, but still steadfastly.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mrs. Lorrington. "You have lost a year's fixed income for those children, and a second winter here for yourself; and for what? For the sake of telling the dragon something which does not concern her, and which she did not wish to know."

"But it was true."

"Are we to go out with trumpets and tell everything we know, just because it is true? Is there not such a thing as egotistical truthfulness?"

"It makes no difference," said Anne, despairingly. "I had to tell her."

"You are stubborn, Crystal, and you see but one side of a question. But never fear; we will circumvent the dragon yet. I wonder, though, why she was so wrought up by the name Pronando. Perhaps Aunt Gretta will know."

Miss Teller did not know; but one of the husky-voiced old gentlemen who kept up the "barrier, sir, against modern innovation," remembered the particulars (musty and dusty now) of Kate Vanhorn's engagement to one of the Pronandos—the wild one who ran away. He was younger than she was, a handsome fellow (yes, yes, he remembered it all now), and "she was terribly cut up about it, and went abroad immediately." Abroad—great panacea for American woes! To what continent can those who live "abroad" depart when trouble seizes *them* in its pitiless claws?

Time is not so all-erasing as we think. Old Katharine Vanhorn, at seventy, heard from the young lips of her grandniece the name which had not been mentioned in her presence for nearly half a century—the name which still had power to rouse in her heart the old bitter feeling. For John Pronando had turned from her to an uneducated common girl—a market-gardener's daughter. The proud Kate Vanhorn resented the defection instantly; she broke the bond of her betrothal, and sailed for England before Pronando realized that she was offended. This idyl of the gardener's daughter was but one of his passing amusements; and so he wrote to his black-browed goddess. But she replied that if he sought amusement of that kind during the short period of betrothal, he would seek it doubly after marriage, and *then* it would not be so easy to sail for Europe. She considered that she had had an escape. Pronando, handsome, light-hearted, and careless, gave up his offended Juno without much heart-ache, and the episode of Phyllis being by this time finished, he strayed back to his Philadelphia home, to embroil himself as usual with his family, and, later, to follow out the course ordained for him by fate. Kate Vanhorn had other suitors; but the old wound never healed.

"Come and spend the summer with me," said Helen. "I trust I am as agreeable as the dragon."

"No; I must stay here. Even as it is, she is doing a great deal for me; I have no real claim upon her," replied Anne, trying not to give way to the loneliness that oppressed her.

"Only that of being her nearest living relative, and natural heir."

"I have not considered the question of inheritance," replied the island girl, proudly.

"I know you have not; yet it is there. Old ladies, however, instead of natural heirs, are apt to prefer unnatural ones—

cold-blooded Societies, Organizations, and the endless Heathen. But I am in earnest about the summer, Crystal: spend it with me."

"You are always generous to me," said Anne, gratefully.

"No; I never was generous in my life. I do not know how to be generous. But this is the way it is: I am rich; I want a companion; and I like *you*. Your voice supports mine perfectly, and is not in the least too loud—a thing I detest. Besides, we look well together. You are an excellent background for me; you make me look poetic; whereas most women make me look like a caricature of myself—of what I really am. As though a straw-bug should go out walking with a very attenuated grasshopper. Now if the straw-bug went out always with a plump young toad or wood-turtle, people might be found to admire even *his* hair-like fineness of limb and yellow transparency, by force, you know, of contrast."

Anne laughed; but there was also a slight change of expression in her face.

"I can read you, Crystal," said Helen, laughing in her turn. "Old Katharine has already told you all those things—sweet old lady! She understands me so well! Come; call it selfishness or generosity, as you please; but accept."

"It is generosity, Helen; which, however, I must decline."

"It must be very inconvenient to be so conscientious," said Mrs. Lorrington. "But mind, I do not give it up. What! lose so good a listener as you are? To whom, then, can I confide the latest particulars respecting the Poet, the Bishop, the Knight-errant, and the Haunted Man?"

"I like the Bishop," said Anne, smiling back at her friend. She had acquired the idea, without words, that Helen liked him also.

The story of Miss Vanhorn's change was, of course, related to Tante: Anne had great confidence both in the old Frenchwoman's kindness of heart and excellent judgment.

Tante listened, asked a question or two, and then said: "Yes, yes, I see. For the present, nothing more can be done. She will allow you to finish your year here, and as the time is of value to you, you shall continue your studies through the vacation. But not at my New Jersey farm, as she supposes; at a better place than that. You shall go to Pitre."

"A place, Tante?"

"No; a friend of mine, and a woman."

Mademoiselle Jeanne-Armande Pitre was not so old as Tante (Tante had friends of all ages); she was about fifty, but conveyed the impression of never having been young. "She is an excellent teacher," continued the other Frenchwoman, "and so closely avaricious that she will be glad to take you even for the small sum you will pay. She is employed in a Western seminary somewhere, but always returns to this little house of hers for the summer vacation. Your opportunity for study with her will be excellent; she has a rage for study. Write and tell your grand-aunt, ma fille, what I have decided."

"Ma fille" wrote; but Miss Vanhorn made no reply.

Early in June, accompanied by "monsieur," Anne started on her little journey. The German music master said farewell with hearty regret. He was leaving also; he should not be with Madame Moreau another winter, he said. The Italian atmosphere stifled him, and the very sight of Belzini made him "dremble vit a er-righteous er-rage." He gave Anne his address, and begged that she would send to him when she wanted new music; "music *vort* someding." Monsieur Laurent, Anne's escort, was a nephew of Tante's, a fine-looking middle-aged Frenchman, who taught the verbs with a military air. But it was not so much his air as his dining-room which gave him importance in the eyes of the school. The "salle à manger de monsieur" was a small half-dark apartment, where he took his meals by himself. It was a mysterious place; monsieur was never seen there; it was not known even at what hour he dined. But there were stories in whispered circulation of soups, sauces, salads, and wines served there in secret, which made the listeners hungry even in the mere recital. They peered into the dim little room as they passed, but never saw anything save a brown linen table-cloth, an old caster, and one chair. It was stated, however, that this caster was not a common caster, but that it held, instead of the ordinary pepper and mustard, various liquids and spices of mysterious nature, delightfully and wickedly French.

In less than an hour the travellers reached Lancaster. Here monsieur placed Anne in a red wagon which was in waiting, said good-by hastily (being, perhaps, in a

hurry to return to his dining-room), and caught the down train back to the city. He had lived in America so long that he could hurry like a native.

The old horse attached to the red wagon walked slowly over a level winding road, switching his tail to and fro, and stopping now and then to cough, with the profundity which only a horse's cough possesses. At last, turning into a field, he stopped before what appeared to be a fragment of a house.

"Is this the place?" said Anne, surprised.

"It's Miss Peter's," replied the boy driver.

The appearance of Mademoiselle Pitre in person at the door now removed all doubt as to her abode. "I am glad to see you," she said, extending a long yellow hand. "Enter."

The house, which had never been finished, was old; the sides and back were of brick, and the front of wood, temporarily boarded across. The kitchen and one room made all the depth; above, there were three small chambers. After a while, apparently, windows and a front door had been set in the temporary boarding, and a flight of steps added. Mademoiselle had bought the house in its unfinished condition, and had gradually become an object of great unpopularity in the neighborhood because, as season after season rolled by, she did nothing more to her purchase. What did she mean, then? Simple comment swelled into suspicion; the penny-saving old maid was now considered a dark and mysterious person at Lancaster. Opinions varied as to whether she had committed a crime in her youth, or intended to commit one in her age. At any rate, she was not like other people—in the country a heinous crime.

The interior of this half-house was not uncomfortable, although arranged with the strictest economy. The chief room had been painted a brilliant blue by the skillful hands of mademoiselle herself; there was no carpet, but in summer one can spare a carpet; and Anne thought the bright color, the growing plants and flowers, the gayly colored crockery, the four white cats, the sunshine, and the cool open space unfilled by furniture, quaintly foreign and attractive.

The mistress of the house was tall and yellow. She was attired in a black velvet bodice, and a muslin skirt whereon a waving design, like an endless procession of spindling beet roots, or fat leeches going around and around, was depicted in dark crimson. This muslin was secretly admired in the neighborhood; but as mademoiselle never went to church, and, what was worse, made no change in her dress on the Sabbath-day, it was considered a step toward rationalism to express the liking.

Anne slept peacefully on her narrow bed, and went down to a savory breakfast the next morning. The old Irish servant, Nora, who came out from the city every summer to live with mademoiselle, prepared with skill the few dishes the careful mistress ordered. But when the meal was over, Anne soon discovered that the careful mistress was also an expert in teaching. Her French, Italian, music, and drawing were all reviewed and criticised, and then Jeanne-Armande put on her bonnet, and told her pupil to make ready for her first lesson in botany.

"Am I to study botany?" said Anne, surprised.

"All study botany who come to me," replied Jeanne-Armande, much in the tone of "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate." "Is that all the bonnet you have? It is far too fine. I will buy you a Shaker at the store." And with her tin flower case slung from her shoulder, she started down the road toward the country store at the corners; here she bought a Shaker bonnet for her pupil, selecting one that was bent, and demanding a reduction in price in consequence of the "irreparable injury to the fibre of the fabric." The store-keeper, an anxious little man with a large family, did his best to keep on good terms with "the foreigner" privately, and to preserve on other occasions that appearance of virtuous disapproval which the neighborhood required of him. He lived haunted by a fear lest the Frenchwoman and her chief detractors should meet face to face in the narrow confines of his store; and he had long determined that in case of such event he would be down in the cellar drawing molasses—an operation universally known to consume time. But the sword of Damocles does not fall; in this instance, as in others, mademoiselle departed in safety, bearing Anne away to the woods, her face hidden in the depths of the Shaker.

Wild flowers, that seem so fresh and young, are, singularly enough, the espe-

cial prey of old maids. Young girls love the garden flowers; beautiful women surround themselves with hot-house hues and perfumes. But who goes into the woods, explores the rocky glens, braves the swamps? Always the ardent-hearted old maid, who, in her plain garb and thick shoes, is searching for the delicate little wild blossoms, the world over.

Jeanne-Armande had an absorbing love for flowers, a glowing enthusiasm for botany. She now taught Anne the flower study with what Tante would have called "a rage." More than once the pupil thought how strange it was that fate should have forced into her hands at this late hour the talisman that might once have been the key to her grandaunt's favor. It did not occur to her that Tante was the Fate.

Letters had come from all on the island, and from Rast. Regarding her course in telling Miss Vanhorn of her engagement, Miss Lois wrote that it was "quite unnecessary," and Dr. Gaston that it was "imprudent." Even Rast (this was hardest to bear) had written, "While I am proud, dearest, to have your name linked with mine, still, I like better to think of the time when I can come and claim you in person, in the face of all the grandaunts in the world, who, if they *knew* nothing, could not in the mean time harass and annoy you."

Père Michaux made no comment. Anne looked through Tita's letters for some time expectantly, but no message in his small, clear handwriting appeared.

The weeks passed. The pupil learned the real kindness of the teacher, and never thought of laughing at her oddities, until—Helen came.

For Helen came: on her way home from her grandfather's bedside, whither she had been summoned (as usual two or three times each year) "to see him die."

"Grandpapa always recovers as soon as I enter the door," she said. "I should think he would insist upon my living there as a safeguard! This time I did not even see him—he did not wish me in the room; and so, having half a day to spare, I decided to send my maid on, and stop over and see *you*, Crystal."

Anne, delighted and excited, sat looking at her friend with happy eyes. "I am so glad, glad, to see you!" she said.

"Then present me to your hostess and jailer. For I intend to remain overnight, and corrupt the household."

Jeanne-Armande was charmed with their visitor; she said she was "a lady decidedly as it should be." Helen accompanied them on their botany walk, observed the velvet bodice and beet-root muslin, complimented the ceremonious courses of the meagre little dinner, and did not laugh until they were safely ensconced in Anne's cell for the night.

"But, Crystal," she said, when she had imitated Jeanne-Armande, and Anne herself as pupil, with such quick and ridiculous fidelity that Anne was obliged to bury her face in the pillow to stifle her laughter, "I have a purpose in coming here. The old dragon has appeared at Caryl's, where Aunt Gretta and I spent last summer, and where we intend to spend the remainder of this; she is even there to-night, caraway seeds, malice, and all. Now I want you to go back with me, as my guest for a week or two, and together we will annihilate her."

"Do not call her by that name, Helen."

"Not respectful enough? Grand Llama, then; the double l scintillates with respect. The Grand Llama being present, I want to bring you on the scene as a charming, botanizing, singing niece whom she has strangely neglected. Will you go?"

"Of course I can not."

"You have too many principles; and, mind you, principles are often shockingly egotistical and selfish. I would rather have a mountain of sins piled up against me on the judgment-day, and a crowd of friends whom I had helped and made happy, than the most snowy empty pious record in the world, and no such following."

"One does not necessitate the other," said Anne, after her usual pause when with Helen: she was always a little behind Helen's fluent phrases. "One can have friends without sins."

"Wait and see," said Helen.

In the morning the brilliant visitor took her departure, and the half-house fell back into its usual quietude. Anne did not go with Helen; but Helen avowed her purpose of bringing her to Caryl's yet, in spite of fate. "I am not easily defeated," she said. "When I wish a thing, it always happens. But, like the magicians, nobody notices how hard I have worked to have it happen."

She departed. And within a week she

filled Caryl's with descriptions of Jeanne-Armande, the velvet bodice, the beet-root skirt, the blue room, the white cats, and the dinner, together with the solitary pupil, whose knowledge of *botany* was something unparalleled in the history of the science. Caryl's was amused with the descriptions, and cared nothing for the reality. But when Miss Vanhorn heard the tale, it was the reality that menaced her. No one knew as yet the name of the solitary pupil, nor the relationship to herself; but of course Mrs. Lorrington was merely biding her time. What was her purpose? In her heart she pondered over this new knowledge of botany, expressly paraded by Helen; her own eyes and hands were not as sure and deft as formerly. Sometimes now when she stooped to gather a flower, it was only a leaf with the sun shining on it, or a growth of fungus, yellowly white. "Of course it is all a plan of old Moreau's," she said to herself. "Anne would never have thought of studying botany to gain my favor; she hasn't wit enough. It is old Moreau and the Lorrington together. Let us see what will be their next step."

But Helen merely decorated her stories, and told nothing new. One day some one asked: "But who is this girl? All this while you have not told us; nor the place where this remarkable half-house is."

"I am not at liberty to tell," replied Helen's clear even voice. "That is not permitted—at present."

Miss Vanhorn fidgeted in her corner, and put up her glass to catch any wandering expressions that might be turning in her direction; but there were none. "She is giving me a chance of having Anne here peaceably," she thought. "If, after a reasonable time, I do not accept it, she will declare war, and the house will ring with my hard-heartedness. Fortunately I do not care for hard-heartedness."

She went off on her solitary drive; mistook two flowers; stumbled and hurt her ankle; lost her magnifying-glass. On her way home she sat and meditated. It would be comfortable to have young eyes and hands to assist her. Also, if Anne was really there in person, then, when all the duets were sung, and the novelty (as well as difficulty) over, Mrs. Lorrington would be the first to weary of her protégée, and would let her fall like a faded leaf. And that would be the end of that. Here a sudden and new idea came to her: might not this very life at Caryl's break up, of itself, the engagement which was so obnoxious? If she should bring Anne here and introduce her as her niece, might not her very ignorance of the world and crude simplicity attract the attention of some of the loungers at Caryl's, who, if they exerted themselves, would have little difficulty in effacing the memory of that boy on the island? They would not, of course, be in earnest, but the result would be accomplished all the same. Anne was impressionable, and truthfulness itself. Yes, it could be done.

Accompanied by her elderly maid, she went back to New York; and then out to the half-house.

"I have changed my mind," she announced, abruptly, taking her seat upon Jeanne-Armande's hard sofa. "You are to come with me. This is the blue room, I suppose; and there are the four cats. Where is the bodiced woman? Send her to me; and go pack your clothes immediately."

"Am I to go to Caryl's—where Helen is?" said Anne, in excited surprise.

"Yes; you will see your Helen. You understand, I presume, that she is at the bottom of all this."

"But—do you like Helen, grandaunt?"

"I am extremely fond of her," replied Miss Vanhorn, dryly. "Run and make ready; and send the bodiced woman to me. I give you half an hour; no longer."

Jeanne-Armande came in with her gliding step. In her youth a lady's footfall was never heard. She wore long narrow cloth gaiters without heels, met at the ankles by two modest ruffles, whose edges were visible when the wind blew. The exposure of even a hair's-breadth rim of ankle would have seemed to her an unpardonable impropriety. However, there was no danger; the ruffles swept the ground.

The Frenchwoman was grieved to part with her pupil; she had conceived a real affection for her in the busy spot which served her as a heart. She said good-by in the privacy of the kitchen, that Miss Vanhorn might not see the tears in her eyes; then she returned to the blue room and went through a second farewell, with a dignity appropriate to the occasion.

"Good-by," said Anne, coming back from the doorway to kiss her thin cheek a second time. Then she whispered: "I

may return to you after all, mademoiselle. Do not forget me."

"The dear child!" said Jeanne-Armande, waving her handkerchief as the carriage drove away. And there was a lump in her yellow old throat which did not disappear all day.

CHAPTER XI.

"In our society there is a standing antagonism between the conservative and the democratic classes; between the interest of dead labor, that is, the labor of hands long ago still in the grave, which labor is now entombed in money, stocks, and land owned by idle capitalists, and the interest of living labor, which seeks to possess itself of them."—EMERSON.

"The June was in me, with its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rose-buds reddening where the calyx split.
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!"
—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHEN the two travellers arrived at Caryl's, Helen was gone. Another telegraphic dispatch had again summoned her to her frequently dying grandfather.

"You are disappointed," said Miss Vanhorn.

"Yes, grandaunt."

"You will have all the more time to devote to me," said the old woman, with her dry little laugh.

Caryl's was a summer resort of an especial kind. Persons who dislike crowds, persons who seek novelty, and, above all, persons who spend their lives in carefully avoiding every thing and place which can even remotely be called popular, combine to make such nooks, and give them a brief fame—a fame which by its very nature must die as suddenly as it is born. Caryl's was originally a stage inn, or "tarvern," in the dialect of the district. But the stage ran no longer, and as the railroad was several miles distant, the house had become as isolated as the old road before its door, which went literally nowhere, the bridge which had once spanned the river having fallen into ruin. Some young men belonging to those New York families designated by Tante as "Neeker-Bo-Kers" discovered Caryl's by chance, and established themselves there as a place free from new people, with some shooting, and a few trout. The next summer they brought their friends, and from this beginning had swiftly grown the present state of things, namely, two hundred persons occupying the old building and hastily erected cottages, in rooms which their city servants would have refused with scorn.

The crowd of summer travellers could not find Caryl's; Caryl's was not advertised. It was not on the road to anywhere. It was a mysterious spot. The vogue of such places changes as fantastically as it is created; the people who make it take flight suddenly, and never return. If it exist at all, it falls into the hands of another class; and there is a great deal of wondering (deservedly) over what was ever found attractive in it. The nobler ocean beaches, grand mountains, and bounteous springs will always be, must always be, popular; it is Nature's ironical method, perhaps, of forcing the would-be exclusives to content themselves with her second best, after all.

Caryl's, now at the height of its transient fame, was merely a quiet nook in the green country, with no more attractions than a hundred others; but the old piazza was paced by the little high-heeled shoes of fashionable women, the uneven floors swept by their trailing skirts. French maids and little bare-legged children sported in the old-fashioned garden, and young men made up their shooting parties in the bare office, and danced in the evening—yes, really danced, not leaving it superciliously to the boys—in the rackety bowling-alley, which, re-floored, did duty as a ball-room. There was a certain woody, uncloying flavor about Caryl's (so it was asserted), which could not exist amid the gilding of Saratoga. All this Miss Vanhorn related to her niece on the day of their arrival. "I do not expect you to understand it," she said; "but pray make no comment; ask no question. Accept everything, and then you will pass."

Aunt and niece had spent a few days in New York, *en route*. The old lady was eccentric about her own attire; she knew that she could afford to be eccentric. But for her niece she purchased a sufficient although simple supply of summer costumes, so that the young girl made her appearance among the others without attracting especial attention. Helen was not there; no one identified Miss Douglas as the *rara avis* of her fantastic narrations. And there was no surface sparkle about Anne, none of the usual girlish wish to attract attention, which makes the

eyes brighten, the color rise, and the breath quicken when entering a new circle.

That old woman of the world, Katharine Vanhorn, took no step to attract notice to her niece. She knew that Anne's beauty was of the kind that could afford to wait; people would discover it for themselves. Anne remained, therefore, quietly by her side through several days, while she, not unwilling at heart to have so fresh a listener, talked on and instructed her. Miss Vanhorn was not naturally brilliant, but she was one of those society women who, in the course of years of fashionable life, have selected and retained for their own use excellent bits of phrasing not original with themselves, idiomatic epithets, a way of neatly describing a person in a word or two as though you had ticketed him, until the listener really takes for brilliancy what is no more than a thread-and-needle shop of other people's wares.

"Any man," she said, as they sat in the transformed bowling-alley—"any man, no matter how insignificant and unattractive, can be made to believe that any woman, no matter how beautiful or brilliant, is in love with him, at the expense of two looks and one sigh."

"But who cares to make him believe?" said Anne, with the unaffected, cheerful indifference which belonged to her, and which had already quieted Miss Vanhorn's fears as to any awkward self-consciousness.

"Most women."

"Why?"

"To swell their trains," replied the old woman. "Isabel Varce, over there in blue, and Rachel Bannert, the one in black, care for nothing else."

"Mrs. Bannert is very ugly," said Anne, with the calm certainty of girlhood.

"Oh, is she?" said Miss Vanhorn, laughing shortly. "You will change your mind, my Phyllis; you will learn that a dark skin and half-open eyes are superb."

"If *Helen* was here, people would see real beauty," answered Anne, with some scorn.

"They are a contrast, I admit; opposite types. But we must not be narrow, Phyllis; you will find that people continue to look at Mrs. Bannert, no matter who is by. Here is some one who seems to know you."

"Mr. Dexter," said Anne, as the tall form drew near. "He is a friend of Helen's."

"Helen has a great many friends. However, I happen to have heard of this Mr. Dexter. You may present him to me—I hope you know how."

All Madame Moreau's pupils knew how. Anne performed her task properly, and Dexter, bringing forward one of the old broken-backed chairs (which formed part of the "woody and uncloying flavor" of Caryl's), sat down beside them.

"I am surprised that you remembered me, Mr. Dexter," said the girl. "You saw me but once, and on New-Year's Day too, among so many."

"But you remembered me, Miss Douglas."

"That is different. You were kind to me—about the singing. It is natural that I should remember."

"And why not as natural that I should remember the singing?"

"Because it was not good enough to have made any especial impression," replied Anne, looking at him calmly with her clear violet eyes.

"It was at least new—I mean the simplicity of the little ballad," said Dexter, ceasing to compliment, and speaking only the truth.

"Simplicity!" said Miss Vanhorn: "I am tired of it. I hope, Anne, you will not sing any simplicity songs here; those ridiculous things about bringing an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf, and that it was but a little faded flower. They show an extremely miserable spirit, I think. If you can not give your friends a whole blossom or a fresh one, you had better not give them any at all."

"Who was it who said that he was sated with poetry about flowers, and that if the Muses must come in everywhere, he wished they would not always come as green-grocers?" said Dexter, who knew perfectly the home of this as of every other quotation, but always placed it in that way to give people an opportunity of saying, "Charles Lamb, wasn't it?" or "Sheridan?" It made conversation flowing.

"The flowers do not need the Muses," said Miss Vanhorn—"slatternly creatures, with no fit to their gowns. And that reminds me of what Anne was saying as you came up, Mr. Dexter; she was calmly and decisively observing that Mrs. Bannert was very ugly."

A smile crossed Dexter's face in answer to the old woman's short dry laugh.

"I added that if Mrs. Lorrington was here, people would see real beauty," said Anne, distressed by this betrayal, but standing by her guns.

Miss Vanhorn laughed again. "Mr. Dexter particularly admires Mrs. Bannert, child," she said, cheerfully, having had the unexpected amusement of two good laughs in an evening.

But Anne, instead of showing embarrassment, turned her eyes toward Dexter, as if in honest inquiry.

"Mrs. Bannert represents the Oriental type of beauty," he answered, smiling, as he perceived her frank want of agreement.

"Say creole," said Miss Vanhorn. "It is a novelty, child, which has made its appearance lately; a reaction after the narrow-chested type which has so long in America held undisputed sway. We absolutely take a quadroon to get away from the consumptive New-Englander, of whom we are all desperately tired."

"New York city is now developing a type of its own, I think," said Dexter. "You can tell a New York girl at a glance when you meet her in the West or the South. Women walk more in the city than they do elsewhere, and that has given them a firm step and bearing, which are noticeable."

"To think of comparisons between different parts of this raw land of ours, as though they had especial characteristics of their own!" said Miss Vanhorn, looking for a seed.

"You have not travelled much in this country, I presume," said Dexter.

"No, man, no. When I travel, I go abroad."

"I have never been abroad," answered Dexter, quietly. "But I can see a difference between the people of Massachusetts and the people of South Carolina, the people of Philadelphia and the people of San Francisco, which is marked and of the soil. I even think that I can tell a Boston, Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, Louisville, or St. Louis family at sight."

"You go to all those places?" said Miss Vanhorn, half closing her eyes, and speaking in a languid voice, as if the subject was too remote for close attention.

"Yes. You are not aware, perhaps, that I am a business man."

"Ah? What is it you do?" said the old woman, who knew perfectly Dexter's entire history, but wanted to hear his own account of himself.

"I am interested in iron; that is, I have iron mills, and—other things."

"Exactly; as you say—other things. Does that mean politics?"

"Partly," said Dexter, smiling.

"And oil?"

"No. I have never had any opportunity to coin gold with the Aladdin's lamp found in Pennsylvania. There is no magic in any of my occupations; they are all regular and commonplace."

"Are you in Congress now?"

"No; I was only there one term."

"A bore, isn't it?"

"Not to me."

"Congress is always a riot," said Miss Vanhorn, still with her eyes closed.

"I can not agree with you," said Dexter, his face taking on one of its resolute expressions. "I have small patience with those Americans who affect to be above any interest in the government of the country in which they live. It *is* their country, and they can no more alter that fact than they can change their plain grandfathers into foreign noblemen."

"Dear me! dear me!" said Miss Vanhorn, carelessly. "You talk to me as if I was a mass-meeting."

"I beg your pardon," said Dexter, his former manner returning. "I forgot for the moment that no one is in earnest at Caryl's."

"By-the-way—how did *you* ever get in here?" said Miss Vanhorn, with frank impertinence.

"I came because I like to see all sides of society," he replied, smiling down upon her with amused eyes.

"Give me your arm. You amount to something," said the old woman, rising. "We will walk up and down for a few moments; and, Anne, you can come too."

"I am almost sure that he is Helen's Knight-errant," thought Anne. "And I like him *very* much."

A niece of Miss Vanhorn's could not of course be slighted. The next day Isabel Varce came up and talked a while; later, Mrs. Bannert and the others followed. Gregory Dexter was with aunt and niece frequently; and Miss Vanhorn was pleased to be very gracious. She talked to him herself most of the time, while Anne watched the current of the new life around her. Other men had been pre-

sented to her; and among them she thought she recognized the Chanting Tenor and the Poet of Helen's narratives. She could not write to Helen; the eccentric grandfather objected to letters. "Fools and women clog the mails," was one of his favorite assertions. But although Anne could not write, Helen could smuggle letters occasionally into the outgoing mail-bags, and when she learned that Anne was at Caryl's, she wrote immediately. "Have you seen Isabel Varce yet?" ran the letter. "And Rachel Bannert? The former is my dearest rival, the latter my deadliest friend. Use your eyes, I beg. What amusement I shall have hearing your descriptions when I come! For of course you will make the blindest mistakes. However, a blind man has been known to see sometimes what other people have never discovered. How is the Grand Llama? I conquered her at last, as I told you I should. With a high pressure of magnanimity. But it was all for my own sake; and now, behold, I am here! But you can study the Bishop, the Poet, the Tenor, and the Knight-errant in the flesh; how do you like the Knight?"

"This place is a prison," wrote Helen, again; "and I am in the mean time consumed with curiosity to know *what* is going on at Caryl's. Please answer my letters, and put the answers away until I come; it is the only method I can think of by which I can get the aroma of each day. Or, rather, not the aroma, but the facts; you do not know much of aromas. If facts were 'a divine thing' to Frederick the Great (Mr. Dexter told me that, of course), they are certainly extremely solemn to you. Tell me, then, what every body is doing. And particularly the Bishop and the Knight-errant."

And Anne answered the letters faithfully, telling everything she noticed, especially as to Dexter. Who the Bishop was she had not been able to decide.

In addition to the others, Ward Heathcote had now arrived at Caryl's, also Mr. Blum.

In the mean time Miss Vanhorn had tested without delay her niece's new knowledge of botany. Her face was flushed and her hand fairly trembled with eagerness as she gave Anne her first wild flower, and ordered her to analyze it. Would she blunder, or show herself dull and incompetent? One thing was certain: no pretended zeal could deceive old Katharine—she knew the reality too well.

But there was no pretense. Anne, honest as usual, analyzed the flower with some mistakes, but with real interest; and the keen black eyes recognized the genuine hue of the feeling, as far as it went. After that initiation, every morning they drove to the woods, and Anne searched in all directions, coming back loaded down with spoil. Every afternoon there followed analyzing, pressing, drying, and labelling, for hours.

"Pray leave the foundations of our bridge intact," called Isabel Varce, passing on horseback, accompanied by Ward Heathcote, and looking down at Anne digging up something on the bank below, while at a little distance Miss Vanhorn's coupé was waiting, with the old lady's hard face looking out through the closed window.

Anne laughed, and turned her face, glowing with rose-color, upward to look at them.

"Do you like that sort of thing?" said Isabel, pausing, having noted at a glance that the young girl was attired in old clothes, and appeared in every way at a disadvantage. She had no especial malice toward Anne in this; she merely acted on general principles as applied to all of her own sex. But even the most acute feminine minds make mistakes on the subject, namely, they forget that to a man dress is not the woman. Anne, in her faded gown, down on the muddy bank, with her hat off, her boots begrimed, and her zeal for the root she was digging up, seemed to Ward Heathcote a new and striking creature. The wind ruffled her thick brown hair and blew it into little rings and curls about her face, her eyes, unflinching in the brilliant sunshine, laughed back at them as they looked over the railing; the lines of her shoulder and extended arms were of noble beauty. To a woman's eyes a perfect sleeve is of the highest importance; it did not occur to Isabel that through the ugly, baggy, out-of-date sleeve down there on the bank, the wind, sturdily blowing, was revealing an arm whose outline silk and lace could never rival. Satisfied with her manœuvre, she rode on: Anne certainly looked what all women would have called "a fright."

Yet that very evening Heathcote approached, recalled himself to Miss Van-

horn's short memory, and, after a few moments of conversation, sat down beside Anne, who received him with the same frank predisposition to be pleased which she gave to all alike. Heathcote was not a talker like Dexter; he seemed to have little to say at any time. He was one of a small and unimportant class in the United States, which would be very offensive to citizens at large if it came in contact with them; but it seldom does. To this class there is no city in America save New York, and New York itself is only partially endurable. National reputations are nothing, politics nothing. Money is necessary, and ought to be provided in some way; and generally it is, since without it this class could not exist in a purely democratic land. But it is inherited, not made. It may be said that simply the large landed estates acquired at an early date in the vicinity of the city, and immensely increased in value by the growth of the metropolis, have produced this class, which, however, having no barriers, can never be permanent, or make to itself laws. Heathcote's great-grandfather was a landed proprietor in Westchester County; he had lived well, and died at a good old age, to be succeeded by his son, who also lived well, and died not so well, and poorer than his father. The grandson increased the ratio in both cases, leaving to his little boy, Ward, but a small portion of the original fortune, and departing from the custom of the house in that he died early. The boy, without father, mother, brother, or sister, grew up under the care of guardians, and, upon coming of age, took possession of the remnant left to him. A good portion of this he himself had lost, not so much from extravagance, however, as carelessness. He had been abroad, of course, and had adopted English ways, but not with any violence. He left that to others. He passed for good-natured in the main; he was not restless. He was quite willing that other men should have more luxuries than he had—a yacht, for instance, or fine horses; he felt no irritation on the subject. On the other hand, he would have been much surprised to learn that any one longed to take him out and knock him down, simply as an insufferable object. Yet Gregory Dexter had that longing at times so strongly that his hand fairly quivered.

Heathcote was slightly above middle height, and well built, but his gait was indolent and careless. Good features unlighted by animation, a brown skin, brown eyes ordinarily rather lethargic, thick brown hair and mustache, and very heavy eyebrows standing out prominently from the face in profile view, were the items ordinarily given in a general description. He had a low-toned voice and slow manner, in which, however, there was no affectation. What was the use of doing anything with any particular effort? He had no antipathy for persons of other habits; the world was large. It was noticed, however (or rather it was *not* noticed), that he generally got away from them as soon as he quietly could. He had lived to be thirty-two years old, and had on the whole enjoyed life so far, although he was neither especially important, handsome, nor rich. The secret of this lay in one fact: women liked him.

What was it that they found to like in him? This was the question asked often in irritation by his brother man. And naturally. For the women themselves could not give a reasonable reason. The corresponding side of life is not the same, since men admire with a reason; the woman is plainly beautiful, or brilliant, or fascinating around whom they gather. At Caryl's seven or eight men were handsomer than Heathcote; a number were more brilliant; many were richer. Yet almost all of these had discovered, at one time or another, that the eyes they were talking to were following Heathcote furtively; and they had seen attempts that made them tingle with anger—all the more so because they were so infinitesimally delicate and fine, as became the actions of well-bred women. One or two, who had married, had had explained to them elaborately by their wives what it was they (in their free days, of course) had liked in Heathcote—elaborately, if not clearly. The husbands gathered generally that it was only a way he had, a manner; the liking was half imaginative, after all. Now Heathcote was not in the least imaginative. But the women were.

Manly qualities, good hearts, handsome faces, and greater wealth held their own in fact against him. Marriages took place in his circle, wedding chimes pealed, and brides were happy under their veils in spite of him. Yet, as histories of lives go, there was a decided balance in

his favor of feminine regard, and no one could deny it.

He had now but a small income, and had been obliged to come down to a very simple manner of life. What he should do when he came down to nothing, he had not considered. Those who disliked him said that of course he would marry money. As yet, however, he had shown no signs of fulfilling his destiny in this respect. He seldom took the trouble to express his opinions, and therefore passed as having none; but those who were clear-sighted knew better. Dexter was one of these, and this entire absence of self-assertion in Ward Heathcote stung him. For Dexter always asserted himself; he could not help it. He came in at this moment, and noted Heathcote's position near Anne. Obeying an impulse, he crossed the room immediately, and began a counter-conversation with Miss Vanhorn, the chaperon.

"Trying to interest that child," he thought, as he listened to the grandaunt with the air of deferential attention she liked so well. With eyes that apparently never once glanced in their direction, he kept close watch of the two beyond. "She is no match for him," he thought, with indignation; "she has had no experience. It ought not to be allowed."

But Dexter always mistook Heathcote; he gave him credit for plans and theories of which Heathcote never dreamed. In fact, he judged him by himself. Heathcote was merely talking to Anne now in the absence of other entertainment, having felt some slight curiosity about her because she had looked so bright and contented on the mud-bank under the bridge. He tried to recall his impression of her on New-Year's Day, and determined to refresh his memory by Blum; but, in the mean time, outwardly his manner was as though, silently, of course, but none the less deeply, he had dwelt upon her image ever since. It was this impalpable manner which made Dexter indignant. He knew it so well! He said to himself that it was a lie. And, generally speaking, it was. But possibly in this case (as in others) it was not so much the falsity of the manner as its success which annoyed the other man.

He could not hear what was said; and the words, in truth, were not many or brilliant. But he knew the sort of quiet glance with which they were being accompanied. Yet Dexter, quick and suspicious as he was, would never have discovered that glance unaided. He had learned it from another, and that other, of course, a woman. For once in a while it happens that a woman, when roused to fury, will pour out the whole story of her wrongs to some man who happens to be near. No man does this. He has not the same need of expression; and, besides, he will never show himself at such a disadvantage voluntarily, even for the sake of comfort. He would rather remain uncomforted. But women of strong feelings often, when excited, cast wisdom to the winds, and even seem to find a desperate satisfaction in the most hazardous imprudences, which can injure only themselves. In a mood of this kind, some one had poured out to Gregory Dexter bitter testimony against Heathcote, one-sided, perhaps, but photographically accurate in all the details, which are so much to women. Dexter had listened with inward anger and contempt; but he had listened. And he had recognized, besides, the accent of truth in every word. The narrator was now in Austria with a new and foreign husband, apparently as happy as the day is long. But the listener had never forgotten or forgiven her account of Heathcote's method and manner. He said to himself that he despised it, and he did despise it. Still, in some occult way, one may be jealous of results attained even by ways and means for which one feels a righteous contempt; and the more so when one has a firm confidence in his own abilities, which have not yet, however, been openly recognized in that field. In all other ways Gregory Dexter was a marked type of American success.

As the days moved slowly on, he kept watch of Heathcote. It was more a determination to foil him than interest in Anne which made him add himself as a third whenever he could unobtrusively; which was not often, since Miss Vanhorn liked to talk to him herself, and Anne knew no more how to aid him than a nun. After a while Heathcote became conscious of this watchfulness, and it amused him. His idea of Dexter was "a clever sort of fellow, who has made money, and is ambitious. Goes in for politics, and that sort of thing. Talks well, but too much. Tiresome." He began to devote himself to Anne now in a

different way; hitherto he had been only entertaining himself (and rather languidly) by a study of her fresh naïve truthfulness. He had drawn out her history; he, too, knew of the island, the fort, and the dog trains. Poor Anne was always eloquent on these subjects. Her color rose, her words came quickly.

"You are fond of the island," he said, one evening, as they sat on the piazza in the moonlight, Dexter within three feet of them, but unable to hear their murmured words. For Heathcote had a way of interposing his shoulder between listeners and the person to whom he was talking, which made the breadth of woollen cloth as much a barrier as a stone wall; he did this more frequently now that he had discovered Dexter's watchfulness.

"Yes," said Anne, in as low a voice as his own. Then suddenly, plainly visible to him in the moonlight, tears welled up and dropped upon her cheeks.

She had been homesick all day. Sometimes Miss Vanhorn was hard and cold as a bronze statue in winter; sometimes she was as quick and fiery as if charged with electricity. Sometimes she veered between the two. To-day had been one of the veering days, and Anne had worked over the dried plants five hours in a close room, now a mark for sarcastic darts of ridicule, now enduring an icy silence, until her lot seemed too heavy to bear. She had learned to understand the old woman's moods, but understanding pain does not make it lighter. Released at last, a great wave of homesickness had swept over her, which did not, however, break bounds until Heathcote's words touched the spring; then the gates opened and the tears came.

They had no sooner dropped upon her cheeks, one, two, three, than she was overwhelmed with hot shame at having allowed them to fall, and with fear lest any one should notice them. Mr. Heathcote had seen them, that was hopelessly certain; but if only she could keep them from her grandaunt! Yet she did not dare to lift her handkerchief lest its white should attract attention.

But Heathcote knew what to do.

As soon as he saw the tears (to him, of course, totally unexpected; but girls are so), he raised his straw hat, which lay on his knee, and, holding it by the crown, began elaborately to explain some peculiarity in the lining (he called it South American) invented for the occasion, at the same time, by the motion, screening her face completely from observation on the other side. But Anne could not check herself; the very shelter brought thicker drops. He could not hold his hat in that position forever, even to look at Brazilian linings. He rose suddenly, and standing in front so as to screen her, he cried, "A bat! a bat!" at the same time making a pass with his hat as though he saw it in the air.

Every one on the piazza rose, darted aside hither and thither, the ladies covering their heads with their fans and handkerchiefs, the men making passes with their hats, as usual on bat occasions; every one was sure the noxious creature flew by. For a number of minutes confusion reigned. When it was over, Anne's cheeks were dry, and a little cobweb tie had been formed between herself and Heathcote. It was too slight to be noticed, but it was there.

THE RETURN MESSAGE.

SHE parted from him with the old hankering for something better. What was amiss? Must it always be amiss? Had all women this hitch, this jar, with the men they loved? Of course she loved him. Of course he loved her. Why could not there be the abandon and joy she had always dreamed of in her girlhood when she read of love?

"She" was Ruth Lindsay. You would have called her a queen anywhere. Tall, handsome—oh, so handsome!—and still lovely; young, but strong; grave, but cheerful; joyous, but wise; loved by all her school companions, half worshipped by half the men. And Ruth had parted thus, dissatisfied at heart—though she was too proud to own this—from Alfred Moshier. They had been engaged, now seven weeks, since they crossed the ocean on the *Parthia*.

"I will not worry any longer," said Ruth, aloud. She girt herself for work. She went down to old Mrs. Royal's and washed the baby, who needed it badly, aired the bedroom while Mrs. Royal sat over the fire. She went to the French reading, and laughed her best and brightest as the professor read "L'Ami Inconnu." She came home, and looked round her work-room for something that would take her out of herself. "I will talk with

the newts and moles," she said. "I will see what they are saying."

So she lifted her telephone from the wall, called Cæsar's boy Pompey, and bade him carry the heavy plates, and went down to her dreaming-place in the garden. She sent Pompey away, sank the plates herself, with her trowel, in the border, and began to listen to the endless sounds, which came in a strange refrain, as grass grows, and dews distill, and crystals take form in mother earth. She was soothed by the unrhythmed music; more and more did it rest her, when suddenly,

"Taap, tap, tap—tap—tap, taap—tap, taap, tap—tap—tap, tap, tap—taap—long and short, in tones no mole uses nor root of grass, sounded the word "Dearest" to her well-trained sense. "Fine-ear" himself, in the story, never listened more absorbed. "Dearest, dearest," the taps went on, "answer—answer now.—MOSHIER." More faint, but perfectly clear, came, "O. K. I am here—wire open. Your pet." "My pet and my darling," said Moshier, in answer; "oh, I am dead bored—say something sweet to me." "Poor old boy! poor darling dear! where has he been?" was the telegraph girl's reply. "He has not been with his heart's delight, he can tell you that," tapped Moshier. And Ruth, or Fine-ears, threw the listening-cup upon the ground. She was one too many in this *tête-à-tête*.

Moshier was an observer in the great Tamworth Observatory. He was using the time wire in this disgusting intrigue. Ruth had hit upon Mr. Trowbridge's curious discovery, by which you can take, with the telephone, anywhere from the ground, the "return message," as the electricians call it. She sent her return message by mail to the faithless Alfred as soon as she reached the house. Her mystery was solved. He did not love her. And she—she had been trying, from mere loyalty, to love him. She wrote her proud note of dismissal with absolute joy.

She went to the reception at Mrs. Mandell's once more perfectly happy.

THE MARKET BELL.

SWEET from his pipe the piper drew
A strain that ravished all men's ears,
And soared in triumph to the blue
Wherein the skylark disappears.

The listening throng, or grave or gay,
Were hushed beneath the music's sway.

When sudden on the silver notes
A harsh resounding clangor fell;
A shout went forth from eager throats—
"The market bell! the market bell!"

Swift rushed the audience from the place;
The piper piped to empty space.

An old-world story this, antique,
And told in cynic irony:
The keen-edged humor of the Greek,
It bears no sting for thee and me?

The sweet, the clear, the sad, the fain,
Dear Nature wooes us not in vain?

Her mystic measures round us roll,
We sit in silence at her feet,
And, awed and blessed, we own control
As potent as, alas! 'tis fleet.

For list! for haste! we know it well,
Earth's loud, imperious market bell.

CAMP LOU.

ON the 7th of June, 1879, the stage-coach which runs forty miles through the Adirondack Wilderness drove up to "Paul" Smith's far-famed hostelry with two passengers only. These two were a young man and his wife. They had penetrated the great wilderness of Northern New York for other purposes than pleasure. A glance at the young man would perhaps have set nine persons out of ten to asking why he should have come to so remote a spot to die. The wonder of the tenth might have expended itself over the fact that he had lived long enough to reach that remote spot. He must have presented an unpromising spectacle to the guides gathered on the hotel piazza, for his colorless face—save where the hectic spots burned redly, like signal-lamps of death—his wasted body, and his feeble strength indicated plainly enough what manner of disease it was which held him in its grim clutches. So wretched a specimen of a "sportsman" made mockery of a Winchester rifle or the daintiest of fly rods. Not even the zeal of the Adirondack guide, usually displayed with a hackman's energy in matters of business, could blind him to the absurdity of offering his services to this latest arrival, who was manifestly too weak to sight a gun, or even engage in anything like an equal contest with a trout of ordinary size and vigor. So the guides, in rough sympathy, watched the stranger as he walked feebly into the parlor and sank into a chair, exhausted even by that slight effort. And yet the young man had not journeyed into this remote wilderness to die. He had come in search of larger game than deer. He had come hunting for health. And he found it.

To-day, eighteen months after his first glimpse of the St. Regis Lake, he finds himself a comparatively well man. Those months have been passed uninterruptedly in the wilderness. For a year and a half the wasted lungs have fed upon this pure air, and upon nothing else. Slowly—very slowly at times, but none the less steadily—Nature has been patching up the delicate tissues, healing the tubercular formations, ridding the system of fever, checking the cough, putting flesh on the wasted body, and strengthening the flabby muscles. In short, in her own marvellous way, this mightiest of physicians has taken by the throat the disease which the doctors pronounce incurable, and in the very hour of its victory throttled it. An

eighteen months' residence in the woods—to put it as you and I would put it—has cured a man in the last stages of consumption; it has checked, as the faculty might phrase it, a case of far-developed pulmonary phthisis. The lucky fellow who thus falls heir to a new lease of life thanks God, and goes back to his old trade of reporting—this time to report his experience in health-hunting in the Adirondack Wilderness.

It is now nearly two years since Dr. A. L. Loomis, of New York city, read before the State Medical Society a paper entitled "The Adirondack Region as a Therapeutical Agent in the Treatment of Pulmonary Phthisis." This paper was afterward printed in the *Medical Record*. One outside the pale of the medical profession may not be permitted to praise a purely technical dissertation, but the writer can not forego this opportunity to bear testimony to the individual benefit which he, at least, derived from the distinguished physician's essay. Without it, it is pretty sure that this magazine article would never have been prepared. What Dr. Loomis had to say about pulmonary disease naturally carried with it much weight; and what he had to say of the St. Regis country certainly awakened a very profound interest in that subject among physicians throughout the country. Dr. Edward W. Victor, of Brooklyn, who started the writer on his way to the wilderness, and Dr. William H. Watson, of Utica, now Surgeon-General of this State, who encouraged the patient to carry out the project, were by no means the only doctors of repute who were made enthusiastic by Dr. Loomis's paper. Within the scope of an article like this, it is, of course, impossible to give more than a brief summary of Dr. Loomis's comprehensive statement.* After expressing it as his belief that climate is the most important factor in the treatment of pulmonary phthisis, and giving a brief description of the three varieties of the disease which he clinically and pathologically recognizes, the professor proceeds to point out the advantages of the St. Regis country as they have become known to him through observation and experience. He dwells especially upon the dryness of the soil to be found there—a condition which he regards as of the greatest importance in the home of a phthisical invalid. Of the climate of the Adirondack region, the paper regards it as moist and cool, with a rain-fall somewhat above the average for other portions of the State; a dry period in summer, when the days become hot, but the nights remain almost always cool; a winter in which the cold is almost uninterrupted, no thawing of any consequence taking place before March; then, owing to the sieve-like nature of the soil, the snow disappears rapidly. There is no preponderance of clear days at any season, while cool, cloudy weather is the characteristic feature of the climate. In all this there would appear to be nothing to recommend this locality to the phthisical patient; but it is the absolute purity of the air here which accomplishes the good results. Pine, balsam, spruce, and hemlock trees abound, and the atmosphere is heavily laden with ozone. The resinous odors of the evergreens, admitted to be most beneficial to diseased mucous membranes, are brought into contact with the air-passages, and the patient lives within a zone which separates him from the impurities of the outer world. In a communication from Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, who has himself given the St. Regis country a trial of some years for the cure of phthisis, he tells Dr. Loomis that from personal experience he believes that any comparison of the relative good effects of the climate of Minnesota, Colorado, or the South, with that of the Adirondack Wilderness, is decidedly in favor of the latter. Dr. Loomis next proceeds to give the results obtained from a fair trial of this region. He cites twenty cases of persons who have tested the wilderness experiment, and of these, after an extended trial, he reports ten as recovered, six as improved, two as not benefited, and two who died. It may be a matter of surprise to a large number of persons acquainted with Dr. Loomis that he himself was at one time threatened with consumption. "The only survivor of a family," he tells us, "every member of which, save perhaps one, had died of phthisis, I had come to regard my case as a critical one. A Southern trip had not relieved, if it had not aggravated, my phthisical symptoms. In this condition I went into this region, and into camp, and when, before the sum-

* To those readers who may desire to possess the paper in its entirety I would say that it appeared in Vol. XV., Nos. 17 and 18, of the *Medical Record*, published by William Wood and Co., of New York city. Copies of these numbers could be obtained a few months ago, and probably can at this time.

mer months had passed, I came out of the Adirondacks, or North Woods, free from cough, with an increase in weight of about twenty pounds, with greater physical vigor than I had known for years, I very naturally became an enthusiast in regard to them.....From time to time, since that summer eleven years ago, I have sent phthisical invalids into this region. At first I sent them only during the summer months; but I found that while temporary relief was afforded, and in some instances marked improvement took place, in cases of fully developed phthisis the latter was not permanent, and although the winter months might be spent at the South, yet before another summer came around, the disease progressed. Not until 1873 was I able to persuade any phthisical invalid to remain during the winter. The effect of the winter climate on this invalid showed so markedly the benefit to be derived from a winter's residence in this region, that from that time, each winter, others have been induced to remain."

With respect to the several cases reported by Dr. Loomis, it may be said that in a majority of instances no improvement was perceptible until some time after the patient had taken up his residence in the region. Each case had a long history of getting better or worse, but each advance toward recovery was more marked than the former. The ten absolute cures were effected in catarrhal phthisis, and it is this form of the disease which seems to be most benefited by the wilderness. Almost without exception, the improvement appeared more rapid in winter than in summer. "I shall have accomplished my purpose," says Dr. Loomis, in conclusion, "if by this hastily prepared paper I shall have awakened in my professional brethren the spirit of investigation as regards this extensive health-restoring region within the boundaries of our own State, which we have been passing by, while we have sent phthisical invalids far from home and friends, to regions far less restorative."

Imperfect as this abstract is of Dr. Loomis's paper, it explains more clearly perhaps than otherwise could be done the motive which prompted the Reporter to journey into the wilderness at the time when the physicians had given him only a month longer to live. Here was something to kindle anew the flickering flame of hope. Here was the highest of medical authority pointing the way to possible recovery. When he first read these cheering words, the Reporter had already been in the clutches of consumption for a year and a half. His was but the repetition of the old, sad experience of a thousand others who disregard the first small warnings of the dreaded disease; who think nothing of the slight but persistent cough, of the hardly perceptible weakening of the body, of the occasional flushes of fever, of the lessening appetite, of the quickened pulse and shortened breath. Consumption? Bless your soul, from no branch or twig of his genealogic tree was it possible for the Reporter to draw the wasting sap of phthisis. He had always taken as a matter of course, as we all take it while it is within our grasp, the priceless boon of health. He had done the giant's swing in his college days, digested dreamlessly lobster salad at midnight, stood the strain of newspaper work and boarding-house fare, and never thought of calling upon the doctors for assistance. Yet the insidious disease crept upon him unawares, robbed him of his robust health, and drove him from New York to begin the weary, uneven fight for life. Before that June day when he alighted at "Paul"

IN THE PINE FOREST.

Smith's, he had travelled the beaten road which consumptives have gone over for generations. Cod-liver oil and quinine had done as much and as little for him as for others. He had spent a summer in the White Mountains, and, encouraged by some temporary improvement, had rashly returned to New York, and to his desk in a newspaper office. But the disease was merely trifling with its victim. In the winter of 1878–79 it laid him low—so low that when he set out for his trip to the Adirondack woods it was a matter of grave doubt whether he would live to reach his destination.

"PAUL" SMITH'S HOTEL.

After two weeks spent at "Paul" Smith's, during which time his condition was so precarious as to make the experiment of camp life seemingly foolhardy, the Reporter pitched his tent, and began the trial of the wilderness cure. He was made as comfortable as, under the circumstances, he could be, but it was weeks before any positive improvement in his condition manifested itself. In those weeks he displayed a faith in the experiment which surpassed that of either physicians or friends. Appreciating, however, as he did, that it was the last card he had to play in the game, and sustained as he was by the presence of a brave and loving wife, he doubtless received more praise for his pluck than he deserved. If he had died, the St. Regis dwellers would have remarked, with refreshing unanimity—and possibly the doctors would have echoed the remark—"We told you so." Not dying, he has lived to receive the congratulations of the community upon what each individual member thereof was confident would be the result.

Before attempting a description of what life here is, or endeavoring to point out some facts which may be of service to those who care to give the experiment a trial, it is all-essential that the Reporter should impress upon his readers one or two preliminary truths. The first of these is that the writer of this article is not a physician; and while, therefore, his personal experience may serve as a proof

of what the wilderness cure has accomplished in an individual case, he does not consider himself competent to advise others, nor would he presume to recommend them, to make the experiment without consultation with a trusted physician. Secondly, it is to be borne in mind that if anything like a fair trial is to be given the experiment, the patient must make up his mind to spend at least a year in the woods. For, as a rule, without the winter residence, little permanent good can be accomplished. Again, the consumptive who comes into the wilderness must come with faith large enough to bridge him over weeks, and perhaps months, wherein his condition will remain apparently unchanged. Still, again, he must make up his mind to put up with certain inconveniences, and to depend largely upon himself for resources of amusement. If he can not bring himself to endure such an exile with a reasonable degree of cheerfulness, or if upon the first indications of improvement he shall pack his traps and go out of the woods, it would be wiser not to try the experiment at all. With these conditions thoroughly understood, let us see what awaits the invalid who penetrates these backwoods in the search for health.

To begin with, camp life is to be considered as perhaps the most important feature of the wilderness cure. When the Reporter first came into the woods, his ideas with regard to this matter of camping out were vague in the extreme. Having faithfully read all the books on the Adirondacks that he could find, the impression left was a jumble of woollen blankets, rubber coats, hemlock boughs, salt pork, and a frying-pan. To-day he is glad to be able to report that camping out, so far as it relates to the St. Regis country, may be absolutely dissociated from pork, frying-pans, and all other abominations. Here, forty miles in the wilderness, one may surround himself with all the comforts and nearly all the luxuries that he can enjoy in his own city home. This assertion is made, of course, on the assumption that the camp is to be permanent, and built within easy access of some one of the hotels. It also presumes, as does, indeed, this entire narrative, that the camper-out is an invalid, and that his backwoods life is to be made, first of all, to contribute to the success of the great health hunt. In selecting a spot for the patient's camp, it will be well to keep within a radius of a mile or two of a hotel—in the St. Regis region, for the purpose of definiteness, we will say within a mile or two of "Paul" Smith's. The ground should be high, bordering a lake, abundantly supplied with trees, and, if possible, accessible from the main road by wagon. It would be better to build a camp within five hundred feet of the hotel than to strike out too far from the centre of supplies. The high ground is desirable to catch the breeze, and thus avoid the insect nuisance. As the mountain ponds serve largely for highways of travel, a camp should be so located as to bring a boat into play. Hundreds of desirable points not yet occupied are to be found on the Upper and Lower St. Regis lakes, Spitfire and Osgood ponds. The Reporter's camp stood on the last-mentioned, covering a bluff forty feet high, which projected into the water, peninsula-like. Perhaps a description of this wilderness abode may serve best to convey to the uninitiated reader some fair idea of what an invalid's camp may be. Look, then, if you please, at Camp Lou.

Standing, as has been said, on a bluff which stretches into the deep clear waters of the little mountain lake, the natural advantages of the spot for the purpose desired could hardly be surpassed. Almost always a cool breeze sweeps across the water, making the air, even in the hottest days, deliciously fresh. Standing here, the eye of the observer can nowhere in the broad range of vision discover aught to mar the face of nature as fashioned by nature's God. Nothing hints of man's laborious toil. Not a house, nor barn, nor fence, nor foot of cultivated ground. Nothing but the sentinel pines, and all the fragrant family of evergreens, the blue mountains, the clear transparent lake, and the overarching sky. The earth is carpeted with a luxuriant growth of moss, intermingled with pine needles, stubby partridge-grass, and graceful ferns. Facing the lake, and in line with the precipitous bank, stand the bark buildings and canvas tent which collectively make up the "camp." These bark structures, half a dozen in number, vary in size from eight to twelve feet square. They serve respectively as a store-room, a dining-room, a pantry, a kitchen, and servants' sleeping quarters. They are constructed of a frame of poles with bark coverings,

are floored, lighted by windows, and made secure by doors. The most pretentious of the group has a porch in front provided with rustic seats, while one standing nearest the brink of the high bank is left open at the sides and ends in arbor fashion, and serves as a dining spot when the weather is fair. Nothing can be prettier in their way than these bark buildings, and yet they can be erected by any competent guide, and at insignificant expense. All the implements of domestic nature may be found in the kitchen and pantry, and if you descend the secure stairs to the water's edge, you will find an ice-house, wherein may be stored provisions in goodly quantities. A hundred feet back of the buildings stand the dog-kennels, and the less sportsman-like but quite as essential hen-coop. Returning to a spot twenty feet from the bank, you come upon the tent. This is so important a feature of the wilderness experiment that the Reporter may be pardoned for giving a pretty minute description of its construction and purposes. Without a good tent, the invalid's camp life can not possibly be made satisfactory. After spending half the nights in the last year and a half under canvas, it would be eminently at variance with the genius of his calling if the Reporter neglected to emphasize the fact that he believes his own improvement, as well as that of many others who have found health in the Adirondacks, is due more to the tent than to any other single agency. In inclement weather the invalid in camp seeks shelter in his tent; or he lounges there in cool days to read or write; he spends his evenings there, and his nights there: altogether, he passes three-fourths of his time in his tent. Were he not in camp, he would spend a like period in-doors. The difference is, that the tent, while it gives him all the protection he seeks, still furnishes the diseased lungs with air which, for all practical purposes, is as pure as that out-of-doors; while the house, to which he would necessarily turn in the city, poisons, during this three-fourths of the day, the delicate and already wasted lung tissue.

Here is the tent. Look at it inside and out, a little critically, if you please, for it will bear the test. It is what is known as a "wall" tent, the walls being nothing more or less than sides. The dimensions are twelve feet square, the walls five feet high, and the upright poles, which run to the apex of what would be the roof, if tents had roofs, eleven feet and a half. As a protection to the tent proper, as well as a means of insuring absolute security against rain, a second covering of canvas or heavy cotton cloth, technically known as a fly, is stretched over the ridge-pole, and brought down to within three feet of the ground. You will observe that the guy-ropes are not fastened to stakes, as you have been accustomed to see them in lawn tents, but are secured to stout horizontal poles running parallel with the side walls, and a trifle higher than the latter. These poles, resting upon others driven perpendicularly into the earth, are about eighteen inches from the walls of the tent. Again, notice that the bottom of the canvas is drawn tightly down and tacked to the planks which form the outer boundary of the floor. All the guy-ropes of both tent and fly are so arranged as to be readily adjusted to any desired tension, for the effect of the atmosphere upon canvas necessitates frequent loosening and tightening of the stays. This stove-pipe, you see, runs out from a zinc-circled hole in the tent wall horizontally a distance of four or five feet, and is then turned upward by an elbow, to serve as a chimney. So much for the exterior; now step inside. The entrance is guarded by a piazza as wide as is the tent, and five feet in depth. That word "guarded" is not a misuse of language, for, without the raised piazza, the interior of your tent would be tracked with sand, rained upon, if you wanted the flaps open, and, in short, left to the mercy of many disturbing elements. If you come with your mind filled with such notions of camping out as came the Reporter into the wilderness, this interior view will surely surprise you. Not the hint of a hemlock bough here, you see. First, the floor is securely laid of seasoned, matched boards, as a floor should be, painted a steel blue, and liberally covered with rugs and Brussels mats. To your left, compassed round with zinc protectors, and resting upon a stone hearth, is an open stove, attaching to the pipe you saw without. It is a cheery stove, perfectly safe, and pleasantly suggestive of wood fires. In a corner stands a bedstead, bark-covered, provided with hair mattresses, generous-sized pillows, plenty of fine woollen blankets, and with the white counterpane and ruffled shams

all complete. Beside the bed is a wash-stand, also bark-covered, and rather an ornamental piece of furniture. Next is the book-case, capable of holding a couple of hundred volumes, which are there too. The upper shelf holds many mantel treasures and bits of bric-à-brac. A clock ticks the hours away cheerfully; back-gammon, chess, a cribbage-board, field-glasses, a piece or two of pottery, a smoking set, a flask (it contains medicine), and numerous other ornaments are there. This book-case, by-the-way, furnishes a modest specimen of what may be made of the native woods here, its material consisting chiefly of black ash, which, when oiled and varnished, is an extremely pretty wood. Here is room for a writing-table, which the Reporter made in odd moments when he could use the jackknife to at least better purpose than a pen. The table is baize-covered, a part of the wood-work being light, with which is contrasted spruce, balsam, and fir, with the bark left on. A dozen different varieties of wood, all of them gathered in the immediate neighborhood, enter into the composition of this home-made piece of furniture. Its top is an inviting litter of newspapers, manuscripts, writing utensils, pipes, tobacco, cigars, and what not. Out of this confusion rises a student-lamp, and just now a dish of fruit. Here is a chintz-covered ottoman, which you can open—but pray don't! Here is a trunk, which does not look at all like a

INTERIOR OF TENT.

trunk, hidden as it is by a gay-colored travelling rug, and made to serve as a seat. Here is a sleep-inviting easy-chair, and here one of rustic design, home-made, like the table. Against the inner upright pole hangs a mirror surmounted by a deer's head, which the Reporter did not shoot himself. At night, when the air grows chilly, these tent flaps are let down, the one lapping well over the other, and this board, running lengthwise and forming a part of the piazza, is raised on hinges, the flaps drawn secure, and the board then let down, holding the canvas so tight that a fly can not crawl in. Many an evening, when the October winds have howled savagely through the great forest, you might have envied the Reporter and his wife sitting here in this canvas habitation, the fire blazing cheerily, the student-lamp lighted, and as cozy an atmosphere of seclusion surrounding everything as if within the cherished precincts of home.

If you make the wilderness experiment, whatever else you may be forced to dispense with, buy a good tent, and fit it up comfortably. It would be useless to undertake to describe what sleeping in a tent is like. It is like nothing else in the world. It is one of the subtle pleasures of this life which must be experienced to be in any way understood. The perfect purity of the air one breathes, the processes of ventilation which are constantly going on, the sense of security, even when the winds are whistling about your frail shelter, the awaking in the morning to an atmosphere absolutely free from that peculiar stifling odor which is perceptible even in the best ventilated sleeping-rooms —all these things combine to make the tent a bedroom so delicious that the fate of Endymion would become a blessing.

One can not sleep always, however, even in camp. Days will come when the monotony of this manner of life will doubtless oppress the invalid—when the grandeur of the scene about him will fail utterly to compensate for the absence of familiar faces and accustomed pursuits. He will long for that exhilaration which is the charm of active life. It is then, of all times, that he needs to bring his philosophy and his pluck into play. It is then that he may with profit remember the Reporter, who could discover no improvement in his condition for weeks after getting into camp, but who, when he took down his tent in a driving snow-storm in November, was strong enough to pull up the stakes with his own hands. It would be absurd to deny that camping out, when done for health and not sport, and when made to cover a period of four or five months, becomes at times wearisome; yet the camp life of an invalid may be made, as has been shown, physically comfortable, even to a degree of luxury, while it will be pleasant precisely in proportion to one's own resources for making it so. The three degrees of comfort attainable where invalidism is an accompaniment of the camping-out experiment, may be thus placed: If the patient is in the earlier stages of the disease, able to roam about at will, possessed of an honest love of nature, and with that propensity for rod and gun which is generally believed to be an inborn and universal trait of the animal man, there is no reason why his camp life should not afford him superlative happiness. Again, supposing him still strong enough to enjoy all physical comforts, and to feel a well man's interest in what is taking place, then, even if he have no taste for the sportsman's pursuits, the camp may nevertheless represent comparative contentment. But if he be an actual sufferer from the more acute phthisical symptoms, doomed to wearying inaction, and additionally unfortunate in possessing neither a love of sport nor a mind to grasp the beauties of nature, his lot in the wilderness may seem to him one of positive misery. Yet in so deplorable a condition it may be questioned whether he would not be positively miserable anywhere.

Companionship will go a great way toward making the wilderness exile pleasant. With wife and children—and it is wholly practicable that these should come —the patient stands in little need of sympathy, so far as his isolation is concerned. In any case, some one near of kin and dear to heart should, if possible, bear the health-seeker company. Then the consciousness that one is gaining, even if it be by inches, is a potent aid in the fight against disease. To a greater degree than any other method of cure which the doctors have advocated, this camping out tends to turn a man's thoughts away from his own condition. That is no small thing in itself. One can not live very long in St. Augustine or Santa Barbara, an invalid himself, without daily contact with those suffering from the same mal-

ady, and seeking the same end by precisely the same measures. That end has not been reached often enough to make the subject an encouraging one for conversation. And yet a dozen invalids thrown together will inevitably turn to their ills as the one theme in which there is unanimous interest. Still worse, on this account, is any regular sanitarium, where the constant society of those similarly afflicted must be, as it always has been, a serious drawback to recovery. In the wilderness camp the patient is effectually removed from all these unfavorable conditions. Then, too, his isolation is not allied to that sense of lonesomeness which attends those who seek more remote resorts. The Reporter addresses himself now, of course, to those who dwell in the Eastern and Middle States, for from this vast region thousands of health-seekers have gone forth in the past, journeying to far-away places, nor ever bethinking them of the rare virtues of this forest which lay, as it were, at their doors. Probably every physician of much experience has had occasion to note the ill effects which frequently attend this removal from home and friends. There is a kind of heart-yearning—call it homesickness if you please—which takes hold of a sick man banished to unfamiliar places, too strong to be resisted. Now, while an Adirondack camp may seem cut off from the busy world as completely as a South Pacific island, yet the invalid knows that in fact he is not very far away from his home. He knows that the journey back is no very great undertaking. In short, he knows that he can put an end to his voluntary banishment to-morrow if he chooses. And that gives him courage to remain to-day. So far as the Reporter's own case is concerned, this sense of freedom to do as he pleased went a good way toward making camp life endurable.

The domestic economy of the camp is generally intrusted to the guide; and if he be the right sort of a man, this method saves considerable trouble. If, however, a more direct supervision of affairs become desirable, there is no reason why it can not be exercised. Supposing the camp to contain but two persons, the invalid and his companion, and supposing further that the money question can not be eliminated from the wilderness experiment, then one competent guide should be counted as sufficient for all the work. For the daily routine labors in a permanent camp are neither very burdensome nor very numerous. The chief difficulty is to find a really good man who takes

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS, NEAR "PAUL" SMITH'S.

kindly to this sort of life. Very many of them prefer the much harder task of "guiding" proper, with its attendant excitement and nomadic charm. And perhaps this is not to be wondered at, for their lives are monotonous enough through a greater portion of the year to make them keenly appreciative of the company of pleasure-seeking sportsmen. Then, too, many of them feel, and rightly, that they are capable of something better than washing dishes and making beds. There is, indeed, no reason why the ordinary work of the invalid's camp should not be performed by a woman. The duties would not be unlike those of the average hired girl in the average city house. To cook the food would be her chief task. Add to the woman a strong active boy to chop wood, draw water, and run errands, and the domestic machinery of a camp could certainly be kept in harmonious motion. While the services of a guide are always desirable, and indispensable if the invalid intend to devote

himself to hunting and fishing, this suggestion is made for the benefit of those who care nothing for sport, and who may be compelled to economize in order to make the experiment at all.

Accepting the theory, which is held to by most medical authorities of the day, that phthisis is a disease requiring in its treatment an abundance of the most nutritious food, the invalid in the woods finds himself in a peculiarly fortunate position. For here, supposing him always within easy reach of "Paul" Smith's, he may obtain, with comparatively little trouble, almost anything he desires to eat. A well-supplied store in the hotel furnishes alike the staple articles of food and many delicacies. Beef, mutton, and poultry are always to be had. In its season, venison, while not superabundant, can generally be obtained as often as the patient craves it. Speckled trout, fresh from the clear waters of the mountain streams, are as plentiful as smelts in Fulton Market. Later, the partridge tempts the appetite, and is supplied at surprisingly cheap rates. Fresh eggs, pure milk, and excellent butter are all to be had from the inhabitants or hotel. In short, if good living will enable a man to conquer consumption, this is the spot to win the victory.

The year in the wilderness naturally divides itself in the invalid's calendar into two seasons—that of camp life, and that of house life. The former, although necessarily varying in length, may be set down as covering at its maximum five months. It will seldom be safe to go into camp earlier than the first of June, nor is it practicable to remain later than the first of November. The intervening seven months constitute the winter season in the wilderness; that is, the season of house life.

It is by no means a new theory, however sharply it may conflict with the generally accepted belief, this sending pulmonary patients to winter in a cold region. The virtues of the Alps have been put to the test for many years, and with results that justify the practice. An interesting paper bearing on this subject was printed some years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title of "Davos in Winter." The writer claimed much for the little Alpine village, but all that he said could be applied with equal force to the St. Regis country. And whereas, to a thousand Americans upon whom consumption has laid its skeleton hand, the long journey to Switzerland would be as impossible as a journey to the moon, this wilderness experiment may be made by all, and made with small outlay of money, and little physical discomfort.

A variety of ways of spending the winter in the Adirondacks is opened to the health-seeker. The greater number of those who have thus far tried the experiment have taken up their abode in Saranac Lake. This is a midge of a town lying on the Saranac River, thirteen miles from "Paul" Smith's, and six from Bloomingdale. It was here that Dr. Trudeau, the pioneer of the present little colony of St. Regis health-hunters, spent his first winter in the woods, and to that fact, rather than to any special advantages possessed by the place, is due the following of other experimenters. To those who depend largely upon society for recreation, Saranac is to be recommended as the most desirable point. Such faint glimmerings of social gayeties as are to be found anywhere in the backwoods shine in Saranac. There is one moderately large boarding-house, and a number of smaller ones, designed especially for the accommodation of winter guests. There is a post-office, which gets a daily mail, and there are churches, a schoolhouse, a village store with its customary multifarious treasures, and telegraphic communication with the outside world. These advantages are likewise possessed by Bloomingdale, which would afford an equally desirable home to the winter sojourner. Now and then a guest has remained through the winter at "Paul" Smith's, but as a rule the house is closed at that season. The Reporter preferred to make his winter home in a farmhouse midway between Bloomingdale and "Paul" Smith's. So far as climatic benefits are concerned, it is a matter of little consequence where the patient remains, so long as he keeps within the boundaries of the St. Regis region.

The Reporter is forced to admit that in his own case the Adirondack winter failed miserably to sustain its reputation for evenness of temperature. This, however, must be attributed to the exceptional character of the season of 1879–80. As a rule, the winter months here will be found dry, cold, and almost entirely free from thaws; as a rule, also, the snow-fall

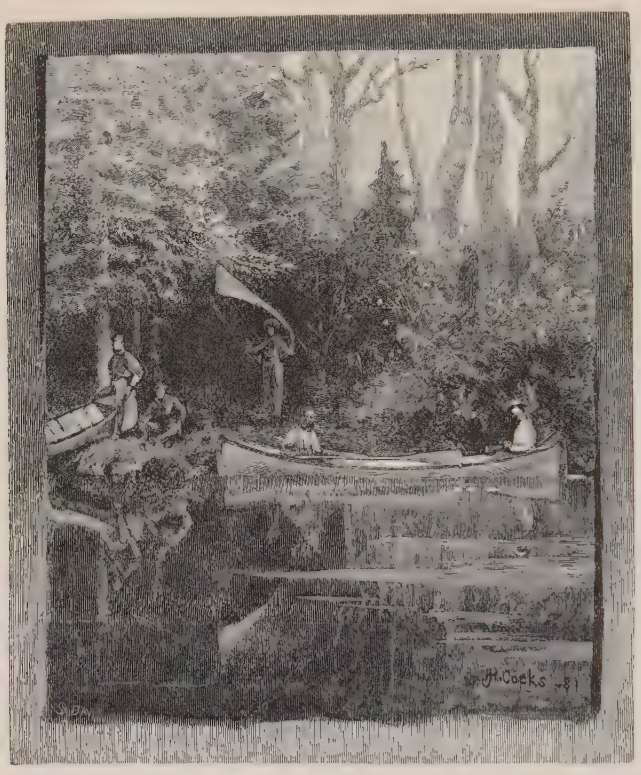
is abundant, and three or four months of continuous sleighing may be counted upon with certainty. In winter, as in summer, the first duty of the patient should be to live out-of-doors as much of the time as is practicable. If not strong enough to hunt—and winter hunting is rare good sport here—or to tramp over the snow-covered roads, then he may resort to riding, and thus secure the benefits of the bracing air. With a reasonable amount of care, there is no danger of taking cold, nor need the health-hunter be frightened out of his daily drive by storm, or wind, or snow. Inwrapped in a buffalo-skin coat—which, by-the-way, is to be recommended as the garment of all others for riding—the Reporter found himself perfectly comfortable with the thermometer marking forty degrees below zero. It is simply amazing how much cold even a sick man can endure here, and with less discomfort than would be experienced in an average winter in New York city.

Wherever the winter sojourner may take up his quarters, whether at Saranac, Bloomingdale, "Paul" Smith's, or in a farm-house, he will need to look to the outside world for one important item of food, viz., beef. Adirondack beef is tougher than anything in this world with which it has been the lot of the Reporter to grapple—an assertion not lacking in solemnity when it is remembered that reportorial experience familiarizes a fellow with criminals, politicians, and the orthography of the man who writes gratuitous communications (on both sides of the sheet) to the daily press. Barring the beef, a wholesome and nutritious diet may be counted upon in the winter boarding-houses.

With pleasant in-door surroundings, a good table, a daily drive of two or three hours, an occasional jaunt on foot, plenty of books and newspapers—you will get your mail every day, as in summer—and, above all, the cheering consciousness of steady progress toward recovery, this winter exile in the wilderness is by no means so terrible a thing as one might at first suppose. Perhaps there will be some return of the bad symptoms upon removing from the camp to house quarters. That need cause no alarm. After sleeping three or four months in a tent, any room, however well ventilated, will at first seem close and stifling. The lungs have grown acutely sensitive to vitiated air. Still, the atmosphere in a wilderness house is incomparably purer than that the patient would breathe in his city home. While, therefore, the change from tent to bedroom may here be accompanied with some unpleasant effects, it is apparent that such change is far less productive of evil than would be the transition from the woods to the city house. It is a good thing to remember that, whether in-doors or out, we breathe the air that surrounds us. If that air is pure outside, it will be proportionately pure within. And with no noxious odors, no defective drains or gas-pipes, no wretched furnaces or heaters, no double windows to shut out the oxygen—with none of these abominations, but, in place thereof, cheery wood fires, open chimney-places, and a surrounding atmosphere of absolute purity, it must be admitted that in-door life in the Adirondacks gives the lungs something very different from the air of the average town house. To all who may be induced to try the wilderness experiment, the Reporter reiterates the advice—*stay through the winter.* Even if the camping season fail to accomplish any perceptible good, let the patient hold fast to his faith in the cold-weather theory.

The winter brings the invalid sojourner into much closer relationship to the native inhabitants than does the period of camp life. If, as Mr. Richard Grant White has somewhere recorded, "there is nothing in the world more charming than simple, unpretending ignorance, nothing more respectable, nothing surer to elicit sympathy from healthy minds," then, to find what is supremely charming, overwhelmingly respectable, and superlatively deserving of sympathy, Mr. White and the rest of the world have only to come up here and mingle with these Adirondack backwoodsmen. Nowhere else is it so easy to divide mankind into distinct classes, at once comprehensive and immutable, as here. For in the St. Regis country every man must be either a guide or a sportsman. For the qualifications of the latter, it may be enough to explain that the Reporter, who had never jointed a rod nor sighted a gun in his life, was not fairly in the wilderness before he discovered that he came under the all-absorbing head—that he was a sportsman! The guide is a more interesting if less comprehensive species. Even his nationality is a sort of unsolved problem. Ca-

nadian-French blood mingles in at least equal proportions with American. He is Latin in name, often in speech, but unadulterated Yankee in nature. You find James, John, and Henry flanked by such



A CARRY.

surnames as St. Germain, Laboutie, La Fontaine. Your faith in philology is shaken by the discovery that Mitchell Sweeney is a Frenchman, and that Mrs. Stephen Otis can not speak English. The guide is born, not made. Like the barber, he serves no apprenticeship. He rolls, so to speak, out of his log-cradle into a pair of top-boots, discards the bottle for a pipe, possesses himself of a boat and a jackknife, and becomes forthwith a full-fledged, experienced guide. So long as he possesses that available knowledge which enables him to determine by what run-way, to what water, the hound-hunted stag will make his dash for life; so long as he can find his way through this vast and bewildering wilderness, shoot a rifle with destructive accuracy, tell you by a look at the sky whether a brown hackle or white will quickest tempt a trout to rise; so long, in short, as he knows what is expected of him to know, it would be small and pedantic in the extreme to express surprise over the fact that the St. Regis guide is unable to read or write. But the pedant could hardly be said to assert itself in the person who evinces honest wonder when he first learns that this robust backwoodsman not only does not know his alphabet, but has never been out of the confines of the woods, has never so much as seen a railway track, or a steam-engine, or a brick building, or a circus, or a printing-press, or a policeman, or an oyster, or a *Pinafore* company. This wilderness must be set down as a spot which puts greatness to a terrible test, and extinguishes notoriety with a beautiful simplicity. The Vice-President of the United States secures his claim to recognition not because of the office he holds, but because he lives in Malone. The wide world over, there certainly could be found no better place in which to store

away a college Sophomore or a rural Congressman. The small vanities and pretensions of a man will be taken out of him here with much the same jerky suddenness that a trout is taken out of the water.

It will be observed that throughout this narrative the Reporter has made the wilderness experiment hinge largely upon "Paul" Smith's hotel. He could not well do otherwise, since "Paul's" is the sun which has warmed into being that diminutive planetary system of guides, farmhouses, hotels, post-offices, and telegraph wires which make up, collectively, St. Regis civilization. The invalid will naturally make this famous backwoods tavern his objective point in setting out for the wilderness. In fact, without the existence of "Paul" Smith's, the experiment could not be made at all. The permanent camp turns to the hotel for its supplies, which otherwise could be obtained, if at all, only at unreasonable outlay of time and money. It is not to eulogize a public-house that the Reporter points out this Adirondack inn, but it is to explain how the comforts and luxuries of life become possible in the very heart of the vast wilderness. Moreover, eulogy of "Paul" Smith's would be but fulsome, at best. It is known wherever the Adirondacks are known. It is what a hotel should be, and what the invalid, of all others, appreciates. A word with regard to the quotation marks. A quarter of a century ago, when "Paul" penetrated to the then wildly romantic St. Regis Lake, he carried with him the alliterative prenomen of Apollos Austin. This was musical, semi-poetic, and semi-classic; but for practical purposes in the backwoods a name, unlike a gun, doesn't want to be double-barrelled. Apollos Austin passed rapidly through the transition stages of contraction until it became simply "Pol." That did well enough in the matter of brevity, but it had a suspicious feminine or ornithological ring to it, which led the people to transform it into the plain Christian "Paul." And, the apostle of genial hospitality, enterprise, and goodness, he has remained "Paul" ever since.

It remains only to consider the wilderness experiment with regard to its necessary expenses.

Man is presumed to value his life beyond any worldly possession. To the hard alternative of surrendering a remunerative position and expending his last dollar, or yielding up his life, a vast majority of mankind would unhesitatingly accept the former. But what is one to do if he has no treasure to give in lieu of his life? What is the clerk, dependent on his meagre wages, to answer when the physician tells him that he must go to the south of France or Lower California if he does not want to die within six months? As well recommend him to go to the moon;

"PAUL" SMITH.

and the more certain the belief that the impossible trip would restore him to health and strength, the more bitter his cup as he reflects on the utter inability of any man to reach the moon. But even the clerk can reach this wilderness, and pitch his tent, and try the experiment which may give him a new lease of life.

From his personal experience and the opportunities afforded him for studying the subject, the Reporter is convinced that a person can journey to the St. Regis country, spend a year there, give the experiment a fair trial, and all for a smaller sum than the same person would necessarily spend if he remained at home. If this should seem to lack definiteness, let its meaning be illustrated thus: Suppose the patient to be actually poor—so poor that every dime as well as dollar must be looked after. Suppose him to be a man with a thrifty, competent wife. It costs

him in New York city, wholly apart from any extraordinary expenditures growing out of his illness, twelve dollars a week to live. Now, then, he can pay the cost of the journey, buy a good tent, and fit up a camp so that it shall be in all respects comfortable, spend the winter months in a hospitable farm-house, live on beef, mutton, venison, partridges, chickens, speckled trout, fresh eggs, pure milk, sweet butter, and a variety of vegetables, recover his health, and his entire outlay for the year need not exceed the twelve dollars a week which he would have spent at home.

If the foregoing statement strikes the reader as in any way Munchausenish, let him look at this table, which represents the outlay of two persons, who have given the experiment a trial on a more extravagant basis than would be necessary to fulfill all its essential conditions:

A YEAR'S EXPENSES IN THE WILDERNESS.

Camp-life Period—Five Months.

Canvas tent and camp equipments	$100	
Labor and buildings	50	
Food and all necessary expenses (per week, $9)	180	
Guide for season	150	$480

House-life Period—Seven Months.

Board and washing	$308	
Horse for driving	84	
Extras for table	100	492
Total		$972

Here, as will be observed, the average weekly expenditure reaches $18 50; but, as has been explained, this sum presumes many luxuries which could be omitted without lessening in the slightest degree the experimenter's chances of recovery. For example, the cost of the camp need not exceed $50; the domestic work could be done by a capable woman instead of a "guide," which would save $100 through the season, while the winter expenses could be reduced one-third as compared with the estimate given, and that, too, without subjecting the patient to any privation. In a word, the wilderness is poverty's paradise. You can rent a house here, with two or three acres of ground, for $2 per month. You can buy mutton, or venison, or beef, for ten cents a pound; partridges and chickens, for twenty-five cents apiece; butter, for fifteen cents; speckled trout, for five cents. You can get your wood, all sawed and split, for $1 a cord, and a horse to use through the winter for his keeping. Even the $2 50 per day charged for board at "Paul" Smith's is reasonable when the comforts there provided are kept in mind; and for those seeking a cheaper hotel, the Rainbow House, kept by James M. Wardner, furnishes home-like accommodations for $1 50 per day.

The story of Camp Lou would have little significance were it an isolated instance; but already the wilderness experiment has been sufficiently tested to demonstrate its wonderful curative powers in many cases of pulmonary disease. Here, within reach of thousands who could never hope to journey to far-away places, nature provides a sanitarium, destined, in the Reporter's belief, to become the future Mecca for consumptive patients.

THE UNEXPECTED PARTING OF THE BEAZLEY TWINS.

"Who may not be a fole, gyf that he love?"—CHAUCER.

I.

"THERE'S a mighty power o' defference betwixt a man and a boy," said old Mr. Billy Beazley one day.

And I will proceed, after a brief preliminary history, to relate some of the occurrences that led to the remark.

Mr. Bob Beazley and his nephew Dick, since the death of Lemuel, the latter's father, ten years before, had been keeping bachelors' hall together on the hill, south side of Beaver Dam Creek. Down to a certain period, they had been most intimate friends and lovers. Lemuel had made his brother Bob testamentary guardian of this his only child, to whom he had bequeathed a property of about three thousand dollars—quite handsome for those times. The guardian had been keeping his ward, managing his estate, boarding, clothing, and sending him to the Dukesborough school, without charge, during all these years. Dick was now seventeen years old, and a man in size and consciousness. His uncle Bob was forty-three, tall, stout, full of health, and of remarkable juvenility of body and spirit. They hunted together, fished together, rode to church together, and were as intimate as twin brothers newly born. It had been rather so always, but particularly of late, that each appeared to be reaching for what the other had, and himself had not, the one back, the other forth—Mr. Bob for youth, and Dick for age. By the time whereof I am writing, both seemed to have succeeded, and—perhaps excepting that Dick might have appeared, on account of his ways, the elder of the two—may be said to have approximated equality. The sentiments, however, which each entertained of the other in this respect were widely apart, and were destined, through circumstances soon hereinafter recounted, to become more so. Dick Beazley regarded a man of forty-three who was already considerably gray-headed, notwithstanding the absence of any appearance of decline in vigor, as rapidly verging upon old age. Yet such was his devotion to his uncle that he encouraged him in continuing to attend little parties of young people in the neighborhood, and even joining occasionally in the dance—a pastime that Dick himself was beginning to let lapse with the lapse of his own youth. Dick argued with himself that because a man was old, he need not become decrepit and morose before it was actually necessary, and thus, for the few years left, forego all enjoyment of his being. So he mildly cheered his aged relative in his juvenilities, and even sometimes joked him about the girls.

"Them's the ones, Dick, for me. Ef any female—*ef*, you know, Dick, and *ef*'s the longest letter in the book—but *ef* any female ever comes here to take the head o' my table, and carry my smoke-'ouse keys, it's got to be a pullet. Other people may take the hens. Ef I take any—*ef*, you mind, Dick—it's got to be a pullet."

Yet, so far from such talk being serious, Dick would have thought as soon of encouraging, with the expectation of convalescence, or having him encourage himself, one who was just drawing his last gasp. And, besides, his uncle had always professed to be quite satisfied with what family he already had, and declared himself not to be a marrying man. As for himself, Dick would have been glad to be permitted to ask any gentleman who should doubt *his* being a full man, where he expected to find one.

On the other hand, Mr. Bob looked upon his nephew as extremely young, growing satisfactorily, indeed, and with favorable chances of being a man after some years, if no accident should hinder. Sometimes, just for his fun, he would joke Dick about the old maids and widows. As for Dick's marrying, under years and years, he would have expected as soon a new-born baby to get out of his cradle, cut all his teeth instantly, and go to hopping and jumping about the yard. So each in his way had his harmless pleasantries, and it was interesting to notice both sometimes at parties as they laughed affectionately at each other when Dick would be bucking up, as they called it, to the overgrown and Mr. Bob to the undergrown girls.

Old Mr. Billy Beazley, Mr. Bob's elder brother by twenty years, used to speak of these two as "them boys—them twin boys." He lived at the cross-roads, the justice's court ground, three miles further south from Dukesborough. "Them boys was jes' like twin brothers ontwill lately, and nothin' but death or wimming could 'a parted 'em; and of the two, I sometimes think wimming is the beaterest. They

ain't nary one of them boys that's scarcely fitten too git married. Because Bob, though he ain't by no means a ole man, have growed too sot in his ways for sich foolishness, and Dick's nothin' but a child, you may say, ef he is so big in size. But it ain't no use talkin' to 'em, because when wimming git far'ly in on a fellow, be he young or be he old, he can persuade hisself that he's whatsomever he wants to be; Bob, thinkin' now, I suppose, that he's jes' a-cuttin' his wisdom-tooth, and Dick believin' he's as old as Methoosalum. There's a power, a mighty power, of defference betwixt a man and a boy. But when wimming comes in, they can wallop 'em up together so a body can't tell, and especially they can't tell theirselves, t'other from which. But them boys is all right at the bottom, and ef they can't both git satisfied, I hopes they can git riconciled arfter a while."

"My advice to you, Billy," answered his wife, to whom these remarks were addressed, "is to keep your mouth shet, ef you *can* keep it shet—and let them boys fix up their consarns to suit theirselves."

"Oh, I don't 'tend to open my mouth about it, Patsy."

"We'll see."

II.

Just over Beaver Dam, on the side of the last hill you ascended from the south, before entering Dukesborough, a little removed on the right from the road, there dwelt, in a snug house, on a snugger farm, the snuggest of widows. Mrs. Brinkly was well-to-do, comely, and aged twenty-nine. Her only child having died soon after its father, three years before, she had lately persuaded Miss Lottie Brinkly, her husband's and her own cousin, to take her abode with her. Lottie was a brunette (her cousin being a blonde), pretty, poor, industrious, and modest, and although but fifteen, yet fully grown in size, and—well, you may say—ready to be approached upon the subject of a final life settlement by a person of the opposite sex who might propose satisfactory terms, and be regarded by herself as competent to fulfill them. Her cousin thus far had behaved with the decorum suited to her lonely condition, and though fallen, after sufficient lapse of time, into the habit of the neighborhood in attending and giving little parties, was spoken of frequently as a widow who seemed to care little for the society either of widowers or bachelors. Mrs. Brinkly had the looks and the conversation of one who, having tried the married life, yet, without looking back to it with hostility, for she acknowledged to having had a good husband and one angel child, yet—well, it was a vain world, and a world of disappointments, in which more people now married than did well afterward, and people could never know how soon from the wedding-room they might have to go to the grave-yard. Let *young* people, Mrs. Brinkly argued, have their day. It will not be long before the night will "cometh" (sometimes employing Scriptural phrase), and as for herself, she meant to devote the rest of her life to young people.

"No," she would say, when they would sometimes mention the name of a widower or a bachelor (though she had too much good sense to become angry)—"no, indeed. Let young people have their day. I've had mine; let them have theirs. Neither do I envy them. This life is a riddle, and it's a lottery, and it's—but who can say what it is, and what it isn't?"

So Mrs. Brinkly attended little parties, and gave them, and made the best cake and the best syllabub in all that region; and though she treated the widowers and bachelors with perfect politeness everywhere, and in her own house with perfect cordiality, yet her most agreeable occupation, after thorough attention to her own domestic concerns, was to bring young people together, and make good times for them.

Now it came to pass about a year, or such a matter, after the coming of Miss Lottie, that people remarked freely on the partially renewing youth of one and the intensely augmented agedness of the other of the Beazley twins on the other side of the creek. Mr. Bob did not go so far as actually to take the unnecessary expense of buying a new fur hat, but with a brush and a silk handkerchief he put on the old one a smoothness and a gloss that made some small boys declare, and profess to be willing to bet, that it was new. As for Dick, *he* bought two new hats (both charged to Uncle Bob)—one for parties, and one for Sundays. People did not talk about the extravagance, for even if Dick's property could not stand it, his uncle's could; and the question was, What difference did it make? Then Dick was so sober and sedate in his manners that people did not have the heart to find any fault with whatever he did. As for

visiting and going to parties, it was what both had always done, and if they did so now with enhanced alacrity, it was probably not more than well might be expected, in the circumstances, so to speak. As for day-time visiting, Dick did almost all of that; for his uncle, a man of business and energy, not only managed his own and Dick's affairs, but counselled several of his neighbors, who were infirm and aged, in the conduct of theirs. Dick, having his whole time to himself, and now a full-grown (indeed, a mature) man, spent his time mainly in visiting, and most mainly in visiting the Brinklys. It was not long before the neighbors were associating Dick's name with that of Miss Lottie Brinkly in a way that led to the conclusion that consequences might be expected.

Mr. Bob listened to these reports with anxiety. Added to his ardent interest in the welfare of his brother's son was this: Lately, entirely unexpected to himself, making him blush in secret and be ashamed, but hanging on to him nevertheless, he had been conscious of a state of mind different from any in which he had ever been before. One night at the supper table he remarked, "Mrs. Brinkly and her cousin are two blame fine women, Dick."

Then Mr. Bob took a big bite on his biscuit, and looked narrowly at his nephew.

"Toler'ble," answered Dick. "Very young, though."

"Young!"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bob regarded him yet more narrowly. Dick kept his eye on his plate, and considered with himself what strange ideas may take possession of the aged. For Dick had heard some things about his uncle, and putting these with the smoothness and the gloss of his fur hat, he was led into suspicions.

"Why, Dick," persisted Mr. Bob, "Mrs. Brinkly isn't so mighty powerful young; and as for Lottie—"

"Oh!" answered Dick, "certainly not. Mrs. Brinkly is *very* young—almost *too* young in fact; and as for Lottie, she's the youngest person—I think I ever saw—of her age."

"Remarkable so," said Mr. Bob, with emphasis. "And Lottie looks in about as old as she do."

"At least. But both so very young!"

Mr. Bob eyed his nephew yet closer; but he was afraid and ashamed to press him. Never mind, he thought; when the crop's laid by, we'll see who's who, and what's what.

When the crop was laid by, Mr. Bob's horse might be seen at the rack before the Brinkly gate about as often as Dick's. Sometimes both were there at the same time; not that they went together (except to a party), but both, as they grew more fond of going there, found themselves together there the oftener.

And now what deportments in these lovers! how different the one from the other! Mr. Bob was as gay as a Friday evening school-boy. Always something of a dancer, he improved lately so much that if it had been possible for a dancing-master to get into the neighborhood unbeknown, Mr. Bob would have been suspected of importing one and keeping him hid for his own private instruction of nights and Sundays. Dick now seldom danced at all, and never except when he was needed for a cotillon, when he would yield to the persuasion of the advanced ladies, and move, but with dignity and languor, through the mazes, until the set was finished. But for such as this, Dick would have been supposed, such was his seriousness, of having thoughts of entering upon the sacred ministry. Sometimes, when his uncle would be cutting his pigeon-wings, and afterward, but in vain, attempting to lead the widow upon the floor, the mournful and chiding expression of Dick's face seemed as if it ought to have rebuked the aged worldling into the sobriety proper to his close proximity to the grave.

Full soon it began to be talked in the neighborhood, that in so far as about Miss Lottie Brinkly was concerned, Mr. Bob Beazley was, if anything, worse off than his nephew, and the danger was that they who had been, up to the present date, twin brothers, as it were, would become separated and alienated.

The rivalry between the twins confounded Mr. Billy Beazley sorely.

"Ef Bob," said he one day to his wife —"ef Bob, Patsy, would make for the widder, and let Dick have the young gal, it could be settled betwixt 'em at once. That boy Bob have had chances, and some of 'em good ones, to marry, for the last twenty-five year, and he never seem to have no consarn for the female sect, exceptin' he were always gay, so to speak,

and love to play, and dance, and go fishin' 'long with 'em. But a man's got to be a fool about wimming some time or another, like havin' the measles, and the older he is when it do take him, the worse his case. But ef Bob would now make for the widder, and leave to Dick the young gal—and I'm goin' to tell 'em so—"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Billy, "and then Bob 'll tell you it ain't none of your business, and which it ain't."

"Ef it ain't my business," replied Mr. Billy, with temper—"Patsy, ef it ain't the business of their own brother and their own uncle, I'd like to know whose business it is."

"Theirn, and nobody's else's but theirn," responded Mrs. Billy.

"As for Dick's marryin'," persisted Mr. Billy, "it positively makes a man feel sick at the stomach to think about it."

"How old was you when you was married? Does you remember, or has you got so old that you forget?"

"Me? Why, I were eighteen year old; but I were a man grown, and them was times when people got grown sooner'n they do these days."

"Well, Dick's bigger'n you was, got more eddication than you had, and more prop'ty, and a heap more ser'ous in his ways. And as for layin' everything on the wimming, I should jes' like to know, Billy Beazley—I should jes' reasonable inquire—what 'd become of the men and boys ef it weren't for wimming. I supposen that you supposen that they'd all git wise like Solomon and Moses and all them, and the fool-killer 'd never have to come around no more, and so forth, and so on."

"Oh, pshaw, Patsy" (the fact was, Mr. Billy loved, admired, and doted upon his wife, and attributed to her, cordially and with justice, the bulk of his prosperity)—"oh, pshaw, Patsy! I ain't a-talkin' about sich wimming as Patsy Clark. I'm a-talkin' about wimming in gener'l, and a fellow not knowin', like I did, when to choose and who to choose. Ef they all had Patsy Clarks to choose from, the sooner they choosed the better. Now ef them boys—them twin brothers, as I call 'em—had Patsy Clarks to choose from—"

"Now, Billy Beazley, you may jes' as well stop that foolishness. You ain't a-foolin' me. But I ricommend you to let them boys work their own files. Lottie Brinkly's a fine industrious girl; and though she ain't got prop'ty, she's got ca-recter, which is better, and 'll make a good wife for brother Bob, or for Dick, whichsomever she should choosen. As for brother Bob, maybe he's jes' for havin' his fun, like he always have been, or maybe he's for the widder, and Dick don't know it, and they got sorter mixed up together. But I don't know as to that, and it ain't my business *to* know, nor yourn neither. As for brother Bob bein' forty-three year old, and sot in his ways, I've knowed people to not marry before they were that old, and I've never knowed one who didn't say, at least at the first off-start, that they was so happy it made 'em glad that they never got married before."

"Yes," said Mr. Billy, "the longer they puts it off, the more they apt to think they got a Patsy Clark."

Mrs. Billy reached for the broom, but she concluded to let the old man go this time.

"But the mischief is," persisted Mr. Billy, "they all say the young gal like Bob the best, and the widder ain't a marryin' person nohow. It's the young gal that Bob's arfter; and they tell me that at the parties, when Bob goes there, Dick ain't nowheres, but sets up along with the widder and the settled wimming; and that when Bob, a-through with his dancin' and playin' fishin' and sich, and come where he is, a-fannin' of hisself and a-wavin' of the pinks the young gals gives him, Dick seem as if he were goin' to cry. Oh, how I hates to see them boys—twin brothers, as it were—so parted and separated!"

"Well, you jes' let them boys alone, Billy Beazley. Let 'em work it out theirselves. They ain't a-goin' to stay parted always, you may depend on that. Brother Bob, young as he is, got plenty of sense; and Dick's sense 'll come back to him arfter a while, ef he have lost it now. He's been well raised by his uncle, who's been a father to him, and it 'll blow over arfter a while; that is, providin' other people 'll keep their hands off, and their mouths shet. I'm goin' to do so with mine, and I advise other people to do the same with theirn."

III.

"A man mote ben a fool, other yong or olde," said Duke Theseus to his court, when discoursing of the loves of the cousins for Emilie.

As for Mr. Bob Beazley, the case was thus. Always gay and juvenile, he had never thought seriously of marriage. The love and the care of his ward had also hindered such thoughts, until he met

"IT WAS ALL SHE HAD TO GIVE."

Lottie Brinkly. An orphan, sweet, industrious, and poor, he yearned to her at the very first, and felt a desire in his heart—for he was one of the most generous and kindly of mankind—to be of service to her. We all know what such a feeling often leads to. Comparing his nephew's age with his own, he did not dream that for many years to come Dick would have serious thoughts of marriage. Yet thoughts of Dick, and how he might feel the change, postponed for some time the culmination of his feeling for Lottie. If he had suspected that Dick had a notion of Lottie for himself, he would no more have sought her than he would have robbed Dick of his estate. As it was, while regarding Dick as a child, he was pleased to notice him when, while

they would be joking him about Lottie, he would almost get angry, and deny, with most solemn words, all fancy not only for her, but all other girls in the neighborhood. His uncle fully believed such asseverations, and supposing the field to be fairly open to him, the first thing he knew he was over head and ears in love, smoothed his fur hat more and more, and grew in his ways younger and younger constantly.

It was not long before they had a small fishing party. Mr. Bob did not so intend that day, but it was while baiting Lottie's hook, as they sat together on a log on the water's bank, that, almost unbeknown to himself, he told her the state of his feelings. Whereupon Lottie blushed deeply, said she was very young, spoke of herself as an orphan, and then intimated that her hand—it was all she had to give, she said, except her heart—might become the property of the asker. The dear old fellow was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy, and seemed to be destined to become one of those who, at forty-three and thereabout, congratulate themselves for not having wedded before.

Mr. Bob, he could scarcely have told why, did not tell Dick at once of his happiness, nor did Dick have the shade of a suspicion of it. Somehow Mr. Bob felt a little ashamed when in his nephew's presence. It looked a little, or he was afraid that to Dick it would look, as if the taking in another heart between them might hurt their long affectionate fellowship. Imagine, then, his grief and his surprise when he heard people seriously declare that there wasn't a particle of doubt that Dick Beazley was dead in love with Lottie Brinkly. But it cut the blood out of his very heart when he heard them say, also, that there was as little doubt that Lottie responded to his feeling, and that her cousin the widow cordially approved the match. By-and-by the same people got upon Mr. Bob's trail, and though not exactly able to tree him, yet how all, old and young, did go on about the prospect of the old bachelor, the professed not-marrying man, being caught at last!

At first Dick refused to believe. At first his uncle Bob refused to believe.

"After having been a father to me, to treat me so in his old age!" thought Dick.

"After being my own son, as it were, to turn round upon me long before he's grown, and tell me a parcel of lies at that!" thought Mr. Bob.

It had been well if the twins had talked freely with each other, when each came to believe the reports touching the other. This the elder attempted on the very first day. At supper, but while his face was half hidden behind his huge cup of coffee, he said, "Dick, people say you *are* in love with Lottie Brinkly, sure enough."

Dick blushed. "I've said all I've got to say on that subject," he answered.

"That so, is it, Dick?"

"It is, sir."

"All right, Dick;" and Mr. Bob looked narrowly at him.

"People say *you're* in love over there, uncle," Dick said, with a slight sneer.

Then Mr. Bob set down his cup, wiped his mouth, leaned back in his chair, opened his coat, put his thumbs behind his waistcoat arm sockets, looked calmly at Dick, and answered: "I AM, Dick—very much in love. It was quite onexpected, Dick," he continued, with some embarrassment, "but it's so: we are Beazleys, you know, Dick, and we can't afford for to begin for to learn how to tell lies. I am in love, Dick, all over, completely and intirely. But it was onexpected, Dick, and I had no idea, *you* know, Dick, and ef I had had any idea, you know, Dick—"

While his uncle was hesitating for other words, Dick looked up at him, let down his eyes instantly, then rose, left the table, and went to his chamber.

"Well," said Mr. Bob to himself, "ef Lem'l Beazley had thought his only child was goin' to be sich a fool, and 'specially sich a deceiver, he would have wanted to twisted his neck before he died hisself."

They spoke no more together that night. Mr. Bob, contrary to his habit of retiring early, sat in his piazza and walked therein until the moderately sized hours of the morning. The first deep, earnest self-examination that Mr. Bob had ever had he was having now. Here he was, he whom his brother had left guardian of his only son. And he had promised to be as a father to him. And here he was (that is, Dick), grown, or thinking himself grown, and in love with a girl, and nothing standing in the way but himself. And *he* not much in the way, for they said that she liked Dick a great deal the best. (At this thought Mr. Bob bounded like a deer shot in the heart, and walked out, down below the cow-pen to the edge of

the meadow, and thought and thought, in that silence, broken only by the occasional killdee and mocking-bird.)

And Mr. Bob would look over toward the Brinklys', and yearn with great longing. And he would call back his brother Lemuel, and try to talk with him on the case, and ask him to ask Dick why Dick didn't tell him about it in the beginning, and why Dick had deceived him, and gone back, as it were, on the whole Beazley generation, as if Dick's object, besides winning Lottie Brinkly, was to make a fool of his uncle. And his brother Lemuel would look very solemn at Mr. Bob, and, although saying no words, seem by his manner to be taking it up for Dick.

"Oh, it's all for the best," said Mr. Bob, aloud. "It's all right. Take her, Dick. She loves you the best, and you'd suit her the best. Take her. I'll die by you, Dick. I wish you'd told me you wanted her, though, and I'd 'a helped you out all I could, and give you what I had, as I been always expectin' to do. You ought to told me, Dick. Anyhow, you oughtn't to *denied* it, for that wasn't like your folks. Ef you had told me, I'd 'a died rather'n run agin you, if I'd 'a loved her forty thousand times more'n I did. I supposen I was a fool, anyhow, for thinkin' about marryin' at my time. And it *was* very onexpected to me. Take her, boy, take her."

Then Mr. Bob arose, returned to the house, went to bed, and (what he had not done for years and years) did not awaken until an hour by sun the next morning.

"I'm out, Dick," said he at breakfast. "I wish I'd 'a knowed it, but—I'm out; count me out, my boy;" and immediately he took his horse and rode out to oversee the work.

It seemed now about time for Dick to be ashamed of *himself*.

Oh, if *he* had but known! Perhaps he ought to give up to the man who had been a father to him so long. But then he had been assured that very day that he, and only he, was the beloved. But for this assurance, Dick might have retired; yet, because of it, he couldn't think of doing so. He would have told his uncle the full state of matters but for the compassion he felt for him, and the request of his lady-love to remain silent for the present.

In this state of things, while Miss Lottie was a little fluttered by the apparent estrangement of the twins, her cousin, if more sentimental, yet more experienced, advised her to remain cool, "For marrying, you know, Lottie, is a riddle, and it's a lottery, and it's—well, a body can not tell what it is and what it isn't." The truth is that Mrs. Brinkly thought she could see farther into the case than Lottie could.

Matters went on, and continued to go on. Dick, in the fullness of his happiness, grew to forgive his uncle for his temporary abandonment of himself in his extreme age, and became most affable, conversing with distinctness and cheerfulness and confidence on such subjects as manly minds were accustomed to contemplate. His uncle listened to his talk calmly, said but little in reply, but revolved inwardly how his brother's son should have turned out so deceitful. It must have come through his mother's side of the house.

So matters went on. They were talked over at Dukesborough and all along the road. At the justice's court ground, on the following Saturday, even cases on the docket excited little interest in comparison with the sudden estrangement of the twins. A very brief dialogue had occurred during the day between Mr. Bob and his brother Billy.

"Bob," said Mr. Billy, "why can't you and Dick settle it by him takin' the young gal and you the widder, and which it would look more suitable like?"

"Look here, brother Billy," answered Mr. Bob, "I've knowed some few people, and heerd of a good many more, a-gettin' rich by 'tendin' to their own business."

"Jes' so; but I thought I mout riconcile you boys."

"They ain't nothin' to riconcile about, brother Billy. I'm out."

"All right, Bob."

"Jes' what I told you," said Mrs. Billy, afterward.

Now Mrs. Billy loved Mr. Bob with all the love of a good sister-in-law, and she loved Dick, and their estrangement distressed her sorely. At her dinner table that day, at which both sat, she behaved with most affectionate considerateness to both. After they had left for home, she said to her husband, "Ef you'll keep your mouth shet, Billy, I'll see ef anything can be done. But I sha'n't move onlest you promise to keep your mouth shet; because ef you go to openin' it, you'll spile it all. Will you promise?"

Mr. Billy did so, on the honor of a gentleman and a Beazley.

IV.

Bright and soon next morning Mrs. Billy mounted her horse, and rode over to the widow's. On the way she met Dick, who had actually spent the night there. She said nothing but a cheerful good-morning. Arrived there, Mrs. Billy, after taking off her bonnet, said that, ef it were entirely convenient, she would like to have a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Brinkly, providing it were entirely convenient, and ef not, she could wait ontwill it were.

Lottie rose with a slight blush, and immediately left the room.

Many words passed between the ladies, but the information resultant therefrom to Mrs. Billy must be reserved until to-morrow. Though pressed to remain to dinner, Mrs. Billy left, but with the promise to accept that honor upon the following day.

"Oh," Mrs. Billy reflected, as she rode along home—"oh, the ways, the ways of these men—and wimming too, as to that!"

"Billy Beazley," she said, on arriving at home, "you and me and brother Bob and Dick is all invited to eat dinner with Mrs. Brinkly to-morrow, and we got to go."

"Is anything come out of it, Patsy? Do Bob take the widder, and leave the young gal for Dick?"

"Never you mind!" answered Mrs. Billy. "I'm not goin' to tell you, because ef I did, you'd blab it out, and maybe mout spile it. All I'll say now is this: they are two monst'ous fine wimming and girls—or whatsomever you might call 'em—both."

"I calls one of 'em the widder, and the t'other the young gal."

The next morning, when they had called by for Mr. Bob, he was at first reluctant to go. He had not been at the widow's for a week.

"Come 'long, brother Bob; you know you're safe with me. Give your hat a bresh, and come 'long," urged Mrs. Billy.

Mr. Bob, after some remonstration, consented to come on after a while. Mr. Billy longed to tell him what he suspected, that his wife had a direct offer for him from Mrs. Brinkly of herself and all she had; but having promised to keep his mouth shut, he actually pushed up with his hand his lower jaw, and so held it during the delay there. Dick, though somewhat abashed at the prospect of being with his aunt Patsy at the Brinklys', yet went along. The twins had barely spoken together the whole morning.

Mrs. Brinkly was overjoyed to welcome the visitors. Dressed in unmixed white, she showed them the dairy, the poultry-yard, the young calves, the garden, and pointed to the corn and cotton. The fact was that Mrs. Brinkly, widow as she was, was one of the best managers in the neighborhood.

"Wonderful!" thought Mr. Billy, "that Bob wouldn't be willin' at the first off-start to let Dick have the young gal, and him take the widder, and their plantations a-jinin', and a creek-line betwixt 'em at that. Wonderful! I'm glad Patsy's settled it that way."

By eleven o'clock Mr. Bob rode up. He came in with none of his old gayety, but looked dignified and reserved, and tried to look unconcerned. He shook hands all around, and all sat down. There was evident embarrassment, more or less, on all faces, except that of Mrs. Billy. Even Mr. Billy was hoping that some person would start a topic of conversation that would be interesting to all parties. Lottie glanced timidly at her cousin, who responded with a re-assuring glance. They understood each other fully, but had not fully until yesterday.

Mrs. Billy looked around for a few moments, then rose, and walked slowly to the middle of the room.

"Will you come here a minute, brother Bob, if you please?"

Mr. Bob rose, and went inquiringly, but as firmly as he could, to his sister-in-law.

"Come here to me, Dick," she said, in a tone of command, to that gentleman. Dick advanced as if he intended such obedience as conditional, and not to commit him to further orders. She placed them on either side of herself, and looked alternately at one and the other as she spoke: "You two has always been friendly—been, I may say, more like brothers than like uncle and neffy; and as your brother Billy say, and your Uncle Billy say, it's wimming that's parted you, and nothin' but wimming or death could 'a parted you. And I wants to fetch you both together agin, providing it can be did. It ain't none o' my business, but yit I wants to fetch you together, providing it can be did."

Oh, how Mr. Bob did tremble, and wish he was at home, and how rigid Dick's jaws did become!

"Brother Bob," resumed Mrs. Billy, "will you please for to look at that end of the room, and then for to p'int out the person of your ch'ice? And you, Dick, will you look the same, and p'int the same to yourn?"

But the right arms of both seemed palsied, and themselves could only look and yearn.

Billy pushed up his lower jaw close and tight, and squeezed his knuckles against his upper lip.

Then Mrs. Billy motioned to the other ladies as they sat side by side—the widow to the right, opposite Mr. Bob; and Lottie to the left, opposite Dick.

"Ef," said Mrs. Billy, somewhat after the manner of a rule *Nisi* in court, or of

"EF THERE'S ANY PERSON, 'SPECIALLY OF THE FEMALE SECT," ETC.

"P'int out, p'int out," persisted Mrs. Billy, inflexibly.

Uncle Billy couldn't stand it.

"Patsy, as they don't seem to be able to p'int, possible the female finger mout, as it were, straighten itself out, and—"

"Won't you keep your mouth shet, sir?" said Mrs. Billy, looking angrily upon her husband.

"All right, Patsy, it's shot." And Mr. other judicial process, intended for some imaginary person, or some person at a great distance off—"ef there's any person, 'specially of the female sect, who mout supposen that any person of the male sect mout p'int to her as the person of his ch'ice, providin' he *was* to p'int, and had the strenk *to* p'int *to* the person of his ch'ice, that person of the female sect will now please step forrards."

The cousins rose, and advanced slowly toward the middle of the room. When they had gotten there, the two crossed, Mrs. Brinkly, cool, white as steel, placed her arm within that of Dick, while Lottie, red and quivering, held out her hand toward Mr. Bob, and said,

"If he wants it."

Mrs. Billy stepped forth, and Mr. Bob and Dick looked upon each other.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! Dick! was *that* the way of it?"

"Oh, Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob! was *that* the way of it?"

Then Mr. Bob, even before taking Lottie's extended hand, and Dick, dropping the arm of the widow, fell upon each other, and hugged and cried, the uncle the tightest and the heartiest.

Then Mr. Billy rose, his eyes streaming with happy tears. "I can't stand that," said Mr. Billy. "Jes' them two a-huggin', and them male persons at that!"

He seized Lottie's arms, put them around Mr. Bob's neck, seized the widow's, put them around Dick's neck, put one of his own arms around his wife's neck, huddled all of them together in a bunch, and reaching his other arm around, shouted:

"Let EVERYBODY run here and jine in the huggin'! And then"—when, after a few moments, they had gotten loose from his embrace—"to think that Patsy found it all out yisteday, and never told me!"

"Because I knowed you couldn't keep your mouth shet."

"In case I couldn't, and wouldn't, and shouldn't, and mightentest, couldentest, or wouldentest shouldentest, as Betsy says when she gittin' her grammar lesson. And to think that them boys has been a-growlin' at one another without knowin' t'other from which of the wimming both was arfter! It beat our day, Patsy."

Mr. Billy thus went on, until Mrs. Brinkly brought in the julep pitcher.

It was a glorious dinner—sucking-pig, pea-fowl, chicken, broiled, fried, and pied, and home-cured ham; as for vegetables and preserves, it would have bothered to count *them*.

Riding along home in the evening, Mr. Billy looked over into the widow's bottom corn field, so rank and green as to be almost black, and said to his wife: "Dick's right, Patsy. He take the settled 'oman, and the managin' 'oman, and the plantation. Blamed ef she ain't got a better crop 'n mine! Bob's right too. The young gal got no prop'ty, but she got industry, and Bob got a plenty for both. Bob ain't nothin' but a boy, nohow. It's all right."

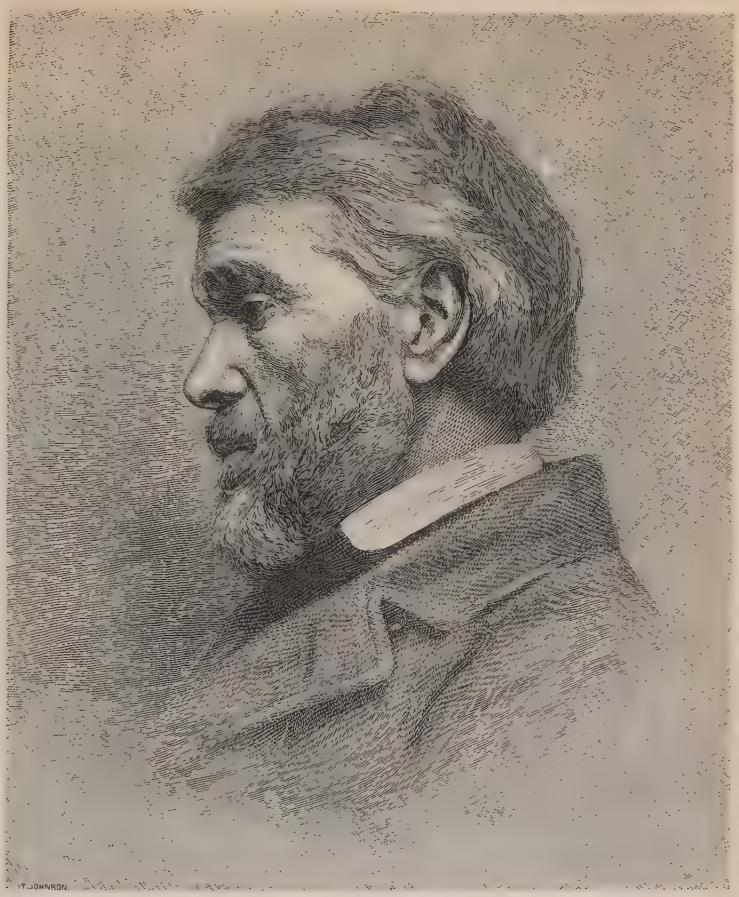
Some writers attempt things beyond their strength. Warned by their fate, I shall not essay a description of that double wedding. Yet I will say that when the two couples stood up, everybody felt, and so expressed himself, that each was full fairly matched; and I will only add that Mr. Billy, such was the exuberance of his feelings, though often requested thereto by his wife, persistently, all during the festivities, and even on the way home, and until stretched upon his bed for sleep, refused to keep his mouth shut, and the burden of his talk was, that "ef them wimming, or them young gals, or whatsomever they might call theirselves—ef ary one of them had been a Patsy Clark, them boys never would 'a settled it a-during of oak and ash."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE world is fortunate in that these many years there was at the side of Thomas Carlyle a great historian—one who, of all living men, perhaps, has most profoundly studied the relation of individual minds and characters to events of world-wide import, and who in this particular case can combine for the true presentation of a great man the fine apprehension of the scholar with the insight gained by long and intimate friendship. In the hands of James Anthony Froude, Carlyle long ago placed his autobiographical essays and personal sketches, the old familiar letters that told the homely story of the early life of the family and himself, and the still more precious letters—matchless of their kind—written by his wife, containing the simple and grand story of his advance to fame. When these see the light, the world will know as much as any one man can contribute to a right knowledge of the mighty spirit which so long and so faithfully sat at its task during strange and eventful times.

But the real record of Carlyle's life will be a long task, employing not only many human hands, but even the hand of Time itself.

While writing his history of Friedrich the Great, the author had prepared—as, indeed, the growth of the work had demanded—a special study at the top of his house in Chelsea, in which only that pa-



THOMAS CARLYLE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.]

per, book, or picture was admitted which was in some way connected with the subject in hand. One side of the room was covered from floor to ceiling with books; two others were adorned with pictures of persons or battles; and through these several thousand books and pictures was distributed the man he was trying to put together in comprehensible shape. I used to feel when in that study that even more widely was the man before me distributed. In what part of the earth have not his lines gone out and his labors extended? On how many hearts and minds, on how many lives, has he engraved passages which are transcripts of his own life, without which it can never be fully told? To report this one life, precious contributions must be brought from the lives of Goethe, Emerson, Jeffrey, Brewster, Sterling, Leigh Hunt, Mill, Mazzini, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Martineau, Faraday—but how go on with the long catalogue? At its end, could that be reached, there would remain the equally important memories of lives less known, from which in the future may come incidents casting fresh light upon this central figure of two generations; and were all told, time alone can bring the perspective through which his genius and character can be estimated. In one sense, Carlyle was as a city set upon a hill, that can not be hid; in another, he was an "open secret," hid by the very simplicity of his unconscious disguises, the frank perversities whose meaning could be known only by those close enough to hear the heart-beat beneath them; and many who have fancied that they had him rightly labelled with some moody utterance, or safely pigeon-holed in some outbreak of a soul acquainted

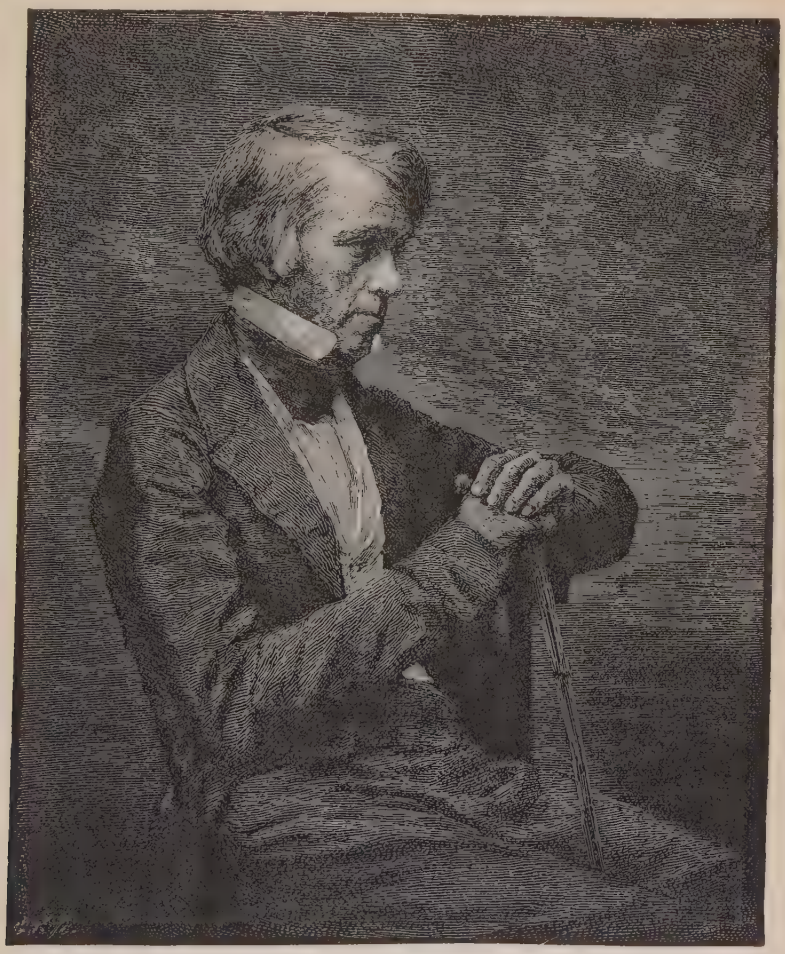
with grief, will be found to have measured the oak by its mistletoe.

It has been the happy fortune of the writer of these sentences to have enjoyed friendly and unbroken intercourse with Thomas Carlyle since early in the year 1863. Those who have listened to the wonderful conversation of this great man know well its impressiveness and its charm: the sympathetic voice now softening to the very gentlest, tenderest tone, as it searched far into some sad life, little known or regarded, or perhaps evil spoken of, and found there traits to be admired, or signs of nobleness; then rising through all melodies in rehearsing the deeds of heroes, and anon breaking out with illumined thunders against a special baseness or falsehood, till one trembled before the Sinai smoke and flame, and seemed to hear the tables break once more in his heart: all these, accompanied by the mounting, fading fires in his cheek, the light of the eye, now serene as heaven's own blue, now flashing with wrath, or presently suffused with laughter, made the outer symbols of a genius so unique that to me it had been unimaginable, had I not known its presence and power. His conversation was a spell; when I had listened and gone into the darkness, the enchantment continued; sometimes I could not sleep till the vivid thoughts and narratives were noted in writing. It is mainly from these records of conversations that the following pages are written out, with addition of some other materials obtained by personal inquiries made in Scotland and in London. I realized many years ago that my diary contained a statement which might some day be useful to my own countrymen in forming a just estimate and judgment on one whose expressions were often unwelcome among them, and this conviction has made me increasingly careful, as the years went on, to note any variations of his views, and his responses to criticisms made so frequently upon statements of his which had been resented. I do not in the least modify or suppress, nor shall I set forth these things in such order or relation as to illustrate any theory of my own. He who spoke his mind through life must so speak on, though he be dead.

BIRTH-PLACE OF CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle was born on the 4th of December, 1795, in the parish of Middlebie, near Ecclefechan, Dumfries-shire. The plain stone house still belongs to the family, and has often in later years been visited by the great man who was born beneath its humble roof. It was a favorite saying of his that great men are not born among fools. "There was Robert Burns," he said one day; "I used often to hear from old people in Scotland of the good sense and wise conversation around that little fireside where Burns listened as a child; notably there was a man named Murdoch who remembered all that; and I have the like impression about the early life of most of the notable men and women I have heard or read of. When a great

soul rises up, it is generally in a place where there has been much hidden worth and intelligence at work for a long time. The vein runs on, as it were, beneath the surface for a generation or so, then bursts into the light in some man of genius, and oftenest that seems to be the end of it." Carlyle was thinking of other persons than himself, but there are few lives that could better point his thought. Nothing could be more incongruous with the man and his life than the attempt some foolish person once made to get up a Carlyle "pedigree," and the only response it ever got at Chelsea was a hearty outbreak of laughter. But the vigor of the lowly Cumberland stock that was transplanted a little way from the vicinity of Carlisle was proved by the strong individuality it steadily developed, and in none more notably than the father of Thomas. The humble stone-mason certainly "builded better than he knew," though he lived long enough to hear his son's name pronounced with honor throughout the kingdom. An aged Scotch minister who knew him well told me that old James Carlyle was "a character." "Earnest, energetic, of quick intellect, and in earlier life somewhat passionate and pugnacious, he was not just the man to be popular among his rustic neighbors of Annandale; but they respected his pronounced individuality, felt his strong will, and his terse, epigrammatic sayings were remembered and repeated many years after his death (1833).



EARLY PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

In the later years of his life he became a more decidedly religious character, and the natural asperities of his disposition and manner were much softened."

MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mr. James Routledge, in an Indian periodical, *Mookerjee's Magazine*, October, 1872, says:

"I was interested enough in Mr. Carlyle the younger to make a special tour, some years ago, to learn something of Mr. Carlyle the elder, and from what I gathered, the reader may be pleased with a few scraps, as characteristic of the school of *Sartor Resartus*. Mr. Carlyle's landlord was one General Sharpe, of whom little is now known, though he was a great man in those days. On one occasion James Carlyle and he had a quarrel, and James was heard to say, in a voice of thunder, 'I tell thee what, Matthew Sharpe'—a mode of salutation that doubtless astonished General Sharpe; but it was 'old James Carlyle's way,' and was not to be altered for any general in existence. There was much in the old man's manner of speaking that never failed to attract attention. A gentleman resident in the locality told me that he remembered meeting him one very stormy day, and saying, 'Here's a fearful day, James,' which drew forth the response, 'Man, it's a' that; it's roaring doon our glen like the cannon o' Quebec.' My informant added, 'I never could forget that sentence.' James had also a wondrous power of fixing upon characteristic names for all manner of persons, and nailing his names to the individuals for life. Samuel Johnson was 'Surly Sam,' and so on—a gift which has come among us in a more livable form from the pen of his son. Mr. Carlyle was a stern Presbyterian—a Burgher; held no terms with prelacy or any other ungodly offshoot from the Woman of Babylon, but clung to the 'auld Buke,' without note or comment, as his only guide to heaven. He was one of the elders of his church when its pastor, having received a call from a church where his stipend would be better than that of Ecclefechan, applied for leave to remove. The church met, and lamentation was made for the irreparable loss. After much nonsense had been spoken, Mr. Carlyle's opinion was asked. 'Pay the hireling his wages, and let him go,' said the old man; and it was done. Mr. Carlyle had a thorough contempt for any one who said, 'I can't.' 'Impossible' was not in his vocabulary. Once, during harvest-time, he was taken seriously ill. No going to the field, Mr. Carlyle, for weeks to come; water-gruel, doctors' bottles, visiting parson, special prayers—poor old James Carlyle! Pshaw! James was found crawling to the field early next morning, but still an idler among workers. He looked at the corn, provokingly ripe for the sickle, and then stamping his foot fiercely to the ground, he said, 'I'll gar mysel' work at t' harvest.' And he did work at it like a man. On one occasion a reverend gentleman had been favoring the congregation of Mr. Carlyle's church with a terrible description of the last judgment. James listened to him calmly; but when the sermon was finished, he came out of his pew, and placing himself before the reverend gentleman and all the congregation, he said, aloud, 'Ay, ye may thump and stare till yer een start fra their sockets, but you'll na gar me believe such stuff as that.'

"If the reader will now go back with me to those days, and view for a few minutes the little farm at Maine Hill, after the fair, honest, and well-earned hours of evening rest have fully arrived, we shall in all probability find Mr. Carlyle reading from the Bible, not for fashion's sake, not to be seen and praised by men, but for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; and his children will be listening, as children should. Refused his proper place in society for

want of learning, we shall see this brave old man doing the next best thing to moulding the age—training his children to do that which he felt a power within him capable of performing, but for which the means—the mechanical means, the verb and pronoun kind of thing—were denied. Such was the father, and such the earliest school of Thomas Carlyle."

Of the many anecdotes told of this elder Carlyle, one seems to be characteristic not only of the man, but of the outer environment amid which Thomas passed his earlier life. On the occasion of the marriage of one of the sons, the younger members of the household proposed that a coat of paint should be given the house; but the old man resisted this scheme for covering the plain wood with the varnish of falsehood. An attempt was made by the majority to set aside his will, but unfortunately old Mr. Carlyle was at home when the painters arrived, and planting himself in the doorway, demanded what they wanted. They replied that they "cam' tae pent the house." "Then," returned the old man, "ye can jist slent the bog wi' yer ash-baket feet, for ye'll pit nane o' yer glaur on ma door." The painters needed no translation of this remark, and "slent the bog," *i. e.*, went their ways. "Glaur" had come all the way from the moonshine-demon of Iceland, Glam, to give the old man his idea of decorative lies; and his horror lasted into his famous son's description of the "bottled moonshine" which Coleridge threw over Sterling in his metaphysical glamour. I have sometimes thought that if the father had been able to admit those house-painters, the son's destiny might have been different. The latter's dislike of rhyme and poetic measures, after showing that he could excel in them, and all literary architecture, had in it an echo of that paternal horror of "glaur." He scented a falsehood from afar. Some one spoke of "England's *prestige*." "Do you remember what prestige means?" asked he, sharply: "it is the Latin word for a lie."

On reflection, I do not see that I can do better than introduce here, as well as my notes and memory enable me, some of Carlyle's own rambling reminiscences of those who were the presiding destinies of his early life. But for this it will be necessary to pass to a comparatively recent period, and attend him to an eminence in his life from which those young years were beheld in natural perspective. And my reader must pardon me for now and then turning into a by-way on our road.

It was in the evening of the day when Carlyle was inaugurated Lord Rector of Edinburgh University that he himself told me most fully the story of his early life, and of his struggles in that ancient city which had now decorated itself in his honor. That day was the culmination of his personal history. No pen has yet described the events of that day, and the main fact of it, in their significance or picturesqueness; nor can that be wondered at. The background against which they stood out were the weary trials, the long unwatched studies, the poverty and want, amid which the little boy of fourteen began, fifty-four years before, to climb the rugged path which ended on this height. When on that bright day

EARLY PORTRAIT OF MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

(the 2d of April, 1866) Carlyle entered the theatre in Edinburgh, the scene was one for which no memory of the old university could have prepared him. Beside him walked the venerable Sir David Brewster, fourteen years his senior, who first recognized his ability, and first gave him literary work to do. The one now Principal, the other Lord Rector, they walked forward in their gold-laced robes of office, while the professors, the students, the ladies, stood up, cheering, waving their hats, books, handkerchiefs, as if some wild ecstasy were sweeping over the assembly. Who were these around him? The old man sat and scanned for a little the faces before him. With a start of surprise, his eye alights on Huxley, and sure enough, not far away, is the face of his friend Tyndall, all sunshine. Another and another face from London, a score of aged faces that bring up memories from this and that quiet retreat of Scotland, and the occasion begins to weave its potent influences around the man who had never faced audience since, some twenty-six years before, he had celebrated "Heroes," and among them some less heroic than this new Lord Rector. On that last occasion, in the Edwards Street Institute, London, Carlyle brought a manuscript, and found it much in his way. On the next evening he brought some notes, but these also tripped him up, till he left them. The rest of the lectures were given without a note, simply like his conversation, and they required very little alteration when they came to be printed. For this Edinburgh occasion, also, Carlyle at first thought of writing something; he made out some headings and a few notes, and carried them in his pocket to the theatre, but he did not look at them.

What that address really was no one can imagine who has only read it. Throughout, it was phenomenal, like some spiritualized play of the elements. Ere he began, Carlyle, much to the amusement of the students, shook himself free of the gold-laced gown; but it was not many minutes before he had laid aside various other conventionalities: the grand sincerity, the drolleries, the auroral flashes of mystical intimation, the lightnings of scorn for things low and base—all of these severally taking on physiognomical expression in word, tone, movement of the head, color of the face, really seemed to bring before us a being whose physical form was purely a transparency of thought and feeling.

When, after the address, Carlyle came out to the door, a stately carriage was waiting to take him to the house of Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, but he begged to be allowed to walk. He had no notion, however, what that involved. No sooner did the delighted crowd, or friendly mob, discover that the Lord Rector was setting out to walk through the street than they extemporized a procession, and followed him, several hundred strong, with such clamorous glorification that he found it best to take a cab. As he did so, he turned and gave the crowd a steady look, and said, softly, as if to himself, "Poor fellows! poor fellows!" It was the only comment I heard him make on the ovation he received in the street.

During the dinner that evening, at which Mr. Erskine entertained Lord Neaves, Dr. John Brown, and other Edinburgh celebrities, Carlyle was very happy, and conversed in the finest humor; but when the ladies had retired, he asked me to go with him to his room in order to consult a little about the revision of his address for the press. This being through with, he lit his pipe, and fell into a long, deep silence. In the reverie every furrow passed away from his face; all anxieties seemed far away. I saw his countenance as I had never seen it before—without any trace of spiritual pain. The pathetic expression was overlaid by a sort of quiet gladness—like the soft evening glow under which the Profile on the New England mountain appears to smile; there fell on this great jutting brow and grave face, whose very laughter was often volcanic as its wrath, a sweet child-like look. He was, indeed, thinking of his childhood.

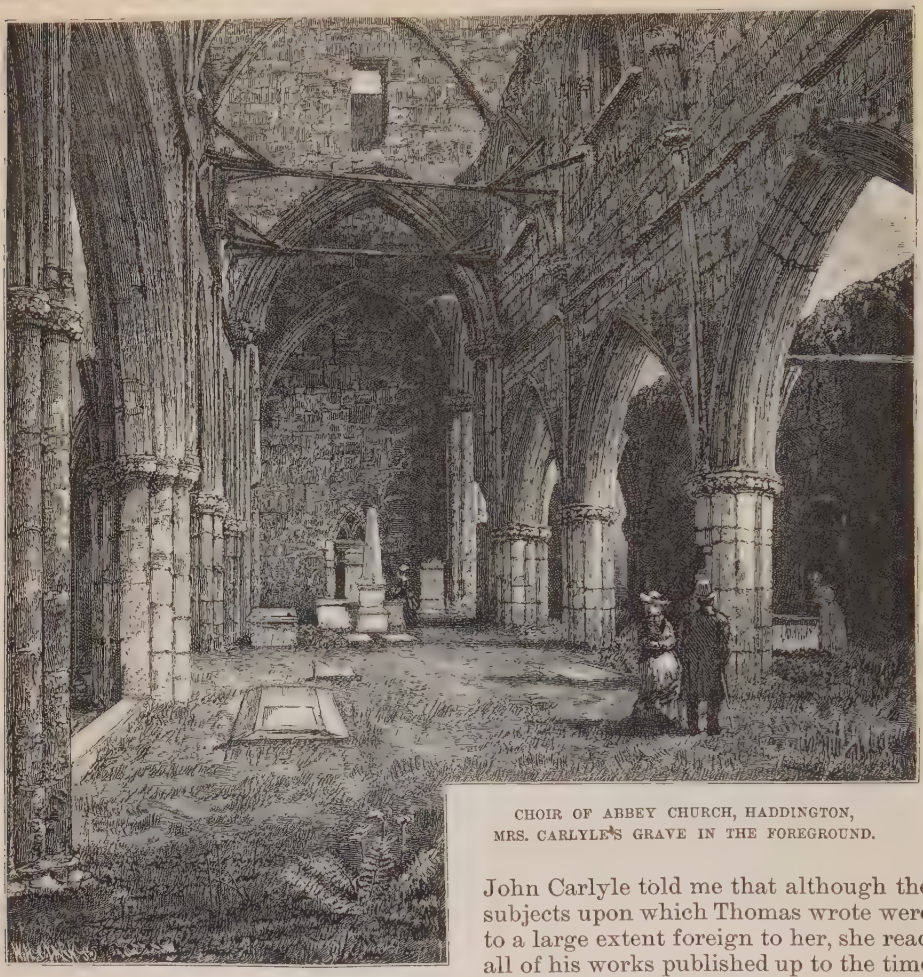
"It seems very strange," he said, "as I look back over it all now—so far away—and the faces that grew aged, and then vanished. A greater debt I owe to my father than he lived long enough to have fully paid to him. He was a very thoughtful and earnest kind of man, even to sternness. He was fond of reading, too, particularly the reading of theology. Old John Owen, of the seventeenth century, was his favorite author. He could not tolerate anything fictitious in books, and sternly forbade us to spend our time over the *Arabian Nights*—'those down-

right lies,' he called them. He was grimly religious. I remember him going into the kitchen, where some servants were dancing, and reminding them very emphatically that they were dancing on the verge of a place which no politeness ever prevented *his* mentioning on fit occasion. He himself walked as a man in the full presence of heaven and hell and the day of judgment. They were always imminent. One evening some people were playing cards in the kitchen, when the bake-house caught fire; the events were to him as cause and effect, and henceforth there was a flaming handwriting on our walls against all cards. All of which was the hard outside of a genuine veracity and earnestness of nature such as I have not found so common among men as to think of them in him without respect.

AN INTERIOR AT CHELSEA.

"My mother stands in my memory as beautiful in all that makes the excellence of woman. Pious and gentle she was, with an unweariable devotedness to her family; a loftiness of moral aim and religious conviction which gave her presence and her humble home a certain graciousness, and, even as I see it now, dignity; and with it, too, a good deal of wit and originality of mind. No man ever had better opportunities than I for comprehending, were they comprehensible, the great deeps of a mother's love for her children. Nearly my first profound impressions in this world are connected with the death of an infant sister—an event whose sorrowfulness was made known to me in the inconsolable grief of my mother. For a long time she seemed to dissolve in tears—only tears. For several months not one night passed but she dreamed of holding her babe in her arms, and clasping it to her breast. At length one morning she related a change in her dream: while she held the child in her arms it had seemed to break up into small fragments, and so crumbled away and vanished. From that night her vision of the babe and dream of clasping it never returned.

"The only fault I can remember in my mother was her being too mild and peaceable for the planet she lived in. When I was sent to school, she piously enjoined upon me that I should, under no conceivable circumstances, fight with any boy, nor resist any evil done to me; and her instructions were so solemn that for a long time I was accustomed to submit to every kind of injustice, simply for her sake. It was a sad mistake. When it was practi-



CHOIR OF ABBEY CHURCH, HADDINGTON, MRS. CARLYLE'S GRAVE IN THE FOREGROUND.

cally discovered that I would not defend myself, every kind of indignity was put upon me, and my life was made utterly miserable. Fortunately the strain was too great. One day a big boy was annoying me, when it occurred to my mind that existence under such conditions was unsupportable; so I slipped off my wooden shoe, and therewith suddenly gave that boy a blow on the seat of honor, which sent him sprawling on face and stomach in a convenient mass of mud and water. I shall never forget the burden that rolled off me at that moment. I never had a more heart-felt satisfaction than in witnessing the consternation of that contemporary. It proved to be a measure of peace also; from that time I was troubled by the boys no more."

Carlyle's mother died in 1853. Dr. John Carlyle told me that although the subjects upon which Thomas wrote were to a large extent foreign to her, she read all of his works published up to the time of her death with the utmost care; and his *History of the French Revolution*, particularly, she read and re-read until she had comprehended every line. With a critical acumen known only to mothers, she excepted *Wilhelm Meister* from her pious reprobation of novel-reading (not failing, however, to express decided opinions concerning Philina and others). At first she was somewhat disturbed by the novel religious views encountered in these books, but she found her son steadfast and earnest, and cared for no more. I have heard that it was to her really inquiring mind that Carlyle owed his first questioning of the conventional English opinion of the character of Cromwell.

"As I was compelled," continued Carlyle, "to quietly abandon my mother's non-resistant lessons, so I had to modify my father's rigid rulings against books of

fiction. I remember few happier days than those in which I ran off into the fields to read *Roderick Random*, and how inconsolable I was that I could not get the second volume. To this day I know of few writers equal to Smollett. Humphry Clinker is precious to me now as he was in those years. Nothing by Dante or any one else surpasses in pathos the scene where Humphry goes into the smithy made for him in the old house, and whilst he is heating the iron, the poor woman who has lost her husband and is deranged comes and talks to him as to her husband. 'John, they told me you were dead. How glad I am you have come!' And Humphry's tears fall down and bubble on the hot iron.

"Ah, well, it would be a long story. As with every 'studious boy' of that time and region, the destiny prepared for me was the nearly inevitable kirk. And so I came here to Edinburgh, aged fourteen, and went to hard work. Nearly the only companion I had was poor Edward Irving, then one of the most attractive of youths; we had been to the same Annan school, but he was three years my senior. Then, and for a long time after, destiny threw us a good deal together."

(An old Scotch gentleman who knew the two in those years told me that these two were vehemently argumentative; also that though Carlyle was the better reasoner, Irving generally got the best of the argument, since he was apt to knock Carlyle down with his fist when himself driven into logical distress.)

"Very little help did I get from anybody in those years, and, as I may say, no sympathy at all in all this old town. And if there was any difference, it came least where I might most have hoped for it. There was Professor Playfair. For years I attended his lectures, in all weathers and all hours. Many and many a time when the class was called together it was found to consist of one individual, to wit, of him now speaking; and still oftener, when others were present, the only person who had at all looked into the lesson assigned was the same humble individual. I remember no instance in which these facts elicited any note or comment from that instructor. He once requested me to translate a mathematical paper, and I worked through it the whole of one Sunday, and it was laid before him, and it was received without remark or thanks. After such long years I came to part with him, and to get my certificate. Without a word, he wrote on a bit of paper: 'I certify that Mr. Thomas Carlyle has been in my class during his college course, and has made good progress in his studies.' Then he rang a bell, and ordered a servant to open the front door for me. Not the slightest sign that I was a person whom he could have distinguished in any crowd. And so I parted from old John Playfair."

Carlyle's extraordinary attainments were clearly enough recognized by his fellow-students, among whom, no doubt, he might have found sympathetic friends had he been willing to spare time from the books he was devouring in such vast quantities. When he had graduated, the professors began to note that their best student had gone. Professor Leslie, the coadjutor, and afterward the successor, of Playfair, procured for him and Irving situations as teachers in the neighborhood.

"It had become increasingly clear to me that I could not enter the ministry with any honesty of mind; and nothing else then offering, to say nothing of the utter mental confusion as to what thing was desired, I went away to that lonely straggling town on the Frith of Forth, Kircaldy, possessing then as still few objects interesting to any one not engaged in the fishing profession. Two years there of hermitage, utter loneliness, at the end of which something must be done. Back to Edinburgh, and for a time a small subsistence is obtained by teaching a few pupils, while the Law is now the object aimed at. Then came the dreariest years —eating of the heart, misgivings as to whether there shall be presently anything else to eat, disappointment of the nearest and dearest as to the hoped-for entrance on the ministry, and steadily growing disappointment of self with the undertaken law profession—above all, perhaps, wanderings through mazes of doubt, perpetual questionings unanswered.

"I had already become a devout reader in German literature, and even now began to feel a capacity for work, but heard no voice calling for just the kind of work I felt capable of doing. The first break of gray light in this kind was brought by my old friend David Brewster. He set me to work on the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia;* there was not much money in it, but a certain drill, and, still better, a sense of accomplishing something, though far yet from

what I was aiming at; as, indeed, it has always been far enough from *that*." I may recall here an occasion when Carlyle was speaking in his stormy way of the tendency of the age to spend itself in talk. Mrs. Carlyle said, archly, "And how about Mr. Carlyle?" He paused some moments: the storm was over, and I almost fancied that for once I saw a tear gather in the old man's eyes as he said, in low tone, "Mr. Carlyle looked long and anxiously to find something he could do with any kind of veracity: he found no door open save that he took, and had to take, though it was by no means what he would have selected." Between the years 1820–1824 Carlyle wrote for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* sixteen articles, namely, Mary Wortley Montagu, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Montfaucon, Dr. Moore, Sir John Moore, Necker, Nelson, Netherlands, Newfoundland, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Northumberland, Mungo Park, Lord Chatham, William Pitt. To the *New Edinburgh Review*, in the same years, he contributed a paper on Joanna Baillie's "Metrical Legends," and one on Goethe's "Faust." In 1822 he made the translation of Legendre, and wrote the valuable essay on "Proportion" prefixed to it, though it did not appear until 1824. M. Louis Blanc informed me that he once met with a small French book devoted to the discussion of the mathematical theses of Carlyle, the writer of which was evidently unaware of his author's fame in other matters.

"And now" (toward the close of his twenty-seventh year would be a proximate date) "things brightened a little. Edward Irving, then amid his worshippers in London, had made the acquaintance of a wealthy family, the Bullers, who had a son with whom all teachers had effected nothing. There were two boys, and he named me as likely to succeed with them. It was in this way that I came to take charge of Charles Buller—afterward my dear friend, Thackeray's friend also—and I gradually managed to get him ready for Oxford. Charles and I got to love each other dearly, and we all saw him with pride steadily rising in Parliamentary distinction, when he died. Poor Charles! he was one of the finest youths I ever knew. The engagement ended without regret, but while it lasted was the means of placing me in circumstances of pecuniary comfort beyond what I had previously known, and of thus giving me the means of doing more congenial work, such as the *Life of Schiller*, and *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*. But one gaunt form had been brought to my side by the strain through which I had passed, who was not in a hurry to quit—ill health. The reviewers were not able to make much of Wilhelm. De Quincey and Jeffrey looked hard at us. I presently met De Quincey, and he looked pale and uneasy, possibly thinking that he was about to encounter some resentment from the individual whom he had been cutting up. But it had made the very smallest impression upon me, and I was quite prepared to listen respectfully to anything he had to say. And, as I remember, he made himself quite agreeable when his nervousness was gone. He had a melodious voice and an affable manner, and his powers of conversation were unusual. He had a soft, courteous way of taking up what you had said, and furthering it apparently; and you presently discovered that he didn't agree with you at all, and was quietly upsetting your positions one after another."

The review of *Wilhelm Meister* by Jeffrey was one of the notable literary events of the time. Beginning his task with the foregone conclusion that prevailed at Holland House concerning all importations from Germany, even before they were visible, Jeffrey pronounced *Wilhelm Meister* to be "eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, and affected," "almost from beginning to end one flagrant offense against every principle of taste and every rule of composition." Unfortunately, this was preceded by the statement that the judgment was made "after the most deliberate consideration"; for in the latter part of the review the writer is compelled to regard the translator "as one who has proved by his preface to be a person of talents, and by every part of the work to be no ordinary master of at least one of the languages with which he has to deal"; and finally, this strange review (this time evidently "after the most deliberate consideration") winds up with its confession: "Many of the passages to which we have now alluded are executed with great talent, and we are very sensible are better worth extracting than those we have cited. But it is too late now to change our selections, and we can still less afford to add to them. On the whole, we close the book with some feeling of mollification toward its faults,

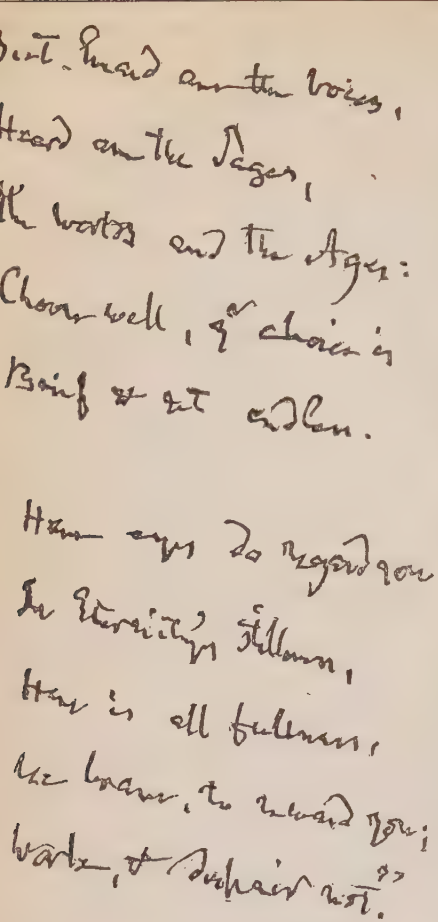
and a disposition to abate, if possible, some part of the censure we were impelled to bestow on it at the beginning."

"And now an event which had for a long time been visible as a possibility drew on to consummation. In the loveliest period of my later life here in Edinburgh there was within reach one home and one family—to which again Irving, always glad to do me a good turn—had introduced me. At Haddington lived the Welshes, and there I had formed a friendship with Jane, now Mrs. Carlyle. She was characterized at that time by an earnest desire for knowledge, and I was for a long time aiding and directing her studies. The family were very grateful, and made it a kind of home for me. But when, farther on, our marriage was spoken of, the family—not unnaturally, perhaps mindful of their hereditary dignity (they were descended from John Knox)—opposed us rather firmly. But Jane Welsh, having taken her resolution, showed further her ability to defend it against all comers; and she maintained it to the extent of our presently dwelling man and wife at Comely Bank, and then at the old solitary farmhouse called Craigenputtoch, that is, Hill of the Hawk. The sketch of it in Goethe's translation of my *Schiller* was made by George Moore, a lawyer here in Edinburgh, of whom I used to see something. The last time I saw old Craigenputtoch it filled me with sadness—a kind of Valley of Jehoshaphat. Probably it was through both the struggles of that time, the end of them being not yet, and the happy events with which it was associated. It was there, and on our way there, that the greetings and gifts of Goethe overtook us; and it was there that Emerson found us. He came from Dumfries in an old rusty coach; came one day and vanished the next. I had never heard of him: he gave us his brief biography, and told us of his bereavement in the loss of his wife. We took a walk while dinner was preparing. We gave him a welcome, we were glad to see him: our house was homely, but she who presided there made it in neatness such as was at any moment suitable for a visit from any Majesty. I did not then adequately recognize Emerson's genius; but my wife and I both thought him a beautiful transparent soul, and he was always a very pleasant object to us in the distance. Now and then a letter comes from him, and amid all the smoke and mist of this world it is always as a window flung open to the azure. During all this last weary work of mine, his words have been nearly the only ones about the thing done —*Friedrich*—to which I have inwardly responded, '*Yes—yes—yes;* and much obliged to you for saying that same!' The other day I was staying with some people who talked about some books that seemed to me idle enough; so I took up Emerson's *English Traits*, and soon found myself lost to everything else—wandering amid all manner of sparkling crystals and wonderful, luminous vistas; and it really appeared marvellous how people can read what they sometimes do, with such books on their shelves. Emerson has gone a very different direction from any in which I can see my way to go; but words can not tell how I prize the old friendship formed there on Craigenputtoch hill, or how deeply I have felt in all he has written the same aspiring intelligence which shone about us when he came as a young man, and left with us a memory always cherished.

"After Emerson left us, gradually all determining interests drew us to London; and there the main work, such as it is, has been done; and now they have brought me down here, and got the talk out of me!"

When I left Mr. Erskine's house that night, it was to go to the office of the *Scotsman*, in order to revise the proof of the new Lord Rector's address. Carlyle placed in my hands the notes he had made beforehand for the occasion, saying as he did so that he did not suppose they would assist me much. His surmise proved unhappily true. The notes had been written partly in his own hand, partly by an amanuensis. Those written by the amanuensis had been but little followed in the address, and those added by himself were nearly undecipherable. Already that tremor which so long affected his hand when he held a pen—it was much steadier when he used a pencil—afflicted him. The best-written sentences in the notes (now before me) are the lines of Goethe which he repeated at the close of the address, a fac-simile of which I give.

For the rest, I find in these notes some passages which were not spoken, but were meant to reach the public. I therefore quote them here, premising only that where I have supplied more than a con-



FAC-SIMILE OF CARLYLE'S HANDWRITING.

necting word here and there, such phrase is put in brackets, and mainly taken from what he really did say.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTES.

Beautiful is young enthusiasm; keep it to the end, and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it. It is a terrible thing to be wrong in that—the source of all our miseries and confusions whatever.

The "Seven Liberal Arts" notion of education is now a little obsolete; but try whatever is set before you; gradually find what is fittest for *you*. This you will learn to read in all sciences and subjects.

You will not learn it from any current set of History Books; but God has *not* gone to sleep, and eternal Justice, not eternal Vulpinism [is the law of the universe].

It was for religion that universities were first instituted; practically for that, under all changes of dialect, they continue: pious awe of the Great Unknown makes a sacred canopy under which all has to grow. All is lost and futile in universities if that fail. Sciences and technicalities are very good and useful indeed, but in comparison they are as adjuncts to the smith's shop.

There is in this university a considerable stir about endowments. That there should be need of such is not honorable to us at a time when so many in Scotland and elsewhere have suddenly become possessed of millions which they do not know what to do with. Like that Lancashire gentleman who left a quarter of a million to help pay the national debt. Poor soul! All he had got in a life of toil and struggle were certain virtues—diligence, frugality, endurance, patience—truly an invaluable item, but an invisible one. The money which secured all was strictly zero. I am aware, all of us are aware, a little money is needed; but there are limits to the need of money, comparatively altogether narrow limits. To every mortal in this stupendous universe incalculably higher objects than money. The deepest depth of Vulgarism is that of setting up money as our Ark of the Covenant. Devorgilla gave [a good deal of money gathered by John Balliol in Scotland] to Balliol College in Oxford, and we don't want it back; but as to the then ratio of man's soul to man's stomach, man's celestial part to his terrestrial, and even bestial, compared to the now ratio in such improved circumstances, is a reflection, if we pursue it, that might humble us to the dust.

I wrote the same night to Mrs. Carlyle, adding particulars regarding Carlyle himself which I knew she would be glad to hear. Alas! alas! It was but a few weeks after that I placed in Carlyle's hand, when he returned from her grave, the answer to my letter—one of the last she ever wrote. Here it is:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 5 *April*, 1866.

"MY DEAR MR. CONWAY,—The 'disposition to write me a little note' was a good inspiration, and I thank you for it; or rather, accepting it as an inspiration, I thank Providence for it—Providence, 'Immortal Gods,' 'Superior Powers,' 'Destinies,' whichever be the name you like best.

"Indeed, by far the most agreeable part of this flare-up of success, to my feeling, has been the enthusiasm of personal affection and sympathy on the part of his friends. I haven't been so fond of everybody, and so pleased with the world, since I was a girl, as just in these days when reading the letters of his friends, your own included. I am not very well, having done what I do at every opportunity—gone off my sleep; so I am preparing to spend a day and night at Windsor for change of at-

mosphere, moral as well as material. I am in a hurry, but couldn't refrain from saying, 'Thank you, and all good be with you!'

"Sincerely yours, JANE W. CARLYLE."

"Whatever 'triumph' there may have been," said Carlyle, when I next met him, "in that now so darkly overcast day, was indeed *hers*. Long, long years ago, she took her place by the side of a poor man of humblest condition, against all other provisions for her, undertook to share his lot for weal or woe; and in that office what she has been to him and done for him, how she has placed, as it were, velvet between him and all the sharp angularities of existence, is a fact that remains now only in the knowledge of one man, and will presently be finally hid in his grave."

Nothing could be more beautiful than the loving reverence of Carlyle for the delicate, soft-voiced little lady whose epitaph he wrote in words that may here be quoted:

"Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801, only child of the above John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegell, Dumfries-shire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unwearyedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."

When Carlyle's mood was stormiest, her voice could in an instant allay it; the lion was led as by a little child. She sat a gentle invalid on the sofa, and in the end, whatever had been the outburst of indignation, justice was sure to be done, and the mitigation sure to be remembered. I can hear her voice now—"But, Mr. Carlyle, you remember he did act very nobly toward that poor man," etc., followed from the just now Rhadamanthus with, "Ah, yes; he had, after all, a vein of good feeling in him;" and then came the neatest summing up of virtues concerning some personage whose fragments we had despaired of ever picking up. Mrs. Carlyle had a true poetic nature, and an almost infallible insight. In the conversation which went on in the old drawing-room at Chelsea there was no suggestion of things secret or reserved; people with sensitive toes had no careful provision made for them, and had best keep away; free, frank, and simple speech and intercourse were the unwritten but ever-present law. Mrs. Carlyle's wit and humor were overflowing, and she told anecdotes about her husband under which he sat with a patient look of repudiation until the loud laugh broke out and led the chorus. Now it was when she described his work on Frederick as one of those botanical growths which every now and then come to a knot, which being slowly passed, it grows on to another knot. "What Mr. Carlyle is when one of those knots is reached, must be left to vivid imaginations." Again it was a transitory cook who served up daily some mess described by Carlyle as "Stygian," with "Tartarean" for a variant. She being dismissed, another applicant comes. "Carlyle having, you are aware, deep intuitive insight into human character, goes down to speak to the new woman, and returns to pronounce her a most worthy and honest person. The woman next comes to me, and a more accomplished Sairey Gamp my eyes never looked on. The great coarse creature comes close, eyes me from head to foot, and begins by telling me, 'When people dies, I can lay 'em out perfect.' 'Sairey' was not retained, though I had no doubt whatever of her ability to lay any of us out 'perfect.'" One evening the talk fell on the Brownings. Carlyle had given us the most attractive picture of Robert Browning in his youth. "He had simple speech and manners, and ideas of his own; and I recall a very pleasing talk with him during a walk, somewhere about Croydon, to the top of a hill. Miss Barrett sent me some of her first verses in manuscript, and I wrote back that I thought she could do better than write verses. But then she wrote again, saying: 'What else can I do? Here am I chained to my sofa by disease.' I wrote then, taking back all I had said. Her father was a physician, late from India; a harsh impracticable man, as I have heard, his lightest word standing out like laws of the Medes and Persians. One day she read some verses Browning had written about her." "Oh no," interrupts Mrs. Carlyle, "she wrote something about Browning." "Ah, well," continues Carlyle, "you shall give the revised and corrected edition presently. As I was saying, she wrote something about him, comparing him to some fruit—" "Oh, Mr. Carlyle!" exclaims Mrs. C. "She

compared him," continues Carlyle, "to a nectarine." "That's too bad," says Mrs. Carlyle; "she compared his poetry to a pomegranate—it was suggested by the title of his poems, *Bells and Pomegranates:*

"'And from Browning some pomegranate which, cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined humanity.'"

"I stand corrected," says Carlyle; "and the lines are very sweet and true;" and he then proceeded to tell the pleasant romance on which he set out with a subtle appreciation and sympathetic admiration which made it sweeter than the tale of the Sleeping Beauty.

The advice which Carlyle gave to Miss Barrett, and which so many will rejoice that she did not follow, but induced him to take back, was characteristic. That Carlyle was himself a poet, all his true readers know; had his early life been happier, it is even probable that he might have broke upon the world with song; but his ideal was too literally a *burden* to rise with full freedom on its wings. He could rarely or never read the rhymes of his contemporaries—Goethe always excepted—without a sense of some frivolity in that mode of expression. The motto of *Past and Present*, from Schiller—"Ernst ist das Leben"—was deeply graven on Carlyle's heart. Thomas Cooper, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides" (dedicated to Carlyle), like so many others who had suffered for their efforts for reform, was befriended by Carlyle. "Twice," says Cooper, "he put a five-pound note in my hand when I was in difficulties, and told me, with a grave look of humor, that if I could never pay him again he would not hang me." Carlyle gave Cooper more than money—a copy of *Past and Present*, and therewith some excellent advice. The letter is fine, and my reader will be glad to read it.

"Chelsea, *September* 1, 1845.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your poem, and will thank you for that kind gift, and for all the friendly sentiments you entertain toward me—which, as from an evidently sincere man, whatever we may think of them otherwise, are surely valuable to a man. I have looked into your poem, and find indisputable traces of genius in it—a dark Titanic energy struggling there, for which we hope there will be a clearer daylight by-and-by. If I might presume to advise, I think I would recommend you to try your next work in *Prose*, and as a thing turning altogether on *Facts*, not Fictions. Certainly the *music* that is very traceable here might serve to irradiate into harmony far profitabler things than what are commonly called 'Poems,' for which, at any rate, the taste in these days seems to be irrevocably in abeyance. We have too horrible a practical chaos round us, out of which every man is called by the birth of him to make a bit of *Cosmos:* that seems to me the real Poem for a man—especially at present. I always grudge to see any portion of a man's *musical talent* (which is the real intellect, the real vitality or life of him) expended on making mere words rhyme. These things I say to all my poetic friends, for I am in earnest about them, but get almost nobody to believe me hitherto. From you I shall get an excuse at any rate, the purpose of my so speaking being a friendly one toward you.

"I will request you farther to accept this book of mine, and to appropriate what you can of it. 'Life is a serious thing,' as Schiller says, and as you yourself practically know. These are the words of a serious man about it; they will not altogether be without meaning for you."

Those who have read the "Purgatory of Suicides" will be able to understand the extent to which Carlyle was influenced by his sympathies. A man who, like Cooper, had been in jail for Chartist opinions, might be pretty sure in those days of getting a certificate for some "traces of genius" from Carlyle.

Carlyle and his young wife had visited London before there was any thought of their going to reside there. In February, 1832, they were staying at 4 Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road. Here one morning Carlyle received a volume addressed to the author of the essay on *Characteristics*. It was acknowledged in a note now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ireland,* who has permitted me to copy it:

"The writer of the Essay named *Characteristics* has just received, apparently from Mr. Leigh Hunt, a volume entitled *Christianism*, for which he hereby begs to express his thanks. The volume shall be read: to meet the Author of it personally would doubtless be a new gratification. T. Carlyle."

* Author of one of the most valuable bibliographical works in existence, *List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged, etc., and of the Works of Charles Lamb.* This scholarly work contains notes descriptive, critical, and explanatory concerning the works of other great modern authors, and the reception they met with. Mr. Ireland was always the valued personal friend of Carlyle, Emerson, and other literary men. His collection of literary treasures is as rich as any in England.

The volume alluded to bore on its title-page: "*Christianism; or, Belief and Unbelief Reconciled.* Being Exercises and Meditations. 'Mercy and Truth have met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.' Not for sale: only seventy-five copies printed. 1832." It was a book which completely captivated the heart of Carlyle. It was enlarged and published in 1853 under the title *The Religion of the Heart*, but as it is a production little known I can not forbear offering here an extract from its preface, styled "Introductory Letter," and signed Leigh Hunt:

"To begin the day with an avowed sense of duty, and a mutual cheerfulness of endeavor, is at least an earnest of its being gone through with the better. The dry sense of duty, or even of kindness, if rarely accompanied with a tender expression of it, is but a formal and dumb virtue, compared with a livelier sympathy; and it misses part of its object, for it contributes so much the less to happiness. Affection loves to hear the voice of affection. Love wishes to be told that it is beloved. It is humble enough to seek in the reward of that acknowledgment the certainty of having done its duty. In the pages before you there is as much as possible of this mutual strengthening of benevolence, and as little of dogmatism. They were written in a spirit of sincerity, which would not allow a different proceeding.....Some virtues which have been thought of little comparative moment, such as those which tend to keep the body in health and the mind in good temper, are impressed upon the aspirant as religious duties. What virtues can be of greater consequence than those which regulate the color of the whole ground of life, and effect the greatest purposes of all virtue, and all benevolence? Much is made, accordingly, not only of the bodily duties, but of the very duty of cheerfulness, and of setting a cheerful example. In a word, the whole object is to encourage everybody to be, and to make, happy; to look generously, nevertheless, on such pains, as well as pleasures, as are necessary for this purpose; to seek, as much as possible, and much more than is common, their own pleasures through the medium of those of others; to co-operate *with* heaven, instead of thinking it has made us only to mourn and be resigned; to unite in the great work of extending knowledge and education; to cultivate a reasonable industry, and an equally reasonable enjoyment; not to think gloomily of this world, because we hope for a better; not to cease to hope for a better, because we may be able to commence our heaven in this."

Carlyle was already weary of the shrill negations, albeit he had accepted many of them, and found in such thoughts and aspirations as these the expression of a congenial spirit. He had, indeed, read with admiration Leigh Hunt's previous and public works, but now he longed to know him. The brief note quoted seems to have elicited a cordial response from Leigh Hunt. Here is another note from Carlyle to Leigh Hunt, dated soon after the last quoted:

"4 Ampton Street,
"Gray's Inn Road, 20 *February*, 1832.

"Dear Sir,—I stay at home (scribbling) till after two o'clock; and shall be truly glad, *any* morning, to meet in person a man whom I have long, in spirit, seen and esteemed.

"Both my wife and I, however, would reckon it a still greater favor could you come at once in the evening, and take tea with us, that our interview might be the longer and freer. Might we expect you, for instance, on Wednesday night? Our hour is six o'clock; but we will alter it in any way to suit you.

"We venture to make this proposal because our stay in town is now likely to be short, and we should be sorry to miss having free speech of you.

"Believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
"Thomas Carlyle."

It was a characteristic of Carlyle that he never recalled his heart once given. There were many who felt that (as I once heard Mill say) "Carlyle had turned against all his friends," but this was only true of their radicalism, which he once shared. On the other hand, Charles Kingsley, who had shared his reaction in political affairs, kept away from him a good deal because he felt himself to be one of the large number implicitly arraigned in the *Life of Sterling* as the disappointed young ladies who had taken the veil. But Carlyle always spoke affectionately of Kingsley. "I have a very vivid remembrance," he once said, "of Charles coming with his mother to see me. A lovely woman she was, with large clear eyes, a somewhat pathetic expression of countenance, sincerely interested in all religious questions. The delicate boy she brought with her had much the same expression, and sat listening with intense and silent interest to all that was said. He was always of an eager, loving, poetic nature."

With Alfred Tennyson his frequent friendly intercourse was interrupted when the poet went to reside in the Isle of Wight. Until then they used to sit with a little circle of friends under the one tree that made the academe of the Chelsea

home, smoke long pipes, and interchange long arguments. But when Tennyson visited London, they generally met, and were very apt to relapse into the old current of conversation that began under the tree. I may mention here the delicacy of Carlyle toward Tennyson when they were both offered titles at the same time by Disraeli. Carlyle having written his reply declining the offer, withheld it carefully until the answer of Tennyson had been made known, fearing that the latter might in some degree be influenced by the course he himself had resolved to adopt.

Some of Carlyle's earlier friends had been drawn to him by the dazzling attractions of *Sartor Resartus*. A contemporary writer reports of the audiences which attended the lectures on "Heroes" that "they chiefly consisted of persons of rank and wealth," and he added, "There is something in his manner which must seem very uncouth to London audiences of the most respectable class, accustomed as they are to the polished deportment which is usually exhibited in Willis's or the Hanover rooms." Not a few of these Turveydrop folk fell back when they found whither that pillar of fire was leading them.

Dr. John Carlyle told me, with reference to the quaint frame-work of his brother's unique book, that he had no doubt it was suggested by the accounts he (Dr. C.) used to give him of his experiences in Germany while pursuing his medical studies there. There was a Schelling Club, which Schelling himself used to visit now and then, devoted to beer, smoke, and philosophy. The free, and often wild, speculative talks of these cloud-veiled (with tobacco smoke) intelligences of the transcendental Olympus amused his brother Thomas much in the description and rehearsal, and the doctor said he recalled many of the comments and much of the laughter in *Sartor Resartus*. Apart from this frame-work, there never was a book which came more directly from the heart and life of a man, and being for that very reason a chapter of the world's experience, it was a word which came to its own only to find a slow reception. It was a long time before it could find a publisher—this great book into which five years of labor had gone—but at last (1833) Mr. Fraser consented to publish it in his magazine much to the consternation of his readers.

"When it began to appear," said Carlyle, "poor Fraser, who had courageously undertaken it, found himself in great trouble. The public had no liking whatever for that kind of thing. Letters lay piled mountain high on his table, the burden of them being, 'Either stop sending your magazine to me, or stop printing that crazy stuff about clothes.' I advised him to hold on a little longer, and asked if there were no voices in a contrary sense. 'Just two—a Mr. Emerson, of New England, and a Catholic priest at Cork.' These said, 'Send me *Fraser* so long as "Sartor" continues in it.'" Some years afterward Carlyle visited Cork, and found out his Roman Catholic reader, and he used to relate, with some drollery, how he was kept waiting for some time because the servant was unwilling to disturb him during some hours of penance and prayer with which he was engaged in the garden.

Sartor Resartus first appeared in book form in New England, edited by Emerson, to whom also is to be credited the collection of Carlyle's miscellaneous papers. Carlyle loved to dwell upon the recognition he had received from New England in the years when he was comparatively unknown in his own country. "There was really something maternal in the way America treated me. The first book I ever saw of mine, the first I could look upon as wholly my own, was sent me from that country, and I think it was the most pathetic event of my life when I saw it laid on my table. The *French Revolution*, too, which alarmed everybody here, and to this day has, I think, brought me no penny here, was taken up in America with enthusiasm, and as much as one hundred and thirty pounds sent to me for it." *Sartor Resartus* and the *Miscellanies* were both published in England in book form in 1838, after their appearance in America.

Mr. Carlyle was much urged about that time to visit the United States, and had intended to do so: he was, I believe, only prevented from fulfilling his intention by the pressure of his labors on the *French Revolution*—more particularly by the necessity of reproducing the first volume of it, which had been burned by a servant-girl.

There is a letter of which my reader will be glad to read a portion in this memoir, and in connection with what has been said concerning the home and circum-

stances amid which *Sartor Resartus* was written. It is Carlyle's letter to Goethe, published in the latter's translation of the *Life of Schiller* (Frankfort, 1830).

"You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I feel bound to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and may be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish industry. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the northwest, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly inclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the rose and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise—to which I am much devoted—is my only recreation: for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment piled up upon the table of my little library a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let Time work.

"But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion concerning it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may feel myself united to you. The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an 'Essay on Burns.' Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius, but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected was comparatively unimportant. He died, in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially the Scotch, loved Burns more than any poet that had lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light." Goethe, commenting upon this letter, says that Burns was not unknown to him. He speaks in the highest terms of the exactness with which Carlyle had entered into the life and individuality of Schiller, and of all the German authors whom he had introduced to his countrymen. He prefaces his translation of the *Life of Schiller* with two pictures of the residence of Carlyle. In the year after the above letter was written, Mr. Carlyle wrote another letter to Goethe in reply to one from the latter, which I believe has not been published in England, but is interesting as indicating the feeling in that country toward German literature up to the time at which he began his work. This letter was written on December 22, 1829, and in it Carlyle says: "You will be pleased to hear that the knowledge and appreciation of foreign and especially of German literature spreads with increasing rapidity

wherever the English tongue rules; so that now at the Antipodes, in New Holland itself, the wise men of your country utter their wisdom. I have lately heard that even in Oxford and Cambridge, our two English universities, hitherto looked upon as the stopping-place of our peculiar insular conservatism, a movement in such things has begun. Your Niebuhr has found a clever translator at Cambridge, and at Oxford two or three Germans have already enough employment in teaching their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes, yet no one can doubt the happy consequences that shall ultimately follow therefrom. Let nations, as individuals, only know each other, and mutual jealousy will change to mutual helpfulness; and instead of natural enemies, as neighboring countries too often are, we shall all be natural friends."

The servant who burned the *French Revolution* was in the employ of Mrs. Taylor, afterward Mrs. Mill. "One day," said Carlyle, in relating this tragedy, "Mill rushed in and sat there, white as a sheet, and for a time was a picture of speechless terror. At last it came out, amid his gasps, that Mrs. Taylor, to whom he had lent the manuscript, in whose preparation he had been much interested, had laid it on her study table, when her servant-girl had found it convenient for lighting the fire; each day the volume must have been decreasing, until one day the lady, coming in, found scattered about the grate the last burned vestiges of the most difficult piece of work I had yet accomplished. The downright agony of Mill at this catastrophe was such that for a time it required all our energies to bring him any degree of consolation; for me but one task remained in that matter: the volume was rewritten as well as I could do it, but it was never the same book, and I was never again the same man.

"I used to see a good deal of Mill once, but we have silently—and I suppose inevitably—parted company. He was a beautiful person, affectionate, lucid; he had always the habit of studying out the thing that interested him, and could tell how he came by his thoughts and views. But for many years now I have not been able to travel with him on his ways, though not in the least doubtful of his own entire honesty therein. His work on *Liberty* appears to me the most exhaustive statement of precisely that I feel to be untrue on the subject therein treated. But, alas! the same discrepancy has become now a familiar experience."

I have before me, as I write, a little note, never before published, from Carlyle to Leigh Hunt, dated Craigenputtoch, Dumfries, 20 November, '32, in which he says: "Being somewhat uncertain about the number of your house, I send this under cover to a friend, who will personally see that it reaches its address. If he deliver it in person, as is not impossible, you will find him worth welcoming: he is John Mill, eldest son of India Mill, and, I may say, one of the best, clearest-headed, and clearest-hearted young men now living in London."

John Stuart Mill always seemed to me to grow suddenly aged when Carlyle was spoken of. The nearest to painful emotion in him which I ever saw was when he made that remark, "Carlyle turned against all his friends." I did not and do not think the remark correct. When Carlyle came out with his reactionary opinions, as they were deemed, his friends became afraid of him, and nearly all stopped going to see him at the very time when they should have insisted on coming to a right understanding. Carlyle was not reserved in speaking of the change which had come over his convictions. "I used to go up stairs and down spouting the oratory of all radicals, especially the negro emancipationists. Nor have I the slightest doubt that such people have sometimes put an end to the most frightful cruelties. What worth they put into such work they reaped. But it steadily grew into my mind that of all the insanities that ever gained foot-hold in human minds, the wildest was that of telling masses of ignorant people that it is their business to attend to the regulation of human society. I remember when Emerson first came to see me that he had a great deal to say about Plato that was very attractive, and I began to look up Plato; but, amid the endless dialectical hair-splitting, was generally compelled to shut up the book, and say, 'How does all this concern me at all?' But later on I have read Plato with much pleasure, finding him an elevated soul, spreading a pure atmosphere around one as he reads. And I find him there pouring his scorn on the Athenian democracy—'the charming government, full of variety and disorder, dispensing equality alike to equals and unequals'—

and hating that set quite as cordially as the writer of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* hates the like of it now; expressed in a sunny, genial way, indeed, instead of the thunder and lightning with which the pamphlet man was forced to utter it. Let Cleon, the shoemaker, make good shoes, and no man will honor him more than I. Let Cleon go about pretending to be legislator, conductor of the world, and the best thing one can do for Cleon is to remand him to his work, and, were it possible, under penalties. And I demand nothing more for Cleon or Cuffee than I should be prepared to assert concerning the momentarily successful of such who have managed to get titles and high places. In that kind, for example, his Imperial Majesty Napoleon Third—an intensified Pig, as, indeed, must some day appear."

It became clear to my own mind, after a few months' acquaintance with Carlyle, that he had in his mind a very palpable Utopia, one neither unlovely nor unjust, whose principles, if genuinely applied, would make ordinary conservatives glad enough to accept those of Mill in preference. It was part of his view, for instance, that private proprietorship in land should be abolished; and I well remember him building a long discourse on the English "fee," Scotch "feu," as derived of *foi, fides*, a *trust*, and destined to be that again when Cosmos replaced Chaos. The "paper nobility" would stand small chance in his commonwealth. It was they mainly who usurp the posts of highest work, for which they are incompetent, and keep the true kings, the Voltaires, Burnses, Johnsons, in the exile of mere "talk." But I also felt that it was by a rare felicity that Margaret Fuller spoke of him as "the Siegfried of England—great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable." His vulnerable point was a painful longing to make present facts square with his theory and ideal. He could not bear to think the realization of his hope so distant as the world said. He had lived through the generation of bread riots, Chartism, Irish rebellions, trade-union strikes and rattenings, and longed for a fruitful land, with bread for all, work for all, each laborer provided for, disciplined, regulated —a great army of honest and competent toilers, making the earth blossom as a rose, and at the same time dwelling peacefully in patriarchally governed homes. If this could only be realized somewhere! Then there reached him the tidings that in the Southern States of America there was such a fair country. I found him fully possessed with this idea in 1863. In his longing that his dream should be no dream, but a reality, he had listened to the most insubstantial representations. An enthusiastic Southern lady had repeatedly visited him, and found easy credence to her story that such was the inherent vitality of slavery, and the divine force attending it, that even then, when the South was blockaded, and harassed by war on every side, prosperity was springing up, and factories appearing. Southern theorists, indeed, there were as sincerely visionary as himself, and they came to him personally with a wonderful scheme, by which the South and the West Indies were to be constituted into one great nation, in which the physical beauty of the country would only be surpassed by the songs of the happy negroes working in their own natural clime, untainted by any of the mad, wild strife between labor and capital, the greed of pelf, or the ambitions of corrupt politics. As a Southerner myself, I had another story to tell. A dream as fair had been driven from my own heart and mind, when I was able to look beyond the peaceful homes of one or two small districts in my beloved Virginia to the actual condition of the average South, and I laid before him the facts which had expelled that dream. One or two of the simplest facts which I narrated, on a day when we walked in Hyde Park, so filled him with wrath at the injustice perpetrated that his denunciations attracted the attention of loungers in the Park. I saw before me the same man that afterward so deeply sympathized with the wronged African Langalulele, when Bishop Colenso came over from Natal to plead for him against English oppressors—the man whose voice has helped to arrest the schemes to obtain English aid for the European slave-trader, "the unspeakable Turk."

Carlyle was always most patient when he was vigorously grappled with about his facts, perhaps from a half-consciousness that there lay his weakness, and from a natural honesty of mind. Soon after David A. Wasson had written to him that stern and dignified paper which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he asked me about Wasson, and remarked that he seemed to be "an honest, sturdy, and valiant kind of man." Subsequently I had

the pleasure of introducing to him the friendly but severe critic in question, and I have rarely seen him so genial in conversation with any American.

Carlyle awakened from his dream of a beautiful patriarchal society in the Southern States slowly, but he did awake. One day he received from the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, as a reply to his "Ilias in Nuce," a photograph taken of the lacerated back of a negro, with the words, "Look upon this, and may God forgive your cruel jest!" He asked me about Dr. Furness, and I was able to give him an account which relieved him from the suspicion that the picture was "got up" for partisan purposes. A good many things made him, as I thought, uneasy about his position in those days. But the staggering blow, dealt with all the force of love, came from Emerson. It was early in October, 1864, that I found him reading and re-reading a letter from Emerson. Long years before he had written to an American, "I hear but one voice, and that comes from Concord": the Voice had now come to him again, freighted with tenderness, but also with terrible truth. He bade me read the letter. It spoke of old friendship, conveyed kindest sympathies to Mrs. Carlyle—always an invalid, mentioned pleasantly a friend whom Carlyle had introduced; but then the sentences turned to fire—fire in which love was quick as enthusiasm was burning. With simplest sorrow and wonder he spoke of hearing Carlyle quoted against the cause of humanity, but could not make up his mind to believe it. There must be some strange misunderstanding and mistake. Carlyle must for once be experimenting on idlers, must be, etc., etc. But he could not by any means be disguised from those eyes that saw deep; they knew him better than he knew himself, perhaps, certainly better than others knew him; and so Carlyle felt when he read in this letter, at the close, "Keep the old kindness, which I prize above words."

"No danger but *that* will be kept," said Carlyle. "For the rest, this letter, the first I have received from Emerson this long time, fills me with astonishment. That the cleanest mind now living—for I don't know Emerson's equal on earth for perception—should write so is quasi-miraculous. I have tried to look into the middle of things in America, and I have seen nothing but a people cutting throats indefinitely to put the negro into a position for which all experience shows him unfit. Two Southerners have just been here. One of them, I should say, has some negro blood in him, and he said, quietly, the Southerners will all die rather than submit to reunion with the North. The other, a Mr. John R. Thompson, brought me an autograph letter from Stonewall Jackson."

I knew Mr. Thompson very well, and said that there could be no doubt whatever of his honor and sincerity. No one could be more sensible than I was that there were in the South many excellent people, earnest and even religious believers in the system of slavery. It had been the heaviest tragedy of my personal life when I came to feel and know that so much heart and sincerity as that amid which I grew up in Virginia were pitted against all the necessary and irresistible currents and forces of the universe. My old Virginian relatives and friends, or most of them, failed to get that point of view from outside which residence in free States had opened to me with personally sorrowful results, and they could not see that the movement for emancipation in the United States was fed from world-wide sources. They thought me a traitor to them, I feared, though I would die to do them any service. They regarded the abolitionists as wicked, self-seeking men, and they were certainly therein proceeding against the fact and the truth. Was Emerson a wicked, self-seeking man? I had known Emerson—refined, retiring, loving solitude, hating mobs—I have known him for this cause face a wild mob; and it was along with Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and others who had thrown away all self-interest and all popularity to plead for justice to the race most powerless to repay them.

Carlyle said, after a long pause, and in the gentlest voice: "All the worth they or you have put into this thing will return to you. You must be patient with me when I say how it all appears to me. I can not help admiring the Northern people for their determination to maintain their Union. There is Abraham Lincoln" (taking up a photograph I had brought); "plainly a brave, sincere kind of man, who seemed to me crying to the country, 'Come on!' without in the least knowing where he was leading them, or even with quiet doubts whether he might

not be leading them to a struggle against the laws of this universe. The Americans will probably never believe it, but no man feels more profoundly interested and concerned for all he believes really for their good than the man who now speaks to you. Notwithstanding all the irritation which the Americans feel toward England, America owes a great deal to England; a vast deal of English courage, wealth, literature, have gone to give America her start in the world; and I have always believed it would be paid back, with compound interest, in the steady working out to demonstration of the utter and eternal impossibility of what Europe is pursuing under the name of Democracy. The Americans are powerful, but they can not make two men equal when the universe has determined that they are and shall be unequal. They may pursue that road, and believe they are on the way to *Je*-rusalem, but they shall find it *Ge*-henna that is finally arrived at. Nor can I doubt that an increasing number of men in America perceive this just as clearly as I do, whatever they may think of negro slavery. Many an intelligent American has told me in this room what evils their country has suffered from a vast mass of crass ignorant suffrage; and I have even come to envy America her advantage over England, inasmuch as her democratic smash up bids fair to precede ours, with little chance of preventing it. I believe it even probable that the rule of men competent to rule—as against both sham nobility and the ignorant populace—will be first established in the United States."

Carlyle was talking in this way once when an eminent American clergyman was present, and the latter began to defend with energy the right of every man to an equal vote. "Well," said Carlyle, "I do not believe that state can last in which Jesus and Judas have equal weight in public affairs."

A few years ago Mrs. Charles Lowell, of Cambridge, with characteristic tact, sent Carlyle a copy of the memorial volume of the Harvard students who fell in the civil war. He read this volume with care, and when afterward Mrs. Lowell presented herself in person at his door, he seized her hand with the utmost cordiality, and confessed to her that he had been mistaken in his judgment upon that contest and its causes. "I doubt I have been mistaken," he said, and to other friends he declared that he now realized that there was much in the American struggle which he had not comprehended. In recent years nothing could be more marked than his kindness and attention to his American visitors.

No man was a stronger hater of tyranny. He rejoiced in the American Revolution, and also in the story of the Dutch as related by Motley—a historian of whose works he spoke very warmly indeed. "Those Dutch are a strong people. They raised their land out of a marsh, and went on for a long period of time breeding cows and making cheese, and might have gone on with their cows and cheese till doomsday. But Spain comes over and says, 'We want you to believe in St. Ignatius.' 'Very sorry,' reply the Dutch, 'but we can't.' 'God! but you *must*,' says Spain; and they went about with guns and swords to make the Dutch believe in St. Ignatius; never made them believe in him, but did succeed in breaking their own vertebral column forever, and raising the Dutch into a great nation." Louis Napoleon was simply "a swindler who found a people ready to be swindled." Speaking of the "mere worship of force," which had been attributed to him, he said: "Most of that which people call force is but the phantasm of it, not reverend in the slightest degree to any sane mind. Here is some small unnoted thing silently working, or for the most part invisibly, in which lies the real force. Plenty of noise and show of power around us. Men in the pulpits, platforms, street corners, crying (as I hear it), 'Ho! all ye that wish to be convinced of the thing that is not true, come hither'; but the quietly *true* thing prevails at last. I admire Phocion there among those oratorical Athenians. Demosthenes says to him, 'The Athenians will get mad and kill you some day.' 'Yes,' says Phocion—'*me* when they are mad, *you* when they are in their senses.' They sent Phocion to look after Philip, who was coming against them. Phocion returned and told them they could do nothing against Philip, and had better make peace with him. All the tongues began to wag and abuse him. Phocion quietly broke his staff, and cast the pieces to them. 'Let me be out of it altogether.' Demosthenes and the orators had it their own way, and the Athenians were defeated. They then had to go to Phocion to

get them out of the trouble as well as he could. I think of all this when they tell me Mr. So-and-so has made a tremendous speech. If I had my way with that eloquent man, I should say to him, 'Have you yourself done, or tried to do, any of these fine things you talk about?' '*Done?*' he would most likely have to say; 'quite the reverse. The more I say them, the less need have I to do them.' Then I would just snip a little piece of that eloquent tongue off. And the next time he made an eloquent speech, I would put to him the same question, and when the like reply came, I would snip another small piece of his tongue off. And in the end very little, most likely nothing at all, of that eloquent tongue would be left. If he could not then act, at least my fine orator could be silent. The strongest force in Europe just now—Bismarck—is the silentest. He completes the slow work of seven hundred years, but neither with tongue nor pen. Not the least service he is doing Europe, could the people give right heed to it, might be regarded his demonstration that most of the men esteemed as powerful are only wind-bags."

I should remark that this was said long before Prince Bismarck was suspected of conniving with the Pope. Since then I never heard Carlyle mention him. Carlyle might scold the Socialists, but his hatred was reserved for Jesuitism.

Carlyle has suffered much from having his humorous exaggerations taken, as one might say, underfoot of the letter. If the parties of progress have been misled by this kind of interpretation, still more have those been mistaken who have inferred from his anti-democratic utterances a disposition to court the aristocracy. When, in the latter years of his life, those of high rank who had forgotten, or had never read, what he used to write about "paper nobility," began to make much of Carlyle, his tone occasionally showed that he remembered another story of his favorite Phocion, how when the Athenian assembly applauded, he turned to his friends and asked "what bad thing he had let slip." When the Emperor of Germany sent him the Order for Civil Merit (founded by Frederick the Great), he did not refuse it; but, as the world knows, he would not accept the patronage at home, which might imply an admission that honest thought is to be paid in royal decorations. When, about the time in which the German honor to the biographer of Frederick came, Queen Victoria sought an interview with him, he met her at the residence of the Dean of Westminster, and her Majesty became aware that she was in the presence of a man beyond all fictions of etiquette when he said, "Your Majesty sees that I am an old man, and if you will allow me to be seated, I may perhaps be better able to converse." The Queen bowed assent, but she had never before conversed with one of her subjects on such terms of equality. And when at length the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Bath was offered and declined, the throne, the ministry, and the people heard once more from the vicinity of Ayr the brave song:

"A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that."

Carlyle was sensible of a certain magnanimity in Disraeli's proffer of this honor, for he had written some severe things about the Prime Minister. The two men had never been introduced to each other. Disraeli perhaps thought that Carlyle remembered an early satire he had written upon him, which was not the case, Carlyle being always utterly free from personal resentments of that kind. Their point of nearest contact was when they were sitting together upon the late Lord Derby's commission of the National Portrait Gallery. On that occasion the portrait of Lord Brougham (he being still living) was offered, and though all present felt that the acceptance of it would be a bad precedent—since politicians might utilize the gallery to advance their fame—yet all hesitated to oppose the offer save one. Carlyle rose up and said that "since the rest hesitated, he begged leave to move that the Brougham picture be for the present rejected." The motion was adopted; and Disraeli left his seat, went round to where Carlyle was, and stood before him for a few moments, uttering no word, but fairly *beaming* upon the only man who had the courage to do that which all felt to be right.

Disraeli's letter to Carlyle was not only munificent—offering not only the Order, but also what sum of money might be de-

sired to support it—but it was expressed with the finest taste and feeling. This Order was fixed on because it had been kept more pure than others; and "since you, like myself, are childless," wrote the Premier, the common baronetcy seemed less appropriate. Carlyle wrote an equally courteous and noble reply in declining—whose sentences I will not venture to record from memory, as no doubt the world will soon be enabled to read the correspondence—but with a fine delicacy withheld it until his friend Tennyson should have responded to a similar offer. One honor Carlyle did value—the naming of a green space in Chelsea "Carlyle Square."

Carlyle never thoroughly enjoyed art. Had that side of him not been repressed in early life, his last years had been happier. He had, indeed, on his walls some beautiful pictures, but they were portraits, or pictures which had got there for some other reason than that they were works of art. When he first came to London he had a prejudice even against portraits. Count d'Orsay was only able to make his clever sketch half surreptitiously. I myself remember the difficulty which artists had in persuading him to sit for a picture. The first to coax him in that direction was Madox Brown. This excellent artist designed a picture of "Work," in which he desired to introduce the Rev. Frederic D. Maurice as a working-man's friend, and Carlyle as the Prophet of Work. He had no difficulty with Maurice, but Carlyle refused to sit, and could barely be persuaded to accompany the artist to South Kensington, and stand against a rail while a photographer took the full-length which Madox Brown needed. Carlyle made a slight grimace, however, and said, "Can I go now?" The completed picture represented builders busy on the street; some fashionably dressed ladies are picking their way past the bricks and mortar; Maurice looks on meditatively, and with some sadness in his face, at this continuance of the curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread"; while Carlyle rejoices in it, and while leaning on his cane laughs heartily—this laugh being the outcome of the grimace which he left on the photograph. Few of his portraits are good, partly, no doubt, because of the somewhat miserable look which spread over his face whenever he was induced to sit for his portrait. However, he gradually gained a respect for the artist's work, and expressed a child-like surprise and pleasure at seeing his face emerge from the chaos of pigments. Perhaps the best picture of him as a young man was that taken almost surreptitiously by Count d'Orsay, soon after the publication of *Sartor Resartus*. The only satisfactory picture I have ever seen of him is that by Tait, owned by Lady Ashburton. "An Interior at Chelsea," by G. F. Watts, is too gloomy; that made by Whistler is a striking work, but makes the author, as he sits in a rude chair, hat in hand, too much like a beggar at a church door. Woolner's bust is powerful, but the better part of Carlyle can not be suggested in marble; granite would be a better medium. Generally photographers have done him more justice than the painters.

What vague notions Carlyle had of art, even so late as 1850, may be gathered from a little note he wrote that year to Leigh Hunt, from which its possessor permits me to take a sentence: "One of my people to-night, an accomplished American, has begged a card of introduction to you. He is a son of a certain noted Judge Story; is himself, I believe, a kind of *sculptor* and artist, as well as a lawyer. Pray receive him if he call. You will find him a friendly and entertainable and entertaining man." He had much admiration for his neighbor John Leech, and thoroughly enjoyed his cartoons in *Punch*. When that great master of caricature died prematurely of a nervous disorder, from which it was thought he might have recovered but for the organ-grinders, Carlyle, who suffered from the same fraternity, mingled with his sorrow for Leech some severe sermons against that kind of liberty which "permitted Italian foreigners to invade London, and kill John Leech, and no doubt hundreds of other nervous people, who die and make no sign." John Leech was doing his work thoroughly well, and that is the only liberty worth anything. Carlyle did not attend the theatre. I have sometimes suspected that there was in him a survival of the religious horror of theatres which prevailed at Annandale. He went to hear Charles Dickens read his works, and enjoyed that extremely. "I had no conception, before hearing Dickens read, of what capacities lie in the human face and voice. No theatre stage could have had more players than seemed to flit about his face, and all

tones were present. There was no need of any orchestra." He also liked to go and hear Mr. Ralston, the charming and scholarly story-teller, recite and interpret his fairy lore. These enjoyments were very rare, however, as, indeed, they were poor beside the scenery of history, the heroic figures of great men, and the world drama, on which the eye of Carlyle never closed. The dramatic and other arts came within his reach too late in life. He had passed the age when he could enjoy them for beauty or turn them to use; and when the farther age came, and the feebleness which the arts might have beguiled, he had no pleasure in them.

Carlyle's was not only an essentially religious mind, but even passionately so. His profound reverence, his ever-burning flame of devout thought, made him impatient of all such substitutes for these as dogmas and ceremonies—the lamps gone out long ago. There was a sort of divine anger that filled him whenever forced to contemplate selfishness and egotism in the guise of humility and faith.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WHENEVER the life of George Eliot is written, it is plain that the interest will be found to lie chiefly in the records of her mind, as shown by what of her conversation can be preserved and by her correspondence. For of outward events her life had few. She shunned rather than courted publicity, and there will be nothing to satisfy any of those who look for exciting narratives in biography. The time, however, is not come for such a record. Her loss is obviously too recent to her own family and friends to enable them to sift and winnow with impartiality what may be at their disposal. We must be content to wait, and in the mean time merely gather up whatever may be known of one who has long been so much to so many on both sides of the Atlantic. Few of the notices which have yet appeared have been complete, and some have been incorrect. We will here attempt to relate, as far as may be, what there is to tell of her life, and try to give those who had not the great honor of her personal acquaintance some portrait of what she was.

No doubt it is difficult to judge those who live in our own immediate time. The greatest are sometimes hardly appreciated, the insignificant are given too high a position, by those among whom they live. The sure verdict of the years can alone decide whether she whom we mourn was as great as we deem her. Great she surely was, with no ordinary greatness, who has so swayed the thoughts and moved the heart of her own generation.

Mary Ann Evans—not Marian, though this name was afterward given her by the affection of friends, and was that by which she frequently signed herself—Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff House, near Nuneaton, on the 22d November, 1820. Her father, Mr. Robert Evans, who had begun life as a master-carpenter, came from Derbyshire, and had become land agent to several important properties in that rich Warwickshire district. The sketches of Mr. Burge in *Adam Bede* and of Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* would give a fair idea of her father's life in these two positions, although it must not be for a moment supposed that either of them was intended as a definite portrait. Her mother died when she was fifteen, and her father afterward removed to Foleshill, near Coventry, with which removal her childish life closed. It is not unlikely that the time will come when, with one or other of her books in their hand, people will wander among the scenes of George Eliot's early youth, and trace each allusion, as they are wont to do at Abbotsford or Newstead, and they will recognize the photographic minuteness and accuracy with which these scenes, so long unvisited, had stamped themselves on the mind of the observant girl.

Maggie Tulliver's Childhood is clearly full of the most accurate personal recollections, not, indeed, of scenery, for St. Oggs is the town of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, from which the physical features of the tale were taken. But her inner life as a child is described in it and in the autobiographical sonnets called "Brother and Sister." The "Red Deeps," however, the scene of Maggie's spiritual awakening, were near her own home, and had evidently been a favorite haunt of the real Maggie in childhood. So, too, the churches and villages, and the town described in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, are all drawn from her own intimate experiences. "Cheveril Manor" is Arbury Hall, the seat of the Newdegates, Mr. Robert Evans's early patrons; Knebley, described in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, is Astley Church, hard by; Shepperton, in

GEORGE ELIOT.

Amos Barton, is Chilvers Coton; Nuneaton is Milby; and, indeed, it seems pretty certain, as first pointed out by a writer in the *Graphic*, that many of the incidents, as well as the scenery, of George Eliot's early stories were hung on facts well known in that Warwickshire neighborhood. At the same time it was but little that she took from outside. The merest hint or sketch of one whom she had seen was worked up, by a creative genius scarcely matched since Shakspeare, into a picture which lives, a true memorial. It would be unfair to some of her characters, far too complimentary to others, to believe that they were actual. In the few instances in which identification is possible, the unlikenesses to that which served as the hint are greater than the likenesses.

Among the most interesting facts of Mary Ann Evans's early life is the deep love she clearly bore her mother. When she speaks of her in the autobiographical sonnets, however slightly, it is with the tenderest touch; and we can not but feel sure that the beautiful maternity of Mrs. Moss, the upright rectitude of Mrs.

GRIFF HOUSE, GEORGE ELIOT'S EARLY HOME.

Garth, the tender spots in the heart of Mrs. Poyser, the mature beauty of Milly Barton, are all recollections of the mother she loved and lost. We do not at all know what was Mrs. Evans's age at her death, but we feel intimately persuaded that she was about thirty-five, the age at which Milly Barton died, and at which the still more beautiful and stately Janet repented, and became a noble woman.

Mr. Robert Evans was able to give his daughter an exceptionally good education. There were and are so many bad schools for girls that it was a piece of singular good fortune that Mrs. Wallington, at Nuneaton, and afterward Miss Franklin, at Coventry, undertook her education. To Mrs. Wallington the writer in the *Graphic* thinks that George Eliot owed some of the beauty of her intonation in reading English poetry. Besides the studies at school, she was fortunate in finding a willing instructor in the then head-master of Coventry Grammar School, Mr. Sheepshanks; and motherless as she was, she possibly studied more deeply than a mother's care for a delicate daughter's health would have permitted. However this may be, the years that she spent near Coventry, on her father's removal to Foleshill, till his death in 1849, were years of excessive work, issuing in a riper culture than that attained by any other prominent Englishwoman of our age, and only approached by that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

No one can read George Eliot's books without realizing the fact that she had gone through deep religious troubles. Some changes in her faith are recorded in the letter to Miss Hennell. We can not but regret the publication of that letter as it stood, because it is quite clear that words addressed to her friend, and never intended for publication, needed some qualification; but, on the whole, they of course represent the facts. From one belief she passed through doubt to another, though very different, phase of belief, and while she was in this transition stage grave misunderstandings occurred with her own family. The friends who then stood by her and smoothed over the family difficulties, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, of Coventry, brought about incidentally her first introduction to serious literary work. Mrs. Bray's brother, Mr. Charles Hennell, was interested in a translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which had been intrusted to the lady he was about to marry, and who had before her marriage accomplished about one-fourth of the entire work. During a visit to Tenby with the Brays, Miss Evans became acquainted with this lady, and, on her relinquishment of the task in consequence of her marriage, took it up and completed it. This kind of literary work was then, as unfortunately now, sadly underpaid. Twenty pounds was the entire sum received for this, one of the best translations known to us.

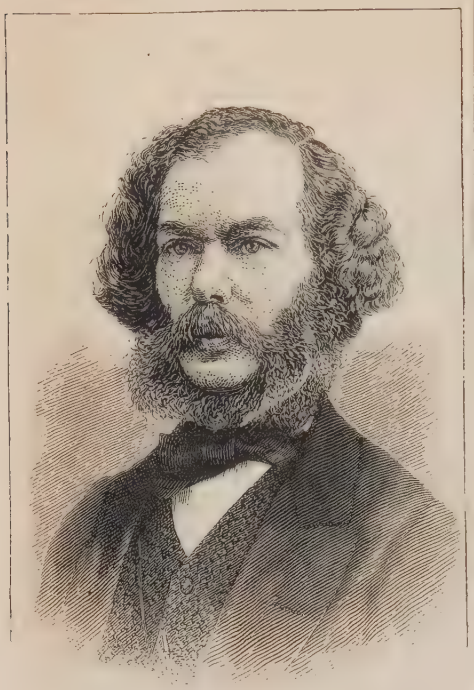
On Mr. Evans's death, in 1849, his daugh-

ter went abroad with the Brays, and staid behind them at Geneva for purposes of study. Some time after her return to England, she became a boarder in the house of Mr.—now Dr.—Chapman, who with his wife was in the habit of receiving ladies into their family. She assisted Mr. Chapman in the editorship of the *Westminster Review*, and her literary career in London was fairly begun. Her work on the *Westminster Review* was chiefly editorial. During the years in which she was connected with it she wrote far fewer articles than might have been supposed. The most important of them were the following, written between 1852 and 1859, inclusive: "Woman in France—Madame De Sable;" "Evangelical Teaching" (on Dr. Cumming); "The Natural History of German Life;" "German Wit" (on Heine); "Worldliness and Otherworldliness" (on Young and Cowper).

Two or three others have been attributed to her, but their authorship is not quite certain, and they are not, at any rate, works by which she would probably desire to be known, or which immediately and clearly prove themselves to be hers by internal evidence.

Miss Evans's literary work in London brought about an acquaintance and a warm friendship with some of the more remarkable literary men of that time. Among others may be mentioned Mr. Herbert Spencer, her close friend for so many years; Mr. Pigott, then editor of the *Leader* newspaper, to the pages of which she occasionally contributed; and George Henry Lewes, whose name will always be indissolubly associated with her own, and which she bore for nearly the whole remainder of her life. The question has naturally some interest how far two persons of such remarkable intellectual individuality affected each other's work during the many years of their joint lives. Those who have read George Eliot's novels but superficially, and who have been acquainted with the fact that Mr. Lewes's studies lay very greatly in the direction of physiology, have thought that they discovered his influence in the many scientific similes and allusions which abound in her works; but they are wholly mistaken. In the very earliest writings, as well as in the latest, are passages of this character; and it was only because people noticed them more, as the circumstances of

SCHOOL-ROOM AT NUNEATON.



GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

her life became known, that any special importance has been attributed to them. That each largely influenced the other is true, but the influence was the subtle effect of companionship and association, and certainly there was but very little of direct stimulation, or even direct criticism.

Mr. Lewes's character attained a stability and pose in which it had been somewhat lacking, and the quiet of an orderly and beautiful home enabled him to concentrate himself more and more on works demanding sustained intellectual effort, while Mrs. Lewes's intensely feminine nature found the strong man on whom to lean in the daily business of life, for which she was physically and intellectually unfitted. Her own somewhat sombre cast of thought was cheered, enlivened, and diversified by the vivacity and versatility which characterized Mr. Lewes, and made him seem less like an Englishman than a very agreeable foreigner. Was the character of Ladislaw, to ourselves one of very great charm, in any degree drawn from George Henry Lewes, as his wife first remembered him? The suggestion that she should try her hand at fiction undoubtedly came from Mr. Lewes. Probably no great writers ever know their real vein. But for this outward stimulation, she might have remained through life the accurate translator, the brilliant reviewer, the thoughtful poet, to whom accuracy of poetic form was somewhat wanting, rather than as the writer of fiction who has swayed the hearts of men as no other writer but Walter Scott has done, or even attempted to do.

In the maturity of her life and intellectual powers she became known as a writer of fiction. There are those who now regard the *Scenes of Clerical Life* as her best work. Beautiful as they are, that is not our opinion, and, at any rate, the *Scenes* failed to attract much notice at first. The publication of *Adam Bede*, however, took the world by storm.

As in the *Scenes of Clerical Life* the actual surroundings and the mere sketch outlines of many of the characters were drawn from her Warwickshire home, so in *Adam Bede* she has gone for her scenery to Derbyshire, the cradle of her family. That Dinah Morris was to some extent a real character has long been said. A letter to Miss Hennell, recently published, tells us how exceedingly little of actual portraiture there was, and as Shakspeare with the stories which formed the basis of his plays, she has infused and irradiated the simplest and commonest facts with her own light and warmth and eloquence. The likeness, however, was recognized at once. There lies before us a very curious little book, published in 1859 by Tallant and Co., of 21 Paternoster Row, called "*Seth Bede, the Methody:* His Life and Labors, chiefly written by Himself," from which we find that Hayslope is the little village of Roston, four miles from Ashbourne. Adam and Seth were Samuel and William Evans; but the Dinah of real life cast in her lot, not with Adam, but with Seth. The incident of their father's death is true, and Samuel Evans himself describes the process of his conversion, his instruction by "Mr. Beresford, a class-leader, and a precious man of God," and his after-career as a Methodist. The account of Dinah is extremely interesting, and, from the Methodist point of view, entirely confirms the statement given by her niece, both in the novel and in the letter to Miss Hennell. But the little tract quotes with the utmost coolness Dinah's prayer on the village green as "having been preserved," the real fact being that it is quoted bodily out of the novel;

and of this Miss Evans herself says, "How curious it seems to me that people should think Dinah's sermon, prayers, and speeches were copied, when they were written, with hot tears, as they surged up in my own mind!" Perhaps the greatest compliment, though an equivocal one, that can be paid to a man's own compositions is that others should endeavor to steal them. This was the case with the novel of *Adam Bede*. Finding that the author desired to remain unknown, a poor creature, whose name should be gibbeted as Joseph Liggins, residing at Nuneaton, being in needy circumstances, claimed the novel, stating that, after the manner of Milton and other great authors, he had received for it a wholly inadequate sum, and showing to various persons the manuscript, which he had taken the trouble to make from the printed book, asked and received certain moneys to supplement his publishers' niggardliness. His cause was enthusiastically espoused by one or two neighboring clergy, and in spite of the real author's denial of Mr. Liggins's claims, a hot controversy raged for a time, the parties being sharply divided, as is the case in this singular country of ours, by their ecclesiastical differences of High and Low Church. In that Coventry neighborhood it was perhaps only the publication of after-works, which Mr. Liggins did not see fit to copy, that entirely exploded his preposterous claims.

This novel showed the great range of characters over which the author's observations and fancy extended; they showed also her deep and wide sympathy. All

ELIZABETH EVANS ("DINAH MORRIS").

writers but the greatest—a Shakspeare, a Goethe, a Scott, a George Eliot—take interest in their own class, their own coreligionists, alone. The others of whom they speak come in as the supernumeraries on a stage, to fill up the background of the picture, but those who bring them seem not to consider whether they are men and women with human hearts, or merely marionettes. But the great writer shows that even the humblest, "if you prick them, will bleed," and discovers the human touch of goodness in the most unpromising characters—in the poor frivolous little Hetty, in the sensuous, pleasure-loving Arthur Donnithorne, as well as in Dinah and Mr. Irwine. The sole point,

DRAWING-ROOM IN WHICH GEORGE ELIOT'S RECEPTIONS WERE GIVEN, AT THE PRIORY.

perhaps, in which her early country training comes out is the omission, or almost omission, from her canvas of the lowest stratum of country life—the agricultural laborer pure and simple. In English village life, along with perfect freedom of intercourse and direct plainness of speech, caste is even more marked than in the higher ranks of English society. The demarkations are not easily understood, but they are there, when to the outward observer the differences are not very plain between the sections of village ranks, as an undulating country may often seem a dead flat from the mountain height. The miller, the master-carpenter, the small farmer, are each more severed from the mere laborer than are the Mr. Irwines and the Squire Donnithornes, in whose case there is no danger of confusion. It is probable, therefore, that the few laborers whom she specifies are drawn as direct portraits; and George Eliot has made but few advances into the land which Mr. Hardy knows so thoroughly, and which is so peculiarly his own. He, and he alone, sees the English peasant as Shakspeare saw him, with all his accidental limitations, yet with his shrewdness, his pleasantry, and his human heart.

There is no need to discuss in detail novels which are the possession of all English-speaking people, which are as much admired in America as in England, which most of their readers there, as here, believe to be of no ephemeral interest, but part of the abiding literature of both lands. Enough to say that, omitting the very highest and the very lowest sections of modern society, these novels present a photographic picture of English life which will give to the future reader the same sort of truthful information of the early Victorian time that Shakspeare's plays do of Elizabeth's England. We say the early Victorian age: we might even put the date a few years further back, because the quiet lady whose life was one of so much outward peace did not willingly describe the more strenuous aspects of our time. We hear but little of the steam-ship, of the railway, of the hurry of our London life—that London which, as a sponge draws water, seems to gather to itself the life-blood of the country.

That the mind of her who penned these

novels was profoundly religious, no reader can doubt; nor is it in any degree inconsistent with the deepest religious feeling that she should have translated Strauss and Feuerbach. To any such soul, in the struggle which attends an inability to believe what has been previously taught, the effort to clear the thoughts by the definite grasp of those completely opposed is oftentimes of great spiritual help. When, however, we attempt closely to define the religion in which George Eliot rested, our task becomes difficult. We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so deep was her sympathy with every form in which the religious instincts have expressed themselves. The simple faith, half pagan but altogether reverent, of Dolly Winthrop; the sensible, matter-of-fact, and honorable morality of Mr. Irwine; the aspirations of a modern St. Theresa; the passionate fervor of Dinah, supplying by sympathy all that was lacking in external culture—were understood and reverenced by her. All that was most human, and therefore most divine, most ennobling, and most helpful, was assimilated by her. The painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation, were realized by her as though she had been a fervid Catholic. But the ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher. Of Auguste Comte, whose system she more and more admired as the old creeds lost their hold upon her soul, she said more than once in the closing months of her life, "I will not submit to him my heart and my intellect." Her views on immortality are expressed in the great poem—great sure-

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA—MR. CROSS'S HOUSE IN FOREGROUND.

ly despite of some defects of form—which closes the volume, *Jubal and Other Poems*, so well known by its first line:

"O, may I join the choir invisible!"

An unsatisfactory immortality, it may appear to many; but it is one which seemed to her to carry out most fully the great creed of self-renunciation, the giving all for others, hoping for nothing again, either in time or in eternity.

We have said already that we do not make any direct criticism on her novels. Let this alone be said, that to us *Middlemarch* seems the crowning work of her life; not, however, that *Daniel Deronda* showed any falling off of power, but that in her eager desire to do justice to a great race, too cruelly misunderstood, she chose a theme in which the world at large was less specially interested. But her intellectual eye was not dim at the last, neither was her intellectual force abated, and it is possible that she might have surpassed herself even as she was in *Middlemarch*. But we shall never have an opportunity of guessing on imperfect data. Most wisely those whom she has left to mourn her loss deemed it best to destroy the small fragment which yet remained of a novel which she had begun, reverencing her own dislike of unfinished work, and what they believe would have been her own wishes.

Perhaps no one filling a large portion of the thoughts of the public in two hemispheres has ever been so little known to the public at large. Always in delicate health, always living a student life, caring little for what is called general society, though taking a genial delight in that of her chosen friends, she very seldom appeared in public. She went to the houses of but a few, finding it less fatiguing to see her friends at home. Those who knew her by sight beyond her own immediate circle did so from seeing her take her quiet drives in Regent's Park and the northern slopes of London, or from her attendance at those concerts at which the best music of the day was to be heard. There, in a front row, in rapt attention, were always to be seen Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, and none who saw that face ever forgot its power and spiritual beauty. To the casual observer there was but little of what is generally understood to be beauty of form.

In more than one striking passage in his novels Mr. Hardy has recognized the fact that the beauty of the future, as the race is more developed in intellect, can not be the ideal physical beauty of the past; and in one of the most remarkable he says that "ideal physical beauty is incompatible with mental development and a full recognition of the coil of things. Mental luminousness must be fed with the

GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE.

oil of life, even though there is already a physical need for it." And this was the case with George Eliot. The face was one of a group of four, not all equally like each other, but all of the same spiritual family, and with a curious interdependence of likeness. These four are Dante, Savonarola, Cardinal Newman, and herself. We only know one such other group, and that consisting of three only. It is that formed of the traditional head of Christ (the well-known profile on a coin), Shakspeare, and St. Ignatius Loyola. In the group of which George Eliot was one there is the same straight wall of brow; the droop of the powerful nose; mobile lips, touched with strong passion kept resolutely under control; a square jaw, which would make the face stern were it not counteracted by the sweet smile of lips and eye. We can hardly hope that posterity will ever know her from likenesses as those who had the honor of her acquaintance knew her in life. Only some world's artist could have handed her down as she lived, as Bellini has handed down the Doge whom we all know so well on the walls of the National Gallery. The two or three portraits that exist, though valuable, give but a very imperfect presentment. The mere shape of the head would be the despair of any painter. It was so grand and massive that it would scarcely be possible to represent it without giving the idea of disproportion to the frame, of which no one ever thought for a moment when they saw her, although it was a surprise, when she stood up, to see that, after all, she was but a little fragile woman who bore this weight of brow and brain.

It is difficult for any one admitted to the great honor of friendship with either Mr. Lewes or George Eliot to speak of their home without seeming intrusive, in the same way that he would have been who, unauthorized, introduced visitors, yet something may be said to gratify a curiosity which surely is not now impertinent or ignoble. When London was full, the little drawing-room in St. John's Wood was now and then crowded to overflowing with those who were glad to give their best of conversation, of information, and sometimes of music, always to listen with eager attention to whatever their hostess might say, when all that she said was worth hearing. Without a trace of pedantry, she led the conversation to some great and lofty strain. Of herself and her works she never spoke; of the works and thoughts of others she spoke with reverence, and sometimes even too great tolerance. But those afternoons had the highest pleasure when London was empty or the day wet, and only a few friends were present, so that her conversation assumed a more sustained tone than was possible when the rooms were full of shifting groups. It was then that, without any premeditation, her sentences fell as fully formed, as wise, as weighty, as epigrammatic, as any to be found in her books. Always ready, but never rapid, her talk was not only good in itself, but it encouraged the same in others, since she was an excellent listener, and eager to hear. Yet interesting as seemed to her, as well as to those admitted to them, her afternoons in London, she was always glad to escape when summer came, either for one of the tours on the Continent in which she so delighted, or lately to the charming home she had made in Surrey. She never tired of the lovely scenery about Witley, and the great expanse of view obtainable from the tops of the many hills. It was on one of her drives in that neighborhood that a characteristic conversation took place between her and one of the greatest English poets, whom she met as he was taking a walk. Even that short interval enabled them to get into somewhat deep conversation on evolution; and as the poet afterward related it to a companion on the same spot, he said, "Here was where I said 'good-by' to George Eliot; and as she went down the hill, I said, 'Well, good-by, you and your molecules,' and she said to me, 'I am quite content with my molecules.'" A trifling anecdote, perhaps, but to those who will read between the lines, not other than characteristic of both speakers.

In May of last year, Mrs. Lewes, who for some time past after her great bereavement had been again beginning to see her friends and enter a little into society, became the wife of Mr. J. W. Cross. There would be no excuse for attempting to penetrate into the home she recently formed, and in which, from accidental circumstances, a very few friends had seen her. This only may be said, that some of those who had loved her best, and had been a little inclined to doubt whether any second union would now be for their friend's welfare, found that all their scru-

ples had been idle and gratuitous, that as the twenty years of her life past had been years of deep and true happiness, so a like period might have been begun, through which she might have passed to an honored old age, sheltered and protected by the tenderest care and love. But it was not to be. Her health, never robust, had seemed to revive and strengthen in the tour taken to Italy after her marriage, but a return to the English climate chilled and withered her from the first. A winter such as has been scarcely known in England within the memory of man laid upon her, at its beginning, an iron hand, and only one fortnight after her removal to her new home in Chelsea, she sank from the effects of a cold which appeared but little dangerous at first. She was laid to rest by the side of Mr. George Henry Lewes on a day which was indeed calculated to test the love of those who wished to be present at her funeral. Yet the chill rain seemed to have kept away none who desired to be with her to the last, and to comfort by their presence those most dear whom she had left. Besides her husband and her step-son, there came members of her own family from Warwickshire, and it was touching to remember the closing lines of her autobiographical sonnets, in which she says,

> "But were another childhood's world my share,
> I would be born a little sister there,"

when we saw the brother-companion of those years standing by his sister's grave. There were those, too, who had only known her as an invisible presence while they read her books, to whom she had been the comfort and the help she most wished, who came to strew flowers on her coffin. Had she been laid in the Abbey, where some would fain have placed her, the funeral might have been more stately, but it could not have been more full of respect and affection and sorrow.

We have already said that we live too near the dead to gauge her place in literature. To many of us her conversation, which was better than her books, her sympathy and large-heartedness, which were even more remarkable than her conversation, and our great personal affection, may have in some degree dimmed the keen edge of criticism. We do not, however, think that this is so, or that the judgment of those of her own time will be very greatly reversed. Of some mannerisms we are conscious—mannerisms which perhaps prevent her, when she speaks in her own person, from ever being considered among the great masters of language; neither was she among the very greatest of story-tellers. We can not as such place her on as high a pedestal as Sir Walter Scott. When she deals with that which was originally unfamiliar to her, as in *Romola*, the effort of preparation is somewhat too visible, the topographical and antiquarian learning too little spontaneous. In poetry, the thought was overgreat for the somewhat unfamiliar element in which it moved, and brought to the reader a certain sense of stiffness or constraint. The canvas on which she worked, as suited to our age, was not the canvas of Æschylus, of Dante, or that on which Shakspeare, who worked in all kinds of art, drew the figures of Lear, of Lady Macbeth, and of Othello. But in the description of the tragedy which underlies so much of human life, however quiet-seeming, in the subtle analysis of character, in the light touch which unravels the web of complex human motives, she seems to us absolutely unrivalled in our English tongue, except by him who is unrivalled in all the branches of his art, the mighty master Shakspeare. No; history will not reverse our judgment, and generations to come may find a pleasure in tracing the resemblances, with all their unlikeness, between her and the great dramatist, and in recognizing how thoroughly English were the minds of both. They were cradled in the same county; they were nursed by the same outward influences, the same forest of Arden—for Shakspeare's Arden is in reality the Warwickshire, not the French one. The same forest of Arden was round them both, the same forms of gently sloping hills and fields; and the scenes of George Eliot's youth reproduced in the novels may be joined, and joined easily, with the pilgrimages from afar to Charlecote and to Stratford. That is for the future; but for those who knew herself, admiration of her genius is secondary in their minds to regret for loss. They think less of the words preserved on the lasting page for many generations to come than of the low sweet voice which so often thrilled them as it uttered words of welcome, and wisdom, and of sympathy; of the bright home, so easily accessible, and so often opened to the young beginning their London career, all the more

hopefully because George Eliot and George Henry Lewes had given them encouragement; of the new home she had made, to leave it soon so desolate, and of the new friend they had gained, with whom to sympathize when he was so untimely and unexpectedly left alone.

THE SPEAKER'S RULING.

ENGLAND has given Parliamentary law to the whole English-speaking world. Whatever new or whatever old and hitherto unused practice is resorted to in the British House of Commons, even if it does not directly affect, is of great interest to a large part of mankind. Parliamentary government and procedure, modelled on those of the renowned assembly that has had its principal seat at Westminster for at least six hundred years, and which is the oldest legislative body in the world with a continuous history, now exist not only in Great Britain, but in every one of her dependencies throughout her vast empire, and in this great independent republic, with its central Congress and its thirty-eight State Legislatures. Parliamentary law, *lex et consuetudo parliamenti*, not only regulates the forms of procedure in the legislative departments of these numerous governments, but it also furnishes the rule for the orderly conduct of business in all assemblies of persons convened for the transaction of public or private affairs. There is no branch of the customary law that is of more general application, or that has a wider sweep; and where it is not modified by special rules for the government of particular assemblies, the whole body of its rules and maxims rests upon custom, precedent, and continued practice. Of this custom, precedent, and practice, the law of Parliament, as it has been immemorially held in England, is the origin and fountain-head, for us and for many other millions of the human race. We, the various branches of the great British family, are pre-eminently a people of precedents; quite as much as the Romans or the Greeks of antiquity, who constantly appealed to the customs of their ancestors. Eliminate the force of precedent from our social system, and we should be like a ship on the wide ocean without a rule of navigation in more than half of the occurrences of social and political life, for textual and written rules for the government of public affairs have never yet comprehended one-half of the occasions on which a rule of some kind is imperatively required. It was therefore with an interest amounting to an astonished sensation that the news was received in this country on the 3d of February last, that on the preceding day the Speaker of the English House of Commons had arrested a debate on a motion of the government for leave to bring in a bill, had declared that discussion should proceed no further, and that the question should be immediately taken. On the morning when intelligence of this extraordinary event was published throughout this country, the greater part of the American public—probably ninety-nine hundredths of our people—supposed that the Speaker had discovered among the powers of his office, hitherto latent, a power by which he could terminate a debate at his own discretion, when, in his official judgment, it was carried on solely for the purpose of factiously obstructing the public business. If such a power really resided in the Speaker by virtue of his office, the fact that it had long lain dormant, by reason of its exercise not being called for, could constitute no valid objection to its use in a case of plain necessity. Whether the power existed would depend upon that unwritten and traditionary law of Parliament that has been made by precedent, or has at any time been recognized as part of the custom of Parliament, in the absence of any standing rule expressly creating and conferring it. It was well understood on this side of the Atlantic—and indeed the whole occurrence made it manifest—that there is no such standing rule of the House of Commons conferring on the Speaker this power. We were somewhat startled, therefore, at the first aspect of the case, because it seemed that the Speaker had acted upon the assumption that by virtue of a power inherent in his office he could stop a discussion which he considered as a mere willful obstruction of the business of the House.

A little further reflection and a closer examination of the facts led to a doubt whether this was the real meaning of the Speaker; and in order to judge of his meaning, and to determine the real essence of his act, it may be useful to recapitulate the important features of the whole occurrence.

On the last day of January, Mr. Gladstone moved for leave to bring in a bill

to repress the disorders in Ireland, commonly styled the "Coercion" Bill, and announced his intention to press the first reading of the bill to a division during the session of that night, even if the House, in order to reach a division, should have to sit until morning. With the merits of or the necessity for this measure this paper has nothing to do. It is proper to say, however, that public opinion in England supported the purpose of the government to maintain law and order in Ireland, and that an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons were in favor of giving leave to bring in this particular measure, and in favor of giving it its first reading. At the same time, a small minority, consisting chiefly of a part of the Irish members and a few of the English members, were opposed to the measure, and determined to resist its passage by every possible Parliamentary means. That it was a debatable measure, that the minority, however small, had an undoubted constitutional right to discuss it on the question of leave to bring it in, and that this right could be exercised, within the limits of order, to an unlimited extent, must be conceded. This right of debate was one of the legitimate means held by the minority to prevent the passage of the proposed bill by appealing to the reason of the House. Another means of obstruction, the right to resort to which is theoretically clear, and was probably included in the right to debate the general subject of "coercion," consisted in motions to adjourn the debate or to adjourn the House, on either of which the main question could be spoken to. But it is obvious that such dilatory motions, intermixed with discussions more or less pertinent to the main issue, might degenerate into a merely factious resistance to the introduction of the bill; and it is certain that the "obstructionists," as they were called by others, and as they did not scruple to call themselves, so arranged their tactics that they exposed themselves to the charge of factious obstruction of the public business. Being about forty in number, as they calculated, they arranged their forces in relays, assigning to each one of their number the part of speaking to the main question, or of speaking to a motion to adjourn the debate or to adjourn the House. They thus counted on making forty different propositions, requiring forty successive divisions—a process which they presumed would wear out the endurance of the majority, and so throw the discussion over indefinitely. As each member of the House had a right to speak once on the main question, and to move or second an adjournment, many hours could be consumed. But in order not to exhaust this process too rapidly, it was arranged that a selected number should speak for five or six hours on the main question, and that then another member should speak as much longer on a motion to adjourn the debate or to adjourn the House, on each of which successive motions a division would be necessary. In the first twenty-four hours of this talking against time only four Irish members exhausted their right to move an adjournment, and at this rate the House might be kept in continual session for a week, or the debate might be indefinitely prolonged, according to the mere physical power of the other members to endure the strain.

But the "obstructionists" miscalculated the power of the House to endure that strain. Others could form relays, if not for debating, yet for sitting and voting, as well as they. There was a continuous session of forty-one hours, at the end of which time, namely, at half past nine on the morning of February 2, the Speaker rose and said: "During forty-one hours the House has been occupied by repeated motions for adjournment, supported by small minorities, in opposition to the general sense of the House. A crisis has arisen which demands the prompt interposition of the Chair and the House. The measure recommended as urgent in her Majesty's speech a month ago is being arrested by an inconsiderable minority. It is necessary to vindicate the credit and authority of the House. I am satisfied that I shall best carry out its will, and may rely upon its support, if I decline to call upon any more members to speak, and immediately proceed to put the several questions to vote. It will be necessary for the House to assume more efficient control over its debates, or intrust greater authority to the Chair."

The division was then taken, and the government obtained leave to bring in their bill for the protection of life and property in Ireland, by a vote of 164 to 19. Before this vote was taken, thirty-three members were suspended from acting as members, on account of disorderly conduct subsequent to the Speaker's ruling.

Two things are to be noted, down to the time of the Speaker's interposition. The first is that the "obstructionists" had individually exercised rights which belonged to every member by the law and custom of Parliament. The second is that by concert and calculation they had exercised those rights in such a manner as to prove to all the world that they were not addressing the reason of their fellow-members upon the merits of the main question, but they were acting to obstruct the public business by wearing out the physical endurance of the other members. Strictly speaking, this may have been their legal right, under the forms and usages of the House, although it must be confessed that it approached very closely to an abuse of their right. And it may be that, notwithstanding such abuse, the right could not be terminated, under any standing order of the House, until every one of them had exhausted his individual privilege of moving an adjournment or of speaking to such a motion. But this does not determine the moral right or wrong of their course; and if it be said that to their own consciences and their constituents they were alone responsible for the moral character of their acts, it may with equal correctness be said that it was for the House to determine the extent to which they should be permitted to use a legal right for a factious purpose.

But, strange to say, the House of Commons has existed for all these ages without any definite and acknowledged rule for meeting such cases. This fact may speak volumes for the general correctness and sense of propriety which have marked the public conduct of its members. But it is not to be accounted for wholly in this way. The truth is that ever since the days had passed by when the crown sometimes sent its commands to the Speaker not to permit the discussion of certain subjects or the introduction of certain bills—Elizabeth, I believe, was the last sovereign who did this—the freedom of unlimited debate, restrained only by the rules of order, has been regarded as the necessary right of a minority, and as one of the great safeguards of liberty. For this reason the House of Commons has been hitherto unwilling to have any fixed process for terminating a debate, like the French *clôture*, or like our rule of the previous question. And that no such process existed by the traditionary or unwritten law of Parliament is apparent from the very course of things in this debate, from the extraordinary intervention of the Speaker, and from the fact that the government, as soon as was practicable, proposed a rule, or standing order, by which a minister of the crown can move that a particular measure is "urgent," and by which a certain large majority of a House in which there are present at least three hundred members can terminate debate and order a division.

It is an interesting question, therefore, but not one of so much practical consequence as was at first supposed, what power did the Speaker exercise when he terminated this debate at the end of two-and-forty hours of continuous session? Was it a *coup d'état*, or a revolution, as it has been called, or did it rest on a solid foundation of law?

That the Speaker did not hold, by virtue of his office, a power to terminate a debate on a bill, or on a motion for leave to bring in a bill, upon his official judgment that those who carried on the debate were factiously obstructing the public business, I take to be clear. The Speaker holds no power over a debate, excepting to preserve order, which comprehends the power to confine the members to the question before the House; and this has also been considered as a power to prevent improper speaking of the great personages of the realm. The points of order, when they are applied in their whole scope, and whatever they include, do not abridge the right of speaking to the merits of a question; nor is that right abridged to the individual member by any rule of time, as it sometimes is in our legislative bodies. None of the precedents that I have seen cited, consisting of orders made in 1604, 1610, and 1640, mean anything more than this, that the Speaker may confine the members to the question, and prevent a waste of time by irrelevant speeches. On those and similar precedents it becomes a point of order whether a member is really speaking to the question or speaking to something else. This is a part of the Parliamentary law universally recognized; sometimes it is defined in a standing rule; but it does not touch the Speaker's ruling of February 2, 1881.

What, then, did the Speaker mean, or suppose himself to mean? His language should be carefully considered, and applied to the act which he performed, with

the instant, although informal, approbation of the House. By that language he did not sever himself from the House, or assert a power in his office to arrest a debate. He said that there was a crisis which demanded the prompt interposition of the Speaker *and* the House, that it was necessary to vindicate the credit and authority of the House, and that he considered that he was carrying out the will of the House, and could rely on its support in ending the debate and immediately putting the question. When the inquiry was afterward made of him on what basis he acted, he answered, from the chair, "On my own responsibility, and from a sense of duty to the House." Properly paraphrased, his meaning was this: "Here is a great crisis, which involves the character and dignity of the House, and the safety of its authority; there is no standing order or fixed rule which will reach this case; a new precedent must be made; a motion by a member to terminate the debate will be just as easily obstructed as the main question has been. As the agent of the House, and to carry out what I believe to be its will, I decline to call on any more members to speak, and shall immediately put the question." The approbation of the House is instantly given by acclamation, and the Speaker's act is confirmed.

The whole matter, then, resolves itself into the question whether the House, without any standing order, and without waiting for a formal motion, could terminate that particular discussion, under the circumstances of the case. I do not propose to treat this as a question of a revolutionary nature, or as an act of revolution, justifiable by the revolutionary tendency of the acts of Mr. Parnell and his followers. I propose to inquire whether it was an act within the law, assuming it to have been the act of the House itself.

Without adopting in its full extent the maxim that the public safety is the supreme law, I presume it will not be doubted that there is a sense in which the public safety modifies the law of the land. We know that it may even affect the construction of statutes, and that it may prevent the strict rules of the common law from being applied where their application would be dangerous to the body-politic. All our individual rights are held and must be exercised in subordination to the principle that when they conflict with the public safety they must give way. The danger that attends the application of this principle arises from arbitrary determinations by bodies or tribunals or officials who are not authorized to make or to expound the laws. This danger does not prove that the laws are never modified by considerations of the public safety, or that there is no authority which can make the public safety the law for a particular case. In cases where the authority is supreme over the whole subject, as is the truth in regard to the power of the House of Commons to regulate its own proceedings—a power from which there is no appeal—the right of its individual members to carry on an unlimited debate on any subject may be curtailed by a standing order, or by special exercise of the authority of the House, called for by an imperative regard for the public safety, in the face of which all conventional rights, however founded in general considerations of what is ordinarily for the public good, or most for the interests of liberty, must give way. On such occasions the public safety does undoubtedly become the supreme law; and as the body which is empowered to make and to declare all the law that can exist on the subject is responsible, not to any appellate tribunal, but to the nation, and as each member is responsible to his constituents, I see no reason why the House can not act upon a particular case by a special decision, which it is forced to make out of regard for public interests that are far greater and more important than an unlimited power of debate. The only question, it seems to me, is whether the act of the Speaker was the act of the House, and whether the public safety was really imperiled by the course of the "obstructionists."

In regard to the first of these questions, I have already said all that is needful to show that the House instantly ratified the act of the Speaker; and although this may not appear on the journals, since no question on it was formally taken, a resolution of a declaratory nature can at any time be put upon record. In regard to the second question, it does not seem to me to admit of a doubt. To permit a minority of a few members to create the alternatives of an endless debate, or to imperil the lives or health of other members by making necessary a continuous session of an indefinite length, was simply intolerable. No parliamentary government could be

carried on upon such conditions. If the knot of that obstruction had not been cut as it was, the whole system of parliamentary government, and with it the public safety, would have been prostrated. Nothing would have remained but the sword. Legislation would have been out of the question.

There was an occurrence in our House of Representatives in 1839 which furnishes a good analogy to what has happened in England. Our English readers will understand that on the assembling of a new Congress the Clerk of the last House of Representatives presides until a choice of Speaker is made. He calls over the list of members returned, and who hold credentials from the Governors of their States, and then receives the ballots for a Speaker. On the occasion referred to, the Clerk, when he reached the State of New Jersey, refused to call the five members from that State, although they held the proper credentials under the seal of the State, because it was known that their seats were to be contested; and he refused to put any motion on the subject, because he held that the House could not entertain any motion before it was organized. Here, then, was a complete obstruction to the organization of the House, unless the five New Jersey members should be excluded from voting, which would determine the political complexion of the House as the Clerk wished it to be determined. As long, therefore, as this Clerk occupied the chair, there could be no correct organization of the House. The public safety demanded the removal of this obstruction. Mr. John Quincy Adams, who had been President of the United States, but who was then a member of the House from Massachusetts, moved a resolution that the Clerk be directed to call the New Jersey members. But who was to put the question? was the cry that resounded from all quarters. "I intend to put it myself," said Mr. Adams. He was called to the chair by acclamation, sat there through many days of stormy debate on the New Jersey credentials, finally put the question, a Speaker was chosen, and the House was organized. But for this step, the House would have remained what one of the members called it before Mr. Adams offered his resolution —"a mob." The law for this step was the public safety.

GEORGE ELIOT.

HER JURY.

A LILY rooted in a sacred soil,
Arrayed with those who neither spin nor toil;
Dinah, the preacher, through the purple air,
Forever in her gentle evening prayer
Shall plead for Her—what ear too deaf to hear?—
"As if she spoke to some one very near."

And he of storied Florence, whose great heart
Broke for its human error; wrapped apart,
And scorching in the swift, prophetic flame
Of passion for late holiness, and shame
Than untried glory grander, gladder, higher—
Deathless, for Her, he "testifies by fire."

A statue fair and firm on marble feet,
Womanhood's woman, Dorothea, sweet
As strength, and strong as tenderness, to make
A "struggle with the dark" for white light's sake,
Immortal stands, unanswered speaks. Shall they,
Of Her great hand the moulded, breathing clay,
Her fit, select, and proud survivors be?—
Possess the life eternal, and not *She*?

CONTRAST.

THE bells of Lent rang up, rang down,
Through all the babel of the town;
Rang soft, rang clear, rang loud or low,
As loud or low March winds did blow.

Through wide-flung doors the hurrying throng
Caught hint of psalm and snatch of song—
The high-strung song of plaint and prayer,
Of cross, and passion, and despair.

One, hurrying by amid the throng,
Who caught the sweetness of the song
Above the turmoil of the street,
Turned suddenly her weary feet,

And through the wide-flung doors passed in
From out the week-day whirl and din.
"Call me away from flesh and sense—
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence,"

In fervent tones the singers sang,
While solemnly the organ rang.
"From flesh and sense:" the words struck clear
Upon the stranger's listening ear.

"From flesh and sense:" she looked across
The sun-lit aisles, where glint and gloss
Of diamond-fire and satin shone—
A princess' raiment, that had won

A prince's ransom in the past;
Across the aisles, then downward cast
Her seeking glance in bitter heed
Of raiment that scarce met the need

That winter keen and merciless
Brought home to her with savage stress.
And they, they neither toil nor spin,
These lilies fair, apparelled in

These costly robes, while others strive,
And mourn to find themselves alive
Beneath the burdens of the day,
That leave small time or need to pray,

"Call me away from flesh and sense,"
When flesh itself seems half drawn thence.
"For you, for you, O favored ones,
These silken stalls, these organ tones,"

Her bitter thought ran, as the prayer
Floated in music on the air.
"For you, for you, this house you call
The house of God; for me the thrall

"Of toil and toil, from day to day,
While life wastes sordidly away
In vainest hope and dull despair
Of some sweet time, when one from care

"May pause and rest a little space,
And meet life's bright things face to face.
But faint of heart, and very low
Of hope and comfort, I but know

"In these dark days the needs of earth.
All else seems now of little worth;
And little worth your silken prayer
Against my wall of dull despair."

TWO.

How airily she fled away,
As if she threw a kiss to me!
"Farewell! farewell! I had my day;
To other lands I flee."
Alas! what did she bring to me?
A fervent heart, an eager faith,
And love's abundant charity.
She came with them, with her they fled.
Beneath her feet, where roses glowed,
And virgin lilies purely showed,
To-day the purple flowers of death
Send forth a faint and cheerless breath,
With here and there a violet
Beneath the briers set.
With open hands she came to me;
She brought her guerdons with a smile:
Was never smile more sweet to see,
More full of loveliness and guile;
For, oh! how soon she fled away,
And took the gifts I thought would stay!
For loss or pain she had no ruth;
For trust she gave no living truth.
Good-by, sweet Youth!

Now here I have a canoness
With reliquary and with cross,
With dusky veil and sober dress,
And sad sweet eyes that tell of loss.
The almond blossoms on her head,
Her step is still, her voice is calm;
No rose upon her cheek is shed,
But in her hand she bears its balm.
Oh, friend, dear friend, I know thy gifts:
The chastened heart, the humbled will;
Faith that to heaven the soul uplifts,
Though conscious of earth's failure still;
Love that was dead, but lives again,
No more for one alone, but all,
As harvests spring from scanty grain
Beneath the rains of Fall;
Hope that no longer nestles here,
But heavenward spreads her stately wing,
And learns in that high atmosphere
Fruition's song to sing;
Hearts that I trusted and found true,
More precious that they count so few;
And home so near I almost see
The shining of its majesty.
Dear promise, kept for life's last page,
All this I owe thee, Age!

A LAODICEAN.

BOOK THE SECOND.—DARE AND HAVILL.

CHAPTER III.

THE same evening Havill asked Dare to dine with him. He was just at this time living *en garçon*, his wife and children being away on a visit. After dinner they sat on till their faces were rather flushed. The talk turned, as before, on the castle competition.

"To know his design is to win," said Dare. "And to win is to send him back to London, where he came from."

Havill inquired if Dare had seen any sketch of the design while with Somerset.

"Not a line. I was concerned only with the old building."

"Not to know it is to lose, undoubtedly," murmured Havill.

"Suppose we go for a walk that way, instead of consulting here?"

They went down the town, and along the highway. When they reached the entrance to the park, a man driving a basket-carriage came out from the gate, and passed them by in the gloom.

"That was he," said Dare. "He sometimes drives over from the hotel, and sometimes walks. He has been working late this evening."

Strolling on under the trees, they met three masculine figures, laughing and talking loudly. "Those are the three first-class London draughtsmen, Bowles, Knowles, and Cockton, whom he has engaged to assist him, regardless of expense."

"O Lord!" groaned Havill. "There's no chance for me."

The castle now arose before them, endowed by the rayless shade with a more massive grandeur than either sunlight or moonlight could impart; and Havill sighed again as he thought of what he was losing by Somerset's rivalry. "Well, what was the use of coming here?" he asked.

"I thought it might suggest something —some way of seeing the design. The servants would let us into his room, I dare say."

"I don't care to ask. Let us walk through the wards, and then homeward."

They sauntered on, smoking, Dare leading the way through the gate-house into a corridor which was not inclosed, a lamp hanging at the further end.

"We are getting into the inhabited part, I think," said Havill.

Dare, however, had gone on, and knowing the tortuous passages from his few days' experience in measuring them with Somerset, he came to the butler's pantry. Dare knocked, and nobody answering, he entered, took down a key which hung behind the door, and rejoined Havill. "It is all right," he said. "The cat's away, and the mice are at play in consequence."

Proceeding up a stone staircase, he unlocked the door of a room in the dark, struck a light inside, and returning to the door, called in a whisper to Havill, who had remained behind. "This is Mr. Somerset's studio," he said.

"How did you get permission?" inquired Havill, not knowing that Dare had seen no one.

"Anyhow," said Dare, carelessly. "We can examine the plans at leisure; for if the placid Mrs. Goodman, who is the only one at home, sees the light, she will only think it is Somerset still at work."

Dare uncovered the drawings, and young Somerset's brain-work for the last six weeks lay under their eyes. To Dare, who was too cursory to trouble himself by entering into such details, it had very little meaning; but the design shone into Havill's head like a light into a dark place. It was original, and it was fascinating. Its originality lay partly in the circumstance that Somerset had not attempted to adapt an old building to the wants of the new civilization. He had placed his new erection beside it as a slightly attached structure, harmonizing with the old, heightening and beautifying rather than subduing it. His work formed a palace, with a ruinous castle annexed as a curiosity. To Havill the conception had more charm than it could have to the most appreciative outsider; for when a mediocre and jealous mind, that has been cudgelling itself over a problem capable of many solutions, lights on the solution of a rival before adopting its own, all possibilities in that kind seem to merge in the one beheld.

Dare was struck by the arrested expres-

sion of the architect's face. "Is it rather good?" he asked.

"Yes, rather," said Havill, subduing himself.

"More than rather?"

"Yes, the clever devil!" exclaimed Havill, unable to depreciate longer.

"How?"

"The enigma that has worried me three weeks he has solved in a way which is simplicity itself. He has got it, and I am undone."

"Nonsense. Don't give way. Let's make a tracing."

"The ground-plan will be sufficient," said Havill, his courage reviving. "The idea is so simple that, if once seen, it is not easily forgotten."

A rough tracing of Somerset's design was quickly made, and blowing out the candle with a wave of his hand, the younger gentleman locked the door, and they went down stairs again.

"I should never have thought of it," said Havill, as they walked homeward.

"One man has need of another every ten years—*Ogni dieci anni un uomo ha bisogno dell' altro*, as they say in Italy. You'll help me for this turn if I have need of you?"

"I shall never have the power."

"Oh yes, you will. A man who can contrive to get admitted to a competition by writing a letter abusing another man has any amount of power. The stroke was a good one."

Havill was silent till he said, "I think these gusts mean that we are to have a storm of rain."

Dare looked up. The sky was overcast, the trees shivered, and a drop or two began to strike into the wayfarers' coats from the east. They were not far from the inn at Sleeping Green, where Dare had lodgings, occupying the rooms which had been used by Somerset till he gave them up for more commodious chambers at Markton; and they decided to turn in there till the rain should be over.

Having possessed himself of Somerset's brains, Havill was inclined to be jovial, and ordered the best in wines that the house afforded. Before starting they had drunk as much as was good for them, so that their potations here soon began to have a marked effect upon their tongues. The rain beat upon the windows with a dull dogged pertinacity which seemed to signify boundless reserves and long continuance. The wind rose, the sign creaked, and the candles waved. The weather had, in truth, broken up for the season, and this was the first night of the change.

"Well, here we are," said Havill, as he poured out another glass of the brandied liquor called old port at Sleeping Green; "and it seems that here we are to remain for the present."

"I am at home anywhere," cried the lad, whose brow was hot and eye wild.

Havill, who had not drunk enough to affect his reasoning, held up his glass to the light and said: "I never can quite make out what you are, or what your age is. Are you sixteen, one-and-twenty, or twenty-seven? And are you an Englishman, European, American, Australian, or what? You seem not to have taken your degrees in these parts."

"That's a secret, my friend," said Dare. "I am a citizen of the world. I owe no country patriotism, and no king or queen obedience. A man whose country has no boundary is your only true gentleman."

"Well, where were you born? somewhere, I suppose?"

"It would be a fact worth the telling. The secret of my birth lies here;" and Dare slapped his breast with his right hand.

"Literally, just under your shirt front; or figuratively, in your heart?" asked Havill, who was not so excited as his partner.

"Literally there. It is necessary that it should be recorded, for one's own memory is a treacherous book of reference, should verification be required at a time of delirium, disease, or death."

Havill asked no further what he meant, and went to the door. Finding that the rain still continued, he returned to Dare, who was by this time sinking down in a one-sided attitude, as if hung up by the shoulder. Informing his companion that he was but little inclined to move far in such a tempestuous night, he decided to remain in the inn till next morning.

On calling in the landlord, however, they learned that the house was full of farmers on their way home from a large sheep fair in the neighborhood, and that several of these, having decided to stay, on account of the same tempestuous weather, had already engaged the spare beds. If Mr. Dare would give up his room, and share a double-bedded room with Mr. Hav-

ill, the thing could be done, but not otherwise.

To this the two companions agreed, and presently went up stairs with as gentlemanly a walk and vertical a candle as they could exhibit under the circumstances.

The other inmates of the inn soon retired to rest, and the storm raged on unheeded by all local humanity.

CHAPTER IV.

At two o'clock the rain lessened its fury. At half past two the obscured moon shone forth; and at three Havill awoke. The blind had not been pulled down overnight, and the moonlight streamed into the room, across the bed whereon Dare was sleeping. He lay on his back, his arms thrown out, and his well-curved youthful form looked like an unpedestaled Dionysus in the colorless lunar rays.

Sleep had cleared Havill's mind from the drowsing effects of the last night's sitting, and he thought of Dare's mysterious manner in speaking of himself. This lad resembled the Etruscan youth Tages in one respect, that of being a boy with seemingly the wisdom of a sage; and the effect of his presence was now heightened by all those sinister and mystic attributes which are lent by nocturnal environment. He who in broad daylight might be but a young *chevalier d'industrie* was now an unlimited possibility in social phenomena. Havill remembered how the lad had pointed to his breast, and said that his secret was literally kept there. The architect was too much of a provincial to have quenched the common curiosity that was part of his nature by the cold metropolitan indifference to other people's lives which, in essence more unworthy even than the former, causes less practical inconvenience in its exercise.

Dare was breathing profoundly. Instigated as above mentioned, Havill got out of bed and stood beside the sleeper. After a moment's pause he gently pulled back the unfastened collar of Dare's nightshirt and saw a word tattooed in distinct characters on his breast. Before there was time for Havill to decipher it, Dare moved slightly, as if conscious of disturbance, and Havill hastened back to bed. Dare bestirred himself yet more, whereupon Havill breathed heavily, though keeping an intent glance on the lad through his half-closed eyes to learn if he had been aware of the investigation.

Dare was certainly conscious of something, for he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and gazed around the room; then, after a few moments of reflection, he drew some article from beneath his pillow. A blue gleam shone from the object as Dare held it in the moonlight, and Havill became aware it was a small revolver.

A clammy dew broke out upon the face and body of the architect when, stepping out of bed with the weapon in his hand, Dare looked under the bed, behind the curtains, out of the window, and into a closet, as if convinced that something had occurred, but in doubt as to what it was. He then came across to where Havill was lying and still keeping up the appearance of sleep. Watching him awhile and mistrusting the reality of this semblance, Dare brought it to the test by holding the revolver within a few inches of Havill's forehead.

Havill could stand no more. Crystallized with terror, he said, without, however, moving more than his lips, in dread of hasty action on the part of Dare, "Oh good Lord, Dare, Dare, I have done nothing."

The youth smiled and lowered the pistol. "I was only finding out whether it was you or some burglar who had been playing tricks upon me. I find it was you."

"Do put away that thing. It is too ghastly to produce in a respectable bedroom. Why do you carry it?"

"Cosmopolites always do. Now answer my questions. What were you up to?" and Dare as he spoke played with the pistol again.

Havill had recovered some coolness. "You could not use it upon me," he said, sardonically, watching Dare. "It would be risking your neck for too little an object."

"I did not think you were shrewd enough to see that," replied Dare, carelessly, as he returned the revolver to its place. "Well, whether you have outwitted me or no, you will keep the secret as long as I choose."

"Why?" said Havill.

"Because I keep your secret of the let-

ter abusing Miss P., and of the pilfered tracing you carry in your pocket."

"It is quite true," said Havill.

They went to bed again. Dare was soon asleep; but Havill did not attempt to disturb him again. The elder man slept but fitfully. He was aroused in the morning by a heavy rumbling and jingling along the highway overlooked by the window, the front wall of the house being shaken by the reverberation.

"There is no rest for me here," he said, rising and going to the window, carefully avoiding the neighborhood of Mr. Dare. When Havill had glanced out, he returned to dress himself.

"What's that noise?" said Dare, awakened by the same rumble.

"It is the artillery going away."

"From where?"

"Markton barracks."

"Hurrah!" said Dare, jumping up in bed; "I have been waiting for that these six weeks."

Havill did not ask questions as to the meaning of this unexpected remark.

When they were down stairs, Dare's first act was to ring the bell and ask if his *Army and Navy Gazette* had arrived.

While the servant was gone, Havill cleared his throat and said, "I am an architect, and I take in the *Architect;* you are an architect, and you take in the *Army and Navy Gazette.*"

"I am not an architect any more than I am a soldier; but I have taken in the *Army and Navy Gazette* these many weeks."

When they were at breakfast, the paper came in. Dare hastily tore it open, and glanced at the pages.

"I am going to Markton after breakfast!" he said, suddenly, before looking up. "We will walk together, if you like?"

They walked together as planned, and entered Markton about ten o'clock.

"I have just to make a call here," said Dare, when they were opposite the barrack entrance on the outskirts of the town, where wheel-tracks and a regular chain of hoof-marks left by the departed battery were imprinted in the gravel between the open gates. "I shall not be a moment." Havill stood still while his companion entered and asked the commissary in charge, or somebody representing him, when the new batteries would arrive to take the place of those which had gone away. He was informed that it would be about noon.

"Now I am at your service," said Dare, "and will help you to re-arrange your design by the new intellectual light we have acquired."

They entered Havill's office and set to work. When contrasted with the tracing from Somerset's plan, Havill's design, which was not far advanced, revealed all its weaknesses to him. After seeing Somerset's scheme, the bands of Havill's imagination were loosened: he laid his own previous efforts aside, got fresh sheets of drawing-paper, and drew with vigor.

"I may as well stay and help you," said Dare; "I have nothing to do till twelve o'clock; and not much then."

So there he remained. At a quarter to twelve, children and idlers began to gather against the railings of Havill's house. At a few minutes past twelve the noise of an arriving host was heard at the entrance to the town. Thereupon Dare and Havill went to the window.

The X and Y Batteries of the Z Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, were entering Markton, each headed by the major with his bugler behind him. In a moment they came abreast and passed, every man in his place.

Six shining horses, in pairs, harnessed by rope traces white as milk; with a driver on each near horse.

Two gunners on the lead-colored stout-wheeled limber, their carcasses jolted to a jelly for lack of springs.

Two gunners on the lead-colored stout-wheeled gun-carriage, in the same personal condition.

The nine-pounder gun, dipping its heavy head to earth, as if ashamed of its office in these enlightened times.

The complement of jingling and prancing troopers, riding at the wheels and elsewhere.

Six shining horses with their drivers, and traces white as milk, as before.

Two more gallant jolted men, on another jolting limber, and more stout wheels and lead-colored paint.

Two more jolted men on another drooping gun.

More jingling troopers on horseback.

Again six shining draught-horses, traces, drivers, gun, gunners, lead paint, stout wheels, and troopers as before.

So each detachment lumbered slowly by, all eyes martially forward, except when wandering in quest of female beauty.

"He's a fine fellow, is he not?" said

Dare, denoting by a nod a mounted officer, with a sallow yet handsome face and black mustache, who came up on a bay gelding with the men of his battery.

"What is he?" said Havill.

"A captain who lacks advancement."

"Do you know him?"

"I know him?"

"Yes; do you?"

Dare made no reply; and they watched the captain as he rode past with his drawn sword in his hand, the sun making little suns upon its blade, and upon his brilliantly polished long boots and bright spurs; also warming his gold cross-belt and braidings, white gloves, busby with its red bag and tall white plume.

Havill seemed too indifferent to press his questioning; and when all the soldiers had passed by, Dare observed to his companion that he should leave him for a short time, but would return in the afternoon or next day.

After this he walked up the street in the rear of the artillery, following them to the barracks. On reaching the gates he found a crowd of people gathered outside, looking with admiration at the guns and gunners drawn up within the inclosure. When the soldiers were dismissed to their quarters the sight-seers dispersed, and Dare went through the gates to the barrack yard.

The guns were standing on the green; the soldiers and horses were scattered about, and the handsome captain whom Dare had pointed out to Havill was inspecting the buildings in the company of the quartermaster. Dare made a mental note of these things, and apparently changing a previous intention, went out from the barracks and returned to the town.

CHAPTER V.

To return for a while to George Somerset. The sun of his later existence having vanished from that young man's horizon, he confined himself closely to the studio, superintending the exertions of his draughtsmen Bowles, Knowles, and Cockton, who were now in the full swing of working out Somerset's creations from the sketches he had previously prepared.

He had so far got the start of Havill in the competition that, by the help of these three gentlemen, his design was soon finished. But he gained no unfair advantage on this account, an additional month being allowed to Havill to compensate for his later information.

Before sealing up his drawings Somerset wished to spend a short time in London, and dismissing his assistants till further notice, he locked up the rooms which had been appropriated as office and studio, and prepared for the journey.

It was afternoon. Somerset walked from the castle in the direction of the wood to reach Markton by a détour. He had not proceeded far when there approached his path a man riding a bay horse with a square-cut tail. The equestrian wore a grizzled beard, and looked at Somerset with a piercing eye as he noiselessly ambled nearer over the soft sod of the park. He proved to be Mr. Cunningham Haze, chief constable of the district, who had become slightly known to Somerset during his sojourn here.

"One word, Mr. Somerset," said the constable, after they had exchanged nods of recognition, reining his horse as he spoke.

Somerset stopped.

"You have a studio at the castle, in which you are preparing drawings?"

"I have."

"Have you a clerk?"

"I had three till yesterday, when I paid them off."

"Would they have any right to enter the studio late at night?"

"There would have been nothing wrong in their doing so. Either of them might have gone back at any time for something forgotten. They lived quite near the castle."

"Ah, then all is explained. I was riding past over the grass on the night of last Thursday, and I saw two persons in your studio with a light. It must have been about half past nine o'clock. One of them came forward and pulled down the blind, so that the light fell upon his face. But I only saw it for a short time."

"If it was Knowles or Cockton he would have had a beard."

"He had no beard."

"Then it must have been Bowles. A young man?"

"Quite young. His companion in the background seemed older."

"They are all about the same age really. It couldn't have been Dare and Havill, surely! Would you recognize them again?"

"The young one possibly. The other not at all, for he remained in the shade."

Somerset endeavored to discern in a description by the chief constable the features of Mr. Bowles; but it seemed to approximate more closely to Dare in spite of himself. "I'll make a sketch of the only one who had no business there, and show it to you," he presently said. "I should like this cleared up."

Mr. Cunningham Haze said he was going to Casterbridge that afternoon, but would return in the evening before Somerset's departure. With this they parted. A possible motive for Dare's presence in the rooms had instantly presented itself to Somerset's mind, for he had seen Dare enter Havill's office more than once, as if he were at work there.

He accordingly sat on the next stile, and taking out his pocket-book began a pencil sketch of Dare's head, to show to Mr. Haze in the evening; for if Dare had indeed found admission with Havill, or as his agent, the design was lost.

But he could not make a drawing that was a satisfactory likeness. Then he luckily remembered that Dare, in the intense warmth of admiration he had affected for Somerset on the first day or two of their acquaintance, had begged for his photograph, and in return for it had left one of himself on the mantel-piece, taken, as he said, by his own process. Somerset resolved to show this production to Mr. Haze, as being more to the purpose than a sketch, and instead of finishing the latter proceeded on his way.

He entered the old overgrown drive which wound indirectly through the wood to Markton. The road, having been laid out for idling rather than for progress, bent sharply hither and thither among the fissured trunks and layers of horny leaves which lay there all the year round, interspersed with cushions of vivid green moss that formed oases in the rust-red expanse.

Reaching a point where the road made one of its bends between two large beeches, a man and woman revealed themselves at a few yards' distance, walking slowly toward him. In the short and quaint lady he recognized Charlotte De Stancy, whom he remembered not to have seen for several days.

She slightly blushed and said, "Oh, this is pleasant, Mr. Somerset! Let me present my brother to you, Captain De Stancy, of the Royal Horse Artillery."

Her brother came forward and shook hands heartily with Somerset; and they all three rambled on together, talking of the season, the place, the fishing, the shootings, and whatever else came uppermost in their minds.

Captain De Stancy was a personage who would have been called interesting by women well out of their teens. He was ripe, without having declined a digit toward fogyism. He was sufficiently old and experienced to suggest a goodly accumulation of touching amourettes in the chambers of his memory, and not too old for the possibility of increasing the store. He was apparently about eight-and-thirty, less tall than his father had been, but admirably made; and his every movement exhibited a fine combination of strength and flexibility of limb. His face was somewhat thin and thoughtful, its complexion being naturally pale, though darkened by exposure to a warmer sun than ours. His features were somewhat striking; his mustache and hair raven black; and his eyes, denied the attributes of military keenness by reason of the largeness and darkness of their aspect, acquired thereby a softness of expression that was in part womanly. His mouth, as far as it could be seen, reproduced this characteristic, which might have been called weakness, or goodness, according to the mental attitude of the observer. It was large but well formed, and showed an unimpaired line of teeth within. His dress at present was a heather-colored rural suit, cut close to his figure.

"You knew my cousin, Jack Ravensbury?" he said to Somerset, as they went on. "Poor Jack! he was a good fellow."

"He was a very good fellow."

"He would have been made a parson if he had lived; it was his great wish. I, as his senior, and a man of the world as I thought myself, used to chaff him about it when he was a boy, and tell him not to be a milksop, but to enter the army. But I think Jack was right: the parsons have the best of it, I see now."

"They would hardly admit that," said Somerset, laughing. "Nor can I."

"Nor I," said the captain's sister. "See how lovely you all looked with your big guns and uniform when you entered Markton; and then see how stupid the parsons

look by comparison when they flock into Markton at a Visitation."

"Ah, yes," said De Stancy, a little pensively:

"'Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade;
But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls—at least it does so upon me—
This paradise of pleasure and ennui.'

When one is getting on for forty—

'When we have made our love, and gamed our gaming,
Dressed, voted, shone, and maybe something more;
With dandies dined, heard senators declaiming;
Seen beauties brought to market by the score,'

and so on—there arises a strong desire for a quiet old-fashioned country life, in which incessant movement is not a necessary part of the programme."

"But you are not forty, Will?" said Charlotte.

"My dear, I was thirty-eight last January."

"Well, men about here are youths at that age. It was India used you up so, was it not? I wish you had never gone there."

"So do I," said De Stancy, thoughtfully. "But I ought to grow a youth again, like the rest, now I am in my native air."

They came to a narrow brook, not wider than a man's stride, and Miss De Stancy halted on the edge.

"Why, Lottie, you used to jump it easily enough," said her brother. "But we won't make her do it now." He took her in his arms, and lifted her over, giving her a gratuitous ride for some additional yards, and saying, "You are not a pound heavier, Lott, than you were at ten years old.....What do you think of the country here, Mr. Somerset? Are you going to stay long?"

"I think very well of it," said Somerset. "But I leave to-morrow morning, which makes it necessary that I turn back in a minute or two from walking with you."

"That's a disappointment. I had hoped you were going to finish out the autumn with shooting. There's some, very fair, to be got here on reasonable terms, I've just heard."

"But you need not hire any," spoke up Charlotte. "Paula would let you shoot anything, I am sure. She has not been here long enough to preserve much game, and the poachers had it all in Mr. Wilkins's time. But what there is, you might kill with pleasure to her."

"No, thank you," said De Stancy, grimly. "I prefer to remain a stranger to Miss Power—Miss Steam-Power, she ought to be called—and to all her possessions."

Charlotte was subdued, and did not insist further; while Somerset, before he could feel himself able to decide on the mood in which the gallant captain's joke at Paula's expense should be taken, wondered whether it were a married man or a bachelor who uttered it.

He had not been able to keep the question of De Stancy's domestic state out of his head from the first moment of seeing him. Assuming De Stancy to be a husband, he felt there might be some excuse for his remark; if unmarried, Somerset liked the satire still better; in such circumstances there was a relief in the thought that Captain De Stancy's prejudices might be infinitely stronger than those of his sister or father.

"Going to-morrow, did you say, Mr. Somerset?" asked Miss De Stancy. "Then will you dine with us to-day? My father is anxious that you should do so before you go. I am sorry there will be only our own family present to meet you; but you can leave as early as you wish."

Her brother seconded the invitation, and Somerset promised, though his leisure for that evening was short. He was, in truth, somewhat inclined to like De Stancy; for though the captain had said nothing of any value either on war, commerce, science, or art, he had seemed attractive to the younger man. Beyond the natural interest a soldier has for imaginative minds who know very little about them, De Stancy's occasional manifestations of *tedium vitæ* were too poetically shown to be repellent. Gallantry combined in him with a sort of ascetic self-repression, in a way that was curious. He was a dozen years older than Somerset; his life had been passed in grooves remote from those of Somerset's own life, and the latter decided that he would like to meet the artillery officer again.

Bidding them a temporary farewell, he went away to Markton by a shorter path than that pursued by the De Stancys, and after spending the remainder of the afternoon in preparing for departure, he sallied forth just before the dinner hour toward the suburban villa.

He had become yet more curious wheth-

er a Mrs. De Stancy existed: if there were one, he would probably see her to-night. He had an irrepressible hope that there might be such a lady. On entering the drawing-room only the father, son, and daughter were assembled. Somerset fell into talk with Charlotte during the few minutes before dinner, and his thought found its way out.

"There is no Mrs. De Stancy?" he said, in an under-tone.

"None," she said; "my brother is a bachelor."

The dinner having been fixed at an early hour to suit Somerset, they had returned to the drawing-room at eight o'clock. About nine he was aiming to get away.

"You are not off yet?" said the captain.

"There would have been no hurry," said Somerset, "had I not just remembered that I have left one thing undone which I want to attend to before my departure. I want to see the chief constable to-night."

"Cunningham Haze?—he is the very man I too want to see. But he went out of town this afternoon, and I hardly think you will see him to-night. His return has been delayed."

"Then the matter must wait."

"I have left word at his house, asking him to call here if he gets home before half past ten; but at any rate I shall see him to-morrow morning. Can I do anything for you, since you are leaving early?"

Somerset replied that the business was of no great importance, and briefly explained the suspected intrusion into his studio; that he had with him a photograph of the suspected young man. "If it is a mistake," added Somerset, "I should regret putting my draughtsman's portrait into the hands of the police, since it might injure his character; indeed, it would be unfair to him. So I wish to keep the likeness in my own hands, and merely to show it to Mr. Haze: that's why I prefer not to send it."

"My matter is that the barrack furniture does not correspond with the inventories. If you like, I'll ask your question at the same time with pleasure."

Thereupon Somerset gave Captain De Stancy an unfastened envelope containing the portrait, asking him to destroy it if the constable should declare it not to correspond with the face that met his eye at the window. Soon after, Somerset took his leave of the household.

He had not been absent ten minutes when other wheels were heard on the gravel without, and the servant announced Mr. Cunningham Haze, who had returned earlier than he had expected, and had called as requested.

They went into the dining-room to discuss their business. When the barrack matter had been arranged, De Stancy said: "I have a little commission to execute for my friend Mr. Somerset. I am to ask you if this portrait of the person he suspects of unlawfully entering his room is like the man you saw there?"

The speaker was seated on one side of the dining-table, and Mr. Haze on the other. As he spoke, De Stancy pulled the envelope from his pocket, and half drew out the photograph, which he had not as yet looked at, to hand it over to the constable. In the act his eye fell upon the portrait, with its uncertain expression of age, assured look, and hair worn in a fringe like a girl's.

Captain De Stancy grew ghastly pale, and fell back gasping in his chair, having previously had sufficient power over himself to close the envelope and return it to his pocket.

"Good heavens! you are ill, Captain De Stancy," said the chief constable.

"It was only momentary," said De Stancy, faintly; "better in a minute; a glass of water will put me right."

Mr. Haze got him a glass of water from the sideboard.

"These spasms occasionally overtake me," said De Stancy, when he had drunk. "I am already better. What were we saying? Oh, this affair of Mr. Somerset's. I find that this envelope is not the right one." He ostensibly searched his pocket again. "I must have mislaid it," he continued, rising. "I'll be with you again in a moment."

De Stancy went into the room adjoining, opened an album of portraits that lay on the table, and selected one of a young man quite unknown to him, whose age was somewhat akin to Dare's, but who in no other attribute resembled him.

De Stancy placed this picture in the original envelope, and returned with it to the chief constable, saying he had found it at last.

"Thank you, thank you," said Cun-

"ON ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM ONLY THE FATHER, SON, AND DAUGHTER WERE ASSEMBLED."—[DRAWN BY DU MAURIER, AND ENGRAVED BY SWAIN, LONDON.]

ningham Haze, looking it over. "Ah!—I perceive it is not what I expected to see. Mr. Somerset was mistaken."

When the chief constable had left the house, Captain De Stancy shut the door, and drew out the original photograph. As he looked at the transcript of Dare's features, he was moved by a painful agitation, till, recalling himself to the present, he carefully put the portrait into the fire.

During the following days Captain De Stancy's manner, on the roads, in the streets, and at barracks, was that of Crusoe after seeing the print of a man's foot on the sand.

CHAPTER VI.

ANYBODY who had closely considered Dare at this time would have discovered that shortly after the arrival of the Royal Horse Artillery at Markton Barracks he gave up his room at the inn at Sleeping Green, and took permanent lodgings over a broker's shop at the upper end of the town above mentioned. The peculiarity of the rooms was that they commanded a view lengthwise of the barrack road along which any soldier, in the natural course of things, would pass, either to enter the town, to call at Myrtle Villa, or to go to Stancy Castle.

Dare seemed to act as if there were plenty of time for his business. Some few days had slipped by when, perceiving Captain De Stancy walk past his window and down the town, Dare took his hat and cane, and followed in the same direction. When he was about fifty yards short of Myrtle Villa, on the other side of the town, he saw De Stancy enter its gate.

Dare mounted a stile beside the highway and patiently waited. In about twenty minutes De Stancy came out again, and turned back in the direction of the town, till Dare was revealed to him on his left hand. When De Stancy recognized the youth, he was visibly agitated, though apparently not surprised. Standing still a moment, he dropped his glance upon the ground, and then came forward to Dare, who, having alighted from the stile, stood before the captain with a smile.

"My dear lad!" said De Stancy, much moved by recollections. He held Dare's hand for a moment in both his own, and turned askance.

"You are not surprised," said Dare, still retaining his smile, as if to his mind there were something comic in the situation.

"I knew you were somewhere near. Where do you come from?"

"From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, as Satan said to his Maker. Southampton last, in common speech."

"Have you come here to see me?"

"Entirely. I divined that your next quarters would be Markton, the previous batteries that were at your station having come on here. I have wanted to see you badly."

"You have?"

"I am rather out of cash. I have been knocking about a good deal since you last heard from me."

"I will do what I can again."

"Thanks, Captain."

"But, Willy, I am afraid it will not be much at present. You know I am as poor as a mouse."

"But such as it is, could you write a check for it now?"

"I will send it to you from the barracks."

"I have a better plan. By getting over this stile we could go round at the back of the villas to Sleeping Green church. There is always a pen and ink in the vestry, and we can have a nice talk on the way. It would be unwise for me to appear at the barracks just now."

"That's true."

De Stancy sighed, and they were about to walk across the fields together. "No," said Dare, suddenly stopping. "My plans make it imperative that we should not run the risk of being seen in each other's company for long. Walk on, and I will follow. You can stroll into the church-yard, and move about as if you were ruminating on the epitaphs. There are some with excellent morals. I'll enter by the other gate, and we can meet easily in the vestry-room."

De Stancy looked gloomy, and was on the point of acquiescing, when he turned back and said, "Why should your photograph be shown to the chief constable?"

"By whom?"

"Somerset, the architect. He suspects your having broken into his office, or something of the sort." De Stancy brief-

ly related what Somerset had explained to him at the dinner table.

"It was merely diamond cut diamond between us on an architectural matter," murmured Dare. "Ho! and he suspects, and that's his remedy! I must be on my guard." He took from his pocket an artificial mustache, and affixed it to his lip in the twinkling of an eye.

"I hope this is nothing serious?" asked De Stancy, gravely.

"I peeped at his drawing—that's all. But since he chooses to make that use of my photograph, which I gave him in friendship, I'll make use of his in a way he little dreams of. Well, now, let's on."

A quarter of an hour later they met in the vestry of the church at Sleeping Green.

"I have only just transferred my account to the bank here," said De Stancy, as he took out his check-book, "and it will be more convenient to me at present to draw but a small sum. I will make up the balance afterward."

When he had written it, Dare glanced over the paper, and said, ruefully, "It is small, dad. Well, there is all the more reason why I should broach my scheme, with a view to making such documents larger in the future."

"I shall be glad to hear of any such scheme," answered De Stancy, with a languid attempt at jocularity.

"Then here it is. The plan I have arranged for you is of the nature of a marriage."

"You are very kind," said De Stancy, agape.

"The lady's name is Miss Paula Power, who, as you may have heard since your arrival, is in absolute possession of her father's property and estates, including Stancy Castle. As soon as I heard of her I saw what a marvellous match it would be for you and your family; it would make a man of you, in short, and I have set my mind upon your putting no objection in the way of its accomplishment."

"But, Willy, it seems to me that, of us two, it is you who exercise paternal authority?"

"True. It is for your good. Let me do it."

"Well, one must be indulgent under the circumstances, I suppose. . . . But," added De Stancy, simply, "Willy, I—don't want to marry, you know. I have lately thought that some day we may be able to live together, you and I: go off to America or New Zealand, where we are not known, and there lead a quiet, pastoral life, defying social rules and troublesome observances."

"I can't hear of it, Captain," replied Dare, reprovingly. "I am what events have made me, and having fixed my mind upon getting you settled in life by this marriage, I have put things in train for it at an immense trouble to myself. If you had thought over it o' nights as much as I have, you would not say nay."

"But I ought to have married your mother, if anybody. And as I have not married her, the least I can do in respect to her is to marry no other woman."

"You have some sort of duty to me, have you not, Captain De Stancy?"

"Yes, Willy, I admit that I have," the other replied, reflectively. "And I don't think I have failed in it thus far?"

"This will be the crowning proof. Paternal affection, family pride, the noble instinct to re-instate yourself in the castle of your ancestors, all demand the step. And when you have seen the lady! She has the figure and motions of a sylph, the face of an angel, the eye of love itself. What a sight she is crossing the lawn on a sunny afternoon, or gliding airily along the corridors of the old place the De Stancys knew so well! Her lips are the softest, reddest, most distracting things you ever saw. Her hair is as soft as silk, and of the rarest, tenderest brown."

The captain moved uneasily. "Don't take the trouble to say more, Willy," he observed. "You know how I am. My cursed susceptibility to these matters has already wasted years of my life, and I don't want to make myself a fool about her too."

"You must see her."

"No, don't let me see her," De Stancy expostulated. "If she is only half so good-looking as you say, she will drag me at her heels like a blind Samson. You are a mere youth as yet, but I may tell you that the misfortune of never having been my own master where a beautiful face was concerned obliges me to be cautious, if I would preserve my peace of mind."

"Well, to my mind, Captain De Stancy, your objections seem trivial. Are those all?"

"They are all I care to mention just now to you."

"Captain! can there be secrets between us?"

De Stancy paused, and looked at the lad as if his heart wished to confess what his judgment feared to tell. "There should not be—on this point," he murmured.

"Then tell me—why do you so much object to her?"

"I once vowed a vow."

"A vow!" said Dare, rather disconcerted.

"A vow of infinite solemnity. I must tell you from the beginning; perhaps you are old enough to hear it now, though you have been too young before. Your mother's life ended in much sorrow, and it was occasioned entirely by me. In my regret for the wrong done her, I swore to her that though she had not been my wife, no other woman should stand in that relationship to me; and this to her was a sort of comfort. When she was dead, my knowledge of my own plaguy impressibility, which seemed to be ineradicable—as it seems still—led me to think what safeguards I could set over myself, with a view to keeping my promise to live a life of celibacy; and among other things I determined to forswear the society, and if possible the sight, of women young and attractive, as far as I had the power to do."

"It is not so easy to avoid the sight of a beautiful woman if she crosses your path, I should think?"

"It is not easy, but it is possible."

"How?"

"By directing your attention another way."

"But do you mean to say, Captain, that you can be in a room with a pretty woman who speaks to you, and not look at her?"

"I do: though mere looking has less to do with it than mental attentiveness—allowing your thoughts to flow out in her direction—to comprehend her image."

"But it would be considered very impolite not to look at the woman or comprehend her image?"

"It would, and is. I am considered the most impolite officer in the service. I have been nicknamed the man with the averted eyes, the man with the detestable habit, the man who greets you with his shoulder, and so on. Ninety-and-nine fair women at the present moment hate me like poison and death for having persistently refused to plumb the depths of their offered eyes."

"How can you bear it, who are by nature courteous?"

"Recollection holds me to it, my lad; dread of a lapse. Nothing is so potent as fear well maintained."

De Stancy narrated these details in a grave, meditative tone, with his eyes on the wall, as if he were scarcely conscious of a listener.

"But haven't you ever careless moments, Captain—when you have taken a little more wine than usual, for instance?"

"I don't take wine."

"Oh, you are a teetotaller?"

"Not a pledged one; but I don't touch alcohol unless I get wet, or anything of that sort."

"Don't you sometimes forget this vow of yours to my mother?"

"No; I wear a reminder."

"What is that like?"

De Stancy held up his left hand, on the third finger of which appeared an iron ring.

Dare surveyed it, saying: "Yes, I have seen that before, though I never knew why you wore it. Well, I wear a reminder also, but of a different sort."

He threw open his shirt front, and revealed tattooed on his breast the letters DE STANCY, the same marks which Havill had seen in the bedroom by the light of the moon.

The captain rather winced at the sight. "Well, well," he said, hastily, "that's enough .... Now, at any rate, you understand my objection to know Miss Power."

"But, daddy," said the lad, coaxingly, as he pulled down his sleeve, "you forget me and the good you may do me by marrying. Surely that's a sufficient reason for a change of sentiment. This inexperienced sweet creature owns the castle and estate which bears your name, even to the furniture and pictures. She is the possessor of at least forty thousand a year—how much more I can not say—while she lives at the rate of eight hundred in her simplicity."

"It is very good of you to set this before me. But I prefer to go on as I am going."

"Well, I won't bore you any more with her to-day." Dare arose, and was about to open the door, when, looking through the window, Captain De Stancy said, "Stop." He had perceived his fa-

ther, Sir William De Stancy, walking among the tombstones without.

"Yes, indeed," said Dare, turning the key in the door. "It would look strange if he were to find us here."

As the old man seemed indisposed to leave the church-yard just yet, they sat down again.

"What a capital card-table this green cloth would make!" said Dare, as they waited. "You play, Captain, I suppose?"

"Very seldom."

"The same with me. But as I enjoy a hand of cards with a friend, I don't go unprovided." Saying which, Dare drew a pack from the tail of his coat. "Shall we while away this leisure with the witching things?"

"Really, Willy, I'd rather not."

"But," coaxed the young man, "I am in the humor for it; so don't be unkind."

"But, Willy, why do you care for these things? Cards are harmless enough in their way, but I don't like to see you carrying them in your pocket. It isn't good for you."

"It was by the merest chance I had them. Now come, just one hand, since we are prisoners. I want to show you how nicely I can play. I won't corrupt you."

"Of course not, Willy," said De Stancy, as if ashamed of what his objection had implied. "You are not corrupt enough yourself to do that."

The cards were dealt, and they began to play, Captain De Stancy abstractedly, and with his eyes mostly straying out of the window upon the large yew, whose boughs as they moved were distorted by the old green window-panes.

"It is better than doing nothing," said Dare, cheerfully, as the game went on. "I hope you don't dislike it?"

"Not if it pleases you," said De Stancy, listlessly.

"And the consecration of this place does not extend further than the aisle wall."

"Doesn't it?" said De Stancy, as he mechanically played out his cards. "What became of that box of books I sent you with my last check?"

"Well, as I hadn't time to read them, and as I knew you wouldn't like them to be wasted, I sold them to a bloke who peruses them from morning till night. Ah, now you have lost a pony altogether —how queer! We'll double the stakes. So, as I was saying, just at the time the books came, I got an inkling of this important business, and literature went to the wall."

"Important business—what?"

"The capture of this lady, to be sure."

De Stancy sighed impatiently. "I wish you were less calculating, and had more of the impulse natural to your years."

"Game—by God! You have lost again, Captain. That makes—let me see —nine pounds fifteen to square us."

"I owe you that?" said De Stancy, startled. "It is more than I have in cash. I must write another check."

"Never mind. Make it payable to self, and it will be quite safe."

Captain De Stancy did as requested, and rose from his seat. Sir William, though further off, was still in the church-yard.

"How can you hesitate for a moment about this girl?" said Dare, pointing to the bent figure of the old man. "Think of the satisfaction it would be to him to see his son within the family walls again. It should be a religion with you to compass such a legitimate end as this."

"Well, well, I'll think of it," said the captain, with an impatient laugh. "You are quite a Mephistopheles, Will—I say it to my sorrow."

"Would that I were in your place!"

"Would that you were! Fifteen years ago I might have called the chance a magnificent one."

"But you are a young man still, and you look younger than you are. Nobody knows our relationship, and I am not such a fool as to divulge it. Of course, if through me you reclaim this splendid possession, I should leave it to your feelings what you would do for me."

Sir William had by this time cleared out of the church-yard, and the pair emerged from the vestry and departed. Proceeding toward Markton by the same by-path, they presently came to an eminence covered with bushes of blackthorn and tufts of yellowing fern. From this point a good view of the woods and glades about Stancy Castle could be obtained. Dare stood still on the top, and stretched out his finger; the captain's eye followed the direction, and he saw above the many-hued foliage in the middle distance the towering keep of Paula's castle.

"That's the goal of your ambition,

Captain—ambition, do I say?—most righteous and dutiful endeavor! How the hoary shape catches the sunlight—it is the *raison d'être* of the landscape, and its possession is coveted by a thousand hearts. Surely it is a hereditary desire of yours? You must make a point of returning to it, and appearing in the map of the future as in that of the past. I delight in this work of encouraging you, and pushing you forward toward your own. You are really very clever, you know, but—I say it with respect—how comes it that you want so much waking up?"

"Because I know the day is not so bright as it seems, my boy. However, you make a little mistake. If I care for anything on earth, I do care for that old fortress of my forefathers. I respect so little among the living that all my reverence is for my own dead. But manœuvring even for my own, as you call it, is not in my line. It is distasteful—it is positively hateful to me."

"Well, well, let it stand thus for the present. But will you refuse me one little request—merely to see her? I'll contrive it so that she may not see you. Don't refuse me; it is the one thing I ask, and I shall think it hard if you deny me."

"Oh, Will!" said the captain, wearily. "Why will you plead so? No, even though your mind is particularly set upon it, I can not see her, or bestow a thought upon her, much as I should like to gratify you."

CHAPTER VII.

When they had parted, Dare walked along toward Markton, with resolve on his mouth, and an unscrupulous light in his prominent black eye. Could any person who had heard the previous conversation have seen him now, he would have found little difficulty in divining that, notwithstanding De Stancy's obduracy, the enrichment and re-instation of Captain De Stancy, and the possible legitimation of himself as successor to the castle, was still the dream of his brain. Even should any legal settlement or offspring intervene to nip the extreme development of his project, there was abundant opportunity for his glorification.

Two conditions were imperative. De Stancy must see Paula before Somerset's return. And it was necessary to have help from Havill, even if it involved letting him know all.

Perhaps he already knew all. Havill had had opportunities of reading his secret, particularly on the night they occupied the same room.

If so, by revealing it to Paula, Havill might utterly blast his project for the marriage. Havill, then, must at all risks be retained as an ally.

Yet Dare would have preferred a stronger check upon his confederate than was afforded by his own knowledge of that anonymous letter and the competition trick. For were the competition lost to him, Havill would have no further interest in conciliating Miss Power; would as soon as not let her know the secret of De Stancy's relation to himself, in retaliation for the snubbing and fright he had received by production of the revolver.

Fortune as usual helped him in his dilemma. Entering Havill's office, Dare found him sitting there; but the drawings had all disappeared from the boards. The architect held an open letter in his hand.

"Well, what news?" said Dare.

"Miss Power has returned to the castle, Somerset is detained in London, and the competition is decided," said Havill, with a glance of quiet triumph.

"And you have won it?"

"No. We are bracketed—it's a tie. The judges say there is no choice between the designs—that they are singularly equal and singularly good. That she would do well to adopt either. Signed So-and-so, Fellows of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The result is that she will employ which she personally likes best. It is as if I had spun a guinea in the air, and it had alighted on its edge. The least false movement will make it tails; the least wise movement heads."

"Singularly equal. Well, we owe that to our nocturnal visit, which must not be known."

"Oh Lord, no!" said Havill, apprehensively.

Dare felt secure of him at those words. Havill had much at stake; the slightest rumor of his trick in bringing about the competition would be fatal to Havill's reputation; his own position was consequently safe.

"The permanent absence of Somerset is, then, desirable architecturally on your account, matrimonially on mine."

"Matrimonially? By-the-way—who was that captain you pointed out to me as your man when the artillery entered the town?"

"Captain De Stancy—son of Sir William De Stancy. He's the husband. Oh, you needn't look incredulous: it is practicable; but we won't argue that. In the first place, I want him to see her, and to see her in the most love-kindling, passion-begetting circumstances that can be thought of. And he must see her surreptitiously, for he refuses to meet her."

"Let him see her going to church or chapel."

Dare shook his head.

"Driving out?"

"Commonplace."

"Walking in the gardens?"

"Ditto."

"At her toilet?"

"Ah—if it were possible!"

"Which it hardly is. Well, you had better think it over, and make inquiries about her habits, and as to when she is in a favorable aspect for observation, as the almanacs say."

Shortly afterward Dare took his leave. In the evening he made it his business to sit smoking on the bole of a tree which commanded a view of the upper ward of the castle, and also of the old postern gate, now enlarged, and used as the tradesmen's entrance. It was half past six o'clock; the dressing-bell rang, and Dare saw a light-footed young woman hasten at the sound across the ward from the servants' quarter. A light appeared in a chamber which he knew to be Paula's dressing-room; and there it remained half an hour, a shadow passing and repassing on the blind in the style of head-dress worn by the girl he had previously seen. The dinner-bell sounded, and the light went out.

As yet it was scarcely dark out-of-doors, and in a few minutes Dare had the satisfaction of seeing the same young woman cross the ward and emerge upon the slope without. This time she was bonneted, and carried a little basket in her hand. A nearer view showed her to be, as he had expected, Milly Birch, Paula's maid, who had friends living in Markton, whom she was in the habit of visiting almost every evening during the three hours of leisure which intervened between Paula's retirement from the dressing-room and return thither at ten o'clock. When the young woman had descended the road and passed into the large drive, Dare rose and followed her.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE contrast between the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson and that of President Garfield measures the increase of national feeling. According to the familiar story, Mr. Jefferson mounted his horse, rode along the avenue toward the Capitol, tied his horse to the paling, and went in to take the oath. This was a fitting proceeding for a Chief Magistrate who held that the national government was a mere department of foreign affairs. General Garfield proceeds to the Capitol with a splendid popular pageant, with triumphant peals of music, under flags and arches, amid a vast concourse of people, packed in the streets, crowding roofs and windows, shouting and rejoicing; and with every imposing form of popular acclamation, he enters upon his office. This also becomes a man who holds that the national government is very much more than a department of foreign affairs.

In both cases, however, there is a certain sublimity and significance in the spectacle which ought never to be forgotten. The ostentatious bareness of the first incident, the profuse magnificence of the second, alike attested the perfectly peaceful transfer of immense power. Both marked an incident which has been always critical, and which has produced some of the greatest civil convulsions in history. In the glittering procession of the other day two civilians sat side by side in a baronche. One lifted his hat constantly, and bowed in acknowledgment of the continuous and enthusiastic greeting. The other sat quietly, covered, and tranquilly watching the throng. The day before, the simple writing of his name by this last man had prevented the desire of a majority of the representatives of fifty millions of people from becoming a law, and not one person of the fifty millions thought of any course but entire acquiescence. Yet when, an hour or two later, he should return in that carriage, his word and his will would have no more power than those of any other individual of the fifty millions. The executive authority of all those millions would have passed without question or disturbance to the companion beside him, and all the vast and complicated system of government that controls a continent would proceed without a jar.

The simple but splendid ceremony of inau-

guration, more impressive than that of an imperial coronation, is an illustration of that "law-abiding" instinct of the English-speaking race which is its glory. It will accomplish all good results, if allowed only to develop according to its nature. Speaker Lenthal, falling on his knee before the king, and saying, "Sire, I have no eyes or ears but by the will of the House whose servant I am," is the political genius of the race asserting its peaceful law of progress. If the king or any other body or thing should obstruct, the obstruction would be swept away. In the same way, the deeper and stronger national feeling which is shown by the recent inauguration, as compared with that of Jefferson, is but another growth and develment of the same genius. It includes that of Jefferson.

The active sentiment of nationality is a growth, and a growth so gradual and unconscious that its force, in our own case, was ascertained only by the severest test. The old ideal of a cluster of small, individually powerless communities, leagued against a possible common enemy, vanishes under certain conditions as surely as dew dries when the sun rises. Community of race, of language, of religion, of tradition; immediate neighborhood, and constant and necessary mingling of people, combination of interests and purposes, and the welding together of remoter parts by steam, the telegraph, and space-annihilating invention and enterprise; and over all the instinctive knowledge that cohesion is life, and that separation is death—these make a nation of such neighbors, and a nation that can not be disintegrated. Jefferson's department-of-foreign-affairs theory seems very grotesque now that it is eighty years since he hitched his horse to the paling. He may have feared a consolidated empire, but although in his writings he constantly uses the word "nation" as descriptive of the Union, the inevitable development of a nation, as distinguished from consolidation, did not occur to him.

It is a needless debate whether the Constitution contemplated a nation, because it was instinctively adapted to a nation, and a nation has arisen. The conditions for such a develment were very much more forcible and efficient here than in Great Britain. Yet even in Great Britain nobody believes that Scotland or Wales would vote itself free from the national connection were the opportunity offered. If Ireland would do so, the reason is obvious. It is that with no natural condition of national cohesion except neighborhood, every deterrent force has been invoked, and mutual hatred has been sedulously cultivated. Among ourselves, at least, nobody need fear that the guarantees of local and personal liberty are relaxed because President Garfield proceeds to his inauguration in a triumphant and resplendent procession, instead of solitary in the saddle upon his old mare. The increase of national pride, the patriotism which is possible in a country, but impossible in a State, or a county, or a parish, do not diminish, they deepen, local love and pride.

CARLYLE, although one of the great literary forces of his time, has not been, in the "selling" sense, a popular author. An English traveller said that he understood that the American workman began by building a house, and then proceeded to stock it with a piano and a set of Dickens. Carlyle was as remarkable a power as his famous contemporary, but his books are not so universally diffused. There is no doubt that the posthumous work, the *Reminiscences*, has already sold more largely than any of the works upon which his fame rests, and that there has been no such portrait gallery before. It is marked by that overpowering quality which distinguished everything that the author did, and which Emerson's noble lines upon Michael Angelo truly describe:

> "He wrought in sad sincerity;
> Himself from God he could not free."

It is this earnest fidelity which prevents the *Reminiscences* from seeming to be all patronage and pity; one poor mortal, as Carlyle himself might say, setting himself up in Rhadamanthus fashion to pass sentence of incapacity and failure upon the rest. Reading, for instance, what he says of Charles Lamb, it is hardly possible in turn to avoid pitying Carlyle that he saw no more than feeble wit with a proclivity to gin. The reader who finds in Elia and the letters something more than that, almost wishes to do what Lamb did upon a certain occasion—light a candle and ask to see the critic's bumps.

But the sad sincerity, the fine insight, often, and the amazing vividness and picturesque felicity of the style, make the *Reminiscences* a remarkable book. It is in many ways iconoclastic. Men are well, and, upon the whole, properly, judged, as the phrase is, "at their best." Those who speak with such force as to influence the thought of a generation are so satisfactorily seen in their books, and in them alone, that it is painful to hear possibly degrading personal details about them: that they were not scrupulous about money; that their finger-nails were dirty; that they were smeared with snuff, or gurgled and snorted over their food at table. Is it not part of Shakespeare's happy fortune that he was veiled by the goddess upon the field, that we do not know a series of disagreeable and repulsive personal peculiarities, and that our Shakespeare is the Shakespeare of *The Tempest*, of *Hamlet*, of *As You Like It*, of *Lear*, and *The Winter's Tale?*

Carlyle might have written as the motto of the *Reminiscences* Schiller's "Zwischen uns sei Wahrheit"—Be truth between us. He pours out his soul's fond loyalty to his wife, and the result is a figure of one of the noblest of women. His father, too, rises before us worthy of such

a son's pride and reverence. Edward Irving, his early friend, is drawn with soft pathos, "My own high Irving"—a man who was evidently very fascinating to Carlyle. But the touch becomes destructive when it is laid upon Coleridge, for instance, and Shelley and Lamb, and even John Stuart Mill and Wordsworth. Between these men, and many others as different from each other as these, there was some bond of union with Carlyle lacking. Coleridge and Carlyle—Coleridge being the first—introduced Germany to England, and there was something in Coleridge's intellectual spirit which should seem to have been very sympathetic with Carlyle's humor. But he was old when Carlyle saw him. The vision had vanished.

In the *Life of John Sterling*, Carlyle had already drawn a masterly vivid portrait of the sage of Highgate, as vigorous a picture of any literary Englishman as we have. He had no glamour for the younger man. He was no seer or saint. Indeed, in Carlyle's description of him in the *Life of Sterling*, there is in the impression something ludicrously like that of Dickens's bottle-green Patriarch. It was a terrible disenchantment to the enthusiast of the "Ancient Mariner," of "Christabel," and of the *Biographia Literaria* to encounter a snuffling, snuffy old man, prosing endlessly upon tiresome themes, with mournful iteration through his nose of the "summ-ject" and the "omm-ject" of the German philosophic phrase. Poor Coleridge re-appears in the same plight in the *Reminiscences*, "a puffy.....fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis upon matters which were of no interest." "Nothing came from him" that was of any use to Carlyle. There was nothing but "the sight and sound of a sage who was so venerated by those about me, and whom I too would willingly have venerated, but could not—this was all."

That Carlyle should have told us so much of his own life, is something for which we should be grateful. Nobody else could have told it. Nobody else could have given us, as if drawn upon our own consciousness, his vivid impressions of the famous people around him. Yet in this book, as in all that he wrote, there is that depthless melancholy which is more characteristic of Carlyle than of any great author.

THE hold of the opera of *Don Giovanni* upon public favor is due to the charm of its exquisite melody, and it is the more remarkable because the performance is always a little wearisome to the general audience. Handel's operas are forgotten. Gluck's are seldom played. Beethoven's *Fidelio* is sometimes produced as an interesting study. But the ordinary opera public requires *Don Giovanni* as it requires the newer works of living men. There is no opera which is more familiar, but there is none which seems less likely to lose favor. The theory of opera and the fashion have changed often since this beautiful work was first played. We are now in the midst of a possible revolution led by Wagner. Since Mozart, there have been Weber and Rossini and Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi and Meyerbeer, not to speak of later names. Romantic and supernatural story has given way to idyls, and pastorals, and chapters of history, as the musical thread; but as a rose of June is always supremely beautiful, whatever the new shrubs and flowers may be, so, whatever the operatic fashion of the hour, *Don Giovanni* is always welcome and always delightful.

It is supposed to strain the resources of any company very heavily. There must be three chief ladies and several effective gentlemen, who must be able to deal with difficult stretches of recitative, and with a plot which makes little progress. *Don Giovanni* is simply a legendary story musically illustrated. It lacks cohesion and the concentrated and limited interest arising from the development of a single motive. The action scatters, and the interest of the audience with it. The curtain falls often in perfect silence, and probably during the last thirty or forty years there have been a large number of persons who thought, at the end of every representation, "this work is becoming antiquated, and will soon disappear." But the skeptics of every generation are disappointed. The opera is as fresh and charming and popular as ever. It is, indeed, always "cut," or shortened, for representation, but it might be wisely "cut" still farther. A vigorous excision and condensation would improve it greatly, and prevent the occasional drag. Something must be taken for granted upon the part of the audience, and the opera might be made a succession of ravishing melodies which would be their own justification against the taste which holds that melody is a kind of unpardonable sin against music.

Don Giovanni, also, is an opera which, for its complete presentation, needs great skill of acting. The music from the beginning has the wail of tragedy and of the supernatural sounding through it. This culminates in the graveyard scene and at the banquet, and it is not often that there is the genius in the singers to cope with the situation. Leporello is a lyrical Sancho Panza; and when the magnificent chords fill the chilled air in the grave-yard, he should be appalled with terror, and cease to be a clown. But this treatment demands a talent which is not easily found. It is equally true of the Don. We have seen the last scene of the opera performed with an *élan*, a fire and grace, which made it exceedingly impressive. It was the imaginative conception of a poetic artist.

Carrying off the difficult supper scene with sparkling spirit, the Don treated Elvira with a fine mocking air of gayety and gallantry, and bowed her elaborately to the door, beyond which she was to meet the Commenda-

tore's statue. She, too, made much of her return, staggering aghast and horror-stricken across the hall, the guests flying with her in vague apprehension. The regular beat of the marble tread was more and more urgent. Leporello was again overwhelmed. Don Giovanni moved with restless forecast, which his bearing proudly scorned to acknowledge. He ordered Leporello to show up the terrible guest. But when the chattering and impotent servant could not stir for horror, the Don, seizing the candlestick, passed out with smiling scorn, erect, undaunted; but the next moment returned, tottering backward, bent, transfixed, holding the candle pointed toward the awful stranger, but still unyielding in soul, although with an overpowering sense of doom.

This remained to the end. When the statue planted itself in the centre of the hall, and began its strain, Don Giovanni swayed and fluttered around it, like a moth about a light. He approached it from every side, as if to impose himself upon it, and sweep it away by audacious will. But every time, with the long, wailing swell of the music, on the very point of dashing himself against the statue, he recoiled with the shock of sound, and resumed his restless round. At last, still defiant, not an instant quiet during all the long act of the Commendatore, the Don drew himself recklessly up as the inexorable marble hand was stretched out; and as he laid in it his own hand, the very marrow in his bones seemed to melt, and his heart to wither. It was an intensely passionate scene, and played with singular insight and ability.

It was many years ago, in Berlin. The name of the singer was unknown beyond that city, and probably no reader of these words has ever heard it. If we recall it correctly, it was Böttticher, a German, not an Italian name. His voice was not especially fine, and possibly there is some glamour of the *prima gioventù* in the backward glance. But Tamburini in his prime, upon the London opera stage, surrounded with Grisi and Persiani and Castellan and Lablache and Mario, was not so true a Don as the local singer who long since made his exit, but who re-appears with all the old fire and grace, to one spectator at least, whenever the curtain is rung up for *Don Giovanni*.

The prospects of a good understanding regarding international copyright between England and this country were never fairer than now, and the general interest which has been manifested shows that the proposition of accommodation, of which we have formerly spoken, was made when the time was ripe. There are now very serious disadvantages to authors, to publishers, and to readers arising from the want of some equitable arrangement. In this country we are a newspaper-reading nation, but it would be unfortunate if all our literature of every kind should take the form of newspapers. English writers of books, however, may well wonder if that is not the obvious tendency of the present situation, and American readers of books, with equal reason, may ask whether it be a desirable tendency.

One of the most significant contributions to the discussion is a paper by Mr. Longman, a member of the distinguished London publishing house. He asserts, indeed, the right of the author to the same legal protection for his literary property that he receives for every other kind of property. This, however, he recognizes to be the abstract question of which the pending proposition is a waiver. If action should be deferred until this question was settled, there would be no action whatever. We know distinguished authors who do not agree with Mr. Longman, and Professor Huxley, in his evidence before the Copyright Commission, admitted that, however just the claim of absolute property might be, the immediate practical question was one of comparative advantage. Mr. Longman accepts the pending proposition as a compromise. That, however, is not precisely a correct statement as to the arrangement between the countries, because there is no right acknowledged on either side. England denies to Tennyson the right to property in his published "In Memoriam" or "Idyls." England says to him, "In order to encourage you to write poetry for our pleasure, we will allow you to control the publication of your poems during your life." America does substantially the same. If Washington Irving's gardener left a hoe to his heirs, the law of the land guarantees their ownership as long as the hoe lasts. But the law of the land permits anybody who chooses, after a certain period, to publish Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, and pocket the profits. In other words, the copyright laws of England and of the United States grant the author a brief, limited control of the publication of his work, not for his benefit, but for the advantage of the public. The laws are not recognitions of right; they are concessions of privilege.

It will not do, therefore, for either country to assume an air of superiority as more careful of the rights of authors. England permits an American author first publishing in England to control the publication. The United States do not, under similar circumstances, grant the same control to English authors. But in both cases each country does what it believes to be best for its own interest. No property rights of the author in publication are conceded, and he is considered at all only as auxiliary to the public benefit.

Obviously, however, the more control and the longer control of publication the author can obtain, the greater is his advantage. Therefore Mr. Longman is in error in saying, as if that were all, that the pending proposition is designed to protect American publishers, printers, binders, and paper-makers from British competition, because it is equally designed to give the British author more and

wider control of publication, and consequently to enhance his profits. Indeed, the proposition is designed to relieve a situation in which the English author can expect no profit whatever. If a guinea book in London is to be reproduced for fifteen cents in New York, the author can reap no advantage. Under the principle of the copyright laws of both countries, the question then arises whether it is desirable that he should not have an advantage, and whether the very object of our own copyright law is not defeated by his not having it. The basis of our copyright law is the constitutional grant of authority to Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." It is not here stated, but it is doubtless true, that the purpose of this grant is to promote American writing and discovery. But how is American literary production to be promoted by reproducing foreign literature at the cost of the labor and material exclusive of the author? Evidently, for the purposes of our own copyright laws, a mutual understanding is desirable.

Indeed, the alternative question seems to be whether we shall have any books. It is now plain that, in the absence of any international understanding, literature in this country will consist largely of cheap English reprints. The tendency will constantly be to greater cheapness and flimsiness of form, and so far as unwise laws and unjust conduct can avail to suppress it, American literary expression will be suppressed. American authors, as a class, are not so reprobate that they deserve to be summarily destroyed. They may be an inconsiderable body of insignificant performance. But innumerable and important as the works which they have not written may be, their offenses are certainly not so much more heinous than those of their fellow-citizens that they should be practically outlawed. They ask only fair play. They ask only that the laws of their country may not favor the foreigner more than they favor the citizen. They still hope that it is not wrong to have been born Americans, and although their presumption in being authors may be great, they urge that they were deceived by the words of the Constitution, which imply that authorship and invention are not unpardonable sins.

England and America speak a common language, and they have a common literature. Both countries have decided that the author shall not indefinitely control the publication of his works. But they have also decided that it is desirable to encourage him to write. Literature, these laws concede, may wisely be tolerated. Chaucer and Shakespeare and Bacon and Newton and Scott and Gibbon and Darwin need not summarily be suppressed. They may be allowed for a time, and under certain conditions, to control the publication of their works. It is therefore for the welfare of both countries that this should be done upon the same general terms, in order that no one who contributes to the common welfare should suffer. This is now the practically common agreement of the authors and publishers who write and who print books in the English language, and the treaty form of that understanding will not, we hope, be long delayed.

When John Stuart Mill published his essay upon Liberty, it was plain that free thought and free speech were not exclusively American. When Mr. Fitz-James Stephen published his book on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, it was evident that a certain literary latitude was permitted to Englishmen which is little known among us. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, or Mr. Evarts, or Mr. Stansbury, could hardly have written such a work without somewhat risking their professional reputation. John Bull, from some points of view, seems to be the most grotesquely hide-bound of conservatives. The solemn tomfoolery of his Lord Mayor procession, for instance, illustrates it. He clings with solemn loyalty to ludicrous old shreds and patches of tradition; and great multitudes of people, Bagehot tells us, believe most piously that the Queen reigns by the grace of God, not by act of Parliament, and that there is some mystic, inexpressible authority by which she rules.

This disposition doubtless produces much of the romance of England. A country of old houses and old habits and old traditions, with a far-reaching history mellowing into dim perspective, has all the elements of romance. Even immobility, as in Spain, may be picturesque and poetic. But these things do not chain the feet of England. The country which superficially appears to be all conservatism and conventionality, and which lends itself so felicitously to the satire of Yellowplush and of Podsnap, is also the most progressive. The other day in a company of American aldermen a proposition was introduced, and its feasibility maintained by British precedent. "England! England!" exclaimed one of the city fathers, with an air and a tone of ineffable contempt; "pshaw! they heat their railroad cars with hot-water jugs in England. Don't talk to me of England." This unfettered child of the sunset, however, might be surprised to learn that the country which heats its cars with hot-water jugs has also just admitted women to the examination for degrees at Cambridge University.

The terrible question which agitates free and equal America, whether such a thing is compatible with the true sphere of women, seems not to have disturbed John Bull. The vote was 398 to 32. Perhaps the dons thought that they could hardly overthrow the sphere of woman by a majority vote. Perhaps they thought that as young women received university instruction, there could be no danger in certifying by a degree the diligence and

success with which they had studied. But whatever the reason, the deed is done, and if some Mrs. Somerville proposes to contest the head of the mathematical tripos with any warrior of the other sex, let him look to his laurels! We doubt if mothers will love their children less because of this opening of the university gates, and we do not fear that even in this spring the young man's fancy will refuse to turn to thoughts of love because Cunigunda may be more devoted to Newton than to Worth, or more observant of a star in Lyra than of the *solitaire* in her own ears.

The feeling that somehow education and enlarged intelligence will destroy the charm of women belongs to barbarism. It springs from the same root as the feeling that women are more beautiful with rings in their ears and noses. It assumes that the Mohammedan houri is the ideal of woman, and that she is more womanly the more dependent she is upon man. To propitiate his favor, therefore, she must dress and smile. To please him, she must learn his whims. Her attitude must be that of folded hands upon her breast waiting for his smile. "What!" cries the indignant Major Pendennis, reading this article at the window of his club, whence he is looking out for the ladies—"what! does this scribbler mean to deny the exquisite feminine grace of self-sacrifice? Has he yet to learn that love transforms a woman, and makes the will of her lover the law of her life? Avaunt, scribbler! and ye, kind heavens, vouchsafe me a sylph worthy of me—no, no, I mean give me no beard under a muffler, but a lovely being—ha! ha! no mistress of arts, but queen of hearts!"

Fortunately it is not the greatest fools among women who are most womanly, nor is her own Astyanax less precious to the English mother because she knows Andromache. The action at Cambridge is merely the declaration that any English woman who wishes to pursue the highest studies shall find every barrier removed. It is simply saying that English women shall choose as freely as English men. Is it not rather mortifying that Cambridge must be congratulated upon having said what seems to be so obvious?

When that celebrated traveller "the thoughtful stranger" arrives in New York, and is asked whether he will alight at the Windsor or the Westminster, at the Brunswick or the Albemarle, he naturally replies, "But, bless my soul, this is not London, ye know; I thought I had come to New York." Our fathers fifty and sixty and seventy years ago were very angry with John Bull because he patronized us or sneered at us, because he asked who read an American book, and told us to stop spitting. The indignation of those days is amusing when we reflect what American books generally were, and that the American claim to attention was neither literature nor manners. Besides, John Bull saw what always moves contempt—an obsequious imitation of himself, resulting in the ludicrous inadequacy of all imitation. We are now supremely indifferent whether Cousin John likes our literature and manners or not, but we have by no means escaped that fatal obsequiousness of imitation.

Why should not the Windsor have been the Manhattan, and the Brunswick the Hamilton, and the Westminster the Knickerbocker, and the Albemarle the Hudson? Or, to put it the other way, why should they have been given these English names with English associations? Are our own names and historic associations so poor and unsuggestive that they are unworthy of this kind of commemoration? And why do we not see that if there be any charm in such names in England, it is because of their local historic association and meaning? These are questions which James Freeman Clarke, the distinguished clergyman, asks with great force and pertinence in his little pamphlet on giving names to towns and cities; and those about to name streets or hotels, or to plant towns, would do well to heed his wise suggestions. Mr. Clarke says that on a board in front of a stage office in Buffalo he once read, "Stages start from this house for China, Sardinia, Holland, Hamburg, Java, Sweden, Cuba, Havre, Italy, and Penn Yan." What does the thoughtful traveller say to that? Lord Bacon says, as Mr. Clarke reminds us, that "a name, though it seem but a superficial and outward matter, yet carrieth much impression and enchantment." A child is cruelly weighted, says our mentor, who is condemned in baptism to bear the name of Praise-God Barebones, or Be-Thankful Maynard, or Lament Willard, or Search-the-Scriptures Marten. These names are found in baptismal registers, and are not self-assumed.

Mr. Clarke, who is a Yankee, intrepidly carries the war into Boston, and supposing M. Salverte, the author of names of *Men, Nations, and Places*—in fact, the thoughtful traveller—to come to Boston, he says that he would naturally ask, but ask in vain, for Sam Adams Street, Miles Standish Street, John Endicott Street, or Harry Vane Street; but the excellent Frenchman would find, and certainly with an amused shrug, that the newest streets on the new land are called Arlington Street and Berkeley Street and Clarendon Street and Marlborough Street—names of an exclusively English and not savory association. "In our day," says Salverte, "we in France have followed noble inspirations. The names of our streets have recalled our victories, our artists, our distinguished writers, our heroes who died fighting for their country.....In London I would involuntarily ask for the street of John Hampden and of Algernon Sydney." In New York, alas! we have not followed noble inspirations, but a kind of poverty-stricken snobbishness, and the thoughtful traveller would be directed to the Tuileries, East Three-hundred-and-

sixty-seventh Street, between Avenue X and Avenue Y.

The qualities for a good name are, as Mr. Clarke says, individuality, character, and agreeable associations. How can the heart swell with any emotion but comic disgust at names like Rattlesnake Bar, or Gratis, or Scipio, or Ovid, or Miletus, or Petticoat Lane, Leg Alley, Stinking Lane, and Snore Hill, which are all genuine names of streets and places? Common surnames like Smith, Jones, Williams, Brown, etc., can not be evaded by those who are born to them, except by a special legislative act, as in the case of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Corn, who invoked the Legislature to change him to Thomas Jefferson Bunyan. But why should the same name be imposed in the same country, or the same State even, upon many towns? There are one hundred and thirty-four Washingtons in the Union, one hundred and twenty Jacksons, eighty-three Franklins, ninety-nine Unions, and sixty-five Libertys. At one time in Indiana alone there were thirty-nine towns named Jackson, thirty Unions in Ohio, and thirteen Unions in Arkansas. Local association with Paul Revere's ride makes the Revere House significant and pleasant in Boston, but impertinent in St. Louis. So Manhattan would be agreeable and fitting in New York, but meaningless in San Francisco. This inappropriateness was brought to a grotesque pass when the famous engineer and surveyor shook his classical pepper-pot and showered Central New York with Camillus and Marcellus, Pompey and Homer, Scipio and Ovid. Utica and Syracuse "have conquered the ridicule," but Canandaigua and Cazenovia and Canastota, Ontario and Onondaga, Mohawk and Oneida, are better names.

Doubtless we have passed the classical era in names as in architecture. We build Parthenons for city halls and railway stations no longer; and Rugby, instead of Hughesville, is at least a commemorative name which has a plain principle and reason. But we are in the mid-career of Buckinghams and St. Jameses, and we may expect to see Hampton Courts and Northumberland Houses. It is a very timely treatise which Mr. Clarke has prepared with the greatest good-humor and good sense.

Editor's Literary Record.

IT would be difficult to find anything of a controversial character so entirely controlled by good-nature and plain good sense, and yet so telling and incisive, as the ten Rhind Archæological Lectures, delivered in 1876 and 1878, by Dr. Arthur Mitchell, and now collected by him in a volume entitled *The Past in the Present: What is Civilization?*[1] In the first six lectures, which are a quiet exposure of the credulity of science, and have for their theme the remains of the past in the present, Dr. Mitchell deduces from numberless common and familiar objects of ascertained modern and even contemporaneous origin, whose form, structure, and workmanship combine all the conditions that are necessary to assign them to remote and even prehistoric ages, the inconclusiveness of the evidence that has been relied upon by archæologists to establish the high antiquity of man and of the products of his hand. Taking successively the whorls, craggans, querns, stone mills, stone houses and monuments, and various primitive domestic implements which are in use and are still produced at this day, in Shetland and elsewhere in the northern portions of Scotland, he shows not only that they have every intrinsic mark usually relied upon to prove remote antiquity, but also that those of these rude articles which are the most unquestionably recent and modern are far ruder and more primitive than were similar ones produced in the same localities at a much earlier date, when the demand for them had not been destroyed by modern discovery and invention, and when, in consequence, practice and competition elicited the utmost skill in their production. Dr. Mitchell further shows by indisputable evidence that in the same huts where these rude implements and articles are used are to be found other implements and products which are the result of the most recent civilization, and have been drawn from widely distant lands; so that, if one of these huts should be covered by some convulsion of nature, and hidden from sight for centuries, it would be as easy to determine from its contents that it had been inhabited by successive peoples of different periods or stages of civilization as it has been for Dr. Schliemann to determine the successive inhabitants of Troy, and the relative stages of their civilization, from articles found on its site. The conclusions to which Dr. Mitchell points are that many startling and precise judgments have been enunciated as to the rude and degraded condition of primeval man, and as to the immensity of his age upon the earth, upon premises that are the result of half-sight or of one-sided examination, and that a well-founded skepticism will lead to stricter methods in archæological investigation, and a revision of much that has been assumed upon insufficient evidence. The four lectures devoted to a response to the query, What is Civilization? form a natural sequence to many of the positions advanced and conclusions arrived at in the foregoing lectures. By a variety of arguments and illustrations Dr. Mitchell defends the thesis that civilization is the complicated outcome

[1] *The Past in the Present: What is Civilization?* By Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 362. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of a war waged with Nature by man in Society, to prevent her from putting into execution in his case her law of Natural Selection; that all men—everywhere, and in all stages of progress, from the lowest to the highest stages of civilization—are banded together, it may be unconsciously, to fight this fight, the measure of success attending the struggle of each band or association so engaged being the measure of the civilization it has attained; and that the defeat of the law of Natural Selection is attained by man in society, and is not attained by man acting singly or in isolation. The discussion involves a consideration of the following interesting problems: The manner in which the law of selection affects man; whether brutes, or man in isolation, can be civilized; whether civilization can be lost, and man in a state of high civilization return to a ruder life; whether civilization may become suicidal; and whether civilizations are of different patterns, all of which are pointing to a higher civilization than any that has been yet reached. Dr. Mitchell's work is not only interesting for its pregnant and easily understood discussions of abstruse philosophical and archæological questions, but for its large fund of curious and entertaining matter, descriptive of the rapidly vanishing primitive structures, remains, implements, customs, manners, and folk-lore that are peculiar to the north of Scotland and the adjacent islands.

THE first installment of Mr. C. A. Fyffe's *History of Modern Europe*[2] forms a volume of conspicuous merit. The general plan of the author is to trace the great lines of European history for the period from 1792 until the present time; to sketch the condition of the principal Continental states—in particular of France, Austria, and Prussia—at the outbreak of the French Revolutionary war; to describe the origin and movement of the forces which have at length resulted in a united Germany and a restored and united Italy; and to recount the steps by which the Europe of 1792 has become the Europe of to-day. The installment now published embraces the period from 1792 until the dethronement of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814; and if Mr. Fyffe is less elaborate in his recital than some other more voluminous historians have been, his work is very far from being a mere outline or summary of their labors. It is true he is obliged for the most part to accept the facts that have been already chronicled, but in all other respects his compact history is emphatically an original one, and gives the reader a clearer and more concentrated view than can be derived from more expanded histories of the influence of the facts recited upon the course of events, and a juster conception of the motives, characters, and abilities of the principal actors in them, of the parts borne by the nations in the struggle that rent Europe, and in the various adjustments and re-adjustments that accompanied or followed it, and of the great civil, social, political, military, and territorial changes that invest the memorable period described with a profound interest.

MR. GUSTAVE MASSON, assistant master and librarian of Harrow School, has made an abridgment of Guizot's popular *History of France*,[3] which is as admirable in its style and execution as it is unassuming in its pretensions. The period covered by the history extends from the time (about A.D. 587) when the Gauls and the Kymrians peopled the greater portion of what constitutes modern France, until the recall of Necker by Louis, and the meeting of the States-General, just before the outbreak of the Revolution, in 1789. All the principal events, social, military, political, and industrial, of this period of over twelve hundred years are succinctly outlined, with occasional pauses treating more fully upon critical events or conjunctures, and describing famous or historical characters. Mr. Masson has been very successful in preserving the continuity and interest of Guizot's relation, notwithstanding the constant effort at condensation that was necessary in order to reduce the work within its present modest dimensions. Prefixed to the history is a copious chronological table, giving a clear synoptical view of the most notable events of the period under review; and in an appendix Mr. Masson has prepared, for the benefit of historical readers who may desire a closer view of particular junctures, a valuable bibliography of memoirs, histories, documents, collections, laws, charters, etc., constituting the sources of the history of France, together with a list of the principal authorities for each epoch, and several useful historical and genealogical tables.

MR. CARLYLE has left no work more strongly impressed with the peculiar characteristics of his style as a writer than his *Reminiscences*,[4] and none that so fully reveals the incidents of his life or his idiosyncrasies as a man. Written after considerable intervals, they display the transitions in his beliefs, and also the transitions in his style till it settled down into the marvellous Carlylese by which he is best known; and most vividly of all do they display his mental habitudes and personal traits —his dogmatism, his hearty prejudice, his in-

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[2] *A History of Modern Europe.* By C. A. FYFFE, M. A., Barrister at Law, Fellow of University College, Oxford. From the Outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1792 to the Accession of Louis XVIII. With Two Maps. 8vo, pp. 540. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[3] *Outlines of the History of France.* From the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution. An Abridgment of M. GUIZOT'S Popular History of France. By GUSTAVE MASSON. 8vo, pp. 613. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[4] *Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle.* Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The same. 12mo, Cloth, pp. 332. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tense individuality, his contemptuous judgments of other men who fell short of his own standard, his impatience of unqualified praise leading him to discern flaws even in his friends, and, conjoined with all this, his real wealth of true manliness, genuine sincerity, rugged independence, and downright honesty. Although there is much that is autobiographical in these reminiscences, such was not Carlyle's intention primarily. The matter personal to himself that is everywhere visible in them is purely incidental, and is largely due to the unconscious but intense self-assertion and self-complacency of the man. The reminiscences are grouped around the persons of his grand old peasant father, of his meteoric friend Edward Irving, of Lord Jeffrey, and of his wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle. The monograph relating to Mrs. Carlyle comprises the larger part of the volume, and is one of the tenderest and most exquisitely touching biographical sketches in our literature. Of course, constituted as he was, Carlyle can not write of his father without revealing, along with much that is of interest concerning the stock from which he sprung, many incidents of his own early days. In like manner, his recollections of Irving and Jeffrey overflow with matter relative to himself, his early struggles and training, and his choice of literature as a pursuit. And his sketch of Mrs. Carlyle, while vividly portraying her beautiful character as child, maiden, and wife, reflects even more of his own than of her features. The reminiscences are affluent of incidents, social, personal, and literary, connected with Carlyle's contemporaries, often coupled with pungent and sometimes with rash and unjust criticisms and estimates of them; but they are chiefly valuable for their rich manifestations of himself—of his rough asperities and savage antipathies, "cheek by jowl" with his genial sympathies and tenderest loving-kindness. As a literary performance it is exceedingly unequal, its most interesting revelations being interrupted by dreary intervals the tediousness of which even the great name of Carlyle can not exorcise.

THE world is fairly familiar with Guizot, the statesman, the historian, the man of letters; for he had filled too large a space in these capacities to be obscure or unknown. But such was the austerity and inflexibility of character that he manifested in all his relations to the public, whether political or literary, that few men who have exerted as powerful an influence as he have so little interested the sympathies or curiosity of their contemporaries as to their personal traits and characteristics. Of Guizot's private life men have known, and have been content to know, literally nothing. And yet there was much that was worth knowing, much that the world will be the better for knowing, in the private life of this man commonly accounted so cold and austere and inflexible. Guizot was really of a warm and genial nature, intense in his feelings, and ardent in his affections; singularly tender, loving, gentle, considerate, and unselfish; the most loyal and steadfast of friends, the most loving of fathers, the most filial of sons. All this Madame De Witt has shown her father to have been, in a delightful memoir,[5] in which, without undertaking to retrace his public career, and avoiding reference to it save in the most incidental way when reference to it was unavoidable, she traces his private life with a loving hand. Madame De Witt dwells quite fully upon those incidents of her father's early life that made an impression upon his character, and influenced his choice of a career; and she graphically describes his literary and social occupations, his bearing in society and in the family, his demeanor to his equals and dependents, his domestic joys and sorrows, and his attitude as husband, father, son, and friend. In the memoirs are included many interesting reminiscences of Guizot's more intimate and distinguished contemporaries; and the chapters devoted to the period of his embassy to England, besides containing familiar allusions to eminent English statesmen with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship, embody his singularly calm and self-poised impressions of English political institutions and social life, and some exquisite pictures of English scenery and manners, as they were reproduced by him in his letters home for the entertainment or instruction of his youthful daughters.

MR. GEORGE F. SEWARD, late United States Minister to China, is the author of a volume which is a forcible illustration of one of Jeremy Bentham's sententious utterances, to the effect that, "for barring the door effectually against all error and nonsense, there is nothing like the simple truth." Perhaps no subject that has recently absorbed public attention has been more overlaid with extravagant error, or has been the occasion of a larger crop of exaggerated nonsense, than that which is familiarly known to us as the "Chinese Question." The presence of the Chinese in this country, the causes that have brought them here, their relations to labor and to our civil institutions, the nature of their condition whether as free agents or slaves for a season, their contributions to crime, disease, and immorality, and their present and prospective number, have all been so interpreted by political or labor demagogues, whose ignorance and prejudice have been only equalled by their intolerance, that a "scare" has been created, which has spread from California, where it first originated, to all parts of the country, and has even commanded the attention of our national legislature. Scarcely anywhere has the subject received the calm consideration it merited; and so the

[5] *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life*, 1787–1874. By his Daughter, Madame DE WITT. Translated by M. C. M. SIMPSON. 8vo, pp. 357. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

crude and shallow assumptions and buncombe conclusions of interested demagogues have gained larger currency and credence than they deserved. Mr. Seward's *Chinese Immigration, in its Social and Economical Aspects*,[6] calls a halt to this mad agitation, and by laying bare the error and nonsense which are its basis, will give the "sober second thought" of our countrymen an opportunity to assert itself. Mr. Seward considers the subject under four principal heads: the number of the Chinese in this country; the material results of their labor; the objections that have been urged against their immigration; and the fears that have been entertained of its becoming dangerous in its proportions. As to their numbers, he conclusively shows by the results of his own observation, fortified by the returns of the census just taken, that the grossest exaggerations have been current. Instead of there being over 200,000 Chinamen in California, and double that number in the country at large, as has been confidently asserted, the fact is that there are only 105,448 in the United States, 75,025 of these being in California (21,745 in San Francisco), or less than nine per cent. of the population of that State, instead of their outnumbering its voters, as has been again and again alleged. With reference to the material results of their labors in California, he shows conclusively that while they have at no time displaced white labor to any appreciable extent, but merely supplied the want of it, they have rendered great public works possible, and also some important enterprises that were not public, which otherwise would have been impossible; and that thus, by railroad-building, by the reclamation of swamp lands that white labor dared not undertake, by mining, farming, fruit culture, and certain branches of manufactures, they have added hundreds of millions of dollars to the material wealth of the State—wealth, too, which they do not and can not carry away with them, but which is owned, held, and enjoyed by the white citizens of the State. In the third part of his interesting volume Mr. Seward examines seriatim and minutely the objections which have been urged against Chinese immigrants, to the effect that their labor is servile, that they displace white labor, that they send fabulous sums of money home, that they are a vicious people, that they have set up in secret a distinct civil government in California, that they will not assimilate with our people, and that they are addicted to prostitution, gambling, and other criminal courses; and we think he establishes, by evidence that will satisfy all reasonable men, that Chinese labor is as free as American labor; that they do not displace, but at first supplied the want of, and then supplemented, white labor, with a present tendency to be displaced by it; that the amount of money they send home does not exceed twenty per cent., and probably is not more than ten per cent., of their gross earnings, while it bears an infinitesimally small proportion to the material wealth they have been the instruments in increasing; that their vices are less dangerous to the individual and to society than are the vices of white men; that they are comparatively peaceable and easily governed, the results of the statistics of hospitals and penal institutions being highly favorable to them; that there is nothing but hearsay of the most uncertain character in support of their being tried by secret tribunals, or ruled by a government of their own, while all the evidence adduced argues the fallacy of the idea; that their non-assimilation is exaggerated, but, if true, could work no harm; and that the peculiar vices charged to them are not greater than they are among white men in foreign countries, and are capable of regulation and partial suppression. The last division of Mr. Seward's volume is a calm and dispassionate examination of the reasonableness of the fears that have been expressed as to the overwhelming flow of Chinese immigration, in the course of which he maintains by argument and statistics that there is no danger of a large influx, and that it will be time enough to legislate to exclude Chinamen when their tendency to come among us in dangerous numbers is established. He demonstrates further that the demand for Chinese labor in the past in California was exceptional, and is now failing because the needs that stimulated it have passed away, and that it is now being supplanted by the increasing supply of white labor, and its employment in all the more important forms of manual work. The work concludes with several highly interesting chapters showing that the Chinese are not naturally a migratory people, and examining the causes which have conspired to impel their emigration to the outlying districts of China, and to Australia, Peru, and Cuba. It will be perceived that Mr. Seward has confined himself to a consideration of the social and economical aspects of Chinese immigration. He, however, hints that he reserves for a future occasion a discussion of the political and commercial issues involved in the movement. It may be said of some of his arguments in the volume before us that they are colored by his prepossessions, and of some of his conclusions that they are either not fully demonstrated by evidence, or are based upon speculations and reasonings concerning a future which has yet to be developed; but it will have to be conceded that generally the evidence he adduces is full and convincing, that his deductions from it are cogent and reasonable, and that the tone of his discussion is honorable alike to his candor and manliness.

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[6] *Chinese Immigration, in its Social and Economical Aspects.* By GEORGE F. SEWARD. 8vo, pp. 421. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two other volumes, relating to the Chinese at home, have a timely value in view of the

treaty recently negotiated by our government with China, and the larger commercial intercourse between the two countries that may result from it. One of these is a series of essays by Rev. Dr. Martin, the president of the Tungwen College, at Pekin, that have appeared in various periodicals in this country and in China, at intervals from 1862 till 1879, and are now collected in a volume entitled *The Chinese: their Education, Philosophy, and Letters.*[7] Three of the essays, respectively on the Hanlin Yuan, or Imperial Academy, on Competitive Examinations, and on Education, discuss the educational processes which culminate in the Imperial Academy, describe the progress of those who devote themselves to scholarship and form the real gentry of the country as the reward of their distinction in letters, and give an account of the examinations and contests through which they must pass to attain official dignities and emoluments. The essay on competitive examinations is an interesting exhibit of the severe and elaborate system that has existed for centuries in China, and of the gradations by which the few most highly successful competitors win a place in the front rank of letters, and plant their feet securely on the rounds of the ladder that leads, without the prestige of birth or the support of friends, possibly to a seat in the Grand Council of State, or to a place in the imperial cabinet. The other essays comprise an account of an ancient university still existing in Pekin, which had its origin more than a thousand years before Christ, an outline of the three religions of China, and interesting dissertations on the ethical philosophy of the Chinese, on Oriental dualism, on alchemy in China, on the style of Chinese prose, on Chinese fables, and on the recent mental awakening, or, as Dr. Martin styles it, the Renaissance in China, under the influence of European and American thought, as manifested in the development of new political, religious, scientific, commercial, and other ideas. In an appendix Dr. Martin has preserved several very interesting papers, severally on the Worship of Ancestors in China, on Secular Literature as a Missionary Agency, and giving an account of his journey to Horan, 470 miles in the interior, and of his visit to a colony of Jews there, who profess to have entered China as early as the dynasty of Han, or 200 years before the Christian era.—Four recent lectures[8] by Professor Legge, of Oxford University, form an appropriate supplementary volume to Dr. Martin's, as relates to Confucianism and Taôism. Professor Legge agrees with Dr. Martin that neither the Confucian, the Taôist, nor the Buddhist religion is a state religion to the exclusion of the others, all being recognized and tolerated, and all sharing some degree of the imperial patronage, although the Confucian has the greater influence with the ruling classes, and a marked prominence in state ceremonials. In his first two lectures Professor Legge describes Confucianism—first, considered with relation to its doctrine and worship of God, and second, with respect to its worship of the dead and its teaching concerning man. The lectures also comprise an account of the old religion of China (which Professor Legge believes was originally monotheistic, but became corrupted by nature worship on the one hand and by a system of superstitious divination on the other), through its various modifications until the appearance of Confucius, and an outline sketch of the life and work of Confucius. In the third lecture Taôism is examined both as a religion and a philosophy; its origin is described, its polytheistic and superstitious characteristics before the advent of Buddhism are traced, and its assimilation of Buddhistic ideas, as shown in the worship of evil deities, in its acceptance of the belief in transmigration, and in many of its moral teachings, is analyzed. Professor Legge concludes that it is not an ancient religion like that which was followed, illustrated, enlarged, and transmitted by Confucius, but that it was begotten of Buddhism, out of the old Chinese superstitions, and that its voice and spirit are fantastic, base, and cruel. The lecture closes with a brief sketch of Laô-toze, the reputed author of the Taô-Teh-King, the sacred book of the Taôists, and a synopsis of its teachings. The final lecture is a statement of the points of agreement in Confucianism, Taôism, and Christianity, a series of comparisons and contrasts of their doctrines, and a summing up of the results, showing not only the barrenness and absurdities of the Chinese religions, and the transcendent superiority of the religion of Christ, but the utter absence from the former of the Divine stamp which is everywhere visible in the latter.

Biblical and archæological scholars will be profoundly interested in comparing the new edition of Mr. George Smith's *Chaldean Account of Genesis*,[9] prepared by Professor Sayce, with the original edition, published about five years ago, just before the learned and industrious author was setting out on his last ill-fated expedition to the East. The five years of active work and research by Assyrian scholars that have elapsed since the publication of the first edition have revealed numberless new tablets and fragments both in Assyria and Babylonia,

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[7] *The Chinese: their Education, Philosophy, and Letters.* By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 319. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Religions of China, Confucianism and Taôism, Described and Compared with Christianity.* By James Legge, Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature in the University of Oxford. 12mo, pp. 308. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[9] *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* Containing the Description of the Creation, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Destruction of Sodom, the Times of the Patriarchs and Nimrod; Babylonian Fables and Legends of the Gods. From the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By George Smith. A New Edition, thoroughly Revised and Corrected, with Additions. By A. H. Sayce. With Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 337. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

and the knowledge of the Assyrian language has been immeasurably increased by the labors of eminent investigators in France, Germany, England, and America. Texts which Mr. Smith first deciphered with wonderful success, considering the slender equipment of dictionaries and vocabularies at his command, have been pruned of their imperfections, his translations of the Chaldean tablets have been materially modified and changed in essential particulars, corrected renderings have been supplied, and a number of new cuneiform texts derived from Babylonian sources have been discovered and incorporated, which more perfectly illustrate the earlier portions of Genesis, and fill up some of the *lacunæ* in Mr. Smith's Assyrian text. At the same time these new Babylonian texts furnish proof of the trustworthiness of the Assyrian copies. Professor Sayce has carefully gone over Mr. Smith's original edition, and, availing himself of the advances that have been made in comparative philology since Mr. Smith's time, has incorporated all the new discoveries and translations, so as to bring the translations now given up to the level of the present knowledge of the Assyrian language. So extensive are the additions, revisions, and corrections supplied by Professor Sayce, that the new edition has all the value of an original work, and throws new light on many questions which Assyrian decipherers had supposed to be settled. Professor Sayce does not assume that anything like a finality has even yet been reached in the commentary with which he now accompanies the translations, but frankly states that surprises are constantly in store for Assyrian scholars, and that every month enables them to introduce fresh corrections and improvements. He thinks it possible that fresh excavations will bring to light some of the poems mentioned in the lists of Chaldean epics and legends which have been discovered since Mr. Smith wrote, and indeed such excavations have already been made while the edition before us was passing through the press, and have afforded important aids in revising the translations and in supplying the breaks that existed in them.

THE late Epes Sargent has left behind him a gracious and pleasant memory in the last work that resulted from his industry as a man of letters. For several years past he had been engaged in the preparation of *Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*,[10] and he had completed and just given the final touches to it, when the inevitable summons came. As its title indicates, the work is an anthology of British and American poetry. Extending from the time of Chaucer to the present day, it contains more or less numerous examples of the verse of nearly all, during the five and a half centuries that have elapsed since the dawn of English literature, who have earned the distinction of being called poets, as well as (candor requires us to say) of many who have a very dubious claim to the title. The collection has not been designed so much to win the approval of the scholar and critic—although it is by no means deficient in critical taste and scholarship—as to afford multiplied means of refined delight and gratification to the household. It is therefore more miscellaneous and catholic than select, and its merit consists in the fact that its selections touch nearly every chord, and sound nearly every note of emotion and sentiment. If it is less full in examples of the Tudor period of English poetry than we could wish, the omission of such names as Dunbar, Boleyn (Lord Rochford), Richard Edwards, Nicholas Grimoald, Sir David Lindsay, Tusser, Skelton, Breton, Francis Davison, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sackville, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, and others who might be named, is doubtless chargeable upon the limitations that must constantly have forced themselves upon the attention of Mr. Sargent while executing his enormous task. How enormous this task really was may be conceived when we say that the volume comprises, in 958 double-column royal octavo pages, over two thousand examples, selected from the works of nearly nine hundred authors.

[10] *Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry.* Edited by EPES SARGENT. Royal 8vo, pp. 958. New York: Harper and Brothers.

SEVERAL of the more elaborate poems in Commander Gibson's *Poems of Many Years and Many Places*[11] are distinctively and richly classical, alike in their conception, their form and spirit, their themes, their coloring, and their atmosphere. Especially are classical myths and ideals reproduced with surprising subtlety and spontaneity, and with exquisite delicacy and grace, in the two poems "Persephone" and "Sibylla Cumana," in the fine legendary lines inscribed to Empedocles, and in several cantos of the richly sensuous (not sensual, be it observed) Italian tale "Castellamare." Many inequalities might be pointed out in these and other poems in the collection, but their sterling excellences infinitely outweigh their extrinsic defects. Worthy of high commendation for their poetic elevation and their vivid impersonations of delicate shades of feeling and character are the group of nine sonnets, near the close of the volume, to the Brides of Christ, and the fine sonnet on the ecstasy of St. Theresa.

THE poems in Mr. Whittier's new volume, *The King's Missive, and Other Poems*,[12] are the utterances of a sage, rather than of a poet. Notwithstanding many passages of rare but modest beauty, which could only have been conceived by a true poet, their dominant tone

[11] *Poems of Many Years and Many Places.* By WILLIAM GIBSON, Commander U.S.N. 18mo, pp. 166. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[12] *The King's Missive, and Other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 18mo, pp. 101. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

is that of the mild censor and gentle moralist. There is nothing in them suggestive of that "fine frenzy" which "doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and which,

> "as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown,....
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

The offspring of the ethical rather than of the poetic faculty, and occupied mainly with opinions and principles involving lessons or conclusions in morals, the effect of these poems is to lull the mind of the reader into a calm of reflection and contemplation quite opposite to that exaltation of spirit which is caused by creations of pure fancy or imagination. Each poem emphasizes some favorite conviction or principle of action of the author, and he seems not so much desirous to perfect a faultless work of art as to produce one that shall attractively illustrate and enforce the moral of which it is the vehicle.

Mr. De Kay's *Vision of Nimrod*[13] is a vigorous intellectual effort, with occasional pleasing or powerful poetical effects. The argument of the poem may be briefly stated as follows: Two modern Persian reformers and lovers, Ali and Gourred, are revealed to us in the waste where "Babylon once stood in all her pride." The man is choked with grief and convulsed with wrath at the remembrance of an indignity which had just been offered to Gourred by a base purveyor for the Sultan's harem, and is buried in despairing thoughts over the failure of his efforts for the moral elevation of man and the purification and social elevation of woman. But he is won back to hope by the woman's gentle fortitude and healing love. As they discourse of their woes and of their plans for the regeneration and welfare of mankind, a "shape of awe" rises before them, first in the form of a lion, then of a bull, whose brute's head changes into a human head, and finally of a giant leaning on a war club, and clad in a purple and golden robe all torn and spotted. This awful shape is the ghost of Nimrod, the builder of old Babel, who vouchsafes to his affrighted but fascinated listeners a history of his life—of his vast enterprises of war and peace, and of the building of that mighty tower which threatened heaven, and symbolized the hours and days, the months and seasons, the races and dynasties of the world, and the history of the earth itself. Nimrod's tale includes the story of Ahram—a conquered Hebrew seer, part magician, part necromancer, who had penetrated all the mysteries of nature and creation. Ahram is raised to the highest dignity by Nimrod, and it is his genius that devises and his skill that builds the mighty pile. Nimrod's version to his hearers of Ahram's account of the formation of the earth through millions of years, of the "birth of things from soulless matter," and of the evolution, through "fins and wings, of the breath that sways creation high and low," reads like a chapter from Owen or Tyndall or Huxley, and, save for the rhyme and metre, is almost as little poetical as any of their abstrusest speculations. The body of the poem is taken up with the description of the building and adornments of the tower, and with intimations of its purposes. On the part of Nimrod these were purely personal and despotic, but on the part of Ahram they were national and theocratic. The real poetry of the poem is concentrated upon the figures of Ahram and Esther, the latter having been put forward by Ahram as the priestess of the tower, and the bride of the Sun-god in whose honor it was ostensibly built. Esther lends herself to her compatriot's far-reaching plans to beguile Nimrod to a purer worship, until her passionate woman's heart asserts itself; and at last, tired, spent, and hating her solitary grandeur as the pretended bride of the Sun, she pours out her passion of love for Ahram in a tempest that overwhelms the seer, who had sought to crush out all thought of love in his devotion of himself to his race, but who now finds that he is yet human, and that love is mightier than any plans for national or religious ascendency. Nimrod's tale ends abruptly with a confession of his own mad love for Esther, and with an obscure allusion to some "unhallowed flame which wrought his fall," after which he disappears from the scene as abruptly as he had entered upon it. The poem concludes with another episode, of no special brilliancy, in the life of Ali and Gourred.

The important relation that the kitchen has to the health and comfort as well as the pleasure of the household will warrant a brief reference to two books of cookery, which have been tested by those whom we know to be well qualified to judge, and pronounced excellent. One of these is a *New Cook Book*,[14] by Miss Maria Parloa, the accomplished principal of the School of Cooking in Boston. Miss Parloa's book is an exhaustive one, covering the details of marketing, the choice of groceries and food—the latter with special reference to its seasonableness—the furnishing and outfit of the kitchen, the preparation, potting, pickling, cooking, and preserving of all sorts of appetizing things, and the arrangement of the table with a due regard to good taste and elegance.—Miss Parloa's book is specially adapted to dwellers in large cities, who have access to the choice and inexhaustible variety which their markets afford. But there are many thousands in country homes and out-of-the-way villages to whom the variety, the luxuries, and the conveniences of cities are impossible. To meet the wants of such as these, to

[13] *The Vision of Nimrod.* By Charles De Kay. 12mo, pp. 261. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[14] *Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.* A Guide to Marketing and Cooking. By Maria Parloa. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 430. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

enable them to utilize to the best advantage the food resources of whatever spot they may be in, and out of common and perhaps despised material to make a pretty, an appetizing, and a wholesome dish, is the problem which Mrs. Helen Campbell has solved in a little manual which she styles *The Easiest Way of Housekeeping and Cooking*.[15] While going over much of the ground that Miss Parloa covers, common to all good receipt or cook books, Mrs. Campbell has aimed to make her suggestions and lessons available for any part of the country. She seeks to develop in young housekeepers a reliance on their own resources, and the ability to make much out of little, instead of remaining mere copyists, who can do nothing that is not prescribed, and who are helpless unless they can lay their hands on every delicacy and every convenience. The first part of her book treats of the situation and arrangement of the house, of ventilation, drainage, and water supply, of the daily routine of household work, of fires and lights and things to work with, of washing-day and cleaning house, and of food, condiments, and vegetables. The second part is devoted to marketing and cooking, and in connection with the last are given several hundred practical receipts, which are based neither on a parsimony that is niggardly nor a luxury that is extravagant.

[15] *The Easiest Way of Housekeeping and Cooking.* Adapted to Domestic Use or Study in Classes. By HELEN CAMPBELL. 16mo, pp. 283. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert.

IT is impossible to speak of the novels of the month with anything like enthusiasm. With the exception of *The Glen of Silver Birches*,[16] a bright and clever Irish story, by E. Owens Blackburne, and *Lenox Dare*,[17] an equally clever tale, by Virginia F. Townsend, based on incidents that are not uncommon in American life, they are either exceedingly tame or exceedingly artificial. For the information of those of our readers to whom fiction is indispensable, and who are indifferent as to its quality, so that it be sweet and pure in its tone, we simply announce their titles, as follows, *Don John*,[18] a new volume of the "No Name Series"; *The Leaden Casket*,[19] by Mrs. A. W. Hunt; *Lost in a Great City*,[20] by Amanda M. Douglas; *The New Nobility*,[21] by John W. Forney; *Ida Vane*,[22] by Rev. Andrew Reed; and *The Wards of Plotinus*,[23] by Mrs. John Hunt.

[16] *The Glen of Silver Birches.* A Novel. By E. OWENS BLACKBURNE. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 36. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *Lenox Dare.* By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. 12mo, pp. 451. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[18] *Don John.* "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 331. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[19] *The Leaden Casket.* "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 424. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

[20] *Lost in a Great City.* By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. 12mo, pp. 468. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[21] *The New Nobility.* By JOHN W. FORNEY. 18mo, pp. 325. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[22] *Ida Vane.* A Tale of the Restoration. By Rev. ANDREW REED. 12mo, pp. 440. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[23] *The Wards of Plotinus.* A Novel. By Mrs. JOHN HUNT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 64. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of March. —The Forty-sixth Congress adjourned finally March 4.

The three per cent. Funding Bill passed the House March 2, and on the following day was vetoed by President Hayes. The Apportionment Bill fixing the number of Representatives at 319 passed the House March 3. The Senate, February 22, passed a bill repealing the tax on bank deposits, and also the House joint resolution appropriating $30,000 for a monument to George Washington. The Japanese Indemnity Bill, directing the payment to the government of Japan of $1,463,224, and $248,000 as prize-money to the officers and crews of the United States ship *Wyoming* and steamer *Takiang*, or their legal representatives, passed the Senate March 3.

The appropriation bills were all passed before the close of the session. The River and Harbor Bill amounted to $11,141,800, or $3,000,000 more than was ever appropriated by any similar bill.

James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur were publicly inaugurated President and Vice-President of the United States March 4.

President Garfield in his inaugural address promised full and equal protection of the Constitution and the laws for the negro, advocated universal education as a safeguard of suffrage, and recommended such an adjustment of our monetary system "that the purchasing power of every coined dollar will be exactly equal to its debt-paying power in all the markets of the world." The national debt should be refunded at a lower rate of interest, without compelling the withdrawal of the National Bank notes, polygamy should be prohibited, and civil service regulated by law.

An extra session of the Senate was opened March 4. On the 5th, the following cabinet nominations were made and confirmed: Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, of Maine; Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota; Secretary of the Navy, William H. Hunt, of Louisiana; Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois; Attorney-General, Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania; Postmaster-General, Thomas L. James, of New York; Secretary of the Interior, Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa.

The following United States Senators were elected or appointed during the month: John

I. Mitchell, Pennsylvania; James W. McDill, Iowa; Angus Cameron, Wisconsin; A. J. Edgerton, Minnesota; William P. Frye, Maine.

Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, was assassinated in St. Petersburg, March 13, as he was returning from a parade. Two bombs were thrown at him, the second of which inflicted terrible injuries, from which he died soon afterward. His eldest son succeeded to the throne, with the title of Alexander III.

The Irish Protection Bill passed the British House of Commons February 25, by a vote of 281 to 36.—The Irish Arms Bill passed the Commons March 11, and the House of Lords March 17. It prohibits the possession or carrying of arms except by license; permits the search of houses from sunrise to sunset, and empowers the authorities to prohibit and to regulate the importation and sale of arms, dynamite, and nitro-glycerine. The maximum penalty on summary conviction is three months imprisonment, without hard labor. The bill is to remain in force five years.—A number of arrests were made in Ireland under the Coercion Act.

The British forces were routed by the Boers February 27. General George P. Colley and many of his soldiers were killed. Subsequently an armistice was signed, and the Boers substantially accepted the British conditions of peace.

Levi P. Morton, of New York, was confirmed as Minister to France March 21.

DISASTERS.

February 19.—The village of Brevières, in the Department of Savoy, completely destroyed by avalanches. Fifteen persons killed.

February 27.—Fifteen children burned to death in the Catholic Orphanage, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

March 4.—Italian bark *Ajace* wrecked on Rockaway shoals. Fourteen sailors lost.—Coal mine explosion near Evanston, Wyoming. Thirty-five men killed.

March 5.—News of an earthquake on the Mediterranean island of Ischia. Half the town of Casamicciola destroyed, and one hundred and twenty-six of the inhabitants killed.

March 7.—News of the loss of nine vessels and one hundred lives off the Aberdeenshire coast in a storm.

OBITUARY.

February 24.—At Washington, D. C., Hon. Matthew H. Carpenter, United States Senator from Wisconsin, aged fifty-six years.

March 2.—News in London of death of M. Édouard Drouyn de Lhuys, the French statesman and diplomatist, aged seventy-five years.

March 9.—In Copenhagen, Queen Caroline, widow of King Christian VIII., aged eighty-five years.

March 15.—At Presidio, California, Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, U.S.A., author of *Infantry Tactics*, in his forty-second year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Legislature of Maine has repeatedly, in years past, passed a law giving a bounty for bears killed, and as often repealed it. In 1874 (over $2000 having been paid the previous year in bounties by the State) a bill was introduced for a repeal by a member from the shore, giving as a reason that hunters would kill them for the meat and pelts without the bounty. This brought up a member from the backwoods, who said: "The gentleman don't know what he is talking about. Most of the b'ars are killed when *coobs*, when meat and pelts are worthless."

"Then," said the gentleman from the shore, "let them grow till they are of value."

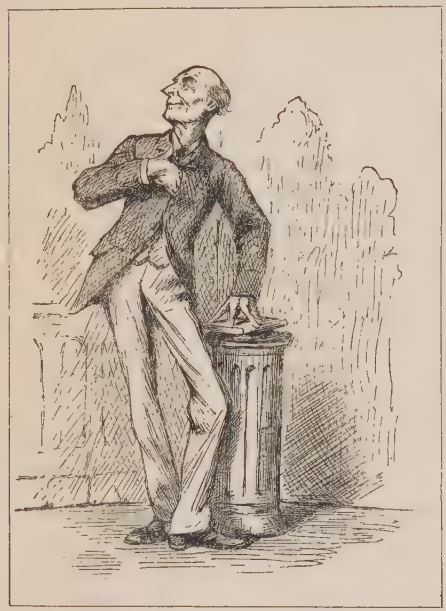
The country member replied: "I would like to ask the gentleman what them b'ars would live on while growing? I'll tell you, sir—on our sheep, and now and then a baby."

Bill for repeal did not pass.

SOME years ago a wealthy Senator of one of our Western States, happening to be in Boston, was invited to a dinner party at which were several gentlemen conspicuous in the literary as well as in the financial world. Among the former were Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bancroft, and next to the latter our Senatorial friend found himself seated at table. One of his statements relating to a historical occurrence was mildly objected to by Mr. B. (to whom, by-the-way, he had not been introduced). Our Senator quickly responded by saying, "I assure you, sir, that I am dead posted on that point." His quiet friend made no response, and our Senator was, of course, "heap gratified" at his victory. After the company had separated, he asked his host who the quiet friend was. "Oh, that was Mr. Bancroft, the historian," was the reply. Fancy!

IN Upper Georgia once there was an honest, plain, unlettered farmer who sometimes preached, or, as he said, "tried to preach." He was a hard-working man, and despised laziness. In the neighborhood, and a frequenter of the meeting-house where our farmer-preacher occasionally held forth, was a man named John Templin, who was noted for the quality that the preacher most contemned. The brethren had for the greater part of the time to support Templin's family, for which end he did not hesitate to solicit contributions for the necessaries that very little exertion on his part would have secured. At one Saturday meeting, the minister being absent, our farmer-preacher

was asked to read a chapter and make a few remarks. Going into the pulpit, and opening the Bible casually, he began to read in the book of Exodus, thirty-sixth chapter. He and some of the brethren had just been



If you want your "photo" to send to your girl, and let the photographer pose you, you get something like this.

If you pose yourself, and feel "easy and comfortable," you get something like this. What are you going to do about it?

comparing notes about the good-for-nothingness of John Templin. On reaching the nineteenth verse, he paused over it for some moments, then smiled, leaned his arms on the pulpit, and fixedly looked at Templin. The verse reads, "And he made a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering of *badgers'* skins above that." "There!" said he, still looking at Templin; "I knowed it was somewheres in the Bible, or by good rights ought to be, about *beggars*. You see, brethren, how they done with beggars in them good old times. They skinned 'em. Now I names no names, and I makes no insinniwations; but there are some people which, if they had lived in Moses's times, and them times in general, instead of goin' about beggin', when other people was a-workin' and supportin' of theirselves, would have ben *stretched on a pole*."

Mr. John Greig, who, for the session commencing in 1841, represented the Canandaigua District in Congress (in place of Francis Granger, who resigned to accept the office of Postmaster-General), was a well-preserved Scotchman, as well in purse as in person, and very fond of entertaining in a princely manner. He had invited a small dinner party in order to entertain a Scotch friend who had but recently arrived in America. The hour named had fully come and passed, but the honored guest had not. Mr. Greig became uneasy and nervous, for the servants had long since reported the courses ready for serving. He went out on the porch and looked down the avenue to see if he could get a sight of his friend, when, lo! there comes "Sandy," much as if he had a hundred pounds or so upon his shoulders—in fact, he was a sheet or two in the wind, as it were. Greig took in the situation at once, and hastening down the avenue, met the happy guest, and readily got him beneath his roof. Although "Sandy" was glorious, his mental powers were yet steady. He said: "John, I'll tell ye hoo it a' came aboot. While waiting at the hotel for the oor to come, I saw some Yonkees at the bar a-drinkin' som'at I coodna tell by sight what its name may be. It was a mixture of sugar and lemon and lumps of ice, and may be some else; but the bar-keeper shook the mixture between twa tumblers until it foamed and sparkled like an aurora borealis; then he put in some sprigs resembling meadow-mint, and then the Yonkees quaffed the liquid through a sprig of rye straw, and they drank wi' a leer, as if it was unco guid. I stepped to the bar-keeper and speered to ken the name o' the liquid, when he said it was a 'jollup,' or 'jewlip,' or something like to it in the soond. I telled him I'd tok yun; *but, oh, mon, it was no bod to tok!* The fak is, John, afoor I kenned what I was aboot, I had made 'way wi' *seeven*, a' through a bit o' rye straw.

Noo, John, if I had but kenned the power o' the thing, and had quot at six, my heed would no feel as if the pipers and the fiddlers were playing lively reels in it, and a score o' lads and lassies were dancing in glee a' aboot it. Noo, John, if ye be minded ever to try yon Yonkee 'jollops,' tok my advice and be content wi' six at a sittin'. Mind ye, if ye try *seeven*, ye maun be waur nor Tam o' Shanter or mysel'; six is quite enough, John."

This is not so very bad: A young lady in Boston had gathered a Sunday-school class from among the newsboys of that city. One Sunday she was striving to impress upon their minds some good advice in regard to the future, when it occurred to her that the word was perhaps a little beyond the comprehension of the class. Putting the question to the boys, "Do you know what the future means?" there was a dead silence for a moment, which was broken by a bright little fellow, who quietly suggested it might mean "further particulars in the next edition."

And here is a Boston Sunday-school boy who, when asked to stand up and "say his verse," did it thus: "Be not overcome of evil, but *come it over evil* with good."

An old and respected citizen in a country town in Virginia, being a member of the Masonic lodge, was visited by a committee of that body, and the accusation preferred against him that he made too free use of the bottle, which the committee informed him was inconsistent with the character of a good Mason. The old gentleman stoutly denied the accusation, and insisted that the committee should go with him to the post-office, as he was sure that the testimony of Captain P——, the postmaster, with whom he had been long intimate, would exonerate him from the charge. Accordingly, accompanied by the committee, he went to get the evidence of his friend, when the following conversation was had:

"Captain," says he, "you have known me for a long time?"

"Yes," said the captain; "nigh on to thirty years."

"Well, captain, I think I can say that during all that time I have hardly ever taken a drink that you have not j'ined?"

"That is about correct," said the captain.

"Now, captain, I want you to tell these gentlemen if in all that time you ever saw me when you thought I had more than I could carry."

"Well," said the captain, "I don't think I ever did; but I have seen you many a time when I thought that it would have been better if you had made two trips with your load."

The late Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana (the Cousin Joe), and Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama (the Cousin Dick, of the following anecdote), being in Italy together, the latter was enthusiastically pointing out to the former the architectural beauties of a ruin, when his Louisiana reverence rather wearily protested, "It's all very fine, Cousin Dick, but, nevertheless, a cheerful field, fragrant with new-mown hay, would please me better."

The Bishop of Alabama replied, "Well, Cousin Joe, there is this in favor of your view of it—there is not an ass in all Italy that would not be of the same opinion."

A Church dignitary, whose jurisdiction embraced a vast region of the West, and afforded several kinds of climate, was greeted by a clerical friend with no end of questions as they were riding up town in a crowded car. Inquiries spiritual were poured in at a rapid rate, and then the matter of his temporal environment was the subject of discussion. The Western shepherd was speaking of the extremes of temperature to which they were subjected in the district where he resided. Suddenly his New York friend asked, "How does your wife stand the heat?"

A peculiar look stole into the countenance of the ecclesiastic from beyond the Mississippi, as he quietly answered, "My wife has been dead a year."

The infelicity of mentioning an elevated temperature in connection with the departed was too much for the Knickerbocker. He left at the next corner.

My friend overheard two little fellows, brothers, and but a few years apart in their ages, talking over Sunday-school matters after they had gone to bed, just before Christmas.

It seems that Jimmy, the elder, had somehow just been placed in rather an advanced class, which he of his own option saw fit to name *the* Bible Class, and Tommy, the younger, had only lately come up from the infant school room, and had rather different and more simple lessons, although in the same room with his advanced brother.

Says Tommy, "I'm up to you now, Jim, for I'm in the upper school, anyhow."

"No," says the profound Jim; "you are like people when they die—they are only in paradise; they are not in heaven quite, but they are on the road to heaven, you know, Tommy," apparently wanting to give Tom all the comfort he could with the let-down of his ambition.

And the fact was, their two classes were actually side by side in their seats. "On the road to heaven" is encouraging, and ought to remind the rector that his teaching is not all in vain.

The conservative and courteous bishop of some two-thirds of the commonwealth of the Keystone State gives a humorous incident that actually occurred during one of his visitations at one of the principal towns not a hundred miles from Harrisburg:

Good Judge L—— is not only an earnest

Churchman, but very fond of showing his neighbors the way to church also. At any special service he is sure to have a couple or more of his legal friends in his pew with him, being very attentive himself both to the service and to his friends, showing them the places in the prayer-book, and trying to keep them contented. At a recent visitation of Bishop H—— the judge was seen passing the books, and at every change in the service handing over other books, and then devoutly continuing his own duties. It was Sunday morning, and by the time the solemn litany was reached, the visitors, having no especial interest in the affair beyond pleasing the judge, and consenting to listen to a good square sermon, which he had promised them, whenever in the sacred programme it should be presented, began to tire of the "performance," and with a freedom more becoming the court-room or street than the sanctuary, one of them, finding it impossible to keep up the connection of things, blurted out, in a good stage-whisper, "Judge, this beats the devil!"

"That is the intention—'Good Lord, deliver us,'" replied the judge, in pretty positive tones, and in a sort of monotone that came near to a seeming addition to the Church's liturgy not in the book.

THE punches in use on some of our railway lines are elaborate and large. The conductor of a certain city car wears a long beard, white as snow. His appearance is venerable. He resembles an Old Testament character. One evening he came through his car, the light falling on his hoary beard and on the punch, highly polished and glittering, which rested on his breast. The Doctor and the Rector are struck with his picturesque aspect. "That's the *Urim*," says the Doctor, pointing to the punch.

"No," replies the Parson; "that's the *Thummim*."

The pun was pardoned for once, as was likewise the slip in grammar, which Bible students will recognize.

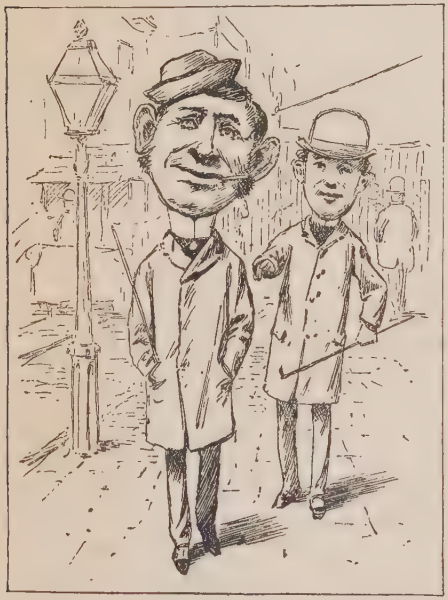
THE following, somewhat typical of the many Western folk who visit Europe, is too good to be lost:

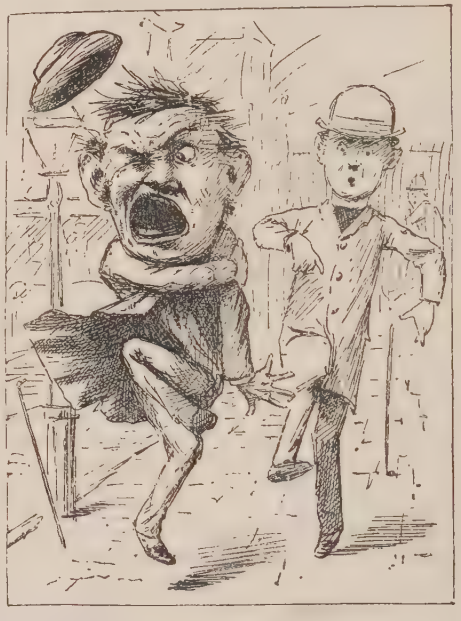
Randolph Rogers, America's genial and accomplished sculptor, was showing some of our far Westerners through his studios at Rome. After they had gazed long and intently at his fine statues, speechless with admiration, they at last reached the graceful listening figure of Nydia, which Rogers described as being the "blind girl of Pompeii."

"Has it been lately excavated?" asked one of the party, in an evidently interested tone of voice.

"Oh yes," said Rogers; "*I* had it dug out myself."

The party left the studio obviously much gratified.





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